

### ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

Chosen for large designs, he had the art of winning with his humor, and he went straight to his mark, which was the human heart; Wise, too, for what he could not break he bent.

Upon his back a more 'than Atlas-load— The burden of the Commonwealth was laid; He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed.

Hold, warriors, counselors, kings! All now give place To this dear benefactor of the Race. —R. H. Stoddard.

### ANCESTRY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The Abraham Lincoln legend is the distinctively American legend. It is the most popular legend of democracy. It tells the story of a poor boy, born in a log cabin on the rude frontier, learning to read and write by the light of the fire from the open hearth; of his hard labor on the farm, doing all the rough work of an American peasant lad of the pioneer stock; of his calloused hands, made hard and coarse by swinging the axe as a "rail splitter;" of his struggles to get a few books out of which to educate himself by nights of difficult study after days of strenuous toil; of his simple courtship and unostentatious marriage to a homespun-clad Kentucky girl of the same pioneer period, and, finally, of his rise, by the strength of his own merit and fitness, to the leadership of a great party and the Presidency of the Nation in its hour of sorest need and direct peril.

That is the great Lincoln legend, that will live as long as the Republic lasts. And the doctrine of democracy is all included in it—the everlasting truth sung by Burns, that

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp; A man's a man for a' that."

Thomas Lincoln married Nancy Hanks, in Washington County, Kentucky, June 12, 1806. It was an old-time Kentucky wedding, and all the neighbors came to it—but not in broadcloth. There was a supper and a boisterous merry-making. The feast included bar meat, wild turkey and a sheep barbecued whole in a pit. There was good whisky, too, and the fun included a race for a big whisky bottle.

And when the wedding was over Thomas Lincoln took his bride, Nancy Hanks Lincoln, to a little log cabin in Elizabethtown, Ky. A few years later he moved his family to a similar log cabin fourteen miles away on the Big South Fork of Nolin Creek.

In that home Abraham, afterward President, was born, on February 12, 1809. It was a one-roomed cabin with a huge outside chimney, no windows and only a rude, home-made door. Thomas Lincoln worked hard at his trade—which was carpentering—and the family—though poor, was happy.

In 1816 Thomas Lincoln migrated again with his little family, including the boy who was to be President by and by, going this time to Indiana and settling in a dense forest near Gentryville, in Spencer County.

Arrived here, young Abe and his father went to work together, both in shirtsleeves, to clear the land for farming, and, first of all, to build a new Lincoln homestead.

This home, which young Abe helped to build, was the best home that Thomas Lincoln and his wife ever lived in. It was what was called in those days a "half-face camp." It consisted of one room, with a loft above. For a long time it was without window, door or floor. The furniture was all made by the family. Skins of animals slain in the forest served for bedclothes. The bed of little Abe, the future President of the United States, was only a heap of dry leaves in the loft, to which he nightly mounted by means of wooden pegs driven into the wall.

And it was to this same Indiana forest cabin that, after Nancy Hanks Lincoln had died, in 1818, old Thomas Lincoln brought his second wife, Sally Bush Lincoln, who was a good stepmother to Abraham and lived to see him President.

On November 4, 1841, at Springfield, Ill., Abraham, the son of Thomas

destined in later years to live in the White House at Washington, went to a modest home of one room in the Globe Tavern. The rent of it, with



WHERE ABRAHAM LINCOLN TOOK HIS BRIDE, MARY TODD.

table board for the two, cost Abraham just \$4 a week.

Four dollars was a larger sum relatively in those days than now. Still, it was an exceedingly modest start in life.

But Abraham and Mary, his wife, struggled on through poverty to a moderate income, derived from his growing law practice—he did not have to work in shirtsleeves any longer—and at last, as all the world knows, they came to occupy the first and, in a representative sense, the grandest home in America.

### LINCOLN'S SECOND INAUGURATION.

His Personal Escort Carried Pistols and Clubs—Ex-Governor Osborn's Story.

Ex-Governor Thomas A. Osborn, of Kansas, was present at the second inauguration of Abraham Lincoln as one of the escort to the President. He was associated with General Ward H. Lamon, along with fourteen other United States marshals from different parts of the Northern States.

"People who are able to refresh their memory," Governor Osborn said in a recent interview, "will remember with what anxiety the inauguration was approached. It was believed that an assault of some character would be attempted upon the President. The Government detectives had been able to gain a vague sort of information about a conspiracy against the President's life, but there was nothing tangible enough to enable them to make arrests. That their suspicions were well grounded was well determined just forty days later when the President was shot down by Booth and the conspiracy came to light.

"President Lincoln was rather disposed to pooh-poo the idea of danger. He refused to have himself surrounded with soldiers at the inaugural exercises, but finally consented that Ward H. Lamon, who was then marshal of the District of Columbia, should take such steps as he deemed necessary, stipulating, however, that there should be no ostentatious display of arms or force. General Lamon at



### Interesting Lincoln Medals.

Many interesting medals were issued in 1860, when Lincoln was the candidate for the Presidency. A handsome one of bronze has on its face a bust of Lincoln, surrounded by small stars. Below are the words: "Abraham Lincoln, Republican Candidate for President, 1860." On the other side is an octagon, formed of intersecting portions of a rail fence, with the inscription in the center: "The Great Rail-Splitter of the West Must and Shall Be Our Next President."

The same idea is shown in another larger, thick brass medal of Lincoln, which has on the reverse a picture of the young man engaged in splitting a log of wood near a rail fence. Above it is inscribed, "The Rail-Splitter of 1830."

### Called Lincoln Superstitious.

When Lincoln was at New Orleans, in 1831, he visited a voodoo fortune teller and listened to her absurd prophecies (as they then appeared) with eager attention. When his son Robert was bitten by a dog, he took him to Terre Haute, at much inconvenience, to have the virtues of a madstone, as it was called, tested as an antidote. When in Congress, he refused to be one of a party of thirteen at table, and Robert Toombs, who really liked him, told him with some asperity that he would rather die than to be so superstitious.

### Watterson on Lincoln.

In a recent utterance upon war issues the noted Southern editor, Henry Watterson, said: "Lincoln himself was a Southern man. He had no prejudice against the South or the Southern people. There was hardly a day during the war that he was not projecting his great personality between some Southern man or woman and danger, and so free from vindictiveness or excitement of any sort was his mind that it cost him nothing to stand upon the resolution of Congress of 1861, which declared that the war was waged solely to preserve the Union."

### Lincoln's Great Regret.

When Lincoln was on his way to Washington before his first inauguration, Rutgers College was pointed out to him as they passed it, and he exclaimed: "Ah! that is what I have always regretted—the want of a college education. Those who have it should thank God for it."

### Longstreet's Tribute.

Lieutenant-General Longstreet penned this brief but forcible eulogy upon the martyred war President: "Without doubt the greatest man of rebellion times, the one matchless among 40,000,000 for the peculiar difficulties of the period, was Abraham Lincoln."

### Abraham Lincoln on His Pedigree.

"I don't know who my grandfather was, and am more concerned to know what his grandson will be."

once summoned fifteen United States marshals from different parts of the country, selecting those who, in his opinion, were brave, loyal, athletic and shrewd. I was one of the fifteen, a fact which I have always attributed to the general renown of Kansas men as fighters rather than to any personal prowess I was known to possess.

"I shall never forget the consultation held between these fifteen marshals at the home of General Lamon on the night preceding Inauguration Day. It was explained to us by General Lamon that an assault on the President was feared. He believed that an attempt would be made to abduct him. Some feared assassination. I remember that several of the marshals suggested the possibility of an attempt upon the President's life with an air gun. We were duly impressed with the gravity of the situation and prepared a plan of action which was fully carried out on the following day.

"When the hour approached for the President to proceed to the Capitol to take the oath of office, we rode in a body on horseback from Willard's Hotel to the White House and surrounded the President's carriage. I remember that the President appeared to be considerably annoyed by our solicitude, for we kept in close order about the carriage all the way to the Capitol. All of us carried pistols beneath our coats, while in our hands we held batons similar to those carried by policemen. Arriving at the Capitol, we remained on the steps of the east front while the President entered the Senate chamber and took the oath of office. When he reappeared on the steps to deliver his inaugural address we closed in around him and remained so until the end, after which we escorted his carriage back to the White House in the same manner that we had escorted it to the Capitol.

"That 4th day of March, 1865, was the worst day I have ever seen in Washington. It was dark and gloomy, and the air was filled with snow and rain. The bedraggled plumes and accoutrements to be seen in the military procession which followed the President's carriage were a sorry sight indeed. The President sat bolt upright in his carriage, with his splendid face bared to the storm, though now and again he smiled and bent his head in response to a burst of cheers from the spectators along Pennsylvania avenue.

"I have had many honors bestowed upon me by my indulgent fellow citizens," said Governor Osborn in conclusion, "but none of them made me prouder than my appointment as one of the escort to the martyred Abraham Lincoln."

### Lincoln's Fatalism.

Lincoln was a fatalist. He believed from an early period in his career that he was destined to attain to an exalted pinnacle of eminence and also that he should encounter a bloody end, and this belief remained with him to the end.

### FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT.

All Are of Chiffon.

The dressmakers, driven well nigh to desperation in their search for some means by which to give a 180-pound patron some of the imperatively fashionable semblance of almost serpentine slenderness, have adopted at last the Parisian expedient of making collars, as well as dinner, opera and ball gowns, all of chiffon. The superstructure so diaphanous is built on a foundation of liberty silk or crepe de chine and it is almost necessary to attend a special school of deportment in order to learn how to carry such a skirt with dignity and modesty.

### Embroidery and Photographs.

The newest thing in art needlework is a combination of photographs and embroidery. Pictures of pretty country scenes are printed upon linen doilies or tablecovers and then surrounded by wreaths of dainty blossoms or autumn leaves, worked in colors. A tour of mountain or seaside resorts, a-foot or a-wheel, can be thus preserved as a unique souvenir of a pleasant outing. The linen on which the photographs are to be printed should first be washed to remove any dressing of the goods that may interfere with making the picture perfectly clear or cause the negative to stain. The fabric should then be "salted" with a solution of a teaspoon of arrowroot and salt enough to make the quart of water used taste slightly. The style of fancy work combines results of both outdoor and home work and amusement.

### Buckles for the Neck.

The latest piece of jewelry for the neck is the ribbon stock buckle. This is an inexpensive fad, unless studded with jewels. Stocks and buckles are made up in sets, the buckle being a miniature of the belt buckle with which it is designed to be worn. This belt buckle must be worn with a sash ribbon, as is the stock buckle. These tiny affairs are very handy with the wide stock ribbons now so popular, and obviate the necessity of tying the ribbons in any sort of a bow. The neck ribbon is worn twice about the neck, crossing in the back and meeting in front, directly under the chin. The sash about the waist must be in one length only, worn wide in the back and gathered closely into the small buckle in front. These sets are made up in silver, in steel finish or Roman gilt, plain or elaborate, and of heavy designs, or delicate and jewelled.

### Lady Salisbury's Romance.

Writing of the Marchioness of Salisbury, the author says: Though she has not entered the public arena in the way of speaking, writing, or as a leader of a movement, and cannot be said even to have formed a political salon, yet Lady Salisbury undoubtedly has been a force behind the leader of the Conservative party. She was the daughter of Baron Alderson, a charming and highly cultured man, distinguished for his wit, a little of which survives in his daughter. We need not here trace the romantic courtship of Miss Alderson by Lord Robert Cecil. Their marriage took place against the wish of Lord Robert's father, and so the young people were left to their own resources. Lady Salisbury has aided her husband in his career, step by step, from a comparatively obscure place to his present exalted position. In the early days, when Lord Robert was maintaining his family as a hardworking journalist, his wife acted as his amanuensis, a post which she had been fitted to fill by the literary training received from her father.

The first eight years of Lady Salisbury's married life was spent in this way; then her husband, on the death of his eldest brother, became Lord Cranborne and entered upon a more responsible social and parliamentary career.

In private life Lady Salisbury is perhaps at her best. Among her intimate friends she is greatly beloved for her kindly sympathy and the steadfastness of her regard. With them the hauteur which sits well upon her as a political hostess at Arlington street vanishes. When she was stronger Lady Salisbury gave charming entertainments at Hatfield, in which "briny" people predominated. When not immersed in politics, the prime minister spends his leisure in the famous laboratories at Hatfield, pursuing his favorite hobby of chemistry, and his wife has always relieved him of business matters. It is Lady Salisbury who has managed the Hatfield estate, and the tenants knew her in her active days a clever business woman, who allowed nothing to escape her eye.—Woman at Home.

### Suggestions for Home Millinery.

For the dainty woman who wishes to keep her hats up to the standard without a great outlay of money or constant recourse to Madam Milliner, the practical hints given her classes by a first-class teacher of millinery are worthy of consideration. The best velveteen, says this woman who knows, is better than silk velvet for making or trimming hats, so far as durability is concerned. A few drops of water on silk velvet make little indentations hard to remove, but a little steaming will render a first-class quality of velveteen as good as new. For felt hats beginning to grow rusty liquid shoe polish may be used to good advantage. A hat brush is a necessity for the woman who values a neat appearance, and to keep the dust from grinding in a hat should be brushed every time it has been worn. Ostrich feathers, limp and gray-look-

ing, may be freshened by shaking for ten minutes in the steam from a boiling teakettle, while artificial flowers will respond to the same treatment. A good quality of ribbon makes the most durable, consequently cheapest, of all hat trimmings, standing even the moisture of heavy fogs or the flying dust of the streets better than anything else. Steel ornaments scrubbed thoroughly in hot soapsuds, using a nail brush to reach the interstices, then polishing with a chamois or drying in sawdust, will emerge clear and glittering as when new.

To renovate old black thread or French laces, dip into a solution of weak green tea and spread out upon several thicknesses of newspaper laid upon the ironing board or other flat surface. Pick out each little point or scallop with a pin, cover the lace with sheets of newspaper and place weights on the paper, allowing them to remain until the lace is thoroughly dry. Fine white laces, delicate ribbons and silks, if not too badly soiled, may be freshened and cleaned with powdered magnesia or hot flour, being careful that the flour is not browned in the heating. Sprinkle the magnesia or flour upon a clean sheet of white paper, lay the article to be cleaned upon it and sprinkle again. Cover with another sheet of paper and place a light weight upon it for several days. Then shake thoroughly and brush with a soft brush.

For laces that require stiffening, rinse in a little weak gum arabic water, roll smoothly about a bottle and pull or pat dry with a soft towel.—New York Tribune.

### The Benefits of Vocal Culture.

For the improvement of the whole body there is nothing like vocal culture, whether it be the singing or the speaking voice. The major part of vocal instruction consists in teaching the pupil how to breathe. This act, though the very first one in life to be employed, is acquired the least perfectly. The use of the diaphragm, the expansion of the ribs, the control of the breath as it passes over the vibrating vocal chords, require a knowledge of the mechanism to do it properly, and it is the rarest thing to find a person who rightly understands it. I have known great singers who understood to perfection the use of the singing voice cause great strain to their vocal chords by the improper use of the muscles which control breathing, as well as those that control the larynx, in using their speaking voice. As a means of promoting health and maintaining it, I repeat, the lung gymnastics are among the most potent, and if mothers who put their children at an early age at the piano for daily practice should substitute for it the training of the voice for singing, if the child has talent, for the right use of it in speaking and reading, if not for the singing, it would be of the greatest advantage physically. In piano practice the child is kept in a cramped position. The muscles of the fingers and the hands are increased in strength and suppleness, but that does not improve the general physical condition, and often the lungs themselves are injured by the continued constrained position.

The voices of the children are strained; the tried nerves of the ears of the family cannot endure the shrieks and cries and the loud halloos and the uncontrollable laughter of the child. But nature is exercising the lungs, and the whole is one of those instinctive procedures for bodily development. If the requirements of civilization are such as to preclude these natural gymnastics, provision should be made for replacing or supplementing them. Take the children out into the open—on the top of a high hill or by the sounding sea—and let them sustain tones, each seeing who can do the longest, making the clearest, sweetest tone, with the least expenditure of breath, expanding the chest so that all the little air vesicles of the lungs will be supplied with fresh air. Thus will the blood be more perfectly purified, and the whole system will be benefited and invigorated—the lungs having had an air bath, as the body is laved in fresh water.—Grace Peckham Murray, M. D., in Harper's Bazar.

### Gleanings from the Stores.

Long, netted scarfs for the head.  
Kid gloves having a plaid silk lining.  
Plaid umbrellas with fancy goose-neck handles.  
Ladies silk undervests embroidered in yoke designs.  
Swiss aprons trimmed with ribbon bands under insertion.  
Marquis hat and muff of velvet, grosbe and satin ribbon.  
Small collarettes of velvet having collar and edging of fur.  
Empire wrappers of cashmere with lace and ribbon garniture.  
Hair bows of narrow velvet ribbon wired in bow knot fashion.  
Silk petticoats and odd waists of plain taffeta trimmed only with cording.  
Crimped and plaited chiffon stocks with fluffy short ends and loops in front.  
Accordion plaited mousseline with a ribbon footing for edging the collar, revers, etc.  
Silk applique with lace outlined with spangles and chenille for vests, yokes, panels, etc.

Dress lengths of plain and fancy silks, grenadines, silk and wool bengalines and poplins for holiday gifts.—Dry Goods Economist.

Ninety-five per cent. of all the tooth-picks made in the United States are formed from white birch timber in Franklin county, Me., and yet scarcely more than one hundred persons are employed in the industry in that state.

### A SNOW POME.

Th' other fellows at school liked snow when it came.  
An' auster look through the window, as if They couldn't wait to get out.  
But I thought it only made mud, like rain,  
An' I never liked it a bit.  
An' didn't see nothin' to mak' a fuss about.

Then wasn't long afterwards when it came thick  
That chores got more crowdin', as if  
A feller didn't want no time hisself.  
An' ever thing had to be fed so all-fired quick  
Else you wouldn't get time to sit  
Long 'nough to dry your boots on the oven shelf.

Face washin' I just hate, or any them games,  
But Sis she liked 'um, and talked as if  
They was mighty now'n what they look  
She says: "Oh! be-a-utiful snow," same's  
She says 'bout "spring" or "Hebron's Cliff"  
What she'd read out Rose Hart's poetry book.

Rain's bad 'nough in summer, when you get wet,  
But, then it's warm and makes you feel as if  
You don't have to wash or anything;  
But snow's too cold and slushy, and, worst of yet,  
Can't go nowhere but what, biff!  
A snowball whacker makes your old ears ring.  
—Frederick Lincoln, in The Criterion.

### HUMOROUS.

"Is he a practising physician?"  
"Yes; practising economy."  
"Talk about a horse! My wheel saved my life last week." "How?"  
"I sold it and bought winter flannels."

"Telephone girls ought to make good wives." "Why?" "They get in the habit of not speaking unless they are spoken to."

"Ah, Bosser may be a bad shot, but that only proves he's a good fellow." "How's that?" "Why, he's the boy to keep the game alive."

"Mother," asked little Johnny, peering in between two uncut leaves of the magazine, "how did they ever get the printing in there?"

"Dr. Jigsaw is the only man on our street who doesn't clear the snow from his sidewalk?" "He knows the commercial value of wet feet."

"Ah! if your youthful ideals could but be realized!" "If they could, we would be circus actors, truck drivers or pirates, the most of us."

Near-Sighted Lady—There goes Mrs. De Style in her new tailor-made dress. Friend—You are mistaken, my dear. That is her husband.

Jack Bass would raise garden sass,  
His wife she would raise chickens;  
Betwixt the two, ere they got through  
They simply raised the dickens.

Tourist—You say he is one of your most prominent citizens. What has he ever done? Ipecac Bill—Fifteen years. Not another cuss in town has done more 'n ten.

"I'm afraid my wife's affections for me are cooling." "Why?" "When she bade me good-bye this morning she didn't say, 'Be sure to hurry home as early as possible.'"

"You don't call me a brute any more," he said tauntingly after he had refused to buy her a new hat. "No," she replied. "The brutes have been maligned too much already."

"You ought, like us, to have holidays in honor of your great men," said the Russian beauty. "But in the American year," said the major, "there are only three hundred and sixty-five days."

"It is an awful thing not to know where one's next meal is coming from." "Yes, but a good many of us married men are experiencing it since the grocery stores got advertising bargain sales."

"Why, grandpa, when I was very little you used to tell me that you killed six Indians with one shot; then you cut it down to five; now you say it was four." "Well, well, my child, I suppose that's because my memory's failin' a little every year."

Neighbor—What beautiful hens you have, Mrs. Stuckup? Mrs. Stuckup—Yes, they are all imported fowls. Neighbor—You don't tell me so! I suppose they lay eggs every day? Mrs. Stuckup (proudly)—They could do so if they saw proper, but our circumstances are such that my hens are not required to lay eggs every day.

### Doing His Duty.

"There's one of the best men in our employ," stated a railroad official as he pointed out a man who looked like a hard-working farmer, relates the Detroit Free Press. "He has been promoted from time to time and we have the utmost confidence in him. He came to us when he was verand as his rural surroundings. We built a little way station on our line, up in the northern part of the state, and put him in charge, because some of the most substantial citizens told us he was a good man for the place. I happened to be the one to give him his instructions, telling him, among other things, that it was a flag station, that the train would only stop when there were persons to get off or on and that he must display the red flag when he wanted the engineer to pull up there.

"The first day he was on the through passenger train was behind time and going for all it was worth. But there was the flag and there was nothing to do but to stop, the heavy train reaching the platform with all breaks set and wheels sliding.

"All aboard!" yelled the conductor as he sprung off to hurry the expected passengers. But our new agent was the only person in sight.

"Where are those people that want to get on?" roared the conductor.

"They ain't none."  
"What in thunder did you stop this train for, then?"  
"I guessed maybe somebody would like fur to git off."

"We looked into it, but he only meant to do his duty and has been doing it ever since."



WHERE THOMAS LINCOLN, ABRAHAM'S FATHER, TOOK HIS BRIDE, NANCY HANKS.

Lincoln, and still as poor a man as his father was married to Miss Mary Todd.

The Todd family had "position." Miss Mary's papa might, if he had felt that way, have taken the same view of the match as Robert T. Lincoln took of his daughter Jessie's engagement to young Warren Beekwith—not good enough; or, to put it another way, and perhaps a little plainer, too poor. But he didn't look at poor but honest Abe Lincoln, the briefless lawyer, in that light.

So Abraham Lincoln became the husband of Mary Todd. The knot was tied in the Episcopal Church, and after it was over the young couple,