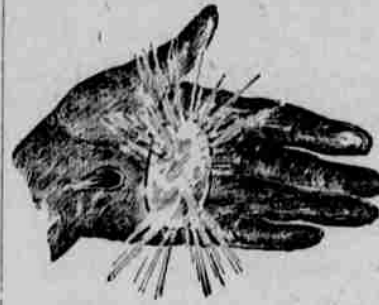


WOMAN AT HOME

MIRROR SET INTO A GLOVE.

A mirror on the palm of a glove is the latest novelty. With its assistance its owner is enabled to be sure that her bonnet is on straight, and also that her curls are in perfect order. She can likewise ascertain if her bow is at the most becoming angle at the proper time. All these things and a hundred others, important from the feminine point of view, she can find out on the street without attracting the attention of passers-by, with the aid of this simple contrivance. The inventor of this device has so arranged the little looking-glass in the palm of the glove



NEWEST THING IN GLOVES.

as not to interfere with the shutting of the hand. He has likewise taken the precaution of putting it in the left-hand glove, so that when its owner shakes hands with a friend it will not be observed. It is not the fair sex alone that will find this ingenious contrivance useful. Men are quite as vain as women, so the latter claim, and will be seen by an observer to look at themselves in every mirror they pass on the streets.

A Boy's Essay on Girls.
"Girls is a queer kind of varmint. Girls is the only thing that has their own way every time. Girls is of several thousand kinds, and sometimes one girl can be like several thousands other girls, if she want you to do anything. Girls is all alike one way; they are all like cats. If you rub 'em the right way of the hair they'll purr and look sweet at you, but if you rub 'em the wrong way they'll claw you. S'long as you let a girl have her own way she's nice and sweet, but just cross her and she'll spit at you worse nor a cat. Girls is also like mules; they're headstrong. If a girl don't want to believe anything you can't make her. If she knows it's so she won't say so. Girls is little women if they're good, and if they ain't good then, nor when they get big, they're she-devils. That's what father said mamma was once, when she fixed a hot flat-iron in the chair so he'd set down on it, 'cause she was mad at him. Brother Joe says he don't like big girls, but he does like little ones, and when I saw him kissing Jenny Jones last Sunday and told him what he'd said he said he was biting her, 'cause he didn't like her. I think he hurt her, for she hollered and run, and there was a big red spot over both of her cheeks. This is all I know about girls, and father says the less I know about 'em the better off I am."

Pain for the Complexion.
Both as a healing lotion and as a cosmetic, milk juice of the lettuce has long been highly esteemed by French women. Lettuce cream of absolutely wholesome character may be made as follows: Pour a quart of boiling water over half a peck of the full-grown outside green leaves of several heads of lettuce. After the lettuce has stood a moment, drain off the water and chop the lettuce fine. Put it in a clean towel and wring out all the juice that can be extracted—only the dry pulp will be left in the towel. Put this juice in a small saucpan of bright tin and boil it down for two or three minutes. There should be about three tablespoonfuls of the green liquor. Set this aside. Procure half an ounce each of white wax and of spermaceti and four ounces of oil of almonds from a thoroughly trustworthy druggist. Put the materials in a large cup and set the cup in a pan of boiling water. The water should reach to the same depth as the materials in the cup. Let the wax and spermaceti slowly melt into the oil. Stir it occasionally. When the mixture is perfectly smooth and no lumps remain, add the lettuce juice and stir the mixture thoroughly. Let the cream cool in the pan that you intend to keep it in. Set this jar in cold water while it is cooling. If the cream is not a delicate green when hard, melt it and add a few drops of French vegetable green. These colors cost about 25 cents a bottle, and will keep a long time if they are corked carefully. No balm is more healing to a complexion that has suffered rough usage from the winds of midwinter.

No Longer "Not at Home."
Perhaps it is merely a fashionable whim, perhaps it is a wave of security and common sense which dictates that the venerable polite fiction "not at home" is out of date. The woman of society now sends word by her servant that she is "much engaged," thus protecting her own conscience and that of her maid. The well-bred visitor will accept this graciously, knowing from experience how impossible it often proves under existing circumstances to set aside pressing duties for the chance caller. Formal visiting is now limited to afternoon hours as less liable to conflict with necessary appointments of daily life. The latching of hospitality still remains out for close friends, who drop in at all times according to impulse and convenience. A fine line of courtesy leads the visitor not to offer her card to the servant,

but to inquire if Mrs. Blank is receiving. If answered in the affirmative, asks if she will see Mrs. S—. If in the negative, then the card is left as evidence of the call. Cards are in a measure falling into disuse, the English method of announcing guests being very generally accepted in the best circles of society, a pasteboard only being left when the lady is out or not receiving.

Hone-hole Words.
Under this heading the New York Sun offers the following:

Lemme be.
D— that collar button!
Did anybody see my hat?
Now I lay me down to sleep.
No, you can't have any more cake.
Oh, mamma, Willie's pinching me.
Say, John, ain't you boys up yet?
Who the deuce carried off that paper?
Where's that half dollar I gave you last week?
Yes, dear, \$10 will do, but \$15 would be better.
Oh, papa, make Dick quit calling me names.
Come on to your dinner before everything gets cold.
Come, now, it's time for you young ones to be in bed.
Don't forget to order a load of coal sent up right away.
Good gracious, how much money do you want, anyhow?
No, I shan't have any young man coming to see you until you are out of school. So there.
But, my dearsh, you sh' know I had enmeshment at th' office till sho late I cou'n't possibly come.

Physical Training.
An authority on physical training for women gives the following directions for securing the best results, which naturally must be modified by individual characteristics and circumstances: "Sleep nine hours out of the twenty-four, bathe in cold water, exercise five minutes daily, drink a cup of hot liquid before breakfast, spend half an hour every day in outdoor exercise, make the best of bad bargains, and always keep your temper."—Womankind.



Decoration for Dinner Table.

Skirts and Sleeves.
The latest cut in skirts has comparatively no flare around the bottom; yet is fairly wide and fits very closely around the hips, with all the fullness at the back.
Paneled skirts are seen on some of the newest evening gowns, and these serve as a foundation for elaborate embroidery in jeweled designs, or for the fashionable braiding in Russian style.
Russels net or the wide open, coarse Russian fish net, made over a changeable silk in some brilliant hue, is much in vogue for evening wear. The skirt is finished with a full ruche of the same material at the hem and another at the knee.
A fancy of the moment is to wear long sleeves with the low-cut bodice, a boon to women whose arms are not their strong point. The most striking novelty is the long, transparent sleeve of net or chiffon, gathered very full in mousquetaire fashion.
The simple leg-o-mutton sleeve has developed wonderful possibilities in the hands of the skillful modiste. Finished at the wrist with a flaring, open cuff, and slashed to the elbow and filled in with gathered lace the effect is novel and charming.
Plaid velvets are much in vogue for house wear, and the woman who does not own a blouse or tartan velour does not consider her indoor wardrobe quite complete. These are made decidedly loose, a la Russe, and are belted with the inevitable jeweled girdle.
For evening wear, sleeves resemble miniature lamp shades for ballet skirts, as they are made of frills and tulle and stand well out from the arm. Some are draped close up to the shoulder, and so form a sort of butterfly effect, decidedly chic and becoming.
The very latest mode in skirts is the graceful Spanish flounce, a most becoming style to the tall, slender woman, and that brings up the query why do most fashions seem better adapted to the "daughters of the gods divinely tall" than to the petite morsels of femininity?
Among the most elegant materials for dinner gowns is the lovely mirror velvet, which falls in graceful, clinging folds, and has a sheen and luster all its own. Whole costumes are made of this effective fabric, which, when trimmed with fur, seems peculiarly appropriate for winter wear.

The greatest devotee was Buddha, "The Light of Asia," "The Indian Christ." So powerful was the influence of this remarkable character over the human race that to-day it is estimated Buddha's followers number 490,000,000.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether these nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that these nation might live; and it is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate this ground—the soldiers here— we can not consecrate this ground. The brave men, living and dead who struggled here have

consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fell have here thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Abraham Lincoln.

November 19, 1863.

Facsimile of Mr. Lincoln's autographic copy of the Gettysburg address, made by him for the soldier's and sailor's fair at Baltimore, in 1864.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A SOLDIER'S STORY OF THE WAR

Col. GILBERT A. PIERCE

"They're talking nowadays right smart about the great Napoleon," said Uncle Dan, "but when 'other day the boys asked me who I thought the greatest man, I says 'I don't know. There's Washington, an' Alexander, an' Napoleon, an' lots of others, but, my way of thinkin', Old Abe Lincoln is ahead of 'em all."

"Greatness isn't just a bein' stern and solemn-like. Now, Uncle Abraham could hae his row with any of 'em arguin', an' yet some way he had the swing of them old prophets. That struck me when the war broke out, an' afore I knew it I caught the fever, carried coal oil lamps around with the rest of the crowd, got howlin' about John Brown's body moldering in the ground, and 'By Jinks,' says I, 'I'll jine'."

"Of course, Billy must stay at home to plow and sow and make the corn and hay. He'd just turned fifteen, but as I marched away, blest if there wasn't me cryin' in his arms, an' Billy yellin' like mad, 'I want a chance to strike for liberty!' Bless me again! in less than a year if I didn't hear one day that Billy had enlisted, too."

"How I watched that boy! Sometimes prayin' when he kept by my side in battle, sometimes occurin', too, maybe, when he exposed himself too carelessly. At Vicksburg he fell back, crushed and maimed by the parapet fire, and I took him in my arms and bore him back, an', half crazy with tears, dashed at the fort again. Well, he rallied from the wound, but somehow he never seemed so sound as before. There was a wandering strangeness in his manner, like he didn't 'zactly know his mind, and one night, when skirmishes were daily, an' Sherman an' Hood was trying to get the chance for a winning fight, Billy was placed on picket duty where danger hovered thick. I told him to keep his eyes wide open, but after I'd got into my blanket in camp I couldn't sleep. I took my gun and hurried silently to the outposts, reached a spot close underneath the hill, and my heart stopped, for there was a scuffle, a cry, and I saw the forms of half a hundred men. It wasn't no time to think. I raised my gun. The good old musket rang out the alarm, the rebels turned and ran. The boy? There he lay, his form stretched out upon the ground, asleep at his post!"

"He turned to me an' put his arm around me lovingly. 'I couldn't help it, dad,' he said, smiling his old boyish smile, and marched away between the guards, I begged, I plead, I swore that Billy wasn't like himself. No use. The sentence came. I appealed to the general. I got only one answer: 'The death sentence of the court has been approved.' Then I went to Washington to see the President.

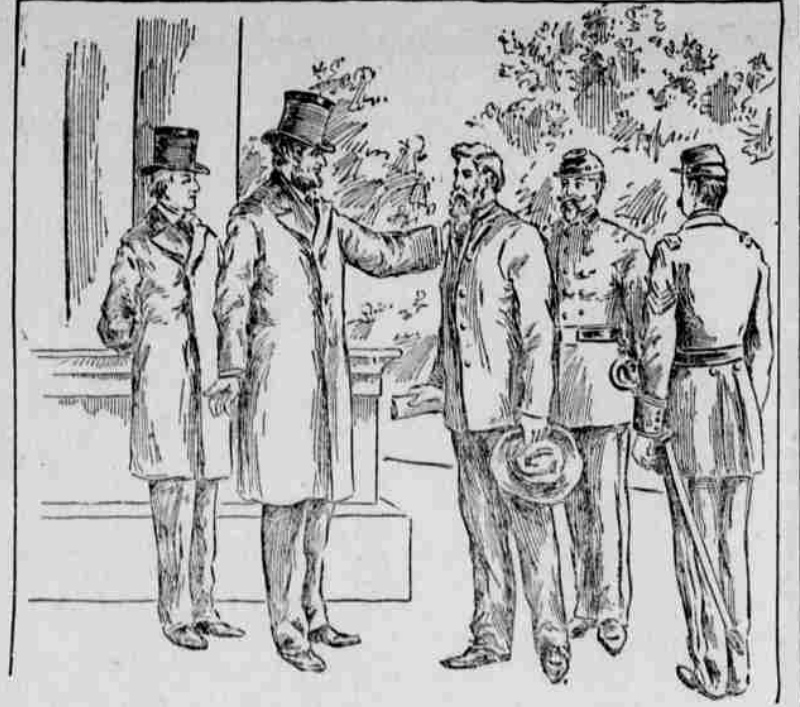
"It was my last hope. They wouldn't let me in. They even pushed me back as a carriage drove up. I saw who got out; I tried to attract his attention. 'Who is this man?' says he. 'Only a soldier after an interview,' says the officer. 'Only a soldier?' says he, musingly. 'Perilling his life! Only a soldier, fighting the battles of this awful war! Thank God! to speak to me you need no other name. Only a soldier? Come in, my man.' And he led me up the stairs, while ministers and generals waited outside.

"I told him, with sobs half choking me, the story of my grief. His face was sad and furrowed, and he bowed his head as he listened. He looked over the papers carefully. Then he turned, and smiling gently, said, 'We'll let the other fellows do the killing. I think the country will get along with this young fellow running 'round alive.' And then he wrote: 'This sentence disapproved. Restored to his company, A. Lincoln.' Just there I lost my grip. I only cried like a baby. 'You tell your boy,' says he, 'I count on him to fight!'

"In six months Billy stood upon the roll as second corporal. Then he became color bearer of the regiment. We marched

cordial interest in the two lovers, and presaged a happy life for them, and all would undoubtedly have gone well if the young girl could have dismissed the haunting memory of her old lover. The possibility that she had wronged him, that he might reappear, that he loved her still, haunted her so persistently that she took to her bed. Her death speedily followed. Lincoln's grief was intense. He was seen walking alone by the river and through the woods, muttering strange things to himself. He seemed to his friends to be in the shadow of madness. They kept a close watch over him; and at last Bowling Green, one of the most devoted friends Lincoln then had, took him home to his little log cabin, half a mile north of New Salem, under the brow of a big bluff. Here, under the loving care of Green and his good wife, Nancy, Lincoln remained until he was once more master of himself.

But though he had regained self-control, his grief was deep and bitter. Ann Rutledge was buried in Concord Cemetery, a country burying ground, seven miles northwest of New Salem. To this lonely spot Lincoln frequently journeyed to weep over her grave. 'My heart is buried there,' he said to one of his



"ONLY A SOLDIER? COME IN, MY MAN."

through Georgia until we faced the guns of Fort McAllister. A charge was ordered, but at first the rebels fired at such a rate that the ranks wavered. Billy, with face aflame, carried the flag far up in the advance. 'Bring back the colors to the regiment!' cried the colonel. Amid the crack and crash of the guns, the boy replied, 'You bring the regiment to the colors!' Then, with shouts and cheers, the brigade rushed madly on, and before they fairly sensed it, the day was won.

"Billy had gone down. They had to pry his fingers loose from the flag. There was a smile on his face a thousand years can't make me forget. 'Redeemed at last,' the general came and said, and placed his name among the heroes. They wrapped the Stars and Stripes around my son. When they put him in his new uniform that night, they found his treasures, and among the rest was a picture of Old Abe, and written on its back were the words, a prophecy, 'I've fought, great friend, and died for liberty!'

LINCOLN'S SWEETHEART.
She Was a Beautiful Kentucky Girl and Had Many Suitors.

Lincoln first met Ann Mayes Rutledge in 1832, when she was 19. She was a beautiful girl and as bright as she was pretty. So fair a maid was not, of course, without suitors. The most determined of those who sought her hand was one John McNeill, a young man who had arrived in New Salem from New York soon after the founding of the town. Ann became engaged to McNeill, but it was decided to put off marriage on account of Ann's youth. After a while McNeill left for his home in the East, saying that he would return in time with his parents. Then it came out that McNeill's real name was McNamar. The New Salem people pronounced him an impostor. A few letters were received from him by Ann, but finally the lover ceased to write to her. In the spring of 1835 Ann agreed to be Lincoln's wife. New Salem took a

friends. Strange to say, McNamar proved to be an honest man and a faithful though careless lover.

THE IMMORTAL LINCOLN.

An Apotheosis in His Memorable First Inaugural.

In an epoch of convulsion and entanglement and chaos Abraham Lincoln was introduced into presidential power. He held to the syllogistic and spurned figurative speech. No fustian found favor in his prejudices.

Coming to the end of his first inaugural, Lincoln reached these words: "In your hands, my fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect and defend it."

"I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

Lincoln's Trust in God.

"What I did I did after a very full deliberation and under a very heavy and solemn sense of responsibility," said Lincoln with reference to the emancipation proclamation. "I can only trust in God. I have made no mistake. I shall make no attempt on this occasion to sustain what I have done or said by any comment. It is now for the country and the world to pass judgment, and may be take action upon it."

Looking a difficulty square in the face will often kill it dead.

SAW LINCOLN SHOT.

ONE WHO WITNESSED THE GREAT TRAGEDY.

Story of the Man Who Was the First to Reach the Side of the Wounded President—His Clothing Stained by the Blood of the Martyr.

Our Nation's Darkest Day.

There now lives in Philadelphia a gentleman who saw the whole scene of Lincoln's assassination, and was the first to reach the wounded man in the prevailing panic. William Flood is the gentleman's name, and he gave the following graphic account, which is taken down in his exact words:

"At the time the President was shot," said he in answer to a query, "I was in the United States navy and was acting ensign and executive officer on board the steamship Teazer. Captain Silas Owen was the commander, and the ship was located at the navy yard on April 14. That evening Captain Owen, who had been over in the city during the day, came to the ship and suggested that we go to the theater that evening, as Laura Keane was to play 'Our American Cousin,' and the President was to be there. We went to the theater and secured seats in the parquet or orchestra chairs. The President occupied the second box up from the orchestra and second from the stage. Just as the curtain fell on the first act I heard a shot and saw a man jump from the President's box to the stage. As he jumped his foot caught in the folds of the flag that draped the box, and he fell sideways on the stage. It was quite a good jump, and he came very near falling back into the orchestra. He got up and limped away across the stage, brandishing a great long knife in his right hand, and shouted, 'Sic semper tyranni!'

"In less time than it takes to tell it I was on the stage. How I got there over the heads of the orchestra I really don't remember. Just as I reached the stage Mrs. Lincoln looked out of the box. She was crying and wringing her hands and said: 'They have shot papa; will no one come?' I answered that I would come, and immediately climbed up the side of the boxes to the one the President occupied.

"The President was sitting as if he had fallen asleep. He was breathing, however, and we at once laid him on the floor of the box. I looked for the wound, but at first did not discover it. Miss Keane brought a pitcher of water and I bathed his forehead with that so as to revive him. I then discovered the wound in the back of his head, where the ball had entered, and the blood ran out on my arm and down the side of my coat. Some army officers brought in a stretcher and he was placed on that and carried out. I then went to the front of the box and motioned for the audience to remain quiet. Every one was talking, and there was a general uproar. As soon as it ceased for a minute I told them that the President was still alive, but had been shot, and was no doubt mortally wounded. Captain Owens and I then went out to the front of the building and found a platoon of police in the street. The sidewalks were so crowded with people that we had to get out in the middle of the road to get down the street. We went to the National Hotel, and by the time we got there the mob was so dense we could get no further, so a couple of police took us through the hotel to C street, at the rear, and we got a cab and were driven to the navy yard. I was so bloody from the wound, my right hand and arm being covered, that it is a wonder that I was not hanged by that mob. They were intensely excited at the time, and it would have taken very little to have driven them into a frenzy.

"The next day our ship went down the river to head Booth off, and did not return until after he was killed. I was then sent for to go down and identify him. I recognized him very readily as he jumped from the box as J. Wilkes Booth."

Talleyrand never was in love but once, and that was when he was about 16 years old. When Napoleon ordered him to marry and picked out a wife for him, he pleaded this youthful attachment, which was immediately scoffed at by the great match-maker as a piece of nonsense.