

Tales of Famous People.

KIND-HEARTED LINCOLN.

During the war my brother, A. I. Sutton, was in the southern army. He had held different positions, was at one time captain in the navy, was in the gunboat service, and at last, toward the end of the war, he belonged to John Morgan's command and was captured by the Union army down in Virginia, and taken as a prisoner of war to

Camp Chase, Columbus, O. He had never been a strong man and was only 22 or 23 years old. When a child he had the scarlet fever, and unfortunately he took cold and came near losing the power of speech, and ever after he had to be very careful of his health. The close confinement of prison life began to tell on him. Our family and all our friends began to use our best efforts to either have him exchanged, or be allowed to take the oath so he could return home.

Mother had one of our best lawyers get up a petition signed by influential parties, and there were ever so many working in different ways to help us, but all to no purpose. It was now some nine months he had been in prison, and he was all this time getting weaker. One morning we received a letter from the prison saying that they had no hopes of his recovery, and that when the cases became so bad, they were removed to the outside hospital, and he had been taken out. We wrote to Washington to see if the petition could not be acted on, and received word back that "the petitions were knee-deep, and that Sutton's would have to wait its turn. We were troubled and worried, for we knew if something was not done quickly it would be too late.

My mother was almost frantic with grief and she asked my younger brother, who was attending the high school, if he would write a letter to President Lincoln for her, as she was too troubled and nervous to do it herself. My brother looked at mother in amazement, and said, "Do you suppose any attention would be paid to such a letter? I doubt if the letter would ever reach him," and refused to write it and left the room. I was near, and seeing the look of disappointment and grief on mother's face, went to her and said, "Mother, I am only a little girl and cannot write or compose as well as brother could, but will sit right down and write to President Lincoln for you, tell him just how urgent the case is, and ask him to help us. No one but you and I need know I wrote the letter, so we will know we did the best we could, and if no good comes of it no one will be the wiser." So I signed mother's name, directed it to President Abraham Lincoln, Washington, D. C.

Mother and I felt so much happier and relieved after it was gone, and we had a pleasant little secret to think of. A week had just passed when, one morning, the mail carrier brought a long, large envelope addressed to mother, with no postage on, but stamped "official business." It was from Washington in answer to mother's letter, saying, "Sutton was released on the 10th by order of the president." We were so happy and overcame with thankfulness and joy, and mother immediately sent money by express for him to be sent home on, but one morning between 3 and 4 o'clock (before the money had time to get there), my brother was brought home by an attendant, all expenses paid, and mother's money was sent back to her. We were so happy to have him home, but his condition was pitiful. He was a mere shadow of his former self and seemed to be in the last stage of consumption. Mother got the best medical aid, and he got the best possible attention. For awhile we feared he would die, but he slowly gained strength and health.

My brother returned home to us Tuesday morning, April 11. On Friday evening, April 14, 1865, President Lincoln was shot at Ford's theater in Washing-

ton. One of the last kind acts of his life was to order my brother's release, and before we had time to acknowledge his kind act, his kind heartbeats had been stilled forever.

My brother is still alive, hearty and well, now 53 years old. He is in New Albany, Ind., and the main support of his widowed mother (now past 80 years old) and myself. I am still mother's comforter, housekeeper and companion. But I never hear the name of Mr. Lincoln but a kind, gentle thought steals over me, and in a single sentence to be found in his second inaugural address, the country and the world have the most complete portrayal of his character: "With malice toward none, with charity for all."—[Mrs. Hannah P. Wright.]

A GLIMPSE OF THACKERAY.

On a bright summer morning about 1851 or 1852, a cheerful voice shouted to



a group of young people: "There is to be an excursion next week to Tunbridge Wells, and Fred Richardson wants one of you girls to go with him. Hands up. The one who speaks first is the lucky one. Well done, lads, I will tell the lucky fellow to call for you." The day was lovely and our ride from London by train was very much enjoyed. I have forgotten how many miles Tunbridge Wells is from London. It was a summer resort of some prominence at that time but famed principally for a certain kind of wood which grew there named boxwood, which was at one time imported in large quantity to this country and was used by engravers to cut blocks from to make the famous wood cuts with which our old books and magazines were embellished before photography took their place.

While waiting for our dinner my brother (one of our party) came to me and said, "Young lady, your fun is all ended. You cannot stick out your tongue or make any more fun of that gentleman, for he is William Makepeace Thackeray. And just as sure as he sees you he will have your face in his next book." The gentleman referred to was a tall man with a very sad face and piercing black eyes, which have haunted me ever since. He had a dark complexion and was round-shouldered, and I afterward learned that he was there that day to visit his invalid wife, who was then being cared for at a private institution at that place. I do not wonder that his head was bowed or his face was sad, since I have grown old enough to know what sorrow is. We spent a very pleasant day, and as a souvenir I brought from the place a pretty piece of mosaic work made from boxwood which grew at the famous Tunbridge Wells, and which, everytime I look at, reminds me where I had the honor and pleasure of meeting a celebrated author, William Makepeace Thackeray.—[Gladys.]

SARCASTIC GREELEY.

The first and only time I ever saw



Horace Greeley was when making a tour of northern New York during the presidential campaign of 1864. I was attending school at Norwood, a town on the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain railroad, also the northern terminus of the Potsdam and Rome railroad. Mr. Greeley was billed to speak at Ogdensburg an afternoon and evening. Several of the students were anxious to see or hear him, but our teacher refused his permission, saying he considered school of more importance than following up that "ranting clown." When the train from the south came in, it brought a large delegation of people and several brass bands. They were met at the depot by our own town band, and escorted to the large hotel just across the park from the schoolhouse. They soon congregated on the upper

veranda of the hotel and began playing such pieces as The Star Spangled Banner, Red, White and Blue, America and other popular pieces. The noise was so deafening our teacher was obliged to close school for the remainder of the morning session. As two or three girls with myself stood listening to the music, I said to them, "I will go to the Burg if you will." They readily assented. The news that we were going soon went the rounds of the school, and in 20 minutes from the time school closed, there were 30 students, boys and girls, at the depot, all only in time to secure our tickets, when the train bringing Mr. Greeley came thundering in, drawn by two locomotives. They stopped long enough to couple on what they thought would be coaches enough to accommodate the people at Madrid and Lisbon, the two stations we were to pass before we reached Ogdensburg. We took possession of one of the vacant cars, and had it all to ourselves for a short time. We had only nicely started when Mr. Greeley came in and took a seat in the rear and began looking over an array of newspapers. I never saw a person go through a paper as quickly as he. Several items he marked and clipped, putting them into vest or coat pocket. Whenever I think of him I can see in imagination that massive forehead and clean-shaven face, with its broad grin, and those clear, keen eyes. One interested in the man would almost forget his straggling gray locks of hair or his sheep's gray suit and slouching gait. After he had finished perusing his papers, he chatted pleasantly with the boys until we reached the next station. When he left our car we did not see him again until we saw him on the platform in the hall, where he spoke to an immense crowd. As a speaker, he held his audience spellbound, while his witty sayings would call out rounds of applause. Shortly after he began speaking, someone set some dogs fighting at the foot of the stairs. Some of the men started to go down and stop the racket, but Mr. Greeley called them back, saying, "Those are only some of me democratic friends, probably trying to call the members of their party together for an opposition meeting. If you want to find a democrat, go to a dog fight, cock fight or prize fight and you will find them congregated there. They are the greatest duelists in the world and the supporters of all the haunts of vice in America. As a party they have not one redeeming trait." I think Mr. Greeley was the most sarcastic speaker I ever listened to, but what I could not understand was how he could know what pocket he put each clipping into that I saw him stowing away while on the cars, and bring each one out at just the right time, making no mistakes.—[Mary M. Curtis.]

A GLIMPSE OF THE QUEEN.

This incident was related to me by my husband, A. T. Bain, and I have given it in his own words as nearly as possible. "When I was a boy of 13 years, during the summer of 1870, I with my father and sister visited my uncle, J. J. Ed, Esq., 14 Craig Millar park, Edinburgh, Scotland. While there, it was announced that Queen Victoria would visit Perth. I have forgotten the exact time of the year, but it was near the middle of the summer of 1870. There was great excitement and expectation. People came from far and near to see her royal highness. How vividly I remember what a grand affair the royal train was, compared with their little coaches, which were not as large as our smallest freight cars. The royal coaches were a little smaller than our passenger coaches and looked quite grand on the outside. I did not see the inside. There was carpet laid from the train to the hotel, where she stopped for refreshments, and strong ropes were stretched on either side to keep the eager throng from crowding too near her majesty. These ropes were guarded by police.

"Well do I remember how rich and poor jostled one another, and how eagerly I crowded to the front. I remember in particular one poor old woman, shabbily dressed, who pushed herself through the crowd to the rope, as anxious for a glimpse of her queen as if she had been clad in richest garments. Then the queen came, a stout, good-natured looking little lady in a plain black gown and widow's cap and

veil. She bowed continually right and left in acknowledgment of the enthusiastic greeting accorded by her loyal subjects. The queen was accompanied by her 16-years-old daughter, the Princess Beatrice, whom I thought very lovely and beautiful, and do still, after all these years. John Brown, the faithful Scotch servant, followed closely, dressed in Highland costume. Then they passed from my sight, and I had seen the queen."—[Mrs. Fannie Bain.]

THE IRON DUKE.

Having read your invitation to send



anecdotes or collections of famous men I thought it would interest your readers to tell of one whom I saw when a boy, but who was not of our country, I must take your readers with me in my reminiscences across the sea to where I was born, to London, England. The one to whom I refer was Arthur, duke of Wellington, called the Iron duke. The first time I saw him was in 1845, when I was about six years of age, at Deptford, Kent, a suburb of London, on the south side of the River Thames. I was accompanied there by my mother. The duke was with several gentlemen. He was pointed out to me and I was told who he was. He held on his left arm a large paper bag, and I remember wondering what was in it. Presently he came over to where we were standing. My mother spoke to him, then he looked at me and spoke a few words to me. I do not recollect what he said, but I remember he opened the said paper bag, and taking out a cake with which it was evidently filled gave me one, and I also remember making my best bow and saying "Thank you, sir." It was a very nice looking cake, and very tempting to a small boy like me, and I was about to indulge my longing to test its quality. But, as Burns says, "The best laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft agley" (and boys, too). My mother, who was peculiar, took it away, and declared she would keep it in remembrance of the old duke. What became of it was a mystery. Whether it was stolen by the mice or whether it was finally discovered and surreptitiously eaten by a small boy, your dévotion saith not. I saw the duke several times afterward, at his residence, Apsley house, Hyde Park Corner, and elsewhere, but the last time I saw him was in the great exhibition of 1851 (which I had seen opened a few days previously by the queen and Prince Albert). He was walking about the sculpture department, looking at the statuary. He had been (so I was told) gazing very intently at a bust of himself. About two years after, when I was at a boarding school in the country, letters and papers were sent to me giving an account of his death, and the Illustrated News showing the grand funeral procession through the city of London to St. Paul's cathedral, where the hero of Waterloo was laid to rest beside his compatriot, Lord Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar.—[J. W. S.]

WARMTH.

I built a chimney for a comrade old. I did the service not for hope or hire; And then I traveled on in winter's cold. Yet all the day I glowed before the fire. [Edwin Markham.]

TEN WEEKS FOR 10 CENTS.

That his family paper, *The Illustrated Weekly*, of Denver, Colo. (founded 1880) will be sent ten weeks on trial for 10c; clubs of 6, 30c; 12 for \$1. Special offer solely to introduce it. Latest mining news and illustrations of scenery, true stories of love and adventure. Address as above and mention stamps taken.

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