

Over four 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 great year. 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 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 the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fell here have here thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that for 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.

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

but to inquire if Mrs. Blank is coming. If answered in the affirmative she will see Mrs. S. — the negative, then the card is left evidence falling into disuse, the English method of announcing guests being very generally accepted in the best circles of society, a post-board only being left when the lady is out or not coming.

House-hold 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 will be better.
Oh, papa, make Dick quit calling me names.
Come on to your dinner before even thing 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.
But, my dear, you sh' know I have an engagement at th' office till she can't possibly come.

Physical Training.
An authority on physical training for women gives the following directions for securing the best results, when naturally most 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; it 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 they serve as a foundation for elaborate embroidery in jeweled designs, or for the fashionable braiddings in Russian style.
Brussels 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 velvet 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 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 450,000,000.



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 any observer to look at themselves in every mirror they pass on the streets.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A SOLDIER'S STORY OF THE WAR

By 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 how 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 lumps 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 die!'"

"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, best if there wasn't na 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 '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 outpost, 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, 'I took him in my arms and bore him back, an' he 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 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.

THE IMMORTAL LINCOLN.

An Apotheosis in His Memorable First Inaugural.

In an epoch of convulsion and cataclysm 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 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.

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 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 pick 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.



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



"I TOOK HIM IN MY ARMS AND BORE HIM BACK."

and marched away between the guards. I begged, I pleaded, 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.