PROMINENT MEN OF COUNTRY PAY TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN

WRIGHT PAYS TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN

Secretary of War Calls Attention to Fact Beloved ex-President and Jefferson Davis Were Born in Same State.

Hodgenville, Ky., Feb. 12.—Secretary of War Wright paid an eloquent tribute to Lincoln's understanding of the people of the south and his sincere desire for peace and speedy reconciliation after the Civil war.

He called attention to the fact that Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis were born in the same state.

"In the Two Ocean Pass in the Yellowstone Park is found a level spot hemmed in by surrounding hills, into which flows a stream which there divides, one part flowing into the Pacific and the other into the Atlantic," he said, "and this stream is typical of the careers of the two men. Davis in early manhood found himself living in a community in which slavery was a recognized institution and himself became a slaveholder, as were his neighbors and friends; while Lincoln found himself in a free soil state where slavery was regarded as a crime."

"Perhaps slavery was too strongly rooted to be eradicated save by fire and sword," continued Secretary Wright, "and it may be that in the mysterious movings of a divine providence the sins of the fathers were visited upon the children and that the south paid the penalty for the violation of a great moral law. But it ought to be remembered, and I believe it is now being remembered more and more, that it was not alone the sin of the south, although its expiation fell heaviest upon her people.

Lincoln Saw the Historic Fact.

"In reading the public utterances of Mr. Lincoln during the period of bitter discussion, nothing has impressed me more than the singular clearness of his perception that the responsibility for slavery rested upon all our people and was a burden which should be borne by all alike. There was a temperance of statement, a respect for the opposite point of view, and a moderation in his position, which, when the excitement of the time is considered, is most extraordinary and must command our admiration. Well would it have been for all our people had they been able to approach this burning question with the same conservatism and good sense.

"He sincerely believed in an indissoluble union. He sincerely believed that slavery was a curse and a great moral wrong; and in believing thus he was right. He was opposed not only to its extension but believed that gradual emancipation was a possibility worth striving for, and yet he respected the constitution and did not believe in the right to extinguish slavery by force. In all the speeches he made there can be found no word of ill will or malice toward the southern people, and in reading his utterances no southern man finds himself entertaining the slightest sentiment of resentment toward him or aught save admiration for his sincerity, friendliness and broad humanity.

"His first inaugural address, delivered at a time when passion was at its height and civil war imminent, is pathetic in its appeals for peace and union. His great heart seemed rent in twain when he finished by saying:

"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 touched again, as surely they will be, by the better angel of our nature."

The Cruelties of Fate.

"Alas that the still, small voice of moderation and reason was drowned in the angry cries of determined men marshaling for a conflict, the magnitude of which few if any appreciated and the consequences of which few if any foresaw. It seemed the very irony of fate that so gentle a spirit, so sympathetic and kindly a nature should be forced by the stern logic of events over which he had no control and for which he was in no way responsible, to assume the role of commander in chief in a sanguinary civil war between men of the same blood and the same traditions.

"It was indeed cruel that at the moment when he had reached the point for which he had striven he should have died at the hands of a hair brained play actor who was in no way identified with the south or her people. Still more cruel was the fate to the southern people.

Best That the Cause Failed.

"But time has brought healing on its wings. A new generation of men has been born since Lincoln died. The animosities of the old days are ended. As we look back across the dead years we see his homely figure standing out clear and large. He is not awesome or repellant. There is an expression of pathos, touched with humor, upon his face which draws us strongly, and there is sunshine about him. He seems to speak again, and we hear him say, 'We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained it must not break our bonds of affection.'

"And thus hearing, the men of the south can not only look back upon a lost cause without bitterness, but recognize it was best that it did fail. And they can and do, without bitterness and in all sincerity, join with all the people of this nation and all the people of all nations in paying tribute to Abraham Lincoln—the liberator, the pacificator, the great American."

A Lincoln Birthday Ode

When in the seeming fatal ambush pent,
His courage bade him, victory-haloed, onward press.
His heart was firm, his arms were stayed;
Discouragement in vain assailed;
Defeat still left him undismayed;
And thus the long hard passage to the Promised Land,
In spite of cruel and malicious prophecies
And traitors' evil offices,
Was made as his great heart and mind had planned.

Yet, like the earlier Moses, he was not allowed,
With those he rescued from the foe, to stand
(With swift temptation to be proud)
Upon the sacred soil.
His was the burden and the toil;
And when the grapes of Eschol purple-clustering,
The smiling pastures of the violet hills,
The fertile plains, the shade dispersing trees,
The cooling waters of the sweet fresh rills,
The fragrance of the blossom sweeping breeze,
The sleepy murmur of the honey-storing bees,
After the desert sandstorms blustering,
Offered their riches and he might find rest,
The assassin's weapon smote his friendly breast.

—Nathan Haskell Dole, in North American Review.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
STUDY BY C. K. LINSON

Abraham Lincoln Reviewing the Army of the Potomac.

TELLS UNWRITTEN HISTORY

William Reid Gives Reminiscences of Time Spent by the Martyr President's Widow in England—Gives Two New Anecdotes of Lincoln.

By William Reid.

Approaching as we are now doing the centennial birthday of Abraham Lincoln, I feel as if our people in Oregon should know something more of his actions and of his family while in Europe hitherto unpublished.

Walking along the Strand of London on Saturday forenoon of April 15, 1865, I heard the old bells of St. Paul's cathedral tolling sadly that particular sound which always indicated the death of some king. Hurrying with the crowd to St. Paul's we were thunderstruck to hear of the assassination of the president. I was then a student at law and never expected to be of some literary service to his widow, and his son, or to meet them afterwards in Scotland, nor by their advice and that of Dr. James Smith, Lincoln's consul at Dundee, to be transplanted to the United States. But shortly after my admission at the end of 1867 by the supreme court as a law practitioner of Scotland I was selected to fill the position of British commissioner at the United States consulate at Dundee, to there take the oaths of American shippers doing business with the United States, and although this entailed only one hour's attendance daily at the consulate taking such oaths, still as the export business of Scotch manufactured goods to the United States was exceedingly large, I came into business relations with American consuls and traders which eventually transferred me permanently to Oregon in 1874, when Portland's population was only 12,000.

Dr. Smith had been a Kentuckian, and in Illinois was Lincoln's pastor, and truly his bosom friend for years. He was appointed by Lincoln as consul to Dundee in the early sixties. His consular jurisdiction extended to that half of Scotland lying north of Edinburgh, the capital. The doctor was then writing the "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," at the request of Mrs. Lincoln, when she, with her son Teddy Lincoln—a strapping youth of 16, tall and in appearance and features greatly resembling his father, arrived at the Dundee consulate. Mrs. Lincoln, knowing that Dr. Smith at his advanced years—over 70—was feeble in body, and that, though strong in mind he could not live long, asked us to assist him in his work, which I cheerfully volunteered to do without fee or reward.

Teddy Lincoln was placed at the Eton college in England, and Mrs. Lincoln went to Germany, but they both often visited the consulate. Between the intervals of these visits, as Dr. Smith could not furnish me with some details which occurred during the war, seeing he was then consul at Dundee, I had to write her for many particulars, and in her desire to furnish me the same, the little woman wrote me letter after letter, giving me the explanations I asked. From these numerous letters and contents it was evident her whole heart and soul were devoted to the memory of President Lincoln, and seemed to live for but one object—to show to posterity Abraham Lincoln in his true character. Unfortunately Teddy Lincoln's death followed in England, and so also in Scotland that of Dr. James Smith, the consul, whose family and wife, all southerners, distrusted Lincoln and his wife, although she was a southerner, too. Consequently before the doctor died he appointed me executor under his will, made in Dundee, his last request being for me to go to the United States and remain there.

Congress had not then granted Mrs. Lincoln any pension, yet she bore up nobly under all these afflictions with confidence in the Almighty's saying, "His will be done." Before returning to America she presented me that book the Quakers of Philadelphia had given the president, "The Psalms of David," upon which was engraved in gilt letters, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud." She gave instructions that the gold cane Mr. Lincoln had presented to Dr. Smith should be given to John Bright, M. P., of England, in remembrance of Mr. Bright's advocacy in the British house of commons of Lincoln's policy and faithfulness to the northern states. Mr. Bright replied that he and his family assured me they appreciated this memento highly, since it linked him more closely to the martyred president.

What surprised me most was afterwards my appointment as United States vice consul at Dundee by Hamilton Fish, secretary of state, unsolicited on my part. This position I held until two months after my arrival in Oregon in 1874. No nobler woman ever lived than Nancy Todd Lincoln, widow of the president—a devoted wife, a loving mother and a true friend.

(Continued on Page Seven.)

LINCOLN HONORS IN OTHER CITIES

All Parts of the Country Revere Memory of Patriot.

Chicago, Feb. 12.—The week's celebration of the Lincoln centennial in Chicago culminated today in a general suspension of business, while the people attended a series of great memorial meetings, at which addresses were made by President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton university, Honorable John A. MacDonald of Toronto, Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch, President Edwin Earl Sparks of Pennsylvania State college and other men of note.

At Lincoln's Indiana Home.

Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 12.—Indiana, the home of Abraham Lincoln in his youth and the burial place of his mother, observed the centennial anniversary of his birth with exercises, memorial meetings and banquets in cities and towns throughout the state. Patriotic societies decorated the Nancy Hanks Lincoln grave in Spencer county.

Oration by Lodge at Boston.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 12.—Senator Cabot Lodge delivered the Lincoln day oration today before the two houses of the Massachusetts legislature assembled in joint session. Tonight the Middlesex club gives a banquet with Representative Landis of Indiana as the orator.

Cincinnati Closes Business.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Feb. 12.—Lincoln day in Cincinnati was observed by the closing of all public offices and many places of business. Tonight in Music hall a great memorial meeting is to be held, with Bishop McDowell of Chicago as the principal speaker.

Hawkeye State Pays Tributes.

Des Moines, Iowa, Feb. 12.—Lincoln's birthday was observed in Iowa as a legal holiday. In Des Moines the legislature held exercises appropriate to the occasion and other observances were held under the auspices of the various patriotic societies.

Providence Fires Guns.

Providence, R. I., Feb. 12.—Providence observed the Lincoln centennial with a salute of 100 guns fired at noon today and with appropriate exercises in all of the public schools. A public meeting with music and orations was held at the city hall.

At Wisconsin University.

Madison, Wis., Feb. 12.—The 100th anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln was commemorated with exercises at the University of Wisconsin this morning. The chief oration was delivered by the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago.

At Pennsylvania Capital.

Harrisburg, Pa., Feb. 12.—At the Lincoln memorial meeting in this city tonight Governor Stuart is to preside and the principal address will be delivered by Vice-President Charles W. Fairbanks.

Legal Holiday in Oklahoma.

Guthrie, Okla., Feb. 12.—In accordance with a proclamation issued by Governor Haskell the 100th anniversary of Lincoln's birth was observed as a legal holiday in Oklahoma.

Tablet at Carlinville.

Carlinville, Ill., Feb. 12.—The Lincoln centennial was observed at Blackburn college by the dedication of a bronze mural tablet in the college chapel.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. Grove. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Journal want ads. 1c a word.

SURVIVING MEMBERS OF FORD THEATRE COMPANY TELL JOURNAL OF TERRIBLE NIGHT OF TRAGEDY

THRILLING STORY OF BOOTH'S DEED

Interviews Secured for This Paper From Men Who Saw Lincoln Shot.

Philadelphia, Feb. 12.—When Abraham Lincoln was slain by the bullet of an assassin in Ford's theatre, Washington, on the evening of April 14, 1865, there was but one actor on the stage at the moment. It was while laughing heartily at a humorous outburst from Harry Hawk, one of the most popular of American comedians in his day, when the president was shot down by John Wilkes Booth.

Hawk is one of the two surviving members of the company which was presenting "Our American Cousin" on that terrible night.

The other survivor is William J. Ferguson, and by a curious coincidence both of these actors are now in Philadelphia and have described the assassination as it comes back to them across the years.

Hawk was sought out the other day, and for The Oregon Journal painted a vivid picture of the tragic scene and of the interminable night of horror that followed it. Born and raised in Philadelphia, he is just now visiting his cousin, John B. Lober, at his country place in Bryn Mawr, and the interviewer came upon the veteran actor, after some searching, in a tiny chicken house.

Though he is 71 years of age, he is as lively as a squirrel and as chipper as a kitten. He seemed at peace with the entire world as he threw handfuls of grain in to his feathered pets.

"Come right in," he said, heartily, extending his hand. "Here's a basket for you to sit on and one for me, and this little stove will keep us as warm as the finest steam plant. Of course, we can go up to the house if you like, but I spend most of my time down here, and it's kind of home to me."

Recalls Night of Tragedy.

It would have been a crime to disturb the old fellow in his childlike simplicity. And so, to the accompaniment of cackling hens and crowing roosters, this one-time famous actor recounted one of the most portentious events in modern history. With the actor's capacity of bodily transportation to a remote scene and time still fresh within him, he forgot in a trice his chickens and his environment and was reenacting the blood-stirring episodes of April in 1865. It was a most incongruous and curious interview, but intensely interesting.

Of slight stature, but sound as a colt, the old actor, bent low on his upturned basket, warmed into his subject and his eyes burned with the fires of recalled youth.

"Ah, do I remember that awful night?" he exclaimed. "Well, well, I should say I do! Why, it is as vivid to me as though it had happened but yesterday. Many things that occurred but a few years ago have slipped my memory, but that night will be with me until the curtain is rung down for the last time.

"I was playing the part of Asa Trenchard in 'Our American Cousin,' and was just finishing my engagement at Ford's theatre with Laura Keene preparatory to a western tour. Now, there have been so many conflicting and inaccurate accounts of what actually took place the night of the assassination that I am going to tell you about it in detail. I don't believe I ever told it completely before. I always refused to say anything about it while Edwin Booth lived, because of his terrible grief over the fact that the murderer was his brother.

"I was the only one on the stage when the fatal shot was fired. Now, if you recall the story of 'Our American Cousin' you will remember that the American cousin, Asa Trenchard, burns up the will which left a fortune to him, and thus allowed it to devolve upon Mary Meredith, a milkmaid with whom he was in love. The scene in which I had burned the will before the girl had just concluded and the following scene was 'in one,' as we say on the stage. That is, the scenery extended all the way across the stage well toward the front, while another scene was being set up back of it.

Was Alone on the Stage.

"Mrs. Montchessington has two daughters, one of whom is in love with Lord Dundreary and the other she is endeavoring to force on the American cousin because she knows that by the will he is the inheritor of a big fortune. I, as the cousin, had just told her that she was mistaken, that the money had been left to Mary Meredith and she had just flounced off the stage in high dungeon."

At this point the old fellow jumped up from his basket and literally sprang toward a door leading into another section of the chicken house, representing it as the exit where the English woman had just stepped off the stage. As he repeated the ensuing lines his eyes danced, his voice rose to a high pitch of comic exaltation and he shook his fists after the imaginary departed figure.

"I was looking off the stage, yelling at the indignant and disappointed woman," he went on, "and had just exclaimed these lines: 'Not accustomed to the manners of good society folk, eh? Well, I guess I knew enough to turn you inside out, old woman; you darned old sockdolaging man trap!'

"Bang! went the report of a pistol. It was all done so quickly that I merely turned around casually. I thought that a gun had gone off in the property room.

"Then I heard a disturbance in the box on the opposite side of the stage, where I knew President Lincoln was seated, some eight feet nine inches above the stage. A man came forward to the railing of the box and I heard him call out as he stood there, wild eyed and staring down into the crowd, 'Sic semper tyrannis.'

"Then he did a handspring over the railing and leaped toward the stage. As he did so his spur caught in a flagpole and he fell heavily. Rising and half kneeling on the stage six or eight feet from where I stood transfixed, he again shouted out, 'The south shall be free!' In his hand he flourished a dagger, which to my terrified gaze looked six feet long.

Miss Keene Held Dying President.

"I imagined he was after me and I turned and dashed out the door off the stage and ran to the steps outside. I did not yet know that he had shot the president. I saw him run past me and out into the night air. Then I turned back and walked on to the stage again.

"An army officer who had jumped to the stage over the musicians seized me excitedly and asked, 'Where is that man?'

"'What man?' I asked.

"'Why, the man who shot the president,' he replied.

"'Good God, did he shoot the president?' I cried. 'I don't know where he has gone.'

"By that time everything in the house was confusion. People were running about, and in my dazed state I remember hearing loud calls for 'A doctor! A doctor! Is there a doctor in the house?' A Dr. Brown responded and climbed up over the railing into the box from the stage.

"In the meantime Miss Keene had made her way through the audience and up to the box and was sitting with the president's head in her lap. I can not describe the mixed terror and grief that filled the minds of all of us as the president was carried out of the theatre and over the way to the house of one Peterson.

"By that time the audience was filing out and the theatre was quiet as a death watch, except for the ill suppressed sobs of the women and the awed whispers of the men. No one seemed capable of grasping the fact that the president had been shot down. I for one did not, as the following incidents proved:

"I turned and walked back to the greenroom, where the members of the company were assembled. Here I met W. B. Phillips, our stage manager.

"'My God,' I exclaimed to him, 'to think that it was a brother actor who committed this terrible deed.'

Is Arrested by Soldiers.

"'Why, who was it, Harry?' asked Phillips. No one back there knew who it was except me, for I had had a good chance to see the assassin's face.

"'Why, I'm not going to tell,' I replied. 'It might get me into trouble.'

"'Why, Harry, my boy, do you realize that the president of the United States has been murdered? You know who did it and won't tell? Why, you'll be hanged if you don't tell.'

"Then I told him it was John Booth. Out front that was already known, for a man by the name of James Ferguson had seen Booth going toward the president's box and had told the officers it was he who did the shooting.

"I had known Booth well, for I had played with him for some time at the Boston Atheneum. That very afternoon, after I had finished rehearsing, I had come upon him sitting on the steps of the theatre and we had gone together and had a drink. He was a popular chap among us, and his handsome face and cordial manners always won him friends.

"He had been off the stage for a year or two and was in the oil business when he shot Lincoln. On that day he drank heavily, and just before the murder had taken a glassful of brandy across the street at a saloon.

"Then followed the awful horrors of that long night. I was almost immediately arrested and taken before Mayor Wallach. Washington had a mayor at that time. He held me under $1000 bail to appear in court the next morning. I was the only actor who was arrested. Dr. Brown, who attended Lincoln and afterward embalmed his body, went my bail, and, telling me that I might be in danger, took me home with him.

"The streets were filled with people. No one slept in Washington that night, I tell you. At 2 o'clock in the morning a guard of armed men stopped at our house and shouted up at the window that I was under arrest again and that I had to go along with them.

In the Chamber of Death.

"So we went forth into that turbulent crowd once more. This time I was taken to the Peterson house, where the president lay hovering between life and death, and once more I was exhaustively cross-examined by Chief Justice Carter of the supreme court. I was held by him under $2000 bail to appear at any time the authorities should see fit to summon me, but I was never again taken into court. That ended my legal connection with the tragedy.

"Worn out, but feverish with the excitement and terror, I went back to Dr. Brown's house. Men and women were weeping unrestrainedly in the streets, and there were all sorts of threats and curses on the lips of indignant men. I was thoroughly frightened, for I feared that some one would recall that Booth had rushed past me and I had done nothing to stop him. Why should I have done so? I didn't at that time know any one had been shot.

"For a day or two Miss Keene and I were unable to leave Washington, since no one was permitted to depart from the city. The excitement was intense all the while up to the time of the death of Booth. We were due to act in Cincinnati in a few days. Finally we got away and were told before we left that no passes would be required.

"Imagine our surprise when we got to Harrisburg to be arrested and held there for five days, prisoners in the State Capital hotel, because we could produce no passes. Secretary of War Stanton had to telegraph finally to let us go on our way. But everywhere we went there was manifest coldness toward us because a fellow actor had killed the beloved president.

"It is absolutely indescribable, the grief that we all felt over the death of Lincoln. I never met him to shake hands with him, but I had several funny experiences connected with him. In 1858 I was playing at the opera house in Peoria, Ill. Next door was the hotel. Lincoln and Douglas happened to be there at the time. You know they slept in the same bed the night before that famous debate they held at Galesburg.

"Well, that morning I was told that Lincoln had stepped into the hotel office and had said to the proprietor's wife, whose husband was supposed to be very ugly: 'I just wanted to stop in, madam, and let you see that your husband doesn't hold the prize for beauty.'

Lincoln Was Fond of the Theatre.

"I acted before Lincoln half a dozen times. He was very fond of the theatre and used to go often for its relaxations. There was much criticism of the army surgeons at that time for useless am-

(Continued from Page Seven.)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

1809—Born in Hardin county, Kentucky, February 12. He was descended from a Quaker family, which had emigrated from Virginia to Kentucky about 1780.
1816—Removed with his family from Kentucky to Indiana.
1830—Removed to Illinois, where during the next few years he followed various occupations, including those of a farm laborer, a salesman, a merchant and a surveyor.
1836—Admitted to the bar and began the practice of law in Springfield.
1832—Served as a captain and afterward as a private in the Black Hawk war.
1834—Elected to the Illinois legislature as a Whig and served eight years.
1847—Elected to congress on the Whig ticket.
1858—As Republican candidate for United States senate he engaged in a series of joint debates throughout Illinois with the Democratic candidate, Stephen A. Douglas.
1860—Elected president of the United States on the Republican ticket, the disunion of the Democratic party giving him an easy victory.
1861—On April 15, two days after the fall of Fort Sumter, he issued a call for 75,000 volunteers, and the control of events passed from the cabinet to the camp.
1861—April 19 proclaimed a blockade of southern ports.
1862—September 22 issued a proclamation emancipating all slaves in states or parts of states which should be in rebellion on January 1, 1863.
1864—Reelected president by the Republican party, defeating George B. McClellan, candidate of the Democratic party.
1865—Entered Richmond with the federal army on April 4, two days after that city had been evacuated by the Confederates.
1865—Shot by John Wilkes Booth at Ford's theatre, Washington, on April 14, and died the following day. Buried at Springfield, Ill.

BRYAN TELLS OF HERO'S DEEDS

Refers Feelingly to Life of Great Man Who Died for His Country—Large Gathering at Springfield, Illinois.

(United Press Leased Wire.)

Springfield, Ill., Feb. 12.—Thousands of persons arrived here early today for the purpose of participating in the exercises held throughout the day and evening in honor of the memory of Abraham Lincoln. The city is gaily bedecked with bunting and American flags.

Among those who arrived here to participate in the celebration were Ambassador Jusserand of France, Senator Dolliver of Iowa and a party of Washington officials.

William J. Bryan and Ambassador Bryce of England arrived here this morning in the private car of Robert T. Lincoln.

Ambassador Jusserand, Dolliver and Bryan were programmed to speak at a meeting presided over by Governor Deneen.

The Daughters of the American Revolution received the distinguished visitors tonight at 7 o'clock in the Lincoln Home.

William Jennings Bryan in his speech paid a glowing tribute to Lincoln.

Mr. Bryan said in part:

Lincoln's fame as a statesman and as the nation's chief executive in its most crucial period has so overshadowed his fame as an orator that his merits as a public speaker have not been sufficiently emphasized. When it is remembered that his nomination was directly due to the prominence which he won upon the stump; that in a most remarkable series of debates he held his own against one of the most brilliant orators America has produced; and that to his speeches, more than to the arguments of any other one man, or in fact, of all other public men combined, was due the success of his party—when all these facts are borne in mind, it will appear plain, even to the casual observer, that too little attention has been given to the extraordinary power which he exercised as a speaker.

That his nomination was due to the effect that his speeches produced, can not be disputed. When he began his fight against slavery in 1854 he was but little known outside of the counties in which he attended court. It is true that he had been a member of congress some years before, but at that time he was not stirred by any great emotion or connected with the discussion of any important theme, and he made but little impression upon national politics. The threatened extension of slavery, however, aroused him, and with a cause which justified his best efforts, he threw his whole soul into the fight. The debates with Douglas have never had a parallel in this, or, so far as history shows, in any other country.

Worthy Foeman.

In engaging in this contest with Douglas he met a foeman worthy of his steel, for Douglas had gained a deserved reputation as a great debater, and recognized that his future depended upon the success with which he met the attacks of Lincoln. On one side an institution supported by history and tradition and on the other a growing sentiment against the holding of a human being in bondage—these presented a supreme issue.

Douglas won the senatorial seat for which the two at that time had contested, but Lincoln won a larger victory—he helped to mould the sentiment that was dividing parties and rearranging the political map of the country. When the debates were concluded every one recognized him as the leader of the cause which he had espoused, and it was a recognition of this leadership which he had secured through his public speeches that enabled him, a western man, to be nominated over the eastern candidates—not only a western man, but a man lacking in book learning and the polish of the schools. No other American president has ever so clearly owed his elevation to his oratory. Washington, Jefferson and Jackson, the presidents usually mentioned in connection with him, were all poor speakers.

Quoted Scripture.

Lincoln made frequent use of Bible language and of illustrations drawn from holy writ. It is said that when he was preparing his Springfield speech of 1858 he spent hours trying to find language that would express the idea that dominated his entire career, namely, that a republic could not permanently endure half free and half slave, and that finally a Bible passage flashed through his mind, and he exclaimed, "I have found it—'A house divided against itself can not stand,'" and probably no other Bible passage ever exerted as much influence as this one in the settlement of a great controversy.

I have enumerated some, not all—but the more important—of his characteristics as an orator, and on this day I venture for the moment to turn the thoughts of this audience away from the great work that he accomplished as a patriot, away from his achievements in the line of statecraft, to the means employed by him to bring before the public the ideas which attracted attention to him. His power as a public speaker was the foundation of his success, and while it is obscured by the superstructure that was reared upon it, it can not be entirely overlooked as the returning anniversary of his birth calls increasing attention to the widening influence of his work. Lincoln was the spokesman of his party and he gave felicitious expression to the thoughts of his followers.

With no military career to dazzle the eye or excite the imagination; with no public service to make his name familiar to the reading public, his elevation to the presidency would have been impossible without his oratory. The eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero were no more necessary to their work, and Lincoln deserves to have his name written on the scroll with theirs.

Whiskey for Lame Back

The increased use of whiskey for lame back and rheumatism is causing considerable discussion among the medical fraternity. It is an almost infallible cure when mixed with certain other ingredients and taken properly. The following is the formula:

To one-half pint good whiskey, add one ounce syrup sarsaparilla and one ounce Toris compound, which can be procured of any druggist. Take in teaspoonful doses before each meal and before retiring. This recipe is said to be the best known.

It is surely worth trying by anyone who may be afflicted.

Foster & Kleiser Signs.