



LINCOLN

The Strength of Lincoln

IN the winter of 1864 between 40 and 50 women connected with the Sanitary commission met in Washington to "talk it over." After the business had been concluded, about half the delegates decided to call upon President Lincoln. To one of their number, at least—Helen Everson Smith—the interview offered a wonderfully impressive illustration of Lincoln's trust in God, and the strength and comfort he derived from it.

There was no special reason for the call, except, perhaps, a pardonable curiosity on the part of the women to see "Old Abe" at close hand, and to hear his voice. The demand upon his



"LADIES, GOD BLESS YOU ALL"

time was a matter that probably had not occurred to them.

Long, lank, haggard and embarrassed, the president certainly looked as if, in the depths of his generous heart, he were silently wishing that this additional burden had not been laid upon him. His sorrowful dark eyes were far sunken under cavernous eyebrows. His thick, dark hair lay wildly at cross-purposes over his head. His large nose loomed above a wide mouth set in a heavy, muscular framing which looked as if it had never smiled.

The Youth's Companion says that each one of the women, as she shook hands with him, had tried to say some pleasant thing, and he had gravely and perfunctorily replied with an expressionless "Thank you." The moments were getting fearfully long, and trying to the president.

"Could we not get out?" a lady asked, in a whisper.

Just then a dear old Quaker lady took the long-suffering giant's down-stretched hand. She had to rise on tip-toe, and as she did it her sweet voice uttered some words difficult to catch. But their effect was easy to see. As when the lights suddenly blaze behind a cathedral window, so the radiance illumined those rugged features and poured from the wonderful eyes. The gaunt form straightened. The mouth became beautiful in its sweetness. It is not possible to give the words of either exactly, but this was their support:

"Yes, friend Abraham, thee need not

think thee stands alone. We are all praying for thee. The hearts of all the people are behind thee, and thee cannot fail. The Lord has appointed thee, the Lord will sustain thee, and the people love thee. Yea, as no man was ever loved before, does this people love thee. We are only a few weak women, but we represent many. Take comfort, friend Abraham. God is with thee. The people are behind thee."

"I know it." The great, soft voice rolled solemnly and sweetly forth from the trembling lips. "If I did not have the knowledge that God is sustaining and will sustain me until my appointed work is done, I could not live. If I did not believe that the hearts of all loyal people were with me, I could not endure it. My heart would have broken long ago."

"You have given a cup of cold water to a very thirsty and grateful man. Ladies, you have done me a great kindness to-day. I knew it before. I knew that good men and women were praying for me, but I was so tired I had almost forgotten. God bless you all!"

Lincoln to the Jury.

Mr. T. W. S. Kidd says that he once heard a lawyer opposed to Lincoln trying to convince a jury that precedent was superior to law, and that custom made things legal in all cases. When Lincoln arose to answer him he told the jury he would argue his case in the same way. Said he: "Old 'Squire Bagly, from Menard, came into my office and said: 'Lincoln, I want your advice as a lawyer. Has a man what's been elected justice of the peace a right to issue a marriage license?' I told him he had not; when the old 'squire threw himself back in his chair very indignantly and said: 'Lincoln, I thought you was a lawyer. Now Bob Thomas and me had a bet on this thing, and we agreed to let you decide; but if this is your opinion I don't want it, for I know a thunderin' sight better, for I have been 'squire now eight years and have done it all the time.'"

Lincoln and His Boys.

It was a frequent custom with Lincoln, this of carrying his children on his shoulders. He rarely went down street that he did not have one of his younger boys mounted on his shoulder, while another hung to the tail of his long coat. The antics of the boys with their father, and the species of tyranny they exercised over him, are still subjects of talk in Springfield. Mr. Roland Diller, who was a neighbor of Mr. Lincoln, tells one of the best of the stories. He was called to the door one day by hearing a great noise of children, and there was Mr. Lincoln striding by with the boys, both of whom were wailing aloud. "Why, Mr. Lincoln, what's the matter with the boys?" he asked.

"Just what's the matter with the whole world," Lincoln replied. "I've got three walnuts, and each wants two."

Her Retort.

"Your eyes, my dear, and your smile are intoxicating," he told her in his jocular way when she criticised the condition in which he came from the club. "Even if they are," she retorted, "they never gave you that breath."—Chicago Post.

How They Hate Each Other.

"Well," said her neighbor, "this is a regular old-fashioned winter, isn't it?" "Oh, is it?" she returned. "Really, you know, I can't speak from experience about old-fashioned winters, not having been here when you used to have that kind."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Humor of Lincoln

LINCOLN was remarkable for his humor and his fund of anecdote, both in his conversation and his public addresses, used to illustrate some point or argument he was endeavoring to impress upon the mind of his hearers. He has often been accused of coarseness, sometimes vulgarity, in this respect. Secretary Seward once said in reply to this charge: "I am convinced that Mr. Lincoln has been greatly wronged in this regard. In all his intercourse with men, embracing governors, senators, congressmen and others I never heard him utter a remark that would have been out of place if uttered in the presence of ladies. The trouble is that many foul-mouthed men in the country have put these vulgarities in Mr. Lincoln's mouth in their own imagination, using his name to give force to their attempts at wit. Mr. Lincoln was the purest-hearted man with whom I ever came in contact." After the confederacy had been crumbled into ruins and Jefferson



THE BOY AND THE COON

Davis, its president, had been captured, and confined, the government was worried with the question as to what they should do with him, and it came to be a pretty general remark that "we had an elephant on our hands." He was guilty of treason and hanging was the punishment for this crime, but there were few of our statesmen who favored that, although it was hard to see how they could consistently give him his liberty. One day a leading minister called on Mr. Lincoln and asked him what he was going to do with Jeff Davis.

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "I believe I can answer that question by telling you a story. There was once a boy in Springfield who bought a coon, which, after the novelty wore off, became a great nuisance. One day, after he had been dragging the coon through the streets with a rope attached to the animal's collar, he sat down on the curbstone completely fagged out and disconsolate. A man passing by stopped and asked him what was the matter. 'Oh,' was the reply, 'the coon is such a trouble to me.' 'Why don't you get rid of him, then?' said the gentleman. 'Hush,' replied the boy, 'don't you see that he is gnawing his rope off? I am going to let him do it. Then I'll go home and tell the folks that he got away.'"

During the course of the war a friend asked Mr. Lincoln one day how many men the confederates had in the field. "Twelve hundred thousand," was the prompt and decided reply. The interrogator in amazement exclaimed: "Is it possible that they have that large number?" "Yes, sir," said Mr. Lincoln. "I, 200,000; there is no doubt of it. You see all of our generals, when they get whipped, say the enemy outnumbered them from three or five to one. I must believe them. Now we have 400,000 men in the field. Three times four make twelve. Don't you see? It is a simple problem in arithmetic."

In the beginning of the war, a Methodist friend once said to him: "I hope that the Lord is on our side." "I am not at all concerned about that," said Mr. Lincoln, "for I know that the Lord is always on the side of the right. But it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side."

Getting Away from It.

"Here's your room," said the good-natured landlady. "Now we'll try and make you feel at home."

"Don't do it," replied the new boarder. "Everything at home made me tired; that's why I came here."—Philadelphia Press.

Warranted to Stick.

Customer—I understand your porous plasters have become very popular? Druggist—Oh, yes, everybody who tries 'em becomes very much attached to 'em.—Yonkers Statesman.

Well Worn.

"His face has such a worn look!" "No wonder; he has been traveling on it for nearly 40 years."—Puck.

A Valentine

By Warren Clarke

I've often heard of Cupid,
The warlike King of Darts,
The roguish boy, whose choicest joy,
Is piercing tender hearts

To me the tale is stupid,
For many a day and year,
I wandered near Sir Cupid,
Without the slightest fear.

'Tis true he had a quiver—
The quivering of his arm
That seemed more like a shiver,
Could such a child do harm?

'Tis not that I am love-learn,
I know, indeed, Love's joy

But in my heart the joy was born
Sons aid of saucy boy.

For when I saw my Phillis,
The light in her sweet eyes
Pierced my heart more swift than dart,
That ever Cupid flies.

Pierced my heart and held me
Thence nevermore to go,
A capture made in rapture,
Ere Cupid string his bow.

So sound no more his praise
His arrow useless lies,
For Cupid has no power
So great as Phillis' eyes.

POOLEY'S VALENTINE

THERE was no good reason why the comic valentine should have hurt young Pooley, but it did hurt him, though he hugged the mortification to his bosom with Spartan fortitude and laughed so much at it that no one in the family circle suspected that he did not enjoy it as much as they evidently did.

The points of resemblance between the valentine clerk and Pooley were not striking. Pooley's ears were of normal size, and did not flap from the sides of his head in a manner suggestive of an alarmed elephant, nor was he in the habit of decorating them with quill pens. They would hardly have known a quill pen in the office if they had seen one. Then, he had rather a good nose—long enough to express sagacity, but not so long as to smear the columns of figures in the ledger before him when he was working at his desk, nor was it of a bright crimson color. He did not wear a grass-green coat or red and blue checkered trousers and purple-striped shirt cuffs, and, being a rather modest and well-conducted young man, the charges of snobbery and bumpiness in the atrocious doggerel be-

So it happened that just before St. Valentine's day Pooley spent quite an extravagant sum of money in the purchase of an arrangement of laces, ribbons, violets and amatory verse, which he directed with his gloved left hand, and mailed secretly. On the morning of St. Valentine's day he himself received a modest little card which seemed to give him inordinate delight. His sister noticed it, and wanted to see what his card was, but Pooley firmly refused to gratify her curiosity.

"It's another comic one," declared the sister. "You're afraid to show it." Her remark somehow dashed Pooley's pleasure. He was nervously apprehensive for the rest of the time that he was in the house. He started at the sound of the postman's second knock, and felt an unaccountable sinking of his spirits when he returned home that evening.

It was a pleasant surprise to him, therefore, when he found nothing worse than Margaret—not that she had the appearance of awaiting him; in fact, she seemed rather surprised than otherwise to see him, though, of course, it was natural enough that he should be at his own home.

The sister was good-natured, and she went away and left Pooley to entertain Margaret. The talk, somehow, turned on valentines, and she said she had received one that she liked very much indeed. She described it as consist-



CALLED HIS FRIEND'S ATTENTION TO IT.

low the valentine seemed singularly flat and inappropriate. But it was true that he was a clerk, and, though he had never considered that disgraceful, it somehow seemed to him now to afford ground for the sneer.

At the least, Pooley thought, it showed that somebody disliked him—probably honestly believed that he was snobbish andumptious, so that his maligned ears tingled and he burned with resentment every time the comic valentine met his eye.

That was quite frequently, for he had taken particular pains to have it pinned above his little work table in the sitting-room—just to show how little he cared. When friends came in he was sure to call their attention to it.

In addition to this, Pooley spent much time speculating as to who had sent the thing. He compared the handwriting on the envelope that had contained it with the handwriting of his friends and acquaintances, and came to many conclusions, the result of which was that his friends began to complain among themselves of a certain change in his manner—a lack of the old warmth and frank kindness, and a cold and distrustful air. The evil influence lasted for exactly one year. For some months before the St. Valentine's day following he had been more than slightly under another influence. It had pretty golden hair and blue eyes and its name was Margaret. Margaret was a friend of his sister, and had been to Pooley's house several times.

Wondered What She Meant.

Charley Litewate (to his chum)—What the deuce do you suppose Miss Cutting meant just now, Gawge? George—Why, what did she say, Cholly? Charley—Why, when I asked her

ing of violets, lace, ribbons and poetry. The poetry, she thought, was sweet, but she blushed as she said it, and it sounded better than that. Pooley said he had received a valentine, too, and he felt encouraged to say some things about it—and things in general—that put them on exceedingly familiar terms in the course of about five minutes.

"Well," said Pooley, at last, "this is a different Valentine's day to last year's to me. Did you ever see that thing? Do you think it looks like me? I'd like to know what idiot sent it."

The last words he spoke in a bitter tone. The pent-up resentment of a year was in his voice. Then he looked down at his new valentine. She was white, and looked shocked and frightened.

"What is it, Margaret?" asked Pooley, with much concern.

"Oh!" she cried, bursting into tears, "it was I sent that horrid thing. I—I didn't know you then—and—and it—we were sending a lot of them—the girls—and—anyway, I know it was silly, but I didn't think it would hurt anybody's feelings—and to think that it was you! Oh, I'm so unhappy, and I'll never—"

"Oh, pshaw!" said Pooley. "You don't think I minded! Why, I though it was a good joke—but it's a better one this year."

Then he took down the comic valentine and gazed fondly on the atrocious clerk, then folded it up tenderly and put it into his breast pocket.—Chicago Daily News.

To an Old Sweetheart.

'Tis time for valentines, my dear; You jilted me, I think, last year, And I should now revive the flame, But, goodness, I've forgot your name. —Detroit Free Press.