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A Spy of President Lincoln

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

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Few persons have ever been aware of the connection President Lincoln had with spies. It is singular how those can be found to do such work, especially since an ignominious death is the penalty for being caught. The strangest feature of the spy system is that the more delicate woman should have done her share in it.

One day a girl about twenty-four years old went to Allan Pinkerton, who was at the head of the United States secret service bureau, and told him that she had lived at Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, and was supposed to be a secessionist. She proposed to go there, intending to offer her services to the Confederate government as a spy. [redacted] This was in 1861, when the struggle was drawing to a close. The work Mr. Lincoln gave her to do was to discover what commissary stores were in Richmond and what further supplies could be obtained.

Kate Beale went to Richmond, going through the lines without much trouble. Her accent, which she had acquired in the south, was distinctly southern and a great help to her. She wormed herself into the confidence of the wife of an important officer in the Confederate commissary department and asked him if there was not some plan by which she could assist southern sympathizers in the north in running eatables into the south. He told her there were only two ways, by blockade running and by getting a vessel to some spot of southern territory unwatched by northern troops. She proposed to start an expedition on the last named plan.

She was taken to President Davis and to the commissary general. She told them that she knew southern men in Baltimore who would run supplies through if sure they would be met by a southern force. After much discussion a point was named where supplies might be landed.

During these discussions the spy learned that if Grant succeeded in taking Petersburg, all supplies being cut off from the south, the troops and people of Richmond had almost no provisions whatever to rely upon. The surrender must follow very soon.

Having gained the information she wished for, Miss Beale made her preparations to return to Washington. The day before she intended to set out she was met on the street by a man—one of the many Washington southern sympathizers—who was carrying information to Richmond and who had seen her not long before coming out of Allan Pinkerton's office. He looked at her with a pair of steel gray eyes under bushy eyebrows and with a more than ordinary interest. She did not remember ever having seen him before, but considering her mission she felt sure she was in danger.

She pretended not to notice the man's interest in her. Walking on, but without turning to see if he followed her, she spied an empty cab. Beckoning to the driver, he pulled up at the curb, and she entered, telling him to drive her to the presidential mansion. As she was driven away she saw the man still looking at her, but pretending not to notice her. When she stopped at the president's home and alighted the man came hurrying up. She went in and asked for Mr. Davis. He was busy at the time; but, having waited awhile to see him, she went away. When she passed out of the door the man with the bushy eyebrows had disappeared. Apparently her bluff game had succeeded.

But she dare not remain in Richmond a minute longer. Not daring to go directly northward, she concluded to first go south and told the cabman to drive her to the battlefields that had been fought on by Lee and McClellan two years before, and, arriving there, she dismissed him.

Hiring vehicles where she could, walking where she could not hire them, sometimes rowing in a stolen boat on the James river, she at last reached Fortress Munroe, in possession of the federal forces. There she found a naval transport about to leave for the northland, reaching New York took a train for Washington.

When the name of Kate Beale was taken up to Mr. Lincoln he muttered a "thank God" and directed that she should be immediately conducted to him. When she entered the room where he was and he arose to greet her it seemed to her that his tall, lank figure would never cease rising. He took both her hands in his, and his expressive eyes told her how relieved he was to see her.

"I have important news for you, Mr. Lincoln," she said, and she told him what she had learned.

It was but a month after that that Grant took Petersburg and the Confederacy collapsed.

Kate Beale was paid a large sum from the secret service fund, with which she ministered to her mother's wants. She said afterward that the work was so fascinating that had the war continued longer she would have made another trip.

MONEY.

I do not believe in the doctrine that if you want to make your wife happy all you have to do is to give her plenty of money. I do not believe that possession of money and happiness are synonymous. Women want love first of all if they are provided with the right instincts. The great problem of today is the making of money. It is unquestionably the occupation that engages the minds of the vast majority of people. But from what I have seen of life and those leading it when one has obtained a competency money is superfluous, just like an excess of what is not needed to round out the figure and give it a handsome appearance. Piling up wealth then becomes like piling on flesh and greatly hinders the enjoyment of the best things of this life.—John Burroughs.

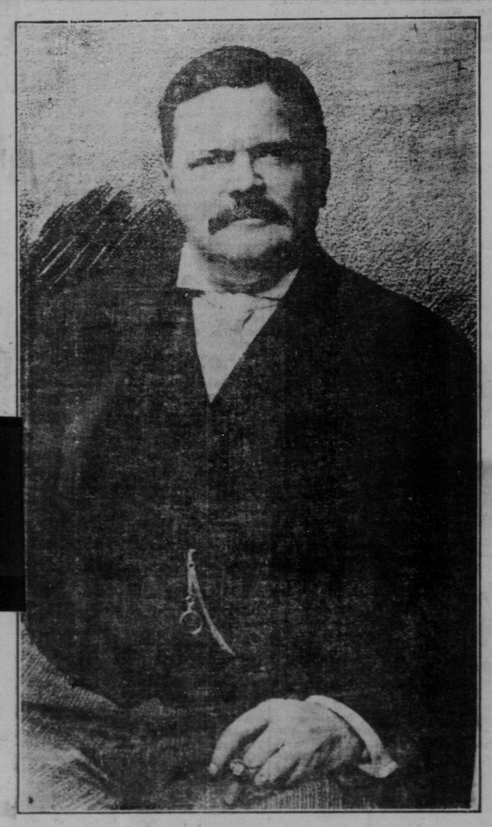


Photo by J. C. Strauss, St. Louis.

FREDERICK W. LEHMANN, NEW SOLICITOR GENERAL.

IF Frederick William Lehmann of St. Louis, recently appointed solicitor general of the United States by President Taft, had not objected to the study of German when he was a small boy he never would have arisen to the post he now holds. His mother says so. She lives in Cincinnati. Fred Lehmann was born in Prussia, as his full name indicates. When he was seven years old he carried a note to "teacher," signed with his father's name, stating that the elder Lehmann did not wish his son to study German. The boy wrote it himself. The elder Lehmann put the younger Lehmann through a course of sprouts. Fred ran away from home, and his folks didn't hear from him for ten years. He settled in Iowa, grew up, studied law, got married and became the leading lawyer of several neighborhoods. Twenty years ago he settled permanently in St. Louis. Notwithstanding his disinclination for his native tongue in his childhood Mr. Lehmann has become a man of wide culture.

One Advantage of a Red Head

By F. A. MITCHEL

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I was born with a head of fiery red hair. As a kid I remember people looking at it as they would at a burning barn, making all kinds of allusions to my hair and countless jokes, many of them very poor and in bad taste and all obnoxious to me.

When I grew old enough to have a sweetheart I was obliged to go without one, all on account of the growth on my head. I kept it cut very short, but without effect. Just as soon as I came in contact with man, woman or child I saw at once that my hair was against me. One thing I would not do—I refused all barbers who suggested my permitting them to dye it. On entering their shops I would say, "Hair cut; no dye." Whenever, after this notice, a barber offered to give my hair a different color I glared at him and told him that if he repeated the offer he must fight. I thrashed so many people for reference to my blemish that I became an expert boxer.

Hoping that the people of the west were more considerate than those of the east, I went to Denver. The first salute I received there was: "Hello, carrot top! Y' goin' to set the timber on the mountings afire?" I had got tired of thrashing people and turned away without a word. I sought employment in a large manufacturing concern. On entering the office my eyes lighted on a gentleman sitting at a desk who had red hair, for all the world as red as mine. He looked up, and in an instant his gaze was fixed on my top.

He arose from his chair and, advancing to the office rail, grasped my hand in a viselike grip.

"My dear sir," he said warmly and with a respectful mien I had never before been favored with, "what can I do for you?"

"I'm seeking employment."

"You shall have it right here. What can you do?"

"Nothing. I must learn. But I'm willing to work without pay till I do."

"You'll not work without pay here. Judging from your appearance, you are well bred and educated. A man of your condition can't get on with less than a hundred dollars a month. I'll give you that and put you in our best department. Mr. Stamper!" he called.

An employee advanced, and I noticed he, too, had a red head. He was instructed to put me to work and on the payroll at the same time. As I passed through the works I noticed every man had a red head, but none so red as mine and the manager's. Ours was the same hue exactly.

"You'll be shoved up ahead of us all," said the man who had taken me in charge.

"Why so?" I asked.

"You're the only man here who has as red hair as the president."

The words proved true. I was jumped from one grade to another so fast that I barely had time to learn the duties in each. And every time I jumped my salary jumped too.

This was not all. Mr. Flynn, the president and principal owner, asked me one day to come to his house to dinner. I went, of course, and was introduced to his family. Every one of his children had red hair of various shades. His oldest daughter, Emily, had veritable Titian locks. For the first time in my life I felt easy in social company. For the first time not a person about me looked at my head, much less referred to it. Miss Emily Flynn was very gracious to me and was the first young woman who had ever thus treated me so. I was happy as a clam at high tide. After dinner she led me into a separate parlor, and I spent the hours there chatting with her. They were thus far the happiest hours of my life. I left her with a wildly beating heart.

To make a long story short, Miss Flynn encouraged me and I encouraged Miss Flynn. One day she told me I might go to her father and ask for her. I did so and was accepted for a son-in-law with great gusto. "Go back to Em," he said, "and tell her you have my hearty consent, and remain to dinner."

I spent the afternoon with Emily and dined with the family. After dinner Mr. Flynn said to me:

"You have shown wonderful restraint in not asking why I have welcomed you into my business and into my family. The time has come for me to enlighten you.

"Years ago I came to this country from Ireland without a cent and worked at any job I could get in a great city. One day I was arrested, accused of stealing from a Jew. He had told the police that a red headed Irishman had robbed him. I was stood in line with several other men, and this Jew picked me out as the man who had robbed him. I was tried, and the evidence was strong against me. I was about to be convicted when a red headed man strolled in among the spectators. My attorney, following a suggestion given by the man's red hair, called for him and placed him beside me. Then he sent for the Jew and when he came into court asked him which of the two had robbed him. The Jew couldn't tell. He had simply identified me because the man who had robbed him had a red head. The jury acquitted me at once.

"'God bless red headed men!' I exclaimed. 'From this day they are all my bosom friends.'

"And it has always been my wish to have a red headed son-in-law and be the progenitor of generations of red headed descendants."

LIFE.

When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.—Sir William Temple.

It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives.—Samuel Johnson.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—Benjamin Franklin.

The winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators.—Edward Gibbon.

CORPORATIONS.

The greatest danger menacing Republican institutions today is the overbalancing control of city, state and national legislation by the wrongful use of the wealth and power of public service, industrial and financial corporations. The influence which rules may be traced to the close association of political and corporate power. It is a complete system. It defrauds the people, defeats legislation in the public interests and passes laws for the special interests. The only power that can save the government from these corrupting interests is direct nominations, the initiative and the referendum and the recall. They are all expressions of the citizens' desire to wrest legislation from corporate control and restore it to the people.—Senator La Follette.

WHEN THE TIME CAME

By M. QUAD

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Mrs. Sarah Drew was a New Hampshire widow. She owned a farm, and Jake White was her hired man. He was a good man and a good worker and had been with the family for three years when Farmer White died. It will never be known to outsiders whether Mr. White, when told that he was to be gathered to his fathers, called Jake to his bedside and said:

"I must go, but I am consoled by the thought that I leave Sarah in good hands. Give her a year or so to mourn my loss and then propose matrimony."

Three years went by and Jake had not spoken. There were times when he thought he was encouraged to speak out and other times when he was prepared to come in from the field after a hard day's work and learn that the widow was engaged to the sewing machine agent who had that route. The widow, too, had thoughts. It was more than once whispered about that Jake was in love with this or that farmer girl, and she had come to feel that his loss would be a double one.

Mrs. Drew had been a widow for four years and Jake White had done bushels and bushels of thinking when winter came on. When the foot or more of snow which heralded the change of season had got packed down on the highway Providence put it into Jake's head to get out the big hand sled and propose a ride down the long and winding hill. Providence didn't go so far as to put the widow next as to what would happen, but it meant well by both. It had been a long time, and Providence meant to hurry things up a bit. Half a dozen of the neighbors were to take part in that moonlight sleigh ride, but for one reason or another all backed out, leaving the two alone. Probably this was another trick on the part of Providence.

About the time the sled was drawn out for the glide Elder Henderson, who lived just beyond the foot of the hill, was saying to his wife:

"Martha, I bought ten bushels of taters of the Widder White yesterday."

"We'll need 'em all before spring," was the reply.

"I was goin' for 'em tomorrer, but it's such a nice night that I dunno but I'll yoke up the oxen and jog along now."

"Might as well, I guess, but look out that the taters don't get frostbit. You know how nighsighted you are in the moonlight. If you hear sleighbells you'd better give 'em the road."

"Nighsighted!" he indignantly sniffed. "Don't you go to makin' out that I'm a hundred years old. Why, I could pick up a pin on the darkest night you ever saw. I've got just the same rights as anybody, and I'm dinged if I give more'n half the road."

The oxen were yoked in due time and started out. There were bags to hold the potatoes and blankets to cover the bags, and any old sport would have given odds of two to one that the elder, the oxen and its cargo would arrive at the top of the hill right end up after a climb of twenty minutes. The wager would have been made without taking Providence into consideration, and the old sport would have lost.

The Widow White was bundled up and seated on the sled. In fact, she was strapped on. Jake sat close behind her, dragging the foot that was to steer the sled a straight course. As they were ready to start it came over him to speak of his love. A feeling came to the widow that he was going to, but the time was not ripe. Providence figures those things down to minutes and seconds. As Jake shut his mouth on his words and started the sled Elder Henderson, near the foot of the hill, started singing a hymn. He not only loved the sound of his singing, but he thought the oxen ought to be encouraged. His voice came floating up the hill, and as Jake caught it he said:

"Mrs. White, that's Elder Henderson."

"Yes."

"He's probably coming after those potatoes with his oxen and sled."

"Well?"

"He'll be in the middle of the road, and as our sled is already getting away from control there's going to be a smashup. I want to say to you that I have loved you for the last three years and to ask you if you will marry me?"

"Oh, Jake!"

"It's the elder and the oxen for sure. Yes or no?"

"It's so sudden!"

"Right in the middle of the road, and we'll be into them in ten seconds."

"Must I—I"—

"Five seconds more!"

"Then—yes!"

Elder Henderson was marching ahead of the oxen, a hero leading the way. He was struck and sent flying and his tune cut short. Then the sled struck the oxen and flung them into the ditch and made a long jump over the other and a minute later was at the foot of the hill and Jake was saying:

"We might say the first of next week for the wedding!"

It didn't come off quite as quick as that, as they waited for the elder's cuts and bruises to heal so that he could be a guest, but things came all right in a little time, and a favorite saying of the elder's is:

"All the hand of Providence, sir. If I hadn't set out to sled them taters home that night there might never have been a marriage."

LOST IN THE CATACOMBS

By GROVER J. GRIFFIN

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When I was a boy reading stories of Rome in connection with my studies the great desire of my life was to visit the Eternal City and the localities at which the incidents I read about occurred. I wished to go over the seven hills on which the city had been built; I wished to see the Forum, the home of the vestal virgins, the spot where Castor and Pollux appeared, marked now by the ruins of their temple; I wished to see the Coliseum, the triumphal arches, the Pantheon. Above all, I desired to go down into the catacombs where the early Christians secretly deposited their dead.

The time finally came when I reached the object of my desires. I visited Rome. On the steamer crossing the Atlantic and later steaming over the Mediterranean I met Marian Chambers, and, sitting on deck moonlight nights with her, I caught from her a fever—the fever of love. By the time we reached Gibraltar I was down, and during the whole voyage from there to Naples I was very ill with this irritating disease. I was cured on the homeopathic principal that like cures like. The love of the girl given in gradually increased doses put me in a normal condition.

By the time we reached Rome I was ready to enjoy the sights I had counted on seeing ever since I began to study Latin. And now I had a loved companion to visit them with me. The catacombs that had interested me most I reserved till the last. Marian and I had a fancy for slipping away from those we traveled with and going sightseeing together. One morning we took a carriage, drove out on the Appian way and stopped at the entrance of those subterranean passages I had long wished to explore.

We were in time to join a party about to descend, were each given a wax taper, and a monk in a white cowl, who was to pilot us, led us down a stone staircase at the bottom of which were the catacombs.

We followed the taper light procession for awhile, but finally—at the time I would not tell how it happened, but now I am an old married man I will admit that I was never happy for half an hour at a time without a kiss from my Marian, and I led her away from the others for the purpose of taking one. As soon as this object had been accomplished we started on after the others. Immediately we came to a split in the passage, and the party had gone so far that we could not tell which of the two avenues they had taken. Making choice of the left hand passage, we ran as fast as we could, only to find new splits and turns and corners, but not the party. We were lost.

People have been lost before in these underground burial places and have narrated their experiences. In our case there is something different from any of them. I had a box of matches in my pocket that I carried for cigar lighters. We also had two tapers. As soon as I realized that we were lost I put out both the tapers, and, being in a small open space where was a Christian's skeleton in a sarcophagus, we sat down on the latter to think.

What would be the result of our thus being lost underground? We would not be missed by the party we had joined, for we knew not one of them. Parties were going through the catacombs every day, but would they happen to come our way? Besides, we might starve before we were discovered. There was nothing whatever for us to subsist on. We might try to find our way out, but there were many miles of these subterranean passages, and we were liable to wander farther from the entrance. The result of our deliberations was to remain where we were.

I will pass over some twenty hours of our captivity without attempting to describe our feelings. The most hopeless part of it was that our friends did not know where we were. We passed most of the time in the dark, for I wished to save our tapers and matches for any opportunity that might occur. While sitting on the sarcophagus something ran on my foot. I scratched a match, and its flame revealed the two glistening eyes of a rat.

I at once lighted a taper, and while Marian held it I tried to catch the rat. If he would serve no other purpose we might need to eat him. I didn't have much trouble getting my hands on him. I think he knew we were lost there and was willing to help us out. Then an idea occurred to me. Scribbling a note on a letter I had in my pocket, stating that we were lost in the catacombs, I held the rat while Marian tied the note with a strip torn from her handkerchief around the little fellow's neck. Then we put him down. He gave us the most knowing look in the world and ran away.

Half an hour later I felt the rat running over my feet. I lit a taper and saw that he was without either the note or the strip by which it had been fastened to him. This gave us hope that it had been removed by a human being. Ten minutes later I heard a halloo. I replied, and after a number of calls we could see the dim light of tapers, then a party coming to search for us. They had received the message, but had not missed us when the party we had started with returned.

We brought the rat out with us. He sleeps at night in a cage and by day goes where he likes.

PATRIOTISM.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land—
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell.
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim—
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.
—Sir Walter Scott.

BROTHERHOOD.

I have no respect for the man or social fugitive who flees lest he fall. If the brotherhood of man is fact instead of fancy everybody who has fallen has the right to a helping hand. In this way it is possible to acquire a moral worth unequaled by those receiving the plaudits of the multitude—to acquire a moral heroism unequaled by the warrior. The recognition of social duty is the key to the peace of the world. The recognition of social duty will ultimately bring to the world universal peace and the end of all wars. —Senator Gore.

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