

The University of Maine

DigitalCommons@UMaine

Maine History Documents

Special Collections

1907

In Memoriam: Shepard Keene Linscott, Born March 6, 1837, Died December 11, 1906

J. A. Swaney

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/mainehistory>



Part of the [History Commons](#)

This Monograph is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@UMaine. It has been accepted for inclusion in Maine History Documents by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@UMaine. For more information, please contact um.library.technical.services@maine.edu.

Maine

Pamp
389
Vickery

Love's Tribute.

LIBRARIES
UNIVERSITY OF MAINE
AT ORONO



State of Maine Collection
RAYMOND H. FOGLER LIBRARY
ORONO



Yours truly
Richard

In Memoriam

Shepard Keene Linscott

Born March 6, 1837.

Died December 11, 1906.



PRESIDENT: The Banking House of S. K. Linscott; The National Bank of Holton, Kansas. 1874-1906.

VICE-PRESIDENT: The San Miguel Land Company, Chinamecca, Mexico.

DIRECTOR: The Mahogany Lumber and Transportation Company, Mobile, Alabama.

MONOTYPED AND PRINTED BY
CRANE & COMPANY,
TOPEKA, KAN.
1907.

This little book of remembrances and kindly tributes
from those who knew him best, is lovingly dedicated to
the memory of

SHEPARD KEENE LINSKOTT.

LIFE HISTORY.

SHEPARD KEENE LINSKOTT was born March 6, 1837, on a farm at Chesterville, Maine, of Puritan parents, being the only son of Shepard Linscott and Esther Keene-Linscott, and grew to young manhood in the New England home.

This home was built by his grandfather, Samuel Linscott, a soldier of the War of the American Revolution, who after the close of the war, in 1781, went from Harpswell, a sea-port village, into the wilds of Maine, and purchased 1500 acres of pine woodland, and cleared the land, erected a saw-mill, and made a home, where he lived and died, a pioneer, and where his children and his children's children were born and grew to manhood and womanhood.

When a boy of sixteen he went to the then frontier—Illinois, beyond the railroads—and made a home in Henry county. When eighteen years old, by a remarkable coincidence his father and mother both died the same day—the father while visiting his daughter in Bath, Maine, and the mother at the home with him in Illinois. At nineteen, desiring all the education he could obtain, he entered Hamilton College, a Baptist institution at Clinton, N. Y., where he made the acquaintance of Miss Myra Simmons, to

whom he was afterward married, March 8, 1858, and together they went to a farm near Washington, Iowa,—still on the frontier. To this union were born a son and a daughter. The son died at the age of three, and the mother's death followed soon, leaving the little daughter, Esther, now Mrs. Theodore Saxon.

Soon after, he enlisted in the Ninth Illinois Cavalry, and served in Alabama and Mississippi until after the close of the Civil War. He was one of the few old soldiers who never applied for a pension, although he was told by physicians on several occasions that he was entitled to one, and was repeatedly urged to ask for it.

After the war he returned to Washington county, Iowa, and in the fall of 1865 entered the mercantile business in Dayton.

April 19, 1866, he married Josephine Mallett, at the home of her sister, Mrs. T. P. Moore, in Washington, Iowa. To this union were born seven sons, the eldest of whom died in infancy, the remaining six, grown to manhood, with their mother and sister mourn his death.

In December, 1868, Mr. Linscott moved to Washington and entered into partnership with T. P. Moore in the grocery business, residing there nearly four years. In the spring of 1872, having sold his interest in the grocery business, he conducted a lumber yard at Seymour, Iowa, and in July came to Kansas,—still on the frontier,—coming from Netawaka by stage to Holton, where he decided

to locate, bringing his family September 1st, on the first passenger train that entered the town. He engaged in the banking business as cashier of the Holton Exchange Bank, and in 1874 sold his half-interest to T. P. Moore, and established the Banking House of S. K. Linscott, which he has successfully conducted for nearly a third of a century, and which he now leaves to his sons, whom he has educated to that business.

Before the Civil War, Mr. Linscott was made a Mason, and he always carried out in a liberal way the precepts and teachings of that order.

He has always been an upbuilder. In Illinois, in Iowa, in Kansas, and on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec in Mexico, he helped to open up new countries and made the "prairies to blossom as the rose,"—"two blades of grass to grow where only one had grown before," taking a great delight and pleasure in seeing things grow. In this community he has always been identified with the improvement and advancement of all things good, not only in converting the raw prairies into comfortable homes, but also in the matter of schools, churches, agriculture, and live-stock.

For Campbell University Mr. Linscott has done more than any other one man, except A. G. Campbell, and it was due largely to his earnest solicitations that Mr. Campbell became interested in the project of establishing a college in Holton.

There is hardly a church of any denomina-

tion in this county that Mr. Linscott has not helped to build.

He was among the first to bring the tame grasses and improved breeds of hogs, cattle, horses and sheep into Jackson county. Many a young man has been materially helped by his counsel and advice.

For many years he had been battling with a stomach trouble, which in the winter of 1904-5 developed into pernicious anæmia. In July he went to Battle Creek Sanitarium for treatment, and regained in a measure, but not entirely, his former health, and again in January, 1906, returned to Battle Creek, and came home in May in better health. October 3d he drove his faithful and favorite driving-horse, Otto W. (2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$), down-town, stopping here and there to chat with friends. It was carnival week, and many were in town, and he greatly enjoyed meeting and talking with his friends of many years (including Senator Harris, the speaker of the day), many of whom he had not seen for some time, and whom he was destined not to meet again in this world. The next morning about nine o'clock, as he attempted to rise from his chair in front of the open fireplace, he fell in a faint, and for a couple of weeks was up and down and around the rooms at times, but after that never left his bed, except when carried.

Clare came up from Mobile, Alabama, to visit him; Esther came from Topeka nearly every week; Frank was over from Farmington frequently; Ralph was in from his farm

every few days; Walter came up from Mobile with his wife and children in November; George came in daily; while his wife and Sidney were with him constantly. He very greatly enjoyed these visits, and seemed to realize much more fully than any of the rest of the family did that the sands of his earthly life were running out. He said several times, "I am ready."

Saturday morning, December 1st, he became satisfied that he could live only a few days here; and at his own request, in the hope that at the Battle Creek Sanitarium where he had twice before gained strength he might again improve in health, he was taken in a special Pullman car to the Sanitarium, accompanied by his wife and three sons, Frank, Clare and Sidney, and by Dr. Eggleston, who came from the Sanitarium to attend him, and who had been his physician when he was at the Sanitarium both times before. He stood the trip so well, and seemed to be gaining so nicely for a few days, that Frank and Clare returned to their homes, and on Thursday Sidney wrote home that "If father continues to improve for another week as he has so far, I will come home." But it was not to be: Saturday night a change came, and from that time on he grew weaker and was unconscious most of the time, but suffered no pain. At a few minutes past three Tuesday afternoon he opened his eyes and smiled and nodded to his wife, and closed his eyes, and in ten minutes his life on earth was at an end,—

he had "crossed the bar,"—December 11th, 1906, at 3:20 P. M.

The next morning the funeral party started on its sad journey home, and was met at St. Joseph, Mo., by Walter and Clare from Mobile, and at Whiting by Frank and family from Farmington, and arrived home at 11:20 A. M. Thursday, where the other three children and their families awaited them. It was a sad home-coming—the wife, daughter and six sons with the husband and father whom they all so loved and respected, silent in death.

The funeral services were held at the family residence at two o'clock Friday afternoon, and were conducted by Rev. J. A. Swaney. Rev. E. V. Claypool offered prayer. During the services a quartette composed of W. A. Smyth, H. C. Tucker, Miss Nell Lowell and Miss Grace Chadwick sang "Rock of Ages," "Sweet and Low," and "Nearer, my God, to Thee," three of the hymns he liked. The six sons were the active pall-bearers—at his expressed wish—and the honorary pall-bearers were T. P. Moore, John Q. Myers, Max Sarbach, Charles Morris, W. W. Naylor, M. M. Beck, I. T. Price, and J. H. Lowell. The casket was completely covered with floral tributes from friends and the Masonic and Eastern Star Lodges, Daughters of the American Revolution, the Wednesday, Friday and Bookman Clubs.

As a mark of respect to the memory of S. K. Linscott all of the vessels in the harbor at

Mobile, Alabama, carried their flags at half-mast.

The three banks in Holton, Kansas, were closed during the time of the funeral.

AN APPRECIATION.

In reading a part of the 21st verse of the 8th chapter of Judges,—“As the man is, so is his strength,”—I find an illustration of decision of character. According to a man’s decision, so is his strength. I think the theme, decision of character, is applicable on the present occasion.

Decision of character is masterful. It indicates clear judgment. It means strength of will. As steam power is to an ocean steamer, so is will to a decisive man. Good judgment and strong will make the master spirit. Cæsar, before crossing the Rubicon, must have spent much time in forming his plans, but he had the good judgment to gain something at every step, and when he had fully resolved upon his course, nothing could have induced him to retreat or falter. Such a man does not sit down to feast on good resolutions, any more than a bee stops to eat the little load of honey which it is carrying to the hive; but he fixes his eye on an object, and never gives up the pursuit of it till he has reached it. Such a character is not easily conquered.

It is related of a man who lost a large estate, that, being reduced to absolute want, he went forth one day to put an end to his life, but wandering about almost unconsciously,

he came to the brow of an eminence overlooking his lost property. There he sat for a number of hours fixed in thought, till at last he sprang from the ground with a vehement, exulting emotion. He had resolved that the whole estate should be his own again. He had formed his plan, and he began at once to execute it. He did the first work he could find, which was to shovel coal. His little gains were wisely used. He soon bought cattle and sold them, and all his profits were turned to greater profits, until finally he more than recovered his possessions. Whatever some may have thought of this man as to a part of his life, we admire his unyielding purpose. No doubt he had severe critics. It is always so with pushing men. Some one is defeated, and denounces the successful. Washington was the worst abused man in this whole land. While he gained an immortal inheritance for this country, he defeated the selfish ambitions of men, who turned upon him with the bitterest denunciations.

One thing I have tried to learn: to avoid measuring every man with my own personal standard. A quaint quartet has been my teacher:

“Their iron bedsteads they have fetched,
To try our hopes upon;
If we're too short, we must be stretched,—
Cut off, if we're too long.”

William Carey was a fine example of decision. His whole life showed it. He began it in his boyhood. Having lamed himself when a boy in climbing a tree, as soon as he

was able to leave the house he went to that identical tree, and climbed up to that identical spot which he had at first intended to reach.

Some men in the world have been mere nothings. But decisive characters are the wonders of the world. When we think of either John Calvin or John Wesley, his sermons seem enough for any man to preach in a lifetime, and the books he wrote seem enough for a whole life, and even the books he read seem enough of themselves for a life-work.

What shall be our model? The vane? It turns with every wind. The anvil? That is better, for it stands unmoved by the stroke of the hammer, and so should we be "steadfast, unmovable." Still better is it to take the sun for our model, which never fails to complete his ample rounds, and shines all the same, though dismal clouds obstruct his rays. We should not be as dead fish, which always float down stream but never up; but we should be like the living fish, which swim up stream faster than the dead ones float down.

We long for decision of character. I have wished, when preaching, that I might inspire it in others. I have desired always to make as strong an impression as I once did upon a little boy,—not an impression just like that, to be carried out in the same way,—but one as strong for practical purposes as that was for demonstration. That boy heard me preach one Sunday evening, and when he went home he got all the children of the house

together in one room, and began repeating my sermon. When he got to calling Daniel out of the lions' den, he roused the whole household, who came running from all the other rooms, exclaiming, "Where is the fire?" I have never forgotten that occasion, and it has strengthened my desire that every sermon I preach might make a strong impression for the higher life, and that people might run to and fro, crying, "There is a fire started; come, and help us spread it; let us set the world on fire with mighty deeds."

This preaching with decision so as to win decision in others, recalls one of my interviews with Mr. Linscott. I take it from my journal, which was written without any thought of its going beyond the privacy of my own family:

"SATURDAY, June 10, 1893.—Mr. Linscott, banker, came voluntarily into our yard this morning, scythe in hand, and cut the grass. He said he would mow for me if I would preach for him. He is a kind and noble man, and I do most earnestly desire so to preach to him, and live before him, as to win him to all he can be in life."

We often talked together, on strictly religious as well as on many other subjects, and mostly we were in harmony. Once he mentioned to me one of his difficulties, but after I had explained it he made no further reference to it, and seemed to be satisfied.

He and his wife spent a Sabbath with us in Seneca, which was December 15, 1901, and after I had preached he said, "That sermon

was worth my coming all the way to Seneca to hear."

You will not wonder that this recalled the aspiration recorded in my journal, which I have just read.

I now quote from my journal of Saturday, November 22, 1902: "I have an excellent letter from Mr. Linscott, of Holton, and a piece of obsidian, which he picked up amid the ruins of Mitla, near Oaxaca, Mexico." In this letter he speaks in the most courteous and friendly manner of Mrs. Swaney's call on Mrs. Linscott, closing with the kindest of thoughtful words to myself.

The first time I saw Mr. Linscott was soon after I came to live in Holton. We met on the street, and though we had never spoken together yet each knew who the other was. We introduced ourselves, and from that hour we were friends. Nothing ever came between us to disturb our friendship. It was friendship at sight, and friendship that sight always increased.

His name is in a highly honored list of my friends. I take a suggestion from Shakespeare and say, The friends I have, and their adoption tried, are grappled to my soul with hooks of steel. In that list I find Mr. Linscott.

If it is true, as Plato says, that "True friendship between man and man is infinite and immortal," then my friendship with this man is far from being ended.

I can never forget the last time I was at his bedside during his affliction. He laid his

hand upon my wrist and my hand and held me. He was animated and cordial. I said: "It is now more than thirteen years since we first met, and in all that time our friendship has been perfectly smooth; there has never been a ripple to disturb it." He answered most fervently, "No, not a single ripple." How joyfully my mind recalled the past! How cheerfully were the doors of Mr. Linscott's hospitality always thrown open to make me and mine welcome.

As the engine is to a train, so is energy to a man. Mr. Linscott had the energy always to be found in decision of character. He reminds me of Napoleon, who never waited a minute when he could use that minute, but moved while others were getting ready to move, and so held the mastery. So was it with Mr. Linscott in the affairs of life. Whatever he planned, he did; did he begin anything, it was finished; he was successful in all things; in all my experience of Mr. Linscott he never failed in anything he undertook.

Diligence and thrift go together—a fact which Mr. Linscott's whole life demonstrated. There was no neglect with him. He put up the bars behind him; he kept all things in their proper order. He was always in motion, and kept all around him in motion. He had a vivid and forceful personality, which impressed itself on the business life of his community.

He was a reader and a thinker. He was always ready to converse on a great variety

of subjects. If a farmer, who had never seen him, had met him abroad and talked with him, he would have said, "That is an intelligent farmer;" if a banker had so met him and talked, he would have said, "That is a well-informed banker;" if a live-stock dealer had so met him and talked, he would have said, "That man knows all about horses, and hogs and cattle and sheep;" if a lawyer had so met him and talked, he would have said, "That man is a well-read lawyer;" if a preacher had so met him and talked on theology, he would have said, "That man is one of those preachers who understands theology."

Mr. Linscott always inspired me in our conversations. I never talked with him without finding out something which I never knew before. When I stood in the pulpit and saw him in the congregation, he was an inspiration for the sermon.

He was an ardent friend. His physician at Battle Creek felt the magnetism and charm of his friendship. He said he never had a patient to whom he became so thoroughly attached as he did to Mr. Linscott; he talked often with him and was much profited by the conversations; and said he received advice in many things which would be of use to him all his life.

Mr. Linscott's strong personality makes it difficult for us to realize that he is gone. It seems strange to me even now that I do not see his living form and hear his animated voice in this house.

When I thought of moving to this city for my last residence, Holton was a sky full of bright stars. Mr. Linscott belonged to the galaxy. I coveted the light of the stars to live in.

“But star by star declines,
Till all will pass away.”

Whatever Mr. Linscott was in the community, he was more in the family circle. There he was preëminent in good qualities. He was a perfect gentleman in the family. No one could be kinder. His grown-up children received his fatherly attention just as they had done in their earliest years. I have been in the family. I have been accustomed to study human nature; I know whereof I speak. It was the love of his home which made him say, when about to start on his last trip to Battle Creek: “There is one drawback to this: if the end comes soon, I would rather die at home.” It was the love of his home, which prompted him, when speaking of his death, to request that his sons might be his pall-bearers. It was the love of his children, which led him, every Sabbath, to write to all the absent ones. It was his love for his family, and his reverence for God, that caused him to commence and to continue to the time of his illness, the regular reading of the Bible in his family.

Two days before going for the last time to the Sanitarium, when speaking of his affairs to his oldest son, he referred to his death as probably near at hand, and said, “I am ready.” To be ready, means previous

thought and preparation. The one who does not think beforehand is not ready for a voyage; but the one who thinks and wisely plans is ready when the hour comes to leave home. I am glad to hear of this word *ready* from Mr. Linscott. I had it in my mind, but it is better to hear it from his own lips. I begin to realize that the aspiration recorded in my journal bore fruit.

When I was stationed in Topeka, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Linscott's little son, Gordon, died April 17, 1899, and I was called to the funeral. Yesterday I received from Mr. Linscott's daughter, Esther, the following touching letter: "Do you remember when Susie's baby died, we had the funeral at home? When father telephoned us absent ones, he said, 'We are all well, and "all is well" with the babe.' I think of my dear father now. 'All is well with him.' Few can say it with so much truth."

I know something of it. I knew Mr. Linscott perhaps better than anyone outside of the family, and I think I know something of our heavenly Father, and I have already been in my study alone, and said to Him who sees in secret, "My friend is with thee, to be there forever."

Adieu! my friend, adieu! adieu! husband! father! It was in our thoughts to have thee with us in future years, but we have heard a voice from on high, saying, "My thoughts are not your thoughts, for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my thoughts

higher than your thoughts." To these higher thoughts we implicitly yield.

Mr. Linscott must have greatly enjoyed Whittier's poem on "Eternal Goodness":

"Within the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings;
I know that God is good.

"I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

"I know not what the future hath,
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

"And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,—
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

Let me add a few lines from Browning, the preacher's poet,—the poet of strong and inspiring faith,—lines with which I am in perfect accord:

"The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, 'The whole I planned;'
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all nor be afraid."

Holton, Kansas.

REV. J. A. SWANEY.

After the benediction by Rev. Mr. Claypool, at the grave, the six sons laid the mortal body of the husband and father in its last resting-place in the family burial lot where the winds

whispering through the pines sing a gentle requiem and the setting sun casts his last ray.

It is fitting that Mr. Linscott's last resting-place should be so near to, and in plain view of, "Hickory Hill," the farm he liked so well, and in which for more than a quarter of a century he had taken so much pride, and where, especially during the last few years, he spent so many happy hours.

THE AFTERMATH.

In the sadness of this hour, with its grief, there never fails the sweet consolation that existence ends here only that a larger, fuller life may begin; that death may come, as come it will, soon or late to all.

"Yet love will dream and faith will trust,
Since He who knows our needs is just,
That somehow, somewhere meet we must."

For us the loneliness, the emptiness of bare hours, the cruel hurt of silence; for us the loneliness,—yes, yet more: the undying memories, the bequeathed ideals and nobilities that will not let us be less than regal of soul.

In the presence of such a life, sincere, intellectual, unselfish, active and loving, we lived and grew into finer beings. And so strong was his hold on us, and so beautiful the influence and example he put forth, that he whom we call dead lives in our lives, an uplifting power.

Topeka, Kansas.

ESTHER J. SAXON.

THE SILVER WEDDING.

The following remarks were made by Mr. Linscott on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his wedding:

“*Ladies and Gentlemen,—Friends:* We welcome your kind presence with us this evening to assist us in the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of our wedding day. Twenty-five years ago, Josephine M. Mallett and Shepard K. Linscott exchanged vows and were united in the holy bonds of wedlock. To you who have “been there” I will ask that you return with us to that happy day. What brave resolves, what high hopes, were ours on that day; what would we not *dare* and *do* for the sweet girl who stood by our side and gave her happiness, aye, her very self, into our keeping. Think of the grand ‘Castle in Spain’ we builded for our love. What matters it that we saw that castle fall? Did not we rear another and another: digging deeper and building the foundations broader each time, as we left the ruins of the last along the pathway of our life? And shall we say this castle-building was all in vain? I think not. Rather, are they not like the green leaves that cover the crooked stems and sharp thorns of the rose-bush, making a beautiful background for the lovely flower that charms the eye and fills the air with its sweetness? Should not we be glad that we can build castles in the air? But let us see—have all our fair hopes

fallen in ruins by the wayside? How about that sweet, pure, true love she gave us. It has not failed; no, never—not one single time. It has gone with us each morning as we went out to engage in the struggle for bread; cheering us through the long weary hours of toil. Ever and always greeting us on our return to the dear one with a sweet smile and a kind word, making our toil a pleasure. I use the word 'always' advisedly, for in all these twenty-five years there has no unkind word, no not one, ever come to me from those dear lips. And now, my dear Josie, allow me to present to you the legal title to this home you have always made so pleasant for us all, and I am sure that every heart under this roof joins with me in wishing that you may live long to enjoy it, and that at each recurrence of this our wedding day you can look back and feel in your heart that this last year is the very happiest of all your life; and I now and here pledge you anew my loyalty and love, and promise to use my every endeavor to make the next twenty-five years of your life happier than the last."

APRIL 19, 1891.

November 4, 1906, being the birthday of his oldest son, he called him and his family to his bedside, and taking the hand of his wife in the one hand and that of his son in the other, he spoke in a very impressive manner the following words of congratulation:

“My son, you have a birthday to-day. Let me congratulate you on having been born into so good a country; and having so good a woman for a mother; and so sweet and loving a woman for a wife; and the prospects for the future with two such bright children; and on being the head of so long a line of brothers, of none of whom you need be ashamed; and on having a home to shelter your family, and an income sufficient to provide them with all the necessities of life and many of the luxuries; and when the burden is lifted from you, may it be as one grand finale, like a glorious Kansas sunset.”

HIS LAST EXPRESSION.

Love was to him a guiding star. He believed it to be the foundation of all things good and true in life. One of the last coherent expressions in the delirium that clouded the last few hours of his life was: “Oh, love, *love*, LOVE,—there is nothing like it.”

TRIBUTES FROM FRIENDS WHO WHO KNEW HIM BEST.

For nearly thirty-five years S. K. Linscott and I were warm personal friends. During the greater portion of that time I was his confidential legal adviser, and probably no person outside of his immediate family circle knew him more intimately than I. Inasmuch as he was to himself truthful and candid, and hated cant and hypocrisy, he would not, I am sure, wish me in writing this article to "write anything more than truth for friendship"; and I therefore write of him as I knew him.

As a broad-minded, level-headed, shrewd and energetic business man, he had few equals. In business affairs he was at once cautious and courageous. Generally most conservative in business transactions, he was not averse to assuming risks incident to legitimate business ventures. Every contemplated business enterprise of importance, however, received his most careful scrutiny and deliberate consideration before meeting with his approval. Endowed by nature with a strong mentality, his mind trained and broadened in the school of experience, he was seldom at fault, either in broad comprehension of the subject or grasp of details incident thereto. His course of action once decided upon, he did not hesitate. With him, to determine was to act; and when on the 11th day of December, 1906, he joined

the silent majority, he had not learned from personal experience the meaning of the word "failure." He succeeded in acquiring a competency of wealth, in winning and retaining the respect, the confidence and the good-will of his friends and neighbors, and the warmest love of those who were nearest to him, simply because he deserved all of these good things. He might well have said, as did Portius:

" 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius,—we'll deserve it."

Absolutely honest himself, he naturally and justly demanded that others should be so in their dealings with him. And yet, though scrupulously exact in the matter of performing the obligations of contracts on his part, he was not, either as a banker or in his individual transactions, a harsh or exacting creditor when dealing with honest men. But woe to the man who attempted to defraud him! Once convinced of the dishonest purpose of such individual, he spared neither time nor expense in exacting the full measure of his due. On the other hand, no one could be more liberal or kind-hearted than he in dealing with those who were unfortunate, but disposed to be honest. I learned these traits of his character from the many business transactions in which I acted as his legal adviser, and I liked him for them. Mr. Linscott also had the very unusual distinction of being his own executor. Shortly before his death, and while in full possession of all of his mental faculties, he executed deeds of conveyance for the disposition of his property, thereby

rendering administration upon his estate unnecessary.

Speaking of him as a man of public spirit, it can truthfully be said that no man in Holton took a greater interest than he in everything which affected our public welfare and prosperity. When the plan was evolved for the establishment of the Campbell University, he was not a wealthy man; but in raising funds for the erection of the University building his contribution was larger than that of any other individual excepting Mr. Allen G. Campbell, the founder of the institution. Mr. Linscott was a member of the first Board of Trustees and chairman of the Executive Committee when the first or main portion of the University building was erected, and to his liberality as a citizen, his wise counsel and untiring energy as a trustee and member of the executive committee this community is largely indebted for that splendid educational institution.

Always a lover of the beautiful in nature, no man in Holton took greater interest than he in beautifying our city. Not only did he take just pride in making his own residence property beautiful, but it was at his suggestion, through his efforts and under his personal supervision and intelligent direction, that the public square of Holton was graded, adorned with flower-beds and shrubbery, and converted into a beautiful park.

Although for many years actively and successfully engaged in the business of banking, he did not neglect other and to him

more congenial pursuits. Born upon a farm, his boyhood days spent there, he naturally took an interest and pleasure in the various branches of farming. He was remarkably well informed upon the subjects of breeding and care of live-stock, the characteristic traits and relative values of various breeds of horses, cattle, hogs and sheep, as well as upon the growing of grasses, grains and fruits, and methods of successful farming generally. In short, he was, both from a theoretical and practical standpoint, an authority upon the subject of husbandry in its broadest sense. In these matters he did not "hide his light under a bushel," but took genuine pleasure in imparting information to others. His investments in thoroughbred stock were not only profitable to him, but materially beneficial to the public generally. Many thousands of dollars' worth of the finest horses, cattle, hogs and sheep in northern Kansas are lineal descendants of magnificent thoroughbred specimens which Mr. Linscott imported here.

But it is as a friend, a neighbor and genial companion that I like best to remember him. He was always hospitable; always kindly and genial with his friends; always interested in their welfare; always a wise counsellor; always a true and steadfast friend and good neighbor in the broadest sense of the term. I was thousands of miles from him when he died, but knowing him as I did I was not surprised to learn that when his summons came, he was "ready."

Surely with him now all must be well. He was not a saint, but he was not a hypocrite. He was not without faults, but his virtues outnumbered his faults a thousand-fold. He was brave and charitable. He was just and honest in his dealings. He was a kind and loving husband and father. He was a keeper of secrets, and never betrayed friendship.

This world has been benefited by his having lived in it. It is true he was not a member of any church organization; but does that matter? He lived close to Nature which he loved so well; and, without implying or intending the slightest disrespect for churches or church organizations, I feel, when speaking of his death, like quoting the words:

“Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro’ Nature up to Nature’s God.”

Since writing the foregoing I have been made to realize more keenly than ever before the uncertainty of life, the absolute certainty of death. I know from bitter experience the sorrow of those who are left behind, and realize that at such a time mere words of sympathy, however sincere, afford but little consolation, but the remembrance of the goodness, the virtues and the thousand acts of kindness of the one who has preceded us will remain with us. And, implanted in the breast of every thoughtful human being who has laid away the body of one whom he has loved, is the confident hope that death does not end all.

Holton, Kansas.

CHARLES HAYDEN.

It is a pleasure to offer a tribute to the memory of one who did more for me than anyone else except my mother has ever done.

It was when I was a girl of sixteen that there came to my father a letter from S. K. Linscott, a cousin whom he remembered as a boy of seven or eight when my grandfather left Maine forty years before. In all that time they had never met, so that they were now as strangers except for the ties of blood which drew them together. Yet in spite of this fact, Mr. Linscott asked that I be sent to Holton, and offered to pay my tuition at Campbell University, and to give me a home in his own family. It was like a glimpse of heaven to me to think I was to have a chance to get a good education; and so, as soon as possible, I came here.

I spent the greater part of the next two years in the Linscott home, and the memory of those two years is very precious to me. Mr. and Mrs. Linscott were as good to me as if I had been their own daughter, and while receiving from them food, shelter and tuition, I was never in any way allowed to feel my dependence. I was entirely one of the family, and was so treated by every member of it. And to be a part of that family life was a beautiful thing. Of the many homes I have known, there never was one where the home life was more lovely. Father and mother understood each other perfectly, filled each other's lives completely, and united in the tenderest affection for the children and the kindest and gentlest government of them.

And I came in for a very considerable share of every good that came to them. Favors of all sorts were bestowed upon me: a ride, new books, a five-dollar bill, a new dress, a trip to a neighboring town,—everything to me just as to their own. And in response to my homesickness—this was my first experience away from home—such patience, such kindness as only one other has shown me—my mother.

At the end of the two years an opening came by which I could earn my own living, and when I came to leave this dear home I falteringly asked for an account of the expense I had caused Mr. Linscott. To this he responded, in a manner so kindly I can never forget: “Rachel, it has been out of my abundance; I have never missed it. When you are able, pass it on to some one else, first to those of your own blood. I want no pay.”

And through the years that have followed I have realized well that should I need help in any way, the same kind friend stood ready to assist me farther up the path into which his hand had first led me. I shall always feel that whatever I may have accomplished, whatever of good I have done, is due in large measure to the mother who has completely effaced self in her efforts for her children, and to this man, S. K. Linscott, and his wife. I can never cease to thank them for taking me from a little town where there was no opportunity for advancement, and opening to me

a way by which I could make a good living and by which I could reach a broader life.

To feel that this good friend is gone from out my reach is a great grief. I mourn him only a little less than do his own children, for he was to me almost as a father. But there is solace for this grief in beautiful memories of the past and in loving hopes that we may meet again in "the house not made with hands."

Holton, Kansas. RACHEL VICTORIA BENNET.

Some years ago there came to my study in Mexico City a venerable man with kindly bearing and snow-white locks. Leaving me to surmise who my visitor was, I did not take long to suspect that this was Uncle Linscott, of whom I had heard much but had never had the pleasure of seeing. So genial and affable was he that we soon became fast friends, and our friendship continued until his death.

A number of times after this first visit I had the pleasure of having him in our home, and his presence and his words of wisdom and counsel were always helpful to me.

His keen insight into commercial transactions, and his shrewd methods of procedure, were lessons of profit which I could apply to my work in the ministry. His heart was open to me, and I have talked with him as I would to my own father. In many things his life will be an inspiration to me for years to come. His home was a place of sunshine and happiness. His affection for his loved ones was an example worthy of world-wide imitation.

Puebla, Mexico.

REV. H. A. BASSETT.

MR. LINSOTT AS I KNEW HIM.

I made the acquaintance of S. K. Linscott in 1872, soon after he came to Kansas. This acquaintance grew into a friendship which lasted until his departure from this world. He possessed qualities of mind and character that I very much admired. He was a strong, self-reliant, honest, capable man. There was in him a spirit to succeed in any enterprise he undertook. He was careful to mature his plans fully before commencing a work, but when it was once commenced his eye was fixed steadily on the object sought, until it was reached.

Public-spirited as he was, he sought to enlist others in enterprises for good, and by his zeal and example he was an inspiration to them.

R. P. HAMM.

Holton, Kansas.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

I was sorry to hear of the fatal illness of my dear old friend, S. K. Linscott, but,—it is fate. Perhaps his time had come. The Persian poet said:

“On two days it steads not to run from thy grave,—
The appointed and the unappointed day:
On the first neither balm nor physician can save,
Nor thee, on the second, the universe slay.”

I call that good philosophy—don't you? I am sure S. K. would. I think it was in the latter part of 1866 that I formed his acquaintance. I always liked S. K., he was such a jolly, broad-gauged, sensible, manly man. I do not wonder that such qualities brought him financial success, and made him friends,—men would instantly recognize his worth. Cherishing, as you and the children must, the memory of the great parts of such a man, you and yours cannot grieve overmuch,—pride and affection will be a constant solace.

San Francisco.

H. A. BURRELL.

While he had lived the allotted threescore and ten, yet it seemed we could not well get along without him, and it seems hard to give him up.

It has been said, "We understand Death only when he puts his hand on one we love;" and again, "Each departed friend is a magnet that attracts us to the other world."

Mr. Johnson and I feel that in your father's death we have lost a friend whose place will not soon be filled.

Netawaka, Kansas.

C. D. LUECK.

I thought very well of the preacher's remarks as made at the funeral. They were in perfect harmony with my own opinion, and a very proper and fitting tribute to the man.

Kansas City, Mo.

J. A. GILCHRIST.

Another one of the sturdy old patriarchs who were pioneers in this country, has gone to his reward, and his place will never be filled.

Kansas City, Kansas.

GEO. S. HOVEY.

Maine

HG

2463

L56

I3

Vickery

MAR 2 1979

“A precious one from us has gone,
A voice we loved is stilled ;
A place is vacant in our home
Which never can be filled.”

MAINE HG2463 .L5615

ORO

In memoriam



3 7550 00089252 2