

Table listing county officers, supervisors, and society meetings.

TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN.

HENRY WATTERSON'S ORATION AT CHICAGO.

Magnificent Audience Hears the Eloquent Kentuckian's Brilliant Effort—His Words Were Warmly-Lived and Character of the Great Emancipator.

In Honor of the Martyred President.

The most notable feature of the Lincoln memorial exercises at Chicago was the speech of Colonel Henry Watterson, of Louisville, Ky. Mr. Watterson began his oration by a reference to the poet, and the dignity of the statesmen in knee breeches and powdered wigs who signed the Declaration of Independence and framed the Constitution, and who made their influence felt upon life and thought long after the echoes of Bunker Hill and Yorktown had died away.

There were Seward and Sumner and Chase, Corwin and Ben Wade, Trumbull and Fessenden, Hale and Collamer and Grimes, and Greeley, our latter-day Franklin. There were Sumner and Hammond, and Sillidell and Wigfall, and the two little giants, Douglas and Stephens, and Yancey and Mason, and Jefferson Davis. With them soft words buttered no parsnips and they cared little how noisy pitchers might be broken by their ones. They were men who did not require a diagram to explain it. It was so simple a child could understand it. It read, human slavery against human freedom, slave labor against free labor, and involved a conflict as inevitable as it was irrepressible.

Lincoln Enters the Fray.

Amid the noise and confusion, the clashing of intellects like sabers bright, and the booming of the big oratorical guns of the North and the South, now definitely arrayed, there came one day into the Northern camp one of the oldest figures imaginable, the figure of a man, in spite of an appearance somewhat out of line, carried a serious aspect, if not the suggestion of power, and, pausing a moment to utter a single sentence that could be heard above the din, passed on and for a moment disappeared. The sentence was pregnant with meaning. The man bore a commission from God on high! He said: "A house divided against itself cannot endure permanently half free and half slave. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the Union to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided." He was Abraham Lincoln.

How shall I describe him to you?

I do so as he appeared to me when I first saw him immediately on his arrival at the national capital, his chosen residence of the United States, his permanent abode as strange as the story of his life, which was then but half known and half told, or shall I use the language of another and more vivid word-painter? In January, 1801, Colonel A. K. McClure, of Pennsylvania, journeyed to Springfield, Ill., personally to become acquainted and to consult with the man he had contributed so materially to elect. "I went directly from the depot to Lincoln's house," says Colonel McClure, "and rang the bell, which was answered by Lincoln himself, opening the door. I do not remember I wholly concealed my disappointment at meeting him. Tall, gaunt, ungainly, ill-clad, with a homeliness of manner that was unique in itself, I confess that my heart sank within me as I remembered that this was the man whom I was to see, and that he was to become the greatest period of his history. I remember his dress as if it were but yesterday—snuff-colored and slouchy pantaloons; open black vest, held by a few brass buttons; straight or evening dress coat, with tight-fitting sleeves and reaching his long, bony arms, all supplemented by an awkwardness that was uncommon among men of intelligence. Such was the picture I met in the person of Abraham Lincoln. We sat down in his plainly furnished parlor and he was unimpaired by the nearly four hours he remained with him, and little by little as his earnestness, sincerity and candor were developed in conversation, I forgot all the grotesque qualities which so confounded me when I first greeted him. Before half an hour had passed I learned not only to respect, but, indeed, to reverence the man."

Lincoln's First Inaugural.

I am not undertaking to deliver an oral biography of Abraham Lincoln, and shall pass over the events which quickly led up to his nomination and election to the Presidency in 1860. I met the newly elected President the afternoon of the day in the early morning of which he was inaugurated. He came to the capitol under Mr. Seward's escort, and among the rest I was presented to him. His appearance did not impress me as fantastically as it had impressed Colonel McClure. I was more familiar with the Western type than Colonel McClure, and whilst Mr. Lincoln was certainly not an Adonis, even after prairie ideas, there was about him a rugged dignity that commanded respect. I met him again the next Monday forenoon in his apartments in the White House, as he was preparing to start on his inauguration, and was struck by his unaffected kindness; for I came with a matter requiring his attention. He was entirely self-possessed, no trace of nervousness, and very obliging. I accompanied the cortege that went from the Senate chamber to the east portico of the capitol. As Mr. Lincoln removed his hat to face the vast multitude in front and below, I extended my hand to take it, but Judge Douglas, just behind me, reached over my outstretched arm and received it, holding it throughout the delivery of the inaugural address. I stood just near enough to the speaker's elbow not to obstruct any gestures he might make, though he made but few, and then I began to understand something of the real power of the man. He delivered that inaugural address as if he had been delivering inaugural addresses all his life. Firm, resonant, earnest, it announced the coming of a man; of a leader of men, and in its ringing tones and elevated style, it became known that he had invited to become members of his political family—each of whom at whom thought himself his master's equal or superior—might have heard the voice and seen the hand of one born to rule. Whether they did or not they very soon ac-

BUSINESS PICKING UP.

COMPTROLLER ECKELS GETS ENCOURAGING REPORTS.

Bankers Throughout the Country Assent that Confidence is Returning and Prospects Are Brightening—Cleveland Averse to an Extra Session.

Eckels is an Optimist.

Washington correspondence: COMPTROLLER Eckels, who has been in touch with the bankers throughout the country, reports an improvement in business. This improvement, he says, began some time ago in the silver and gold markets. His information warrants him in expressing the belief that it will continue to go steadily on, under the normal conditions which have been more reached. He is not discouraged by the present financial situation. He does not believe that the country is going to the "demerit" or that it is anywhere near that place. Though of a naturally optimistic nature, Mr. Eckels is sufficiently conservative to refrain from expressing any opinion under which he has not a good solid ground for foundation.

He is in daily communication with the national bankers, and it seems as if every one of them felt called upon to give his opinion as to the condition of affairs in his particular section of the country, all of which is very agreeable to the Comptroller. His correspondents are the ablest men of the country. They have carried their own way in the world, and have achieved a prominent niche. They do not give their opinions for the purpose of publication or to achieve any ulterior end. They merely write them as bits of gossip, thinking they will interest the Comptroller. These men, however, are carrying their information from business men of their respective communities, who come to them for loans, probably probe more clearly into the very heart of the trouble and condition of the general public than any other class of men. It is their knowledge, given with the sole purpose of supplying the Comptroller with accurate information of national affairs, which forms the basis of Comptroller Eckels' opinion.

The Law of Inspiration.

From Caesar to Bismarck and Gladstone the world has had its statesmen and its soldiers—men who rose to eminence and power step by step, through a series of geometric progression, as it were, each advancement following in regular order one after the other, the whole constituting a well-established and well-understood law of cause and effect. They were not what we call "men of destiny." They were "men of the time." They were men whose careers had a beginning, a middle, and an end, rounding of lives with history, and it is interesting and exciting events, but comprehensive and comprehensible; simple, clear, complete.

The Inspired Men are Fewer.

When their emanation, where and how they got their power, and by what rule they lived, and the law of their being, we know not. There is no explanation to their lives. They rose from shadow and they went in mist. We see them, feel them, but we know them not. They came, God's word upon their lips; they did their office, God's mantle about them; and they passed away, God, high and holy, and we know not, leaving behind a memory, half mortal and half myth. From first to last they were the creations of some special Providence, baffling the wit of man to fathom, defeating the machinations of the world, God, high and holy, and we know not, done, passing from the scene as mysteriously as they had come upon it.

Tried by this standard where shall we find an illustration more impressive than Abraham Lincoln, whose career might be charted by a Greek chorus as at once the Greek and the Roman, the most imperial theme of modern times.

Born as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel; of what ancestry we know not and care not; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light or fair surroundings; without external graces, actual or acquired; without name or fame or official training; late in life, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command at an supreme moment, and intrusted with the destiny of a nation. The great leaders of his party, the most experienced and accomplished public men of the day, were made to stand aside; were sent to the rear, whilst this fantastic figure was led by unseen hands to the front and given the reins of power. It is immaterial whether we were for him or against him—wholly immaterial. That during four years, carrying with them such a pressure of responsibility as the world never witnessed before, he filled the vast space allotted him in the eyes and actions of mankind, is to say that he was inspired of God, for nowhere else could he have acquired the wisdom and the grace indispensable to his mission.

Where did Shakespeare get his genius?

Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman, and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence no story, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling, than that which tells of his life and death.

Notes of Current Events.

At Alexandria, Egypt, a mob attacked and beat three men belonging to a British cruiser. An inquiry is in progress.

Great damage was done by the storm on Chesapeake Bay. Many oyster boats were wrecked and loss of life feared.

A Panhandle passenger train was wrecked by a broken rail near Newcomerstown, O. No one was seriously hurt.

Lewis Billings, College Springs, Ia., recently married, shot and killed himself. Despondency from sickness was the cause.

Experiments with a smallpox serum are being conducted by Health Commissioner Holman at the quarantine hospital, St. Louis.

Seth T. Sawyer died at Alton. He was 88 years old and had been a practitioner here for the Illinois bar for more than fifty years.

Ralph S. Selby, a well-known real estate dealer at San Francisco and a member of an old family, shot himself through the head.

At Boston, Mass., 3,268 shares of Bell Telephone Company were sold at auction by order of the Bell directors. Prices ranged from 1894 to 191.

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PNEUMONIA KILLS OUR MINISTER TO MEXICO.

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Citizen, Soldier, and Party Leader.

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The news of the death of Minister Gray was received with sincere expressions of regret.

He was in Washington recently, having gone there at the commencement of the recent trouble between Mexico and Guatemala, and consulted with the President and Secretary of State as to the best means of preventing war between the two countries. Was in Chicago Monday. Pierre Gray, son of the dead minister to Mexico, said to a reporter at Indianapolis: "Father started to the City of Mexico from Chicago Monday morning. He had been in Washington a short time a week or so before he left here to return to his post of duty, and had caught cold, his trip being in the coldest kind of weather. But he took some medicine and when he left he was in a fair state of health. He wired us from Chicago, and the next day we received a letter from him, but he did not say that he was at all ill. He went over the Wabash road direct to Laredo, Mex., without change of sleeper, going through St. Louis. We heard nothing more of him until a message said a porter had found him unconscious at 2 o'clock in the morning in his berth. I knew nothing more of the circumstances."

Twice Governor of Indiana.

Isaac Pusey Gray was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, Oct. 18, 1828. His parents removed to Ohio in 1839. Young Gray received a common school education and early entered on the study of the law. His poverty, however, compelled him to accept a clerkship in a general store at New Madison. In 1855 he moved with his family to Union City, Ind. In 1862 he was appointed colonel of the Fourth Indiana Cavalry by Gov. Morton and organized the One Hundred and Forty-seventh Infantry in 1864. In 1866 he was the candidate for Congress in opposition to George W. Julian, being defeated by 300 votes. Two years later he was elected to the State Senate, where he made himself famous as president of that body by locking the Democratic members in and counting them to obtain the passage of a ratification of the fifteenth amendment. He was offered the consulship to St. Thomas in 1870, but declined it. His connection with the Democratic party dates from 1871, when he failed to get the nomination for Governor from the hands of the Republican party. He was a delegate-at-large to the Liberal Republican convention of 1872 and was appointed by the convention member of the National Committee for Indiana. His name was before the Democratic State convention in 1872 for Congressman-at-large and in 1874 for Attorney General, but was withdrawn both times at his request. The State convention of 1876 nominated him by acclamation for Lieutenant Governor, to which office he was elected with "Bluejackets" Williams, whom he succeeded as Governor on the latter's death. In 1885 he received the complimentary nomination of the Democratic minority for the United States Senatorship. In 1884 he was elected Governor against William H. Calkins, receiving the nomination by a two-thirds vote of the convention. After his last term as Governor expired he followed the practice of his profession in Indianapolis in partnership with his son, Pierre Gray, until he was called to the Mexican mission by President Cleveland two years ago. In 1850 he married Miss Eliza Jaque, of Darke County, Ohio. They have two children living—Pierre, who is a lawyer in Indianapolis, and Bayard, who has been acting as his father's private secretary in Mexico.

The design of the American flag was probably borrowed from the family arms of Gen. Washington, which consisted of three stars in the upper portion and three bars across the escutcheon.

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Cape Concepcion, Cal., was called after one of the vessels in the fleet of Cortes.

SCHEME TO DEFAUD.

Mother and Daughters Conspire to Beat a Railroad.

Mrs. Freeman and her two daughters, Fannie, aged 19, and Jennie, aged 22, were arrested in Chicago, the specific charge made against them being that of attempting to defraud the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway Company out of \$2,000. The three women tried to work a new dodge on the company, but it is one which, it is said, has been successfully used by the same practitioners before.

ARREST OF THE FREEMANS.

Smallness of the amount asked for, however, created some suspicion, and detectives were put to work on the case. The Freemans lived in a flat at 608 West Twelfth street, but the flat above them was unoccupied. Detectives rented the upper flat, made small holes in the floor and through these watched the proceedings that took place in the sick room below. Whenever the family was alone the paralyzed young woman would leave her bed and walk around the room just as well as her mother or sister could. When the doctor called the mother, before admitting him to the chamber of the "paralytic," would immerse Miss Fannie's limbs in cold water, and as soon as they were half frozen she was put to bed and the doctor called in. He found her limbs cold, and they should be, if really paralyzed. On his final visit, however, he

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The Rev. W. P. Harrison, D. D., is dead at Columbus, Ga. He was for many years stationed at Nashville as the book editor of the Quarterly Review of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

LA GASCOGNE SAFE!

Limps Into Port Eight Days Overdue.

Moving Mass of Ice.

Yet Proceeds Under Her Own Steam.

Her Machinery Disabled, but All on Board Are Safe—Piston Rod Breaks Twice on the Way Over, and Severe Storms Hinder Repairs—Lying for Hours Perfectly Helpless in Howling Gales—Anxiety for Her Passengers Gives Way to Wild Rejoicing.

La Gascoigne, the eight-day-overdue French steamer, limped into port under her own steam at New York Monday, with three red lights hanging from her mizzen mast as a signal that she was disabled. The vessel was a moving mountain of ice. Her passengers were all on deck, some of them singing and most of them cheering as persons are wont to do when their minds are suddenly relieved of a heavy strain.

For thirteen days of a voyage lasting sixteen days the ship had been disabled, one of her main piston rods having broken on her third day out from Havre. For sixteen hours on that fateful third day the vessel was hoisted to while the break was being repaired. It was comparatively good weather when the break occurred, but the steamer was doomed to run into some of the nastiest of her voyage.

Machinery Broke Again.

While off Sable Island the machinery broke down again, and the steamer was hoisted to again, this time for forty-one hours. During all this period the engines did not make a single revolution. When the second repairs had been made the steamer started ahead once more under still further reduced power, and headed toward the Long Island coast. It is a remarkable fact that during the entire voyage across the Atlantic La Gascoigne did not sight a steamer until she passed one bound for Philadelphia late Sunday. Late Monday afternoon the French steamer signaled Fire Island and then proceeded toward Sandy Hook light-ship.

No Panic Among the Passengers.

While the passengers were considerably worried on account of the delay, there was never a panic among them. They knew their ship was stanch, and they had every confidence in their captain. And, besides, they knew that the ship was not totally disabled. But they were nervous and apprehensive at times, and they hailed the conclusion of their voyage with joy. They cheered the captain and they cheered the crew and they cheered the tug that came out to meet them. The fact that La Gascoigne was safe was established by the fact that about 5 o'clock Monday afternoon it was observed from the Fire Island light-house and at the time was abreast of the Shinnecock light, eastward from Fire Island. The steamer was proceeding slowly, but the fact that La Gascoigne was safe was established by the fact that about 5 o'clock Monday afternoon it was observed from the Fire Island light-house and at the time was abreast of the Shinnecock light, eastward from Fire Island. The steamer was proceeding slowly, but the fact that La Gascoigne was safe was established by the fact that about 5 o'clock Monday afternoon it was observed from the Fire Island light-house and at the time was abreast of the Shinnecock light, eastward from Fire Island.

Forget Had Given It Up.

Even as late as Monday afternoon the French line agent, Mr. Forget, to his intimate friends had given up the last vestige of hope he had concerning La Gascoigne. But three hours later there came a rift in the black cloud of despair, and the brief message that La Gascoigne was sighted off Fire Island sent a thrill of joy through every heart in New York. The bulletins told the story with expansive brevity and lack of detail. But it was the fact of safety alone that the people craved, and this made all rejoice. Agent Forget for a moment was rendered speechless, which evidenced how anxious he had been for the safety of La Gascoigne. Then he regained himself and became wildly hilarious. He shouted, ran here and there, grasping the hand of this one and that one, and fairly jumped up and down over the floor in the excitement of the moment. Then he put on his coat and started for the French liner pier at the foot of Morton street, where a tug had been in readiness for days to take him to meet La Gascoigne should it be sighted.

The story of the captains of the two steamers that had overhauled La Gascoigne off the Long Island coast added nothing to the sum of knowledge of the awful voyage of the Frenchman. The Washington is a tank steamer of the Rotterdam Tank Line. The Frenchman, the Captain says, was moving at about eight knots an hour. The Washington, itself a slow steamer, came opposite La Gascoigne, but as no signals were displayed and having no knowledge that it was overdue he staid on his course like any good skipper would bound for New York in such weather and after such gales.

Can Get in Alone.

A couple of hours later up came the Bolivia of the Anchor Line from Gibraltar, Jan. 23, itself with a long and tedious passage to its credit, and it also gave a critical eye to the slow-going express steamer. Then La Gascoigne was near enough to Fire Island to make itself known, and had up its flag numbers and three red balls as well. The Bolivia's captain saw at a glance that services were not needed. The signal was to tell the observer at Fire Island that the machinery was disabled, but that the steamer needed no assistance.

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

- JOHN STALEY, C. C. TRENCH, GRAYLING EXCHANGE BANK, GRAYLING, MICH. A general banking business transacted. Drafts bought and sold on all parts of the United States and foreign countries. Interest allowed on time deposits. Collections a specialty. STALEY & TRENCH, Proprietors. G. W. SMITH, PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, GRAYLING, MICH. Office and Residence one door south of Methodist Church. GEO. L. ALEXANDER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ETC. Fine Lands Bought and Sold on Commission. Non-Residents' Lands Looked After. GRAYLING, MICH. Office on Michigan avenue, first door east of the Bank. O. PALMER, Attorney at Law and Notary. Collections, conveyancing, payment of taxes and purchase and sale of real estate promptly attended to. Office on Fenwick avenue, opposite the Court House. GRAYLING, MICH. F. A. BRIGHAM, (Successor to Frank Peter), Tonsorial Artist, GRAYLING, MICHIGAN. Shaving and Hair-Cutting done in the Latest Style, and to the satisfaction of all. Shop on Michigan Avenue and Railroad Street. Prompt attention given all customers. Oct. 1, '91. McCULLOUGH'S Livery, Feed and Sale STABLE, GRAYLING, MICHIGAN. First-class rigs at all times. Good accommodations for farmers or travelers' teams. Made on commission and satisfaction guaranteed. CEDAR STREET, One block north of First corner. Fine JOB PRINTING AT THE OFFICE.