

SOLDIERS ON WHEELS.

Can Cover Great Distances Quickly and Carry Full Supplies.

In the month of September last the people of Helena, the capital of Montana, were surprised to see riding through their streets a party of eight colored soldiers and a white officer of the United States army, all mounted on bicycles. They were weather-beaten and covered with the dust of the hills and plains; and they carried a great weight of rations, blankets, tents, cooking utensils and extra tires and parts of bicycles, besides rifles and thirty rounds of ammunition to every man.

These wheelmen were a detachment of the Twenty-fifth Regiment of United States Infantry. They had come on their wheels from Fort Missoula, by way of Fort Yellowstone and the National Park, having covered altogether a distance of eleven hundred miles in twenty-two days. In the meantime they had made and broken camp in the rain, ridden through mud, sand, dust and water, and over rocks, ruts and stones. They had crossed mountain ranges and forded streams—in fact, they had stepped for nothing. Much of the distance had been rough riding in every sense of the word.

The journey was really made to test the question whether the bicycle is suitable for such military purposes as it would have to serve if used in Western campaigns. It was not a test of rapidity, but of durability.

The eight soldiers carried everything necessary to an actual campaign in an enemy's country. Baggage, arms, ammunition, rations, blankets, tents and spare apparatus made, in fact, such a load as ordinary bicyclists would think it impossible to carry over good roads. But these men were common soldiers, and in no sense experts on the wheel.

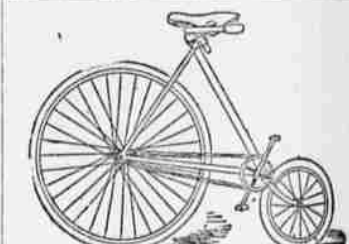
No such test of the bicycle has probably been made before. The military tests of the wheel in Europe have involved no riding over so rough and mountainous a country to such a distance.

The machines and the men stood the work well. No man and no wheel broke down, though to the wheels a certain amount of repair was, of course, necessary. Lieutenant Moss, who commanded the expedition, regards it as entirely a success, and as demonstrating the utility of the bicycle for actual military purposes. He believes that soon every regiment in the army will have its bicycle corps.

FREAKS IN WHEELS.

Some Queer English Notions Presented to the Public.

At the Stanley cycle show in England this year there have been on display some novel creations in wheels. Perhaps the most interesting of them is the triangular framed wheel, with handle bars to the rear of the saddle, giving the rider the bolt upright, or, as it is sometimes called, the hygienic position while riding. The triangle frame was originated by a New London,



NEW TRIANGULAR FRAME.

Conn., manufacturer, who exhibited a wheel of that description at the '96 cycle show in Madison Square Garden. But the handle bars on his machine were on the front tube, and not behind the saddle, which gave the rider a leaning position. Another curious feature of the English freak is that it is driven with grooved sprockets and a band, in place of toothed sprockets and chain.

The new seat-post is decidedly novel. It is a double-barreled affair, the top and bottom bars being connected by



ENGLISH FRAME PUMP.

steel hinges, which allow considerable forward and backward play. It is not likely to become popular. The use of one of the tubes in the frame as a pump cylinder has been tried in this country in a slightly different form without success. But the English inventor claims that he has overcome all the difficulties experienced in previous experiments, and that he has a device which is easily applied to any wheel and furnishes a powerful pump that will not get out of order and is always ready for use.

Four years 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 that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of this war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow this ground; the brave men living and dead who struggled here have con-

secrated 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 the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fell here have 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 soldiers and sailors fair at Baltimore, in 1864.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A SOLDIER'S STORY OF THE WAR

By GILBERT A. PIERCE

"They're talking nowadays right smart about the great Napoleon," said Uncle Dan, "but when I thought 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 jest a bein' stern and solemn-like. Now, Uncle Abraham could hoe his row with any of 'em argyin', 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 molderin' in the ground, and 'By Jinks,' says I 'I'll join!'

"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 a n' 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 praying when he kept by my side in battle, sometimes swearing, 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 fears, 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 'sactly 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

"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 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,

want 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 generals. I got only one answer: 'The death sentence of the court has been approved.' Then I went to Washington to see the President.

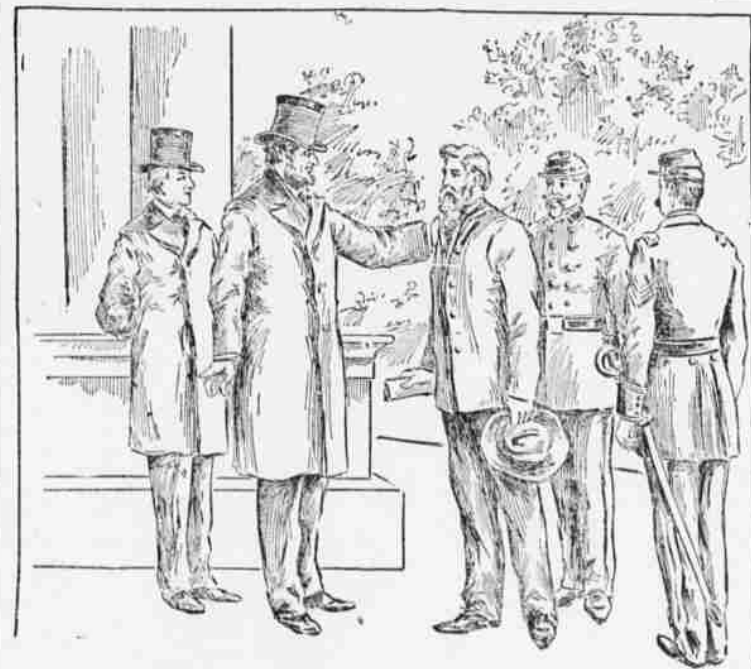
"It was my last hope. They wouldn't let me in. They even pushed me back as a carriage drove up. I saw who got out; I tried to attract his attention. 'Who is this man?' says he. 'Only a soldier after an interview,' says the officer. 'Only a soldier?' says he, musingly. 'Perilling his life! Only a soldier, 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

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



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

me up the stairs, while ministers and generals waited outside.

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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 become Lincoln's wife. New Salem took a 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 friends. Strange to say, McNamar proved to be an honest man and a faithful though careless lover.

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 as 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 tyrannis.'"

"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 would have taken very little to have driven them into a frenzy.

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