

THE OMAHA IN A MIGHTY CALE

Recollections of Pennsylvania's Great Commoner in War Times.

THE LEADERSHIP OF THADDEUS STEVEN

Unbounding Integrity and Fearlessness Merged with Blazing Sarcasm—Ex-Senator Daves Sketches Thrilling Incidents in His Life.

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Those entitled to rank as leaders in the military service of the country have been accordingly fortunate in the historians. General Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan have each put upon the permanent pages of their country's history a record of the great events of which they were themselves the central figure with an accuracy and fidelity equalled only by the modest and impersonality of their narrative of their own leadership. There has been much written also—none too much—of the personal exploits and sacrifices of other less conspicuous but equally brave and devoted military heroes. But the civil leaders during the reconstruction period and the crucial one of reconstruction which followed—nothing comparatively has been written. Lincoln, who was at the same time military and civic head of the government, is almost the only exception. Fragmentary and imperfect sketches of the work, here and there, of a few others conspicuous in the civil service of the country during those periods is all that has been, as yet, contributed for the perusal of coming generations, commemorating a service, if less dazzling and attractive, still not less essential and vital than the achievements of victorious armies and their immortal commanders. It is to render an act of justice, tardy enough and long overdue, to two of these civil leaders that this article is written by one who was by their side as a witness of the commanding and leading influence in the direction of public affairs exerted by these men in the trying events which preceded the movements and in establishing those bases of supply without which there could have been no movements of armies as well as in securing the compensation of the soldiers and sailors which victory itself would have been disaster.

ENTRANCE INTO PUBLIC LIFE.

Thaddeus Stevens entered the preliminary conflicts which led to the civil war at the opening of the Thirty-sixth congress in the representative of the Lancaster district in Pennsylvania, the home of Mr. Buchanan, then midway in his most pitiable and disastrous presidential term. He had already attained the advanced age of 65. He had previously served four years as a representative and had been in retirement six years. He and Mr. Buchanan had been intense political opponents all their political life. They had, however, lived as neighbors in the same town, maintaining rigidly and with extreme formality all the outward forms of polite intercourse, concealing from public observation the deep and bitter animosity which under the guise of an extreme courtesy of demeanor that intense personal hostility which their followers openly manifested. Mr. Stevens had voluntarily retired from public life in the practice of his profession, and the gathering storm was so surcharged with electricity, and the lamentable weakness of his old opponent were giving such direct aid to his hereditary foes that, like a lightning bolt, he sought to enter the lists. On the night of his election he telegraphed the unwelcome news to the president, his long-time most formidable political foe, in this apparently innocent message: "I'm on my way to Washington." No one else, hardly Mr. Stevens himself, understood its true meaning, however, as well as did Mr. Buchanan.

The Thirty-sixth congress, to which Mr. Stevens had been returned after a retirement of six years, was the one next preceding the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, and the war of the rebellion. In it the struggle of a half century for the extension and perpetual domination of slavery in the republic had come to naught, and it was the one in which was kindled the treason that failure had begotten. The repeal of the Missouri compromise had brought fatal weakness upon the cause it was intended to strengthen. The Kansas-Nebraska act had proved worse than dry ashes in the grasp of the slave power, for it had secured the admission of two new free states into the union instead of two slave states, and had thus turned for the future the balance between slave and free states on the side of freedom instead of slavery for which that repeal had been projected. And before the close of this congress a new and a president had been elected upon the distinct issue of free soil. No congress since the beginning of the government had become so shaken with convulsions as this one.

AT ONCE BECAME A LEADER.

Into this congress Mr. Stevens came at the age of 67 to deal with the men and measures of a period in our history without parallel for the depth and reach of the purposes or the grandeur of the results which made his record immortal. The place of leader was at once conceded to him, and he maintained it till he died after a continuous service of nearly ten of the most eventful years in our annals. In all that time and during all its storms and crises he never for a moment relaxed the hold upon that supremacy which is ever accorded to the biggest brain and the steepest will. There was not an hour in the ten years that he was not in battle, but there is no record of a bended knee or a broken lance.

The whole life of this man and all that there was in him were aids to that brain power and unbounding will which made him the unrivaled leader in the struggle against slavery and took command was the battlefield of freedom and slavery, and he had been bred a lover of the one and a hater of the other. Born of freedom and force from which men spring in the bracing atmosphere of Vermont, and to no other estate but poverty and opportunity, a graduate of that Dartmouth college which sent forth to a great public career such men as Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate and Salmon P. Chase, with which he took rank in his native land, he cast his lot in the yet new and undeveloped portion of the state of Pennsylvania before he had reached his majority. With this spirit of freedom and force he was devoted to the progressive and perpetual struggle of manhood to assert its superiority over the accidents of birth and wealth and pride and prejudice, with which it is often weighed in the race that all must enter. There was to him no discharge in that warfare, and the arms which he buckled on at the outset was laid aside when work with him was done. This became to him in after life religion and theology as well as politics, and he had little else of either. His perseverance in this creed, like that of the saints, failed him not to the end. It was the spirit which thirty years before this period he had kindled in the color line and for free schools in the Pennsylvania constitutional convention, prompted him to declare that "if this is to be a struggle between the powers of light and the powers of darkness, I go for him whose banner streams in the light." And it was the same spirit which in the quietude of his tomb in this quiet cemetery he excluded, not from any natural preference for solitude, but finding other cemeteries limited by charter rules to race, I have chosen it that I might be enabled to illustrate in my death the principles which I have advocated through a long life—equality of man before his Creator." In all the intervening years this spirit which, equal in its striking utterance at the threshold and at the close of his public career directed and determined all his conduct.

STEVENS AS AN ORATOR.

When, therefore, Mr. Stevens was called back to the public service he did not enter upon the exciting scenes with which the Thirty-sixth congress was opened as a quiet soldier as a soldier already trained for the very leadership which was at the outset accorded him. And he came with every faculty in him quickened and drilled ready for the service. And they were no ordinary faculties. Few, if any, public men in our history, so contemporaries were so richly endowed by nature for the very place he was to fill and the work which henceforth fell to his lot.

He had the instinct of an orator without his rhetoric or grace. He never studied to say, or how to say it, but it seemed to flow from the fountain of his nature, and with what, and taking deliberate aim, he never missed. It was no volley or cannonade, but a single rifle shot, and all was over before the target was struck. Even at the bar, in the most complicated case, it is said he never addressed a jury an hour, but grasping the points on which the case turned with unerring instinct, he concentrated all pressure there, casting aside everything else. His weapons in debate were sometimes the thunderbolt descending upon the head without warning, sometimes a rapier reaching the heart before its approach is even felt. Then he would take an antagonist by the collar, and the size of all listeners would hardly discover the direction of his aim before they saw the victim fall. He would drop a bombshell into the midst of a self-satisfied or self-sufficient group of opponents and they were hopelessly scattered. It might have been a mere witicism, or only a sneer. It might have been a fire of words revealing its nature by the size of all something so ridiculous or so hideous that its very parents would run away from it. One volley of denunciation would sweep a man's discharge, he never kept a pack of artillery. His encounters in debate were fierce, sharp, terrible and decisive. He never played with his victim nor kept him long in misery, but usually dealt him a single blow and he was done with him. He was more effective in assault than in defense, and owed much to the suddenness of the attack.

A MEMORABLE SPEECH IN CONGRESS.

He rarely made orations. The globe is full of these, but they are the fruit which grows in the soil of the imagination. No one could forget the scene, though all I can say of it and him seems tame enough without the inspiration of the occasion and the delivery. To one who delivered it in the last session in Mr. Buchanan's Administration after the election of Mr. Lincoln, when the house was more like a powder magazine than a deliberative assembly. His denunciation of the plotters of treason to their very face was terrible, and his expose of the barbarism of the so-called civilization which they were as awful. The scene was past description, like one man holding fends at bay, when he turned toward the representatives of this nation before they rose and said:

"For twenty years past it has been unsafe for northern men to travel or settle in the south unless they avow their belief in some of the most atrocious and heinous crimes of unfeeling citizens being seized, mobbed, tarred and feathered, and hanged by scores without any trial by legal tribunals." "Nearly fifty of them rose to their feet and rushed toward him with imprecations and threats of personal violence. As many of his friends gathered round him, and he was surrounded in a sort of hollow square in the space in front of the speaker, opened in front of his assailants and stood guard over him while he treated the creature in an indictment for its crimes against humanity surpassing in severity even the great arraignments by Mr. Sumner. He was an old man, approaching 70, whose frame and figure time was already making sad work, still standing erect and firm as a man of 35, calm and self-possessed as a soldier, he brushed the insults and made them compose themselves at their leisure. The excitement aroused by his fiery denunciation and defiant scorn beggars all that has been said in the memory of those who witnessed it.

A DEBATER RATHER THAN AN ORATOR.

Mr. Stevens was a debater, not an orator. The weapons of the one he used with courage and the guile of an extreme courtesy of demeanor that intense personal hostility which their followers openly manifested. Mr. Stevens had voluntarily retired from public life in the practice of his profession, and the gathering storm was so surcharged with electricity, and the lamentable weakness of his old opponent were giving such direct aid to his hereditary foes that, like a lightning bolt, he sought to enter the lists. On the night of his election he telegraphed the unwelcome news to the president, his long-time most formidable political foe, in this apparently innocent message: "I'm on my way to Washington." No one else, hardly Mr. Stevens himself, understood its true meaning, however, as well as did Mr. Buchanan.

PERSONAL TRAITS AND PECULIARITIES.

Although the place of leader was accorded to Mr. Stevens by common consent and never questioned, yet it is not so easy to explain how it was attained and by what means he was able to maintain such undisputed ascendancy during ten years of constant change in the personnel and political drift of the house of representatives. He had none of the graces of person or manner which sometimes captivate, but was master of his appearance and reserved and retired in his intercourse with his associates, "loving solitude and understanding its uses." He was a great intellectual gladiator. His weapons were invective, sarcasm and wit, in all of which he was without a rival. These are powerful in skillful hands, but they do not win friends; they are in their nature repellent. One could not venture to differ with him in debate without the fear of being cut. Nor did he scruple to very closely means which seemed to promote that end. Scouting the idea that the division of Virginia had the consent of the old state, but believing it to be a necessary of the situation, he boldly declared that necessity was paramount to constitutional obligation, and the majority followed him. In this manner did he lead the majority to declare by law that treason worked a forfeiture of the entire estate and not merely one for the life of the person attained, and also the fact that speculation in gold should be punished in the penitentiary, an act so absurd and futile that it was repealed in less than three weeks. Other measures of like character were introduced, and wisdom found their way upon the statute book under his leadership. These traits of character strikingly marked, if they stood alone would make his leadership a mystery indeed of solution. But with all this there was an exceeding tenderness and kindness of heart, as well as an openness of purpose and sincerity of conviction which won the affections of many and the respect of all.

AN OPEN HEART AND HAND.

He was one of the most generous of men and his hand was as open to a political opponent as to a friend if no personal taint forbade. Personal and political associations were not with him identical, but were determined by other considerations. There was no personal malice in him and every one was conscious of it even when suffering most acutely from his sarcasm. He did not aim at the man, but at the wrong behind him, and if the man was hit it was because he was an intervening obstacle. There was no malice in the blow, and he not infrequently won the admiration of the victim by the dexterity with which he struck. He never pounded or bruised, but cut smooth, and the very profusion of blood seemed to prevent inflammation and cause the wound to heal with the first intention leaving no mark. Once, when an intensely hot afternoon in July he was conducting an Indian appropriation bill and had become well exhausted by interruptions of members from various states in which were Indian tribes. One member in particular had been worrying him all day. This member, although a native of Massachusetts, was in feature and figure and complexion an aboriginal Indian, and generally credited with Indian blood. Some one observing how weary Mr. Stevens was moved an adjournment that he might have rest, but he turned toward the speaker and said: "I can get along, Mr. Speaker, with the Indians themselves very well, but these half-breeds make trouble enough." Incidents like this of frequent occurrence amid more serious and exciting current events, although of no consequence in themselves, yet serve to give glimpses of the man himself and some insight into the power he wielded on the floor of the house.

CARRIED DAILY TO THE SENATE.

His influence in the house continued unimpeded to the end. Indeed, it was never more exerted than in his last work—the impeachment of President Johnson. Although in feeble health and waning strength, at the command of the house he appeared in person at the trial, and his voice, although in the waning stage of impotence of the chief magistrate of the nation for high crimes and misdemeanors. The scene was most impressive, and doubt if words were ever delivered with more effect, when broken with years and

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We have put in one lot nearly 300 pairs of pants in every size—every color—in worsted—cheviots—casimères—made in first-class style by an eastern manufacturer from whom we do not intend buying any more—as we have arranged to buy of another dealer.

For that reason, while the lot is fresh and complete we have decided to sacrifice now rather than later on—and thereby give perfect satisfaction. They are regular \$5 pants for \$2.50,

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decay he stood before the senate, and in the name of the house of representatives and of all the people of the United States impeached the president of the United States of high crimes and misdemeanors in office. Who can forget his steady, solemn utterance of this great arraignment. The words were few, but they will sound through the ages. "The end was drawing near. His conduct of the impeachment with his associates appointed by the house was his last work. He was so feeble that he was taken to his sick bed, from which he never rose. His strength failed him in the delivery of his final argument for the prosecution, and its reading was completed by one of his associates. This was the end of his work. He was a great intellectual gladiator, never more. Congress adjourned soon after and left him to die in Washington in the absence of the body over which he had exerted a controlling influence and direction unequalled in the career of any other statesman. The directions of his will were strictly followed, and he was buried in a private cemetery near his home, where is recognized the law of his life—the equality of man before the law. (A second paper by ex-Senator Daves, dealing with Henry Winter Davis, will be published next Sunday.—Ed.)

Oregon Kidney Cure cures all kidney troubles. Trial size, 25 cents. All druggists.

THE LAW IN THE CASE.

Substance of Decisions by the Courts on Many Questions. The closing of a public alley to permit its use for private purposes is held in Witt against Gutman, 24 L. R. A. 403, to be an unlawful destruction of the easement of an abutting owner.

The nuisance constituted by fifth from a creamery is enjoined in the Wisconsin case of Price against Oakfield Highland Creamery company, 24 L. R. A. 333, in which case the court allows a recovery of damages for past injuries. The criminal liability of directors of the poor for neglect in appointing a pauper to a person whom they know to be unfit for the charge, and in refusing to rescind him from the custody of the master, is sustained in Commonwealth against Coyle, 24 L. R. A. 552, on the ground that the offense is indictable at common law.

The statutory power of the Board of Regents of normal schools in Wisconsin to remove teachers at pleasure, is held in Gillan against Board of Regents of Normal Schools, 24 L. R. A. 557, to be beyond the power of the board to waive or bargain away, and every contract for the employment of a teacher is held to include this provision as a part of it. The Minnesota statute compelling railroad passenger trains to stop at county seats is held in State against Glasgow, 24 L. R. A. 502, to be constitutional and valid, even as to mail trains which carry passengers. The court does not regard it as an interference with interstate commerce. The proprietor of a theater is held liable, in Dickson against Waldron, 24 L. R. A. 483, for an assault by his janitor and ticket taker, who was also a special policeman, upon a person who had got into a dispute as to his change with the ticket seller. The fact that the employe had been appointed special policeman was held not to relieve his employer from responsibility.

The mistake in the initial of the middle name of a mortgagor on the records is held, in Fincher against Hanegan, 24 L. R. A. 543, to be not necessarily fatal to the effect of the record as notice, if there is nothing to show that there is more than one person of that name. The form of Christian name which is required by recording acts is the subject of a note to the case. The practical monopoly of a street by railroad is held in the Missouri case of Lockwood against the Washab Railroad company, 24 L. R. A. 516, to be beyond the power of city authorities to permit, and the use of a narrow highway devoted to wholesale purposes,

TWICE AS GOOD OVERCOATS As anybody else sells for \$5 \$6.50 Many Styles, All the Latest.

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A Thanksgiving Story.

HE was at a boarding school to spend his first Thanksgiving away from home, and this is what the lonesome little fellow wrote home a few days before. Do you blame him? "When the Turkey's in the oven, And the Tater's in the pot; When the Cranberry's a boiling, And the Pudding's smoking hot; When the nuts are cracked and ready, And the raisins heaped the plate, And you feel so awful hungry, That you'd rather die than wait, THEN you'll remember me, P. S.—I ain't I come home?"

THANKSGIVING WEEK is always a busy one with us, particularly in our Crockery and Stove Departments.

Our Crockery department is of special interest to us. Every thing is available in China, Crockery, Glassware, Metal, Plated Ware, Lamps and Clocks.

Our Special Thanksgiving Offerings, Thanksgiving Elder Pitchers In clear, fire polished, crystal glass, held nearly three quarts. Regular price 90c. This Week 29c

Thanksgiving Tumblers For tomorrow or as long as they last, a first class crystal tumbler, per, one dozen only to a customer. Worth 50c per dozen. This Week 20c Each

Thanksgiving Carving Knives and Forks With genuine steel handles, Meridian Cutlery goods, Worth \$2. This Week \$1.85 P-ir

Thanksgiving Saws and Peppers In blue, rose or white opalescent tints, with fleur-de-lis embossed decorations. Worth 15c. This Week only 6c Each

SPECIAL PRICES on a beautiful line of celery trays in French and Vienna China and embossed glass. Your friends will call Thanksgiving eve. Greet them in a pleasant lighted lamp in the latest line of hall lamps in the city. They are very well Special for This Week

Rose and Ruby Globe Pendant Hall Lamps, Worth \$12.50. Only \$2.49 Each

Our further Thanksgiving offerings are: Pillar Extension Tables Solid oak, 18 inch wide; heavy substantial goods; quality and workmanship guaranteed, Worth \$12. This Week \$5.98

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MME. M. YALE, THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY,

To Lecture in OMAHA,

At Boyd's Opera House, FRIDAY, DEC. 7. MME. M. YALE, The Celebrated Beauty and Complexion Specialist from the Temple of Beauty, Chicago, Will Lecture to the Ladies of Omaha, ON THE SUBJECTS OF Health, Beauty, Physical Culture, The Complexion and Hair.

Lecture will take place at 2:30 p. m. Ladies are advised to secure their seats in advance. Tickets now on sale at the box office of Theater, 50c.

Mme. Yale was awarded the highest honors from the World's Fair, and is endorsed by Congress. Mme. Yale's remarkable beauty has created a sensation all over the world. Perfect from the crown of her queenly head to the soles of her shapely little feet, she looks old Fashion Time to lay one withering finger mark on her, she will still be the loveliest woman in the beauty and instruct them to do likewise. Mme. Yale is 42 years old, and does not look more than 18.

In her Physical Culture act Mme. Yale will wear a costume especially designed for her by Worth to show off to advantage the outlines of her faultless figure, and also to enable her to give the necessary exercises for making perfect the female form. Mme. Yale is the draught of Beauty Culture as a professional branch of science. Every lady should hear her, as she is the greatest authority living on beauty.

From the Detroit Free Press, Oct. 26, 1894. "Mme. Yale, the famous lecturer and complexionist, addressed a large audience of ladies yesterday in the Detroit Opera House, illustrating her lecture with her own remarkable beauty, which stood the test of the strongest electrical lights without revealing a single blemish. There is no extravagance in saying that Mme. Yale is the most beautiful woman in the world, for she has been anyone to resemble her since the days of Lola Montez, the beautiful countess of Lausfeld. Like her, Mme. Yale has produced her own beauty, and she claims that she has done any other woman can do. She does not hesitate to give her age as 42, while her lovely eyes, neck and face would indicate a woman not more than 20 years of age. Her curling locks of golden hair, her brilliant eyes, with their long lashes, called forth expressions of admiration from the audience. The closing part of the occasion was devoted to a physical culture drill, in which the grace and flexibility of Mme. Yale's dainty figure formed a series of beautiful pictures. The fair lecturer held her audience spell-bound during three hours by her racy conversational address.

Washington Star: "And you say he was defeated by one vote?" said the professor. "Yes," replied his wife, who had been reading from the paper. "That's interesting; very interesting," he mused. "It's a positive paradox. It's what might be called a singular plurality!"

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