"The Haunted Sprigley."

BY MARY NEALON.

Submitted in The Tribune's Short Story Contest.

ONE JUNE DAY, early in the 60's, one of the little mining towns of Northeastern Pennsylvania had not thoroughly awakened from its nightly slumber. The first faint streaks of the morning sun were beginning to illumine the Eastern sky; the fresh green grass, the dainty sweet-smelling flowers and the foliage of the tall, waving trees were drooping with their burden of cool, refreshing dew, but when the rays of the sun touched them they gladly raised their drooping heads, and the dew sparkled and glistened in the morning sunshine. The cows were slowly wending their way homeward, and the drowsy tinkling of their bells, mingling with the sweet, tender notes of the birds singing their morning carols, formed a pleasing cadence that floated out on the fresh, dewy air, heralding, as it were, the King of Day. Everything seemed bright with the touch of awakening Nature, but the tall, grim, dark building known as the "Sprigley shaft"—it, only, failed to respond to Nature's touch.

Black and foreboding it stood—not a ray of sunshine resting on its tall, dark form. Around the mouth of the shaft were gathered groups of men and boys, dressed in miners' garb. Their pale faces were thrown out in bold relief by their black clothes. Over most of their shoulders a flask was strapped, others carried heavy mining tools, and in all their caps were lamps that burned with flickering blazes, producing a weird contrast to the morning sunshine.

Above the noisy murmur of voices some one would call out, "Hello, Morgans, wait for the next carriage, there's plenty of time." Then again some other miner would raise his voice to ask, "Say, Brown, are you going to check your laborer today? If you are, will you tell him I'll give him a job." Then some childish treble would be heard saying, "Hello, Davy, let's swap mules for this shift. You take Old Fan and I'll take that knock-kneed, raw-boned, one-eyed old woman of yours. All right, it's a go."

Suddenly every voice was hushed—men jumped to their feet and hurriedly ran closer to the opening of the mine. Pale faces grew paler and some grew ashen-gray, like the pallor of death. Something terrible had happened. "My God!" broke from a hundred lips, "the rope has broke and the carriage has gone down!"

Everyone stood as if struck dumb, for all knew that the occupants of that carriage had gone to their death. From the brightness of the sunlight, ten men had stepped on the carriage and given the signal to be lowered to their day's work. Above the yawning, dark pit, four hundred feet below, they were poised with no connection to the outer world save the rope that held the carriage. No fear stirred in their breasts, had they not hundreds of times before gone on the same journey? Laughing and jesting they waited to be lowered. With a slow movement they went down a short distance, then suddenly the carriage gave a lurch and a snapping sound and ten souls were hurled into eternity. Without a whisper of a warning voice or a moment for preparation, they were ushered into the presence of their Maker. Did God, in the short time that intervened between the breaking of the rope and the reaching of the mine bottom, allow them one second to silently ask for forgiveness? Did the lights on their heads throw a few glimmering rays on the pathway of Eternity? Ah! who can tell or who will ever know?

Although the pathway of the carriage was provided with "guides" and other contrivances to prevent accidents of this kind, the "dogs" failed to work, and the carriage with its burden of human lives gained speed at every foot, and down, down through the darkness the men were hurled, till with a terrific crash they reached the bottom; and the forms that a few moments ago were living, breathing bodies, now lay in the cold, dark depths of the mine, only scattered, bruised, mangled and almost unrecognizable fragments of somebody's dear ones. In the eloquent silence of Death they lay, while outside eager, anxious people ran hither and thither.

The news of the terrible disaster had spread and throngs of weeping, pale-faced, heart-broken women—mothers, wives and sisters—wrung their hands in anguish and begged for one word of hope that once again they might hear the voices of their loved ones; but the mine officials, with pale, stern faces, knew too well that the men had gone on their last journey and had ere that time entered the Great Beyond. Hurried preparations were made to bring the bodies to the surface. A new carriage was put in operation, and the work of rescue begun. What a horrible, frightful sight met the eyes of the rescuing party. Strong, brave men sickened, others covered their faces to shut out the awful sight.

Silently the men did their work—in the presence of the bodies that bore the seal of Death words would disturb the solemn stillness. Tenderly they lifted the bodies on the carriage and when it reached the surface everybody crowded about to see if the silent form was that of some father, husband or brother.

Although most of the bodies were mangled beyond recognition, still the instinct of love is so strong that every one recognized and claimed their own. Mothers clasped the lifeless bodies of their sons, wives wound loving arms about the cold, unresponsive forms of their husbands, and sisters tenderly closed the glassy, unseeing eyes of the dear brothers, whose voices they would hear on earth nevermore.

Before the last rays of the setting sun faded in the west, the bodies of the dead were prepared for burial and the Goddess of Night silently lowered her curtain of darkness on that horrible tragedy.

Many theories were advanced as to the cause of the accident. Some declared that the rope was in perfect condition—every fibre safe and sound. When examined, it was found that unlike the breaking of most ropes—the splitting or parting of the strands—the rope looked as if a sharp instrument had cut through, leaving not a ragged or uneven edge. The practical minds gave theoretical causes of the accident, but knowing glances were exchanged and though timid in expressing their real opinions, they knew "some one had blundered."

The superstitions—and where are they not found?—had their side of the case, and as usual they had numerous examples from traditional legends to make their stories vivid and impressive. One miner told that a few days before the accident he was walking down an old road that led to some old workings and a ghostly form flitted past him, and he was positive that he heard a voice whisper "danger." Another, that had worked in the mine all his life, said that always before the occurrence of horrors of this kind some warning was generally given. Two days previous to this he had heard repeated knocking and tapping in various places of the mine, and knew that some danger was hovering near. Others told of having stepped over to the mouth of the mine to descend on the fatal carriage, but were drawn back by unseen hands that clutched their clothes in a vice-like grip. The most intimate friends of some of the victims told that the dead men, themselves, had had warning of the impending danger—some by dreams that had been related; others by a heavy feeling of dread that seemed to hang over them.

The chum of one of the unfortunate young men said: "A week ago, Ned and I were sitting down eating a lunch, when all at once Ned's face grew deathly pale, he threw out his arms, as if to ward off a blow, and then fell forward, as if in a faint. I ran to him and called out: 'Ned, what's the matter, are you sick?' But he smiled and said, 'Tom, I believe I saw the ghost of old Ike Penfield, the fellow that was found dead out in the 'gob' in the North Heading. It was as plain as I see you. He stood before me and his icy, clammy hands clutched my throat, his eyesockets seemed to be empty, but I could distinctly hear his voice muttering something. My God, Tom, it was frightful! They say if you see a ghost and hear it talk your days will be short. Well, that's the first I ever saw, and I hope it will be the last.' I tried to make him believe that it was only imagination, but no, he was sure it was a ghost he saw. He never mentioned it again, but I know he was worried, and he had cause, for I believe that was a warning to Ned."

No doubt here was a verification of the truth of the poet's words when he said, "Coming events cast their shadows before." Be that as it may, the disaster in which ten lives were lost would be only a shadow compared to the horror that would have occurred had the accident not happened, and the mine had worked that day, for it was found that later in the day a huge cave-in had taken place, extending over a large portion of the mine. Had the men been working they would never have escaped, and the loss of life would have been terrible to contemplate. Though ten lives had been sacrificed to save a greater number, we must believe that the mystical hand of Providence had chosen this way to avert a greater evil.

As time passed on, the remembrance of that horror was dying out, but now and again some one would relate the warnings given to the dead men. Though the accident broke up several homes and left many little helpless children fatherless, the saddest of all and the one that is still remembered and related by the inhabitants of that town was that of genial, jovial Dick Morris, one of the men that met such a sad fate that bright June morning. The next day was to be his wedding day, and when pretty, dainty Nell Gordon, his betrothed, heard of her lover's death, she silently and wonderingly gazed at the ones that brought the news. In vain did they try to make her understand, but it was impossible to rouse her from the lethargy that seemed to hold her in its spell. No words came from the pallid lips, no tear came as softening showers, to relieve the burning torture. Her movements seemed mechanical. Thinking that the sight of her dead lover would rouse her, they brought her to him. She gazed at his pale, lifeless face, then turned and silently walked away. In the solitude of her own room she spent the night and when morning broke she came down stairs with the same strange look on her face. Exclamations of surprise were uttered when she made her apparance, but the heart-broken girl heard them not. The delicate face was white and drawn, the slender figure was bent like a broken lily, and the hair that yesterday was glossy and black was perfectly white. One night, nay a few hours, had wrought the terrible change. The people looked with pitying glances at the young girl that was bearing her trouble in silence, but she heeded them not. Weeks passed by, and she never changed, never once did she speak. Her days were spent in gathering flowers for her lover's grave. Every morning at the same hour she went to the shaft where Dick Morris met his death. With clasped hands she stood and watched the men as they went to their work. When all had gone down she would walk home again. At first the men curiously gazed at her, but afterwards tears sprung to their eyes when they saw the pale-faced, slender maiden wandering about in search of her lover.

Day by day she grew paler and thinner, until she was a mere shadow. Oftimes at night she would flit by like a spectre from the Silent Land, always going on journeys known only to herself. Scarcely three months had passed after the tragedy at the "Sprigley," when one morning the miners noticed the slight form of Nell Gordon sifting on a pile of ties close by the shaft. Many passed her by, simply saying, "Good morning," and accustomed to receiving no answer to their salutes, they took no notice of her silence, but wondered at the dainty white dress that she wore and the flowers entwined in her hair.

Finally a few approached her and found her body rigid and cold in death. Her sad, unseeing eyes, with their glassy stare, were fixed on the opening of the mine. What a sad, pitiful picture she presented—clad in the dress that was to be worn at her bridal, but was now her shroud; verily, she was the bride of Death. Her thin, white hands were clasped on her breast, the flowers resting on her snow-white head were faded and withered—emblems of her own fair young life, that was blighted like a rosebud touched by the frosty, chilling winds of Winter. As she sat there in her white robes she resembled an angel waiting to guide some weary traveler to the unknown realms of the Great Beyond.

Was she waiting, or had she met ere that time the lover that had won her loving, girlish heart, but whose young life had, like her own, gone out in the springtime of life. The smile on the pale, worn face was one of gladness, and with the flitting of her pure soul she must have seen her lover waiting to welcome her to that heavenly home where "ear hath not heard, nor eye hath not seen the splendor."

Years have come and gone, but still old, bent, gray-haired miners tell the young generation of the tender romance connected with the mine horror of 186—, and the superstitious—but should we call them so, say rather those who are worthy to commune with departed spirits—say that when some danger or calamity is about to occur in the mine, the breeze that rushes down the shaft and loses itself in the dark, winding channels of the coal cavern, seems to echo the sounds of muffled voices and moaning cries of some poor, wandering, tortured souls. Bony, clammy hands are stretched out from the gloomy darkness, and many have felt the icy clutch of those ghastly skeleton forms; while the mingling of the sepulchral echoes sounds like ghosts chanting some wild, weird requiem.

It is also said that many have seen phantom-like forms flitting through the darkness, the most distinct one being the slight figure of a maiden in white shining robes, her hands clasped on her breast, her white hair floating behind her in the darkness, like a sheet of silver; her sad, pleading, wistful eyes have a far-away look, as if staring through space in search of her lover, whose Lamp of Life went out in the darkness of the haunted "Sprigley."

THE FASHIONS.

New York, June 22.—Despite the fact that the season's modes are positively declared, every day sees new additions to the list of small articles of dress. This condition of affairs can be traced possibly to the fact that half the charm of a gown depends upon the various little trimmings employed in its embellishment, but even then it is puzzling to understand why Dame Fashion demands so many changes in these seeming trifles.

Among the daintiest accessories are bewitching little boleros which are worn over figured muslin gowns. If the pattern of the dress material includes a colored design the bolero must be of silk to match it; if, on the other hand, the gown is plain, one has the choice of all the lovely pastel tints and of the warp printed floral designs that are so shadowy and suggestive. In length the boleros are very short and are freely cut out at the neck. There may be simply a binding of stitched silk at the armholes, or there may be smart little elbow sleeves of taffeta.

With these little jackets are worn charming collars of transparent fabrics trimmed plentifully with lace. There was never a season when lace was so universally popular as this year. Guipure and applique laces are used a great deal for vests and are put on flat over a lining of silk. So narrow are those dressy additions that the length, five-eights to three-quarters of a yard, will suffice for vest and collar.

There has appeared upon several of the foulard bodices a trimming that is inexpensive and at the same time showy. Velvet ribbon, quite narrow, is used as a latticework over lace or chiffon puffs on the lower part of the sleeves and also over the vest and collar, with a tiny black silk, gilt or pearl button holding each diamond of velvet in place.

The daintiest of stocks are made of chiffon shirred over a foundation of silk. At the front they are finished with bows of silk tissue slightly stiffened, terminating in pointed ends. Upon these ends are hand-painted delicate floral designs in natural tints which are outlined with gold threads.

In gowns combination are still fashionable and some are indescribably effective. A pretty design associates black, white and grey. The combination is carried out in a gown of silver gray. The skirt has a shaped flounce, on which are mounted tiny ruffles of white mousseline de sole. Each ruffle is edged and headed with a line of black velvet. On the bodice the silk is tucked up and down with several rows of the white ruffles and black velvet is arranged bolero fashion under the arms. The sleeves are long and close, with several rows of ruffles at the elbows.

A girdle, choker and small cuffs are made of an embroidery of silver lace and light blue silk braid, and the girdle fastens on one side with a chou of blue mousseline de sole from which falls a bunch of black velvet ends united half way down by another chou of light blue.

The continued warm weather gives the modistes an opportunity to display their skill in constructing thin gowns. The summer gown, if possible, is more clinging than ever, and outlines almost every curve of the figure.

An expuisite model in silk batiste is trimmed with rows of pale green velvet ribbon in an attractive manner. The skirt has a ruffle of batiste over which falls a flounce of cream lace, headed by several rows of ribbon. The bodice has a tucked bolero and a deep collar, both of which are lace trimmed. The bolero fastens once on the bust with a rosette of green velvet ribbon. From here starts bunches of ribbon that are carried about the bottom of the bolero to fasten at the waist line in the back with two more rosettes. The underblouse is of white silk batiste, with draped belt of the same, and choker trimmed with rows of green.

Many of the summer gowns show Directoire touches. This style hangs in the balance, however, for the Dictoire features, many claim, are more adapted to cloth than to thin materials.

The combination fad has entered the realm of millinery and the main idea is to combine as many materials in the hat as possible. Bands of smooth satin straw and canary velvet ribbon are alternated effectively in a hat, the crown of which is low and slightly draped. The brim, which is quite wide, is bent into many artistic curves and indentations, and two rosettes of yellow chiffon (suggesting roses in their shape, nestle at the left side, one falling over the edge of the brim, the other resting on a bed of shaded dull brown and pale-yellow leaves. Near the front at the right side three of these chifton roses bunched together are surrounded with leaves.

The day of the sailor hat is almost here, and in spite of the charming shapes designed specially for shirt waist suits the old-fashioned sailor promises to enjoy its wonted popularity. It is seen in both smooth and rough straws and the only departure in the design of previous years is the fancy band which is wound around the crown and secured with a gold or silver buckle.

A NOVELTY IN ART.

Japanese Paintings in the Western Manner—Interesting Display of Water Colors by Hasekawa at the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

While Japanese art is almost familiar to most persons as our own, Japanese landscapes, painted by a Japanese artist, in what might be called the Western manner, is certainly a novelty. Such is the exhibition of water colors by Tejiro Hasekawa at the Academy of the Fine Arts.

Mr. Hasekawa, who has been in this country about a year and a half, is 24 years old. He studied at the Bijitsu Gakko, the imperial art school, at Tokio, and while there he first saw Western paintings. These, on account of their realistic tendency, interested the young painter, and he began to paint in that manner as nearly as he could. After studying in Japan he came to this country, where he continues his studies, which he intends to follow up by studying in Europe.

Although following along the lines of modern painting, Mr. Hasekawa retains all of his native delicacy of touch and love of rich color. The Japanese and the modern schools may easily be contrasted by the artist's drawing of flying wild ducks and birds, which are evidently the product of the early stage of his evolution, and his pictures of a Japanese farmer plowing at evening, which is very Western in composition, and to some extent, in color. Among the very interesting painting s is a winter morning effect with the great Fuji rising in the background. Several studies of lotus ponds are full of charming color and drawn with great care. The whole exhibition is interesting and instructive.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Ada Rehan will return to America late in August. She is spending the summer at her cottage on the Irish coast.

Thomas Brown, the whistler, has been engaged by Frank McKee to play a part in support of Peter F. Dailey in Augustus Thomas' new comedy, "Champagne Charley."

Thomas Evans, who made a hit as the sporting editor in "Miss Print" last season, has been engaged by Klaw & Erlanger for their comedy company, appearing with Gus and Max Rogers in "The Rogers Brothers in Washington."

Rich & Harris, who will manage Andrew Mack in his tour in "Tom Moore" next season, have engaged George F. Nash, Theodore Babcock, Myron Calice, Eddie Heron, Frank Mayne, R. J. Dillon, Giles Shine, H. P. Stone, Thomas Jackson, Josephine Lovett, Margaret Fielding, Jane Payton and Susie Wilkinson as the principals of his supporting company.

Mary Mannering and James K. Hackett are spending a month in the south of France. They will finish their vacation tour abroad with a four weeks yachting cruise through the Mediterranean. Miss Mannering will return to America the last week in August and begin rehearsals Sept. 2 for her second tour in "Janice Meredith."

Gus and Max Rogers have become extensive real estate owners in New York. The past week they purchased a $70,000 flat-house in the Harlem district. They now control realty valued at more than $250,000. Under the management of Klaw & Erlanger these German character comedians have literally picked up money in "Wall Street" and "Central Park" and developed into real men of affairs.

Frank McKee's special company presenting "Janice Meredith" will be in no sense a "No. 2" in the general acceptance of that term. The production will be fully as elaborate as the original and the company will be composed of artists of established reputations. The part of "Janice Meredith" will be played by Amy Ricard, who made a hit last season as "Tabitha Drinker" in Mary Mannering's support.

Frank McKee has secured the rights to Ramsey Morris' new play, "Ninety and Nine." This piece, which takes its title from Evangelist Ira Sankey's celebrated hymn of the same name, treats of life in two small Indiana villages and will employ a cast of thirty people and a large number of supernumeraries. It will be one of the important productions of the coming metropolitan season.

Klaw & Erlanger will make an elaborate production of Harry B. Smith's musical comedy, which will be called "The Liberty Belles." The initial presentation will occur at the Chestnut Street theater, in Philadelphia, Sept. 9. A large company is being organized for this piece, which is very original and unique in its construction. Among the more important people already engaged are Cyril Scott, John Slavin, Etta Butler, the comedienne and mimic, and Sandol Milliken.

Frank McKee will call the new comedy by Augustus Thomas, in which he will start Peter F. Dailey next season, "Champagne Charley." This piece is written on more "legitimate" lines than anything in which Mr. Dailey has yet been seen. Mr. Dailey's part will be that of a young society man who becomes a wine agent and incidentally the "angel" for a theatrical production. Mr. McKee is satisfied that Mr. Thomas has fitted Mr. Dailey splendidly in the character he has created for him and will surround his star with one of the strongest companies organized for the coming season.

Klaw & Erlanger have arranged with Jacob Litt to present the Drury Lane fairy extravaganza, "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," at the Broadway theater in New York for a run, beginning Monday, Nov. 4. Mr. Litt is now in London and the contract was completed by cable last Monday. This is one of the largest productions ever made at the Theater Royal, Drury Lane, and will be staged in this country with all the original scenery, including the famous Crystal palace scene, the beautiful costumes and the intricate mechanical effects that attracted so much attention in London last year. The mounting of this production at the Broadway theater will require extensive alterations on the stage. These will be made during the summer recess. More than three hundred people will be employed in this presentation. Joseph Brooks, who will be associated with Klaw & Erlanger in this enterprise, is now in England supervising the arrangements for the shipment of the production to America in July. The equipment will fill a cubic space on shipboard equal to the carrying capacity of nine sixty-five feet long baggage cars.

While it is somewhat early to talk about next season, a list of some of the opening attractions at the various New York city theatres might be interesting. The following are some of the bookings and the opening dates:

Bijou Theatre—David Warfield in "The Auctioneer," about Sept. 16.

Academy of Music—Aug. 16, with "Arizona."

Fourteenth Street Theatre—Aug. 19, with "The Mormon Wife."

Herald Square Theatre—Andrew Mack in his new play, "Tom Moore" Sept. 2.

Wallack's Theatre—James K. Hackett in "Don Caesar's Return," Sept. 2.

Knickerbocker Theatre—The Rogers Brothers, with "The Rogers Brothers in Washington, Sept. 3.

Lyceum Theatre will open with Bertha Galland in "The Forest Lovers" about Sept. 2.

Criterion Theatre—William Faversham, in "A Royal Rival," Sept. 2.

Garden Theatre—E. H. Sothern, in a revival of "Hamlet," about Sept. 4.

Casino—Anna Held, in "The Little Duchess," Sept. 16.

Metropolitan Opera House, in the neighborhood of Sept. 4 with an entertainment to be offered by Alfred E. Aarons.

Savoy Theatre with "Lavine," Sept. 9.

Daly's Theatre, with "The Messenger Boy," possibly on Aug. 31

Empire, with John Drew in a new play not yet decided upon, about Sept. 9.

GREAT SPEECH OF LINCOLN

NEW VERSION OF GETTYSBURG ORATION.

Wm. J. Cook, Formerly of Chambersburg, Criticises and Corrects the Statements Made by Governor Curtin, Hon. Edward McPherson and Others, Who Have Each Given Different Versions, and Quotes Hon. Simon Cameron as Authority

From the Philadelphia Times.

Discussion so frequently occurs as to where and when President Lincoln wrote his famous speech which he delivered at the dedication of the National cemetery at Gettysburg, November 19, 1863, that I feel inclined to give a new version of the matter, communicated to me by Colonel Harry Yingling, who during the civil war was the proprietor of the principal hotel at Hagerstown, Md., and subsequently for several years manager of the Gettysburg Springs. Colonel Yingling is a highly educated and intelligent gentleman, who has had much association with prominent Union and Confederate officers, and who relates most graphically and interestingly many incidents of the war not in the books, and which either came truthfully to his knowledge or in which he was a spectator or participant.

In our conversation about Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg, which it was my own good fortune to hear delivered, I being present as local editor of the Franklin Repository, Chambersburg, Pa., which paper was then owned and edited by Colonel Alexander K. McClure, from its founding and until recently editor-in-chief of the Philadelphia Times, the frequent and conflicting assertions as to where the speech was written were referred to.

Some persons, it was remembered, alleged that it was written on the train while Mr. Lincoln was en route to Gettysburg, others that it was given shape in the house of Judge Wills, whose guest Mr. Lincoln was during his brief stay in Gettysburg, and others that it had its origin in a hotel in the same town immediately before its delivery.

GOVERNOR CURTIN IN ERROR.

Among the many statements made relative to the matter was one purporting to have been given to the New York Independent some years ago by the late Governor Curtin, which Colonel Yingling pronounced in many of its parts erroneous, and I feel entirely competent myself to verify this view. Governor Curtin is represented as saying in the Independent that Mr. Lincoln was staying at a hotel and that it was there he prepared his speech and submitted it to Secretary Seward and other members of his cabinet for their judgment upon it.

Now, I am positively certain that Mr. Lincoln did not stop at a hotel while in Gettysburg. He was the guest of Judge David Wills. I called upon him at Judge Wills' house and paid my respects to him; saw him emerge from the house, and, passing through a file of soldiers, mount a horse, which he rode under military escort to the battlefield and there I heard his immortal speech.

These being irrefragible facts, makes the correctness of the Curtin statement in the Independent very questionable. I know that Governor Curtin was in Gettysburg at the time, for I met him and talked with him, and I cannot believe that he was ignorant of the fact that Mr. Lincoln was exclusively the guest of Judge Wills. Indeed, for many years after the dedication the family of Judge Wills took much pride in showing visitors the room which Mr. Lincoln occupied during his short sojourn with them, and, perhaps, they continue to do so.

I am quite aware that the late Hon. Edward McPherson, at one time member of congress from the Gettlsburg district, subsequently clerk of the house of representatives, and a public man of wide reputation, always maintained that Mr. Lincoln composed and wrote his speech on the train en route from Washington.

WROTE SPEECH IN WHITE HOUSE.

But Colonel Yingling, whose veracity is unassailable, brings to the front an authority on this subject that must clear up all doubts about it. Some years ago the colonel was a guest at an entertainment given to the Pennsylvania Farmers' club by Colonel Fuller, one of the members, at his home, Pine Grove, Cumberland county. On that occasion Colonel Yingling met General Simon Cameron, with whom he was well acquainted.

"I had there a long talk with General Cameron," said Colonel Yingling, "and he gave me many incidents of unwritten history connected with the rebellion when he was secretary of war. The disputes about Lincoln's Gettysburg speech came into my mind and I asked General Cameron what he knew about it.

"'I know all about it,' said he. 'Mr. Lincoln wrote that speech in the White House several days before he went to Gettysburg. He took great pains in writing it. On a visit to him he showed it to me. It was written with a lead pencil on commercial note paper. Receiving it from his own hand he asked me to read it and tell him what I thought of it. I did both, but did not realize what a remarkable and impressive production it was until I heard him deliver it at Gettysburg.'

"Now, I think it can be easily explained," said Colonel Yingling, "why several localities are claimed as the places where the speech was written. The original was undoubtedly written in the White House and was not a sudden inspiration in the cars, at Judge Wills' house, nor in a hotel. What Mr. Lincoln was seen to write outside of the White House were copies for the use of newspaper reporters, of whom there were many present."

As I have said, I was present at the delivery of the address, now thirty-eight years ago. It was heard by the vast crowd present as an utterance of solemn import, and who, as the words left the speaker's lips, preserved a profound silence. The emotion of Mr. Lincoln was plainly visible, for it was his great heart that was speaking. Its delivery did not occupy more than ten minutes. But it will always be associated with the fame of its illustrious author and ever quoted as an expression of patriotic fervor and devotion, worthy to rank with the most notable of the world's history.

—William I. Cook.

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No Truth in Notion That They Never Change Throughout Life.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"A tremendous amount of nonsense has been written about thumb marks," said a New Orleans physician, who has a liking for the bypaths of science. "It is claimed, you know, that the curious skin configuration of the ball of the thumb is never the same in any two people, and that it never changes from birth to death. The first statement is, of course, correct, as no human being in the world is exactly like any of his fellows. But the assertion that the thumb marks never change throughout life and would serve as a means of identification from the cradle to the grave is, to say the least, a decided exaggeration. I have given the subject a careful investigation and have shown by a number of experiments that the configuration is liable to such changes as render it entirely unrecognizable when compared with a print of the original markings. The alterations may come from a variety of causes—anything, in fact, that will destroy the outer layer of skin.

"I took an India ink impression of my own thumbs several years ago, and not long after I blistered both of them pretty severely while rowing on the lake. As usual, the outer skin peeled off, and it occurred to me one day to take a new impression and see whether the flesh surface was an exact facsimile of the old. It was astonished at the variations, and all my preconceived ideas of the immutability of the mark were knocked higher than a kite. It is true the changes were more in the nature of a distortion of the former patterns, but they were so pronounced that any value the mark may have had for identification purposes was entirely lost. They excited my interest, and I persuaded a few of my friends to lean me their thumbs for experiments. I first took India ink impressions and then removed the top skin with a solution of arnica. The skin layer that came off was a mere film—not nearly so thick as in my case—yet in every instance there were distinct and unmistakable alterations in the lines. One man's second print was so changed you would never in the world have identified it with the first. Another modifying cause is the tendency of the thumb to develop little horizontal creases, as one grows old. This is especially true of mechanics and other working people who use tools, and eventually the creases will break up the skin configuration to such an extent that it is equivalent almost to a re-arrangement of the pattern.

"Yes, I know popular belief is dead against me on the subject," added the doctor in response to a question, "but there are a lot of things we take for granted in the world that won't bear scrutiny."

LADY JEUNE ON WOMEN.

A Bright Writer Discourses Amusingly on National Characteristics.

It is always amusing, writes Lady Jeune, when abroad, to try to guess the nationalities to which women belong by their appearance and dress before one hears them speak. English, American and Austrian women are generally thin, and the others are almost always fat.

An Austrian woman has strong characteristics; she is generally tall, slight, and has an air of breeding; even among the middle class and shopkeepers, the women are good looking and soignee in their appearance, added to which an Austrian generally carries herself well and walks easily. One can almost always tell a well bred Austrian by her walk and figure, but she, alas! as so many foreign women, has a shrill voice, pitched high, and she talks incessantly, not, however, mercifully, in so loud a tone, or in such a piercing note as her Russian sister, whose voice is almost as high and broad as her Kalmuck cheekbones. The Austrian woman also behaves well at table d'hote; she eats her food quietly and slowly, and she is not greedy, nor does she drink much.

French women are unmistakable. Old or young, they are always quiet, distinguished in manner and appearance, and they eat but little in comparison with the German woman. A French woman is always well dressed, however simply, and her voice is low, and the tone soft. She is often fat, but not in an aggressive manner. She is pleasant if one speaks to her, enchanted with one's bad French, which she protests is perfect, and is full of sympathetic chit-chat and gossip.

But the woman who pervades all foreign parts is the American. Her dress, walk and general appearance are unmistakable long before the well known accent proclaims the fact. American women are always well dressed, beautifully set up, almost always thin, and, finally, good looking. No American girl is ugly. She has an air which makes it impossible, and there is a freshness, a brightness and an originality which is most captivating and which no one can resist. Americans are full of interest, curiosity and sympathy in return. There is no false shame, no reserve; they will tell you all about themselves, and would like to probe the most sacred recesses of your heart, which is not done from an idle love of gossip, or wanting to know things for the pleasure of repeating them, but from a genuine desire to know you and all about you. You can tell an American woman anywhere by her back, by the way she is coiffed, by the quick turn of her head, by the lightning glance that takes in everything.

The English woman is shy, diffident, undemonstrative.

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THE HAPPINESS OF THRIFT.

Purchases of Aged Couple and Their Plans to Surprise Each Other.

From the Washington Star.

"Let me tell you a story of human interest," said a real estate man to a reporter. "A few months ago a man and his wife, people to whom nothing has come without much labor, came to my office and made the first payment on the house which they had long been occupying as tenants. They were very happy to be able to buy their home, and the way they laughed about it and talked of the sacrifices they had made to accomplish it stopped the work of every clerk in the office and somehow made us feel as though the sun were shining through the windows, although the day was dark outside.

"In a few days, when we had almost forgotten the transaction, we were surprised with a visit from the old wife. 'Do you know,' she said to me after glancing about to see that we were alone, 'do you know, I've been thinking that I can save enough money from my allowance to buy that fifty-foot lot adjoining ours on the south. It will make such a splendid playground for the children, and I can have it about paid for when our house is deeded to us clear. It will be so good for the children,' she continued, quietly, and then, after a pause, 'and it will surprise Henry, too.' Well, we closed the deal for the lot on the south and she went away happy. It was a beautiful scheme, we thought, and one in which, from business motives, we took much interest. But that isn't all. A few days ago the old man came in, his face wreathed with smiles. 'I've been figuring it all out,' he began, confidentially. 'I've 'held out' so much in the past that I'm going to keep it up. I want to buy the thirty feet on the north side of our house. I can have it paid for by the time my wife and I have a deed to the house. I want to get play room for the children. God bless them, they've been a lot of trouble, but they're worth it; and it will be such a surprise to Martha.' While we had been talking I didn't know whether to laugh or to wipe my eyes. The girl clerks, too, who knew the story well by this time and had been listening intently, now found that something on the street demanded their attention, and one was trying to rub some dust from her eyes. 'All right,' I said, 'you can have it.' Now, you may not believe it," the real estate man concluded, solemnly, "but it's a fact. I knocked off my commission on that sale. Such occurrences are so rare in real life that they should be encouraged. I should like to be present next summemr when those two spring their surprises."