

An Historic Little City

Some Recollections of the Early Days of Abraham Lincoln's Town.

(Lincoln, Ill., Letter.)

While the city of Lincoln cannot boast of having the home of the illustrious president its residents are just as proud of their little city, for in the fifties the prominent figure of the middle west was often on the streets, and in the old courthouse he made many speeches and carried on a goodly share of his practice. The whole place is teeming with reminiscences, and the old timers who were here in the good old days like nothing better than to give their memories full sway. The first county seat of Logan county was Postville, named for its founder, Russell Post, in 1835. Post was followed by other pioneers, and finally the little settlement became the regular stopping place for the stages, it being on the direct road from Chicago to St. Louis. It being the county seat, it soon arrived at the dignity of a courthouse, a rude, two storied building, which remains to this day, and this was followed by a jail of the type to be found in frontier towns, guaranteed burglar proof. Built of logs one foot square, hewed by hand, it was strong enough to hold any criminal, and escape was out of the question, as the only entrance was from a trap door in the ceiling, the malefactors descending by means of a ladder and then left in a pit twelve feet underneath an iron trap door. The county seat was afterward removed to Mt. Pulaski, and Postville immediately lost prestige, and when it was united to the city of Lincoln in 1865 numbered only 200 inhabitants. The late Col. R. B. Latham secured the right of way through Logan county for the Chicago & Alton railway, and was promised by the

Lincoln, vexed at the falsity of the man and caring only for the truth, turned to him in open court, exclaiming, with considerable earnestness,

nois town a desirable place of residence. The first house that was erected on the town site in 1853 is still standing and is habitable. And to add local color to this sketch, when the cottage was visited by the artist he was met at the door by a dear little old woman with a most charming brogue. After stating his mission she asked, 'An' phwere might ye be from?' 'Chicago,' was the answer. 'And do



THE OLD COURTHOUSE, FAMILIAR TO LINCOLN THE LAWYER.

"Brown, what made you lie to me so? If I had known the truth in your case I would have advised you not to bring suit." This unflinching regard for principle gave "Honest Abe" a standing among Logan county people which in after years was never lost.

Lincoln's fund of humor and his capacity for having thousands of anecdotes concealed about him is known

you ever see me daughter Katy up there?"

C. L. SHERMAN.

OSAGE INDIANS' SMOKE DANCE

Annual Jollification Which Always Lasts a Week.

The annual smoke dance of the Osage Indians took place at Pawhuska, Oklahoma, the last of June. The smoke dance is always a gala event among the Indians of the territory. The dance was held in a secluded place on the bank of a creek. At night the place is lighted with pine knots, and a circle of dark faces around the half-naked dancers presents a weird picture. Two hundred white persons visited the dance, although usually "pale faces" are not allowed to witness the ceremony. The neighboring tribes are always invited to take part, and generally the different tribes are assigned certain days on which to send delegations. Usually the visitors bring ponies and other presents to the Osages, but sometimes the visitors are the recipients of gifts. The Delawares were presented with fifty ponies and 500 yards of calico by the Osages. One night several of the Indians, who were evidently tired out, were whipped by the chief's order because they did not display enough energy in the dance. Four of the drummers and five of the dancers were graduates of Indian schools.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Scared His Hair Out.

The Paris Progres Medical records a most remarkable recent case showing the effect of fright on the hair. A vigorous peasant with abundant hair not yet showing gray saw his small child trampled under a horse's hoofs and was overcome by fright. He trembled and had palpitations and a feeling of cold and tension in the face and head. On the following day the hairs of the head, beard and eyebrows commenced to fall in quantities so that after eight days he was absolutely bald. In a few weeks a new growth of hair put in an appearance.

Trans-Atlantic Traffic.

There are 1,000 vessels which cross the Atlantic ocean regularly every month, some of them twice a month.

It is always a great shock to a woman to hear a preacher express a desire to go to Paris; his longing should be to visit the Holy Land.

SARA THE DIVINE.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE GREAT ACTRESS.

She Tells the Correspondent About Her Life, Her Successes and the Many Things She Hopes Yet to Accomplish.

(Paris Letter.)

"I will see you at 3." So ran a line from Madame Bernhardt to me, and at 3 I was well on my way to the fashionable part of Paris, where the queen of the drama, "Sara, the Divine," as they call her in Paris, lives.

Approaching Bernhardt's house through the tiny courtyard, I saw hanging alongside the door a big bunch of purple grapes, and behind the grapes was the door signal. In answer to my touch the neatest of French maids opened the door and showed me across to a very pretty square hallway with stairs leading up. The hallway is used by madame as a reception room.

Scarcely had I seated myself when I saw a figure upon the stairs. It was Bernhardt. She had been standing upon the top step reading by the uncertain light of a colored lamp, but as she saw me she came down the steps with outstretched hands and a hearty "I am so glad to see you!"

Of course she spoke in French, for Bernhardt does not know English. She has always declared that she would not learn it for fear it would spoil her French. A charming idiosyncrasy, truly, and one that is appreciated by both French and English audiences. If foreign stars, says a well known critic, would cling to their own language, we should not be put to the mortification of hearing our own tongue murdered upon the stage. Speak correctly or not at all should be the rule for public speakers. But we Americans are so good natured! I thought of all this as Bernhardt's smooth, musical tongue

take her for taller than she is. I do not think she is over five feet three. She weighs about 145 pounds, and her hair is a light shade of natural red. It is curly, and she wears it in a French coil from which ripples curl around her face. Her complexion is pink and her teeth are white and even. Her hands are the long slim ones of the artist, but so delicate that you wonder how she could ever have handled the large figures which she will tell you that she modeled. "The future? Of that I cannot speak accurately," said madame, "but I shall play here next year in my own theater, which I am building now. But my next play? That is not decided yet." Bernhardt can be haughty, and there is just a suggestion of haughtiness as she speaks. She has the habit of carrying the head well back and speaking with her eyes cast down slightly, yet looking down at you instead of up. It is a stage trick, very pretty and effective, which gives dignity. That is Bernhardt's way.

"You are very busy, madame?" I asked.

"Oh, dear, yes. What can I say? I have promised to write my recollections and experiences for a publisher and to soon finish the book. I have contracted to complete my theater by the opening of the Exposition, and that means the earning of the necessary money for it. Business reverses have brought me low in money, and I must be active. Then there is a new play to select and rehearse, and the company always needs much drilling. Ah, if it were not for Sardou, what would I have done?"

Madame sighed and bowed her head. It was a dramatic moment. Then a merry laugh burst from her lips, for she is a creature of moods. "But that is nothing. I am so glad that my Hamlet is a success."

At that moment there was a sound at the curtains, and the maid ushered in a caller. It was madame's reception day, and I knew that I must not take up too much of her time.

"Come again," she murmured, as I

predicted defeat, though she hoped for the best. And no one presaged success. But Bernhardt's Hamlet is the wonder of the century in stageland.

As I passed away from Bernhardt's home I looked back. Madame was standing at the window, her back to the pane. The lovely, long, unbroken lines of her celestial blue robe showed through the glass, and her clear, red hair gleamed above. Around her neck was a string of many colored beads, which supported, I remember, a lorgnette. As I looked madame moved, and the long, sinewy line of her figure passed out of sight. "Wonderful woman," I said. And a passer-by stopped and echoed my words. Yes, Bernhardt is wonderful! ANNIE R. RUD.

PRESIDENT SAM OF HAITI.

How to Get an Interview with the West Indian Ruler.

It is far less easy to get to the president of Haiti than to Mr. McKinley of the White House. The pavilion-like palace in the Champ de Mars, surrounded by its little park, inclosed by a tall iron grating, with lookout boxes at the angles, a large and strong military barrack at the rear, and field cannon posted here and there, could stand a considerable siege and with a faithful garrison would be proof against almost any mob attack. There is no need of etiquette involved in the approach to excellence. Yet I was favored with fortunate opportunities for seeing Simon Sam, says a contributor. Tall and massive, with an immense paunch, and features and hue that are typically African, as you gaze at him in his sumptuous uniform, gorgeous with gold lace and a brilliant silk scarf, you cannot help picturing to your mind's eye his hypothetical appearance as a mid-African chief, with huge feathers in his topknot, only a rattle-headed clout about his loins, a nail-studded war club in one hand, and about him a band of dusky savages, more naked than himself. Instead of these strutting gentlemen in tall hats and European clothes, and these other prancing gentlemen in gaudy trappings, with tinkling spurs and jingling swords, President Sam, however, is not as it appears thus far a man to be personally feared. His selection was a compromise, and he is only the figure-head of the present oligarchy, posing as a moderate statesman, while in truth he is only a rather dense-brained, slow-witted and lethargic old soldier. It is understood that in state affairs he is wholly guided by his ministers, of whom Brutus St. Victor, in charge of the foreign department, and Tancrede Auguste of the department of the interior, are probably the ablest.—Leslie's Monthly.

YOUNG WOMAN

That Loves Bedbugs, While Another Sympathizes with Mosquitoes.

Sympathy and affection for a certain insect pest were openly expressed at a recent meeting of a theosophical club in Philadelphia. One feminine speaker declared that it was sinful to kill the unpopular bedbugs. She said, "I caught two bedbugs biting me behind the ear, took them gently in my fingers, placed them outside the window and exclaimed: 'Dear little bedbugs, I love you, but you must go home to return no more.'" The bedbugs departed and never came back. Another speaker made an appeal for the mosquito, which, she said, "led at least a brief and painful existence, signing its death warrant when it took its first taste of human blood. True Esoteric Buddhism required that all windows and doors should be screened so that the sum total of animal suffering might be lessened." A giddy girl sitting behind the speaker tickled her neck with the tassel of a parasol and the vicious slap this broad philanthropist gave at the supposed insect drew forth a ripple of laughter from the rather unbelieving part of the audience.

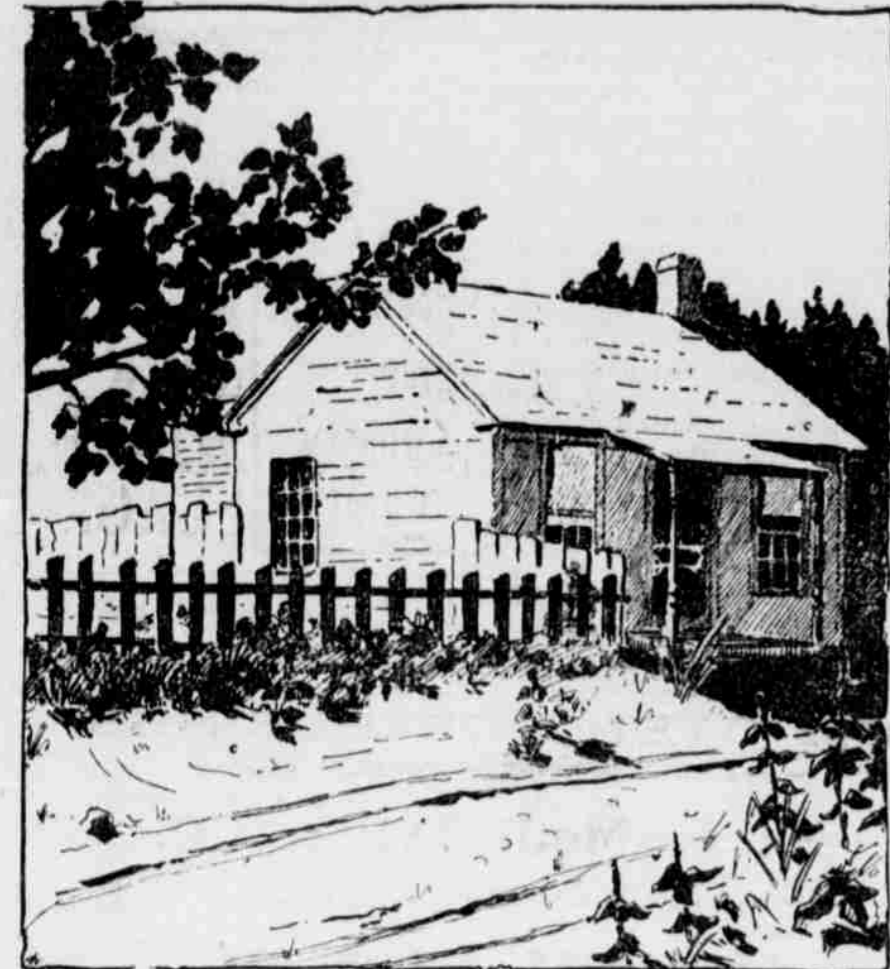
GREATEST HUNGARIAN NOVELIST.

Maurus Jokai, who at the age of 79 is about to take unto himself an 18-year-old wife, is the greatest novelist of Hungary, and one of the most famous in Europe. He is the author of 160 books, twenty-five romances of several volumes each, 320 novelettes, and six plays. His books have had a sale of nearly a million copies in Hungary alone, and his romances, plays and many of his novelettes have been translated into every European language. Jokai was the founder of the new school of Magyar literature, the literary pursuits of his race having become partially obsolete. The best known of his books to Americans is



MAURUS JOKAI.

probably the "Romance of the Next Century," although his "Poor Rich Man" is also popular. The Hungarian has also gained fame as an editor, his newspaper, the Nation, being the most influential organ in Hungary. This is his second matrimonial venture, his first having been made fifty years ago when he wedded Roza Laborfalvi, the greatest Hungarian actress.



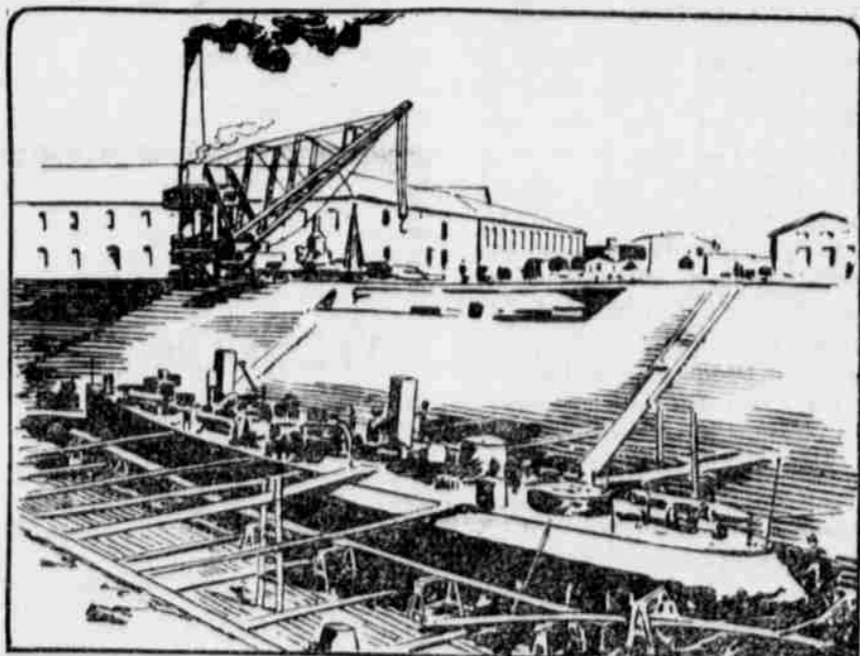
FIRST HOUSE ERECTED IN LINCOLN IN 1853.

chief engineer the location of a station. He then bought the land on which is now the original town site of Lincoln, on behalf of himself, John D. Gillet, the cattle king of Illinois, and Virgil Hickox of Springfield. This was in February, 1853, and the sale of lots took place in the following August. The grass was so long on the town site at that time that the organizers had to have it mowed to find the streets. The town was named for Mr. Lincoln, then a prominent attorney in Springfield, and a warm personal friend of Latham, Gillet and Hickox. He was among the number who came up from the capitol to attend the sale, and walked over the site inspecting the lots, pointing out those he would like to own, and in the next breath regretting his inability to buy. At that time he was not thought of as a presidential possibility, but was popular with everybody in central Illinois, and had already been given the name of "Honest Abe." The courthouse where he tried many of his cases still stands and in outward appearance is the same as when he entered it with his green bag nearly fifty years ago. But the interior has been remodeled until there is no semblance to its former self. Groceries have been sold through what were once the portals of justice, money has been wagered on the tables where the circuit riders once placed with abandon their dusty boots, and families have been raised in the rooms of the jury. But the memory remains, and stories of Lincoln the lawyer and Lincoln the president are numerous as ever. It was in the old courtroom where the man destined to become one of the greatest presidents we have ever known conducted several of his cases, and by his known honesty won the hearts of the people. As an illustration of this latter the following incident is given: Mr. Lincoln had been employed by a Mr. Brown to conduct a case for him, and which was to be heard in the Logan county court. Thinking he could better advance his interests and supposing he could escape detection, Brown gave Mr. Lincoln a very false view of his case. This developed in the trial, when Mr.

all over civilized America. The old courthouse will pass into oblivion in a few years more, but the memory of the great lawyer, who afterward led the nation through its darkest hours, will ever be a sweet one.

The new town of Lincoln, which now has Postville for its fourth ward, is a busy place of twelve thousands, replete with factories, railroads, paved streets, electric car lines and everything that goes to make a central Illi-

IN A NAVAL DRY DOCK.



The picture shows one of the dry docks at the Brooklyn navy yard. The boat in the basin is one of the torpedo variety that was engaged in the battle of Santiago bay last year. She has lately gone into this hospital, as the tars call the naval dry dock. These basins will usually hold anything from a 10,000-ton battleship to a common life-boat. When she has been tenderly popped up on the blocks which have been fitted accurately to the outline of

her keel, and the calson, or floating bulkhead which fits snugly across the sea side of the dock, has been towed into position, and when the water has been sucked out by the great pumping engines, then the naval doctors can get down below the region of the water line and find out what is the trouble and take the proper remedial measures. The horizontal spars are the "shores" that prevent the vessel from toppling over on its side.



SARAH BERNHARDT.

struck upon my ear, as she came forward with both warm hands outstretched. She shook mine cordially and pulled me toward a curling tete-a-tete, one of the sort in which you face each other, though sitting on opposite sides. "You see me at a disadvantage," declared madame, laughingly, "for I am alone. My friend who has been visiting me is away, and I like never to be alone. This house was built for many guests, and I am never without some one."

"Your son?"

"Oh, now," said madame, touching the lace upon the gown as though she would place her hand upon her heart; "you mention the dearest and kindest fellow in the world. I love Maurice and he loves me. He is the most devoted of sons. Every day he comes, and many times some day, to see how I am. Am I lonely he does not leave me. Am I sad he brings me bright flowers and pets and books. He is a darling, Maurice."

As madame spoke she glanced around the room which was filled with many beautiful objects, perhaps the gifts of Maurice. There were many small clocks, for I learned afterward that she is very fond of time-pieces, and there were vases and easy chairs and rugs. Yet the room was relieved from Bohemianity by the similarity of the style of ornaments, which all belonged to the pure French renaissance, and were not scattered articles of virtu and bric-a-brac of all nations. "I am resting now," said madame, "for in a few days I start upon my tour of the provinces. I shall play my Hamlet entirely, for it is the greatest success of my life. Yes, I like to play it. There is a novelty about it. Shall I go to America? I hope so, for I love your people. They are so appreciative. I could play for them forever." And now you must have a pen picture of Bernhardt. She is petite, though so slight that you

departed, and then she stood up and held out both hands again and smiled upon me one of her wonderful dazzling smiles.

As I walked out into the warm August sunshine I pondered upon this wonderful woman, who, upon the sunset slope of life's mountain, still retains the face and figure of a girl. Absolutely babyish in complexion, youthful in eyes and expression, fresh in voice, lithe as a cat and possessed of all the strong qualities of manner, this woman, though over 55, is today the greatest living actress.

At the age when most of us are willing to settle down into old age she is planning new achievements, and at the time when many of us are counting our grandchildren she is counting the new deeds that lie before her for accomplishment. And she has grandchildren. Maurice is a great man of over thirty. But Bernhardt alone of all who surround her is fresh and youthful.

You have heard how this woman forty years ago went on the stage at the Theater Francaise in a small part, and how she made a failure. She was so thin, so untaught, yet so earnest that the audience ridiculed her. For ten years she struggled, then came success.

In 1880 she was at the very height of her first fame, and in that year she modelled statuary, painted for the Salon, played to packed houses, successfully toured America and set all Paris gossiping with her eccentricities. One of these was to sleep in her coffin, which she continually decorated anew with handsome bits of lace and choice silk for the becomingness of the final moment.

Her latest and greatest success is in the role of Hamlet, the part which was played by Charlotte Cushman with indifferent success, and by Anna Dickens with failure. Other women have tried Hamlet and failed. Ellen Terry