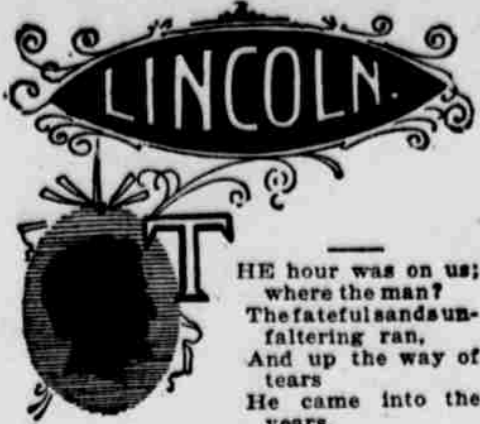


ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



Our pastoral captain. Forth he came, As one that answers to his name; Nor dreamed how high his charge, His work how fair and large—

To set the stones back in the wall, Least the divided house should fall, And peace from men depart, Hope and the childlike heart.

We looked on him: "Tis he," we said, "Come crownless and unheralded, The shepherd who will keep The flocks, will fold the sheep."

Unknightly, yes; yet 'twas the mien Presaging the immortal scene, Some battle of His wars Who sealeth up the stars.

Nor would he take the past between His hands, wipe valor's tablets clean, Commanding greatness wait Till he stand at the gate;

Not he would cramp to one small head The awful laurels of the dead, Time's mighty vintage cup, And drink all honor up.

No flutter of the banners bold Borne by the lusty sons of old, The haughty conquerors Set forward to their wars;

Not his their blare, their pageantries, Their goal, their glory, was not his; Humbly he came to keep The flocks, to fold the sheep.

The need comes not without the man; The prescient hours unceasing ran, And up the way of tears He came into the years,

Our pastoral captain, skilled to crook The spear into the pruning hook, The simple, kindly man, Lincoln, American, —John Vance Cheney, in N. Y. Independent.



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The above picture of Abraham Lincoln is from a photograph by McNulty, taken at Springfield, Ill., just previous to the former's departure for Washington in January, 1861, and is accounted about the truest portrait of Lincoln ever made. The picture is the model of the painting in the Illinois state house. The original negative is in possession of H. W. Fay, of DeKalb, Ill., by whom it is copyrighted and by whose permission the present reproduction is made.

latest news of the war. It seemed as though all Washington was expecting to hear that peace had been declared and the war over.

"Good morning, Madge," a deep voice called, and she looked up to see Congressman Chambers close beside her, waiting for his usual bunch of violets.

"Where's the brother?" he asked. "Sick, sir, but I guess he'll be out again soon."

"Buy him something good with this," the kindly congressman said, and pressed some change into her hand. "Thank you, sir; I'll tell Bennie, and when he's well he'll thank you himself."

"I wish the president would come by to-day; I haven't seen him in two months and pap always asks about him when I go home; but maybe he's too busy to walk the way he used to, and—" Her thoughts were interrupted by a senate page with a terrible appetite, who wanted two chicken sandwiches in a hurry.

Soon the clerks from the different departments began to pass by on their way home to dinner. Some of them stopped to buy a sandwich from Madge and then passed on, talking and laughing.

"Well, little Madge, where's that brother of yours to-day? It seems strange to see you here without him," a tall newspaper correspondent said as he picked out a large apple.

"Bennie's not well, and so I thought I'd come alone. I knew I'd

stop, just for a minute, so I could speak to him. He looks so sad. I wonder why."

Just then a boy stopped to buy an apple. He gave her a ten-cent piece and Madge did not have pennies enough to make change.

"Wait a minute, please, and I'll get it," she said, and started to run across the street to the news stand for change.

She had only covered half the distance when a team of carriage horses swung around the corner.

Too late the coachman saw her. There was a little scream, two horses jerked back on their haunches and Madge lay on the pavement, unconscious, with one little arm broken.

Men rushed to pick her up; but one tall form was ahead of them all. Lincoln, with all the tenderness in his great heart aroused, stooped and picked the little form up in his arms.

"Where does she live?" he asked, and a man standing at his side, with Madge's basket in his hand, volunteered to show the way to her home.

Lincoln could have called an ambulance or sent her home in a carriage, but that was not this great man's way. Where help was needed he gave it himself, and so it was that those who were on Pennsylvania avenue that Lincoln's birthday saw the president pass along with a little injured girl in his arms.

A short walk and they reached the house, where Madge's father, steadying himself on crutches, met them at the door.

"Your little girl has been injured; show me a bed and I'll place her on it," Lincoln said.

A doctor was called and soon Madge opened her eyes and said:

"Papa, the president."

"Yes, dear, the president is here and only waits to know you're all right, before leaving."

Lincoln bent over the bed and placing one arm around little Madge said: "Won't you give the president a kiss before he goes?"

Madge raised her head and Lincoln, lover of all children, kissed her and said: "Good-by, little one, I shall look for you when I pass down Pennsylvania avenue again."

Many times after Madge was well the president passed and gave her a pleasant greeting. Then came the night of the 14th of April, when the news spread like wildfire that Lincoln had been shot, and when the story of his death was told the next morning one pair of eyes were filled with tears and one little heart was full of sadness at the passing away of the great, kindly man, whose heart was filled with love and tenderness for all mankind.—Brooklyn Eagle.

His Neighbor's Assets. A New York firm applied to Abraham Lincoln some years before he became president for information as to the financial standing of one of his neighbors. Mr. Lincoln replied as follows:

"Yours of the 10th inst. received. I am well acquainted with Mr. X—, and know his circumstances. First of all, he has a wife and baby; together, they ought to be worth \$50,000. Secondly, he has an office, in which there are a table worth \$150, and three chairs, worth, say, one dollar. Last of all there is in one corner a large rat hole, which will bear looking into. Respectfully yours, A. Lincoln." —Short Stories.

INDIAN SWEAT BATH.

Part of the Religious Ceremonials of the Havasupais.

Quite Effective and Even More Heroic Than the Russo-Turkish Bath of the White Man's Civilization.

[Special Arizona Letter.]

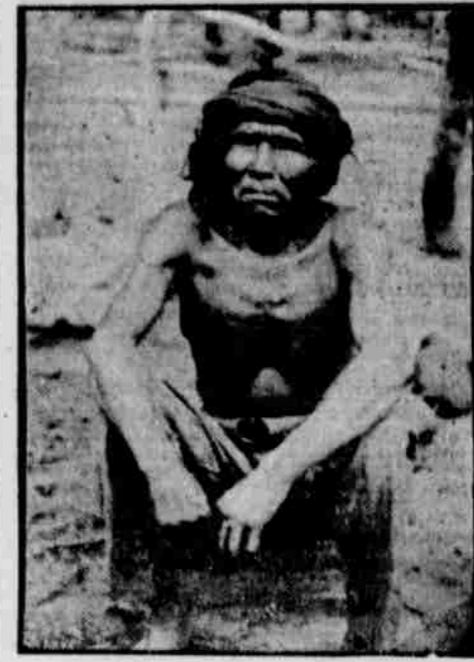
IT IS not often that a white man is invited to participate in the religious ceremonies of the Indian. Indeed, so seldom does it occur that those who think they know all about Indians disbelieve assertions of those who have been more highly favored and privileged than themselves. Few people, at first sight, would suppose that a sweat bath was a religious ceremonial. And yet it is. Among many of the tribes of the southwest a Russo-Turkish bath is taken every week as a religious function, and he is remiss in the performance of his religious duties who fails to unite with his fellows in this ceremony.

Just think of it! Nasty, dirty, unclean, savage Indians taking a sweat bath as part of their religion! And then to think of their taking it every week. Doesn't it make an ordinary, civilized Christian feel a little mean to think that he regards the Indian in the light of the words I have just used—"nasty, dirty, unclean savage"—in the face of this weekly bath.

My friends, the Havasupai Indians, of Cataract canyon, in northern Arizona, are great believers in the religion of the sweat bath. Consequently they are a very cleanly people. They have one advantage over many Indian tribes of the southwest in that their homes are built not far from the running stream, the Havasu, the Blue Water, from which they gain their name. They can take a sweat bath in the sweat house and then step out and enjoy a plunge in the delicious waters of the flowing stream.

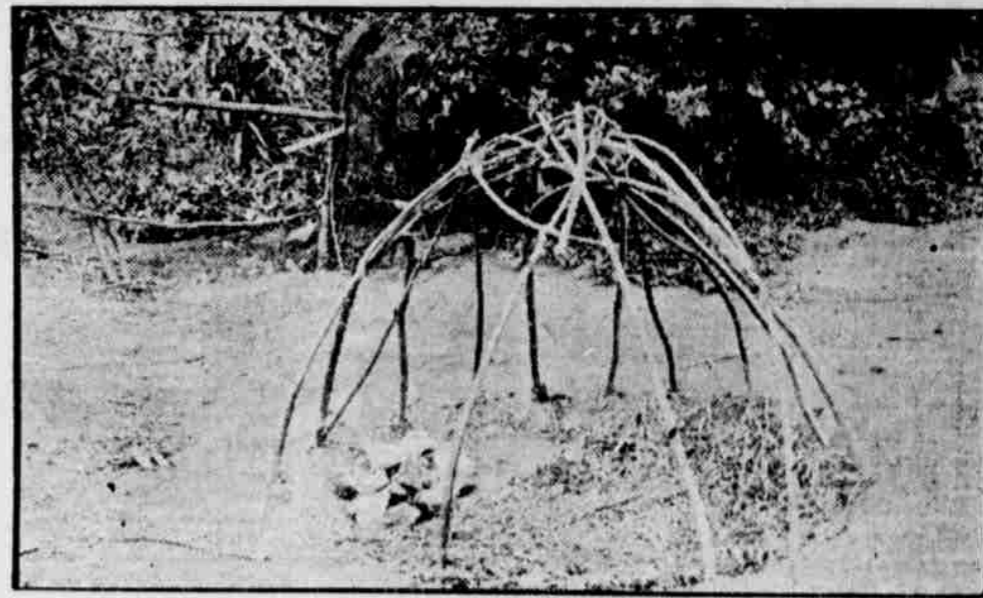
Twice have I been privileged to take part in this ceremony. On the first occasion I was invited to the home of the shaman, or medicine man, and there, with the Indians who were to participate in the ceremony, I was invited to a repast of green corn mush, the most delicious dish made from green corn with which I am acquainted. The corn in the milk is ground and then thrown into hot water until it becomes thick. When well cooked it is seasoned, poured into basket bowls and served. I had

the guest of honor, was invited to disrobe and enter first. As I did so the shaman and one other Indian followed me. One of the attendants then put in a couple of red-hot rocks, the flap was let down and immediately we were in the darkness of the sweat house, or toholwa, as the Havasupai terms it. Immediately the shaman began to sing, and as well as I could I joined in the song. It was a prayer of thanksgiving to Tochopa, their good god, for having given them the sweat bath and many other good things. By the time the song was ended the place was pretty hot and I thought we had about had enough, but when the flap was opened more hot rocks were put in, the flap let down, and another song commenced. Before long the sweat was rolling down my body in a number of little streams and I was quite hot when the song ended. Instead,



HAVASUPAI SHAMAN.

however, of being allowed to go out when the flap was opened, the attendant flung put in more hot rocks and a basket bowl full of water. I was just reaching for the water, when the flap was let down and the shaman's attendant poured the liquid over the red-hot rocks. In a moment the sweat house was full of live steam and I gasped and struggled for breath, for I seemed to be inhaling liquid fire. Just as I thought I couldn't stand it another moment the shaman began to sing another song, and, not to be outdone by the Indians, I determined to stand it out and joined in the song with as much fervor as I could muster. At the close of the song the flap was again lifted, more hot rocks and water were put in and we had another taste



FRAME FOR HAVASUPAI SWEAT HOUSE.

two old Indians, one on each side of me, when the basket of mush was handed to me by my hostess. To refuse to eat would have been an offense against the laws of hospitality, and to refuse to allow the Indians by my side to partake of that which was offered to me would have been discourteous. Yet we did not have spoons, and I knew that as soon as my friends were ready they would dip their not-too-clean fingers into the savory mess. I bade them wait awhile, and then, calling to my hostess, I asked her for a spoon, which I knew she had somewhere in her stores. When she brought it she washed it seven different times, so that I might be quite assured of its cleanliness. When I took the spoon I described a half circle in the mush in the front of the basket. Then, calling the attention of my friend on the right, I pointed out to him that all the mush on the right of the half circle was his, and to my friend on the left that all on the left belonged to him. Respectfully waiting until I began to eat it was not until after I had eaten several mouthfuls that they dipped their fingers into the dainty dish and scooped up into their mouths the food they so much enjoy.

After our repast we hurried down to the side of the Havasu, where a wicker frame as shown in figure one was constructed. One of the men speedily lined the inside on the ground with newly-cut willows. Others built a bonfire into which a number of large rocks were placed. Still others brought blankets and covered the frame work so as to make it steam proof.

When everything was ready, I, as

of the live steam. This time I could stand it no longer and struggling toward the flap, I managed to gasp out that I must go to the water. The shaman replied that we were all going, for our bath was at an end. With delight I sprang forward without further words and dived headlong into the swimming pool close by. Never in my life did I experience a more delicious sensation over the whole of my body than when I felt that water surrounding me. It was just cool enough to be pleasant and yet not cold enough to give one a severe shock. For half an hour I stayed in and enjoyed it to the full, and then came out and joined my Havasupai friends as they reclined on willow boughs in the vivifying rays of the sun.

It is impossible to overestimate the value of this sweat-bath to the Indians. It gives them that opening of the pores that is essential to a healthful life, for it must not be forgotten that they are very gross feeders and exceedingly careless in matters pertaining to their diet. The making of it a religious ceremony is a wise piece of priestcraft, for it works upon the superstitious fears of the people, and this prevents their neglect of this healthful performance.

The sweat-bath is largely prevalent throughout the whole of the southwest, the Wallapais, of Arizona, the Navahoes, of New Mexico, and the Palutis, of Nevada, all deeming it of equal importance.

G. WHARTON JAMES.

Church—Did she talk you to a standstill?

Gotham—No; I ran away as soon as she began talking.—Yonkers Statesman.

ONE LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

A Story Founded on Fact. By Willard Mortimer Pease.

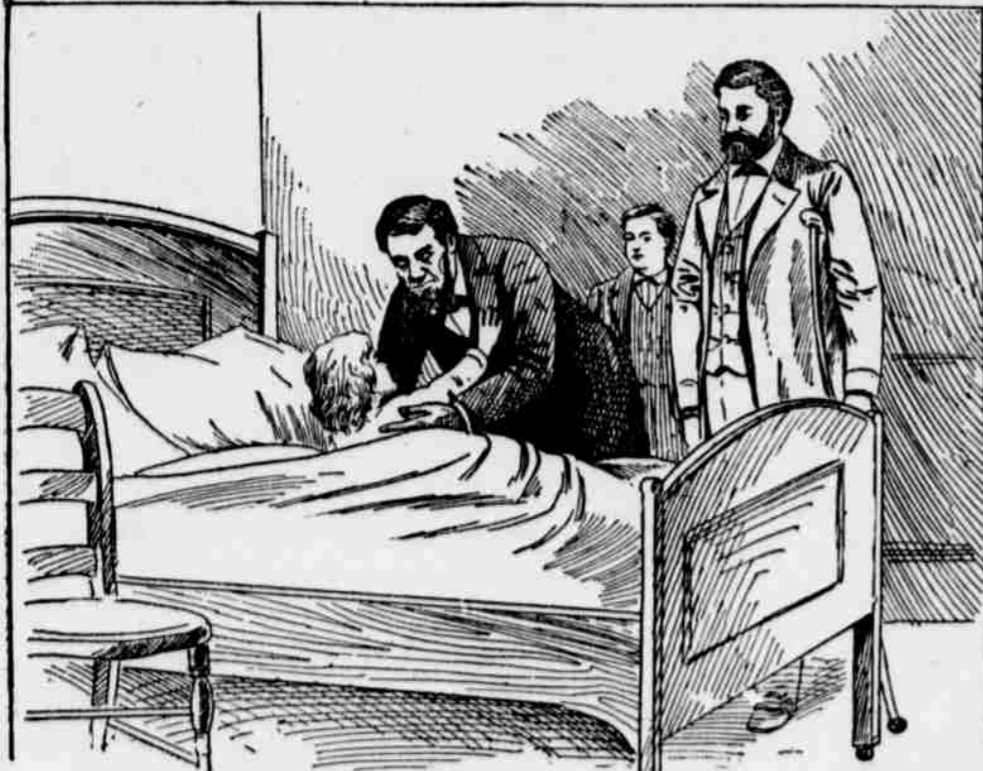
THE 12th of February, 1865, dawned bright and clear in Washington.

Into a little house on one of the side streets near Pennsylvania avenue the rays of the sun brightly shone, gladdening the hearts of those who lived there, an invalid father and his two little children, Madge and Bennie.

"Madge, you'll have to take the basket out to-day; Bennie is too sick," the father said.

"All right, papa, I guess I'll get along alone."

Little Madge went to work getting the basket of sandwiches, apples and flowers ready. Such sandwiches as they were, too. Every messenger boy, page and congressman knew Madge and Bennie and the sandwiches they sold on Pennsylvania avenue every day at lunch time. Since their father's return from the



LINCOLN BENT OVER THE BED.

war, a cripple, Madge and Bennie had supported him, and the little basket with which they started in business had been changed many times, until a very large one was used now.

She felt rather timid about going out alone; but what was there to do? Somebody had to go, for they needed the money; so she buttoned up her coat, pulled on her gloves and bravely started out.

By keeping away from the crowded streets little Madge soon reached the place where she and Bennie always stood.

She had never seen so many people out before. Everybody was hurrying along and all were talking about the

get along all right, and so I have," she proudly said.

For the next half hour she was kept busy, as all the clerks and messengers needed waiting on. Then there came a little rest and Madge looked up and down the long avenue.

As she looked up a second time she caught sight of a tall form coming her way. Madge knew it well, for no other man in Washington walked like Lincoln.

She kept her eyes fastened on him as he drew nearer, so as to have lots to tell her father when she returned home.

Her little heart was beating with excitement. "Oh! If he would only