

LINCOLN AS A POLITICIAN.

Some Queer Letters and Curious Stories of Our Famous War President.

(Copyright, 1897, by Frank G. Carpenter.) WASHINGTON, May 8.—I have before me two autograph letters of Abraham Lincoln which have never been published. They were written six years before he was elected president of the United States, just after his first great campaign with Stephen A. Douglas during which he made a national reputation as an anti-slavery leader. At this time Lincoln's great ambition was to be the next United States senator from Illinois. He had the right to think that he would be chosen, for it was through his speeches that an anti-slavery legislature had been elected. The campaign had been made up of debates between Lincoln and Douglas, and Lincoln had routed Douglas every point. In his joint debate at Chicago Lincoln made one of his great speeches. Douglas replied and said he would conclude his address in the evening. When evening came he failed to appear. The next debate was at Peoria, where Lincoln made the speech which he refers to in one of the letters which I quote below. This speech showed Douglas that he could not compete with Lincoln. After the meeting was over he came to him and asked him to give up the joint debates, and proposed that neither he nor Lincoln should speak more during the campaign. This Lincoln agreed to, and both retired from the stump. The result of Lincoln's speeches, however, was such and the feeling against the Nebraska bill for the admitting of slavery into the territory was such that an anti-slavery legislature was elected. Of the majority, however, five were Democrats and the remainder Whigs. The pro-slavery Democrats were scheming to see if they could not tie the vote or in some way complicate matters so as to re-elect Gen. Shields, the Democratic senator, whose term had just ended, and who was a candidate to succeed himself. It was in regard to this election that the following letters were written. They were addressed to Gen. Henderson, who has for years been one of the leading members of congress from Illinois, and who forty years ago was a member of the Illinois legislature. The first letter reads:

Springfield, Nov. 27, 1854.—T. J. Henderson, Esq.—My dear Sir:—I have come round that a Whig may, by possibility, be elected to the United States senate, and I want the chance of being the man. You are a member of the legislature and have a vote to give. Think it over, and see whether you can do better than to go for me.

To this letter Mr. Henderson replied that he would be glad to vote for Lincoln, but that he was in doubt whether he ought to throw his strength to him or to another candidate, named Williams, which Lincoln and Williams being friends of his father and his own.

In reply Mr. Lincoln wrote the letter which I here give. The ink with which it was penned is almost as black today as when Lincoln wrote it.

Springfield, Dec. 15, 1854.—Hon. T. J. Henderson, Esq.—Dear Sir:—Yours of the 11th was received last night and I am glad to hear of your preference to me. I am not a member of the legislature, but I have a terrible struggle with my conscience. I am an anti-slavery man, and I have learned of one of the leaders here writing to me in language:

"We are beaten. They have a clear majority of at least nine on joint ballot. They outnumber us, but we must outmaneuver them. You must be the speaker, and we must elect a Nebraska United States senator or elect none at all."

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the senate Trumbull opposed Douglas and the Democrats on the slavery question, and in 1861 was re-elected to the senate as a Republican. He was one of the first members of the senate to bring the attention of the country to the abolition of slavery, and he aided Lincoln materially during his administration as president. Lincoln, I am told, was much disappointed in not getting to the senate. His fight, however, brought him to the front as an anti-slavery leader, and it may be called the beginning of the war which rolled him into the presidential chair.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S LETTERS. If all of Lincoln's letters could be got together they would make a most interesting collection. He was an excellent writer, and the late W. D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, who was known as "Big Tom Kelley," used to tell me that Lincoln compared with Shakespeare in genius, and that he was great as a writer, a statesman and soldier.

The following indorsements are dated a few months into the present year. Dear Mr. Lincoln:—I have just read your letter to me, and I am glad to hear of your preference to me. I am not a member of the legislature, but I have a terrible struggle with my conscience.

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he called to the boy up the tree to come down and help. "What for?" said the boy. "I want you to help me let this dog go." "Now," concluded President Lincoln, "I could only let the robot states go if it would be all right. But I am compelled to hold on to them and make them stay."

LINCOLN AND THE KICKERS. Some of Lincoln's best stories were told in answer to the criticisms made upon his administration. There was a large class of Northerners who were as true as steel, and they greatly injured the administration. The worst of these critics were those who complained that Lincoln was moving too fast. To a party of such men from the West he once said:

"Gentlemen, I want you to suppose a case for a moment. Suppose that all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put the heads of Blondin, the famous rope-walker to carry across the Niagara Falls on a tight rope. Would you shake the rope while he was passing over it, or keep shouting to him: 'Blondin, stoop a little more! Go a little faster!'"

"No, I am sure you would not. You would hold your breath as you see, and you would keep your eyes on him until he was safely over. Now, the government is in the same situation. It is carrying an immense weight across a narrow bridge, and you are shaking it in its hands. It is just keeping still and it will get safely over!" —Frank Carpenter.

A WRECK ON TOBACCO. Dyspepsia, Neuralgia and Nervousness Due to the Narcotic. From the Chronicle, Chicago, Ill. "Four years ago, at the age of twenty-nine I was in good health, and I took from the use of tobacco, to which I had been a slave from early childhood," said John Mackey, of English, Ind., a few lines ago. "Dyspepsia, with its multitude of tortures, was my principal complaint. I called upon a physician in whom I have all confidence, and he had the honor to prescribe for me, after an elaborate examination, the doctor spoke tersely, saying: 'Yes, I can cure you, conditionally. You must first quit the use of tobacco.' Having first quit I stepped to the office door and threw my pipe and tobacco into the street with a vow to touch the weed no more. Perhaps the doctor had heard of me, for he died within one month and no other physician found a remedy for my ills which began to multiply. The dyspepsia was cured, but the neuralgia, vertigo, nervous headache and general twitching of my nerves, neuralgia, the king of tortures, racked my system until my head was as sore as the back of a mule, and I was unable to sleep until they were as large as one's little finger. The condition more than a year when a friend presented me with a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Their effect was almost magical. (It must be remembered that I had quit tobacco for a year of my time, and to the bedroom all the time during more than a year.) I took but a few doses of Pink Pills when I found relief from pain, and I fell asleep, which had to be induced by morphine during many months, returned.

"I continued the use of the pills until I had taken fifteen boxes. I have had no recurrence of any of my trouble, and I find myself stronger mentally and physically than ever in my life. I can eat like a wolf, and have no desire for tobacco."

"I can heartily indorse Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the cure of neuralgia and kindred ailments, and I earnestly recommend them to nervous, overworked and prematurely aged. I purchased my pills from Dr. R. H. Hazlewood, of Chicago, Ill., and now of this place, who declares that from his Pink Pills surpassed any other medicine."

Personally appeared before me this first day of October, 1896, John Mackey, who testifies that the foregoing is in every way true.

William J. McDermott, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all the ills that attend them. They are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

COMMISSION SAILS. Bimetallic Envoys Are on Their Way to Europe. NEW YORK, May 8.—Ex-Vice President Adlai E. Stevenson, Gen. C. J. Payne and United States Senator E. O. Wolcott were recently appointed by President McKinley as a commission to confer with the heads of European governments relative to the holding of an international bimetallic conference, to be held in Paris, on the French liner La Touraine today. Before their departure, Mr. Stevenson said that the commission would go directly to Paris, and would be in the capitals of the other European governments. He expected that much good would be accomplished by the commission, and did not anticipate any trouble in inducing the governments to appoint delegates to the contemplated conference.

A la Sherlock Holmes. First Boarder—We are going to have peach-roll for dinner today. Second Boarder—How do you know? First Boarder—Because the landlady ordered a pound of dried apples from the grocer's boy this morning.—Puck.

Turkish Bonds. "Remember that congress of religions that you made so much fun of? Well, something has come of it at last," said the cheerful "Ho!" "There has?" said the sleek clerk boarder. "Yes, just look at the bonds that unite the nations of the Christian world today." —Indianapolis Journal.

Humphreys' No. 10 Strengthens the Digestive Organs and cures Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach—known by loss of appetite, coated tongue, bad taste, general depression and low spirits. Indigestion or Bilious Condition—caused by too heavy a meal, or fat, rich, indigestible food; the tongue is coated; bad taste; headache; bowels constipated. Gastralgia, or Cramp in the Stomach—known by violent pain at the pit of the stomach, with nausea and vomiting, bloating and tenderness. Heartburn, or feeling of heat, or rising of hot, burning fluid in the throat; often caused by excessive smoking. No. 10 relieves almost instantly.

No. 10 will be welcome to the million people who use Dr. Humphreys' famous "77" FOR COLDS Dr. Humphreys' Homeopathic Manual of Diseases at your Druggist or Mailed Free. Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of 25 cents, to W. J. Humphreys, 148, Cor. William and John Sts., New York.

Arabella—Ah, Rudolph, you do not treat me as well as you used to be, before we were married. Rudolph—Well, a man doesn't run, after he has caught the car, does he?

SPRING AT THE CAPITAL.

Amos Cummings Takes a Turn at Describing It.

Special to the Globe. WASHINGTON, May 8.—The long somnolence that has gripped the city is again one great howl of wild verdure. Its soft, balmy atmosphere is once more laden with perfume. Its magnolia and tulip trees are in bloom. Its newly leafed trees again shadow its every avenue, and its parks and circles are fresh and fragrant with roses and beds of rare flowers.

All life and animation. Sparrows twitter in the marble pilnths of the Corinthian columns adorning the capitol, and robins dart here and there over the bright green lawn below the marble esplanade. The aerial notes of the red-winged blackbird float above the Botanic Garden, and the hoarse cawing of crows fills the sky, as they fly from their feeding grounds along the East Potomac to their roosts in Virginia. Grim beetles, uglier than helgramites, fly to the city from neighboring swamps and encircle the electric lights at night, casting ominous shadows over the pavements.

Nature's spring awakening spurs wheelmen to renewed activity. With 300 miles of asphalt and macadamized roads at their command, they shoot over the ground like swallows on the wing. Girls and boys, women and men, they troop around the street corners in platoons and divisions. At night from the plateau at the capitol their tiny lights gleam in all directions. They sprinkle Pennsylvania avenue like fire flies. Its sidewalks are carpeted with shadow fretwork by the brilliancy of the electric light; delicate tracery, shimmering fresh twig and leaf in the foliage above.

Nor is nature alone animated. Up from the South, East and West springs the office seeker. Like the swamp beetle, he has seen the effulgence of the sun, and he is here circling around the flames singing his wings. He makes fully as much noise as the crows and blackbirds, and is quite as noisy as the robin and sparrow in their search for a place to hatch their nest. Yet his presence has not restored the air of prosperity. The office seeker is poor. Fifty cents a week is the average salary of the army of place hunters. They must live in the hotels, which are full to overflowing, but the vast majority are seeking employment.

Most of the choice places are already pre-empted, and there appear to be no others. The civil service law has not yet been put into effect, and the army of place hunters must drive themselves against it. At places the wall is weak, and appears to be giving away. The most of these weak spots are in the treasury, the treasury department, where favoritism under the late administration held high revel.

The first beneficiary is the union of Grim John Sherman, they must live in the hotels, which are full to overflowing, but the vast majority are seeking employment.

Things are different in the navy department. There Gov. Long, of Massachusetts, presides with true dignity, attending to the duties devolved upon him, undisturbed by the splashing of the pool of politics. With the apostle of civil service as his assistant the rules are not apt to be disturbed or broken.

In the war department Gov. Alger, of Michigan, receives his friends with urbane smiles. He has a trusty lieutenant, George D. Meigs, in the person of John, late a member of congress from Nebraska. A popular man in the house, Meigs is particularly active in the duties of his office. He has had dealings with the splashing of the pool of politics. The plums in this department, however, are very few, and are mostly gathered by army officers.

Grims, John Sherman, patient, tenacious and brainy, sits upon the tripod in the state department. The smaller consulates, which were formerly perquisites of the secretary of state, are now choice tid-bits of civil service reform. Where vacancies occur, under President Cleveland's order of 1895, they are filled either by promotion or transfer. Aside from the splashing of the pool of politics, the men who have been in the service have preference. New applicants are examined in the state department with strict regard to the law.

The law of the land is being broken. It is under cover of these examinations that the spoilsman may gather a small harvest.

The department of justice springs open brightly for Mr. Joseph McKenna, the attorney general. Here the places are very few indeed. The new attorney general is greeted by scores of his late congressional associates, and they always leave him with a cheery feeling. The spoilsman besiege him night and day, with varying results.

Cornelius N. Bliss, with Gladstonian face, occupies a corner of the patent office building as secretary of the interior. The rust upon him has been unprecedented. Under his predecessors, Georgians had overrun the department, and were in a strong majority. His condition, it is said, warranted extreme changes. A score of old soldiers have been restored, and the wedding process still continues.

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OLD-TIME LIVING

GRANDPA TELLS THE STORY OF PIONEER LIFE.

MODERN MODES OF LIVING. "Hungry as a horse, eh? That's right, my boy—just so long as you get good and hungry and sleep like a top you're all right."

That's what grandpa says. Everybody stops to listen when grandpa talks about the times when he was young—when he was a boy. Grandpa's talks are more interesting than a book. The children lay aside their toys. Father stops reading his paper. Mother puts down her sewing for a time.

Grandpa's story goes back to a time before many of us were born. It is a story of old-time living, of pioneer life, of the days when the west was a new and unexplored land.

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