

Miscellany.

THE ANT.

I love to watch the little ant,
To see him in great luck, drink lots
Upon his mound of sand, and note
Its growth from day to day.
He never loiters in the shade
Nor sits upon the fence,
He never halts before a task,
No matter how immense.
But that which I admire most
About the restless ant,
Is that he wins without a bit
Of bluster or of cant.

A CLAY IDOL.

It was universally conceded that Bill Kingery was the toughest character in Lone Rock. The stage driver told me as much before we had gone three miles from the station on our fifty-mile drive to the camp.

"Tough?" he said. "I should say yes. Always plays in great luck, drinks lots of whisky, spends a bushel of money, and is mighty handy with his gun. Whatever you do, tenderfoot, don't run up against Bill Kingery."

I told him I didn't intend to run up against anyone, least of all a man who was as handy with his gun.

We arrived at Lone Rock the next morning, and I must confess the crowd did not make a very favorable impression on my English sensibilities.

The largest building in town was the Inter Ocean saloon, a long, low building of rough boards, thrown together in true frontier style. The camp had grown up in a day, as it were, and the place was discovered a mile or so up the canon. The floating population of the whole territory had flocked hither, and what a month before was as lonely a gulch as could be found in the Rockies, was now a flourishing "city" of several hundred.

As I wandered into the Inter Ocean that evening, the stage driver, who was standing near the door, recognized me, and drawing closer, whispered:

"There's Bill Kingery over yonder at the farther table. Remember, stranger, and don't run up against him."

I looked in the direction indicated and saw a large, broad, roughly-dressed man of perhaps 50 seated at a parlor table, playing cards. His wide slouch hat was pulled down over his eyes, so that only the lower part of his face was visible. His chin was covered with a grizzly growth of reddish-gold hair. There was a goodly stock of gold at his elbow, to which he added now and then as the game went on. It was evident that the stage driver was right about Bill Kingery's luck.

The scene before me was new and strange. From a secluded place in a dark corner of the room I watched the motley crowd singing, drinking and gambling. Now and then some especially lucky player would cash in, and, advancing to the rough board counter answering for a bar, call up the crowd and set up the liquor. I had not been noticed in my dark corner until later in the evening a tall, sinewy cowboy scooped a great pile of gold into his pockets, and, advancing to the bar, threw down a handful and called up everybody.

Glancing about the room with a glass of the reddest of red liquor in his hand, he spied me.

"Hey there, tenderfoot," he shouted, "what are you sulking in that corner for? Come here and have something."

I advanced meekly into the light, and hardly knowing what I said or did, replied: "If you will excuse me, I will take a cigar instead."

"Cigar," he roared, and pouring out a brimming glass of whisky handed it to me with the words, "Take that, and drink it quick."

"Really?" I said in my fright, "I don't care for this. Pray excuse me and I'll smoke a cigar instead."

"Cigar be hanged," he answered, "drink that liquor," and, pulling a silver shooter from his belt, he pointed it at my head.

I looked at the gleaming muzzle in terror. The mouth of the barrel looked to my frightened senses as large as a drainpipe. The drawn, hardened face of the man behind it looked fateful.

"Really?" I stammered, "Drink," he shouted. I raised the glass to my lips and gulped down a mouthful. The fiery stuff choked me, and, throwing it up, I went into a paroxysm of coughing.

The crowd surged about me, laughing and shrieking, when the cowboy waved his weapon over his head, fired and died.

I laid him out myself for a decent burial. Suspended from his neck by a slight golden chain was a locket. The bullet that had pierced his breast had broken it open. Inside, clasped with Bill Kingery's lifeblood, was a lock of flaxen hair—Utica Globe.

Indian Depredations.
A young man who left this city some time ago to make his fortune in the gold mines of Alaska has just returned with an awful story of suffering and hardship. It is as follows:

The United States statutes forbid the landing of liquors in Alaska except for medicinal purposes, so the young man secured a permit from Collector Wiley to carry a five-gallon keg of whisky with him. The collectors at Port Townsend and Juneau allowed the liquor to pass, and the prospector carried it inland several hundred miles. In order to keep it safely while out prospecting he buried it deep in the snow, and on his return found it safe and sound. He moved camp a hundred miles or more, and buried it again. Not finding any prospecting, he struck further inland, and again buried his keg a hundred miles from civilization. When he returned a couple of weeks later he dug down in the snow, but could find no whisky. He kept digging, thinking it might have sunk of its own weight, but still found no trace of his treasure. Fifteen feet below the surface where it had been buried he struck a board, upon which was written in a fine Spencerian hand:

"Stolen by Indians."—San Francisco Post.

All Alone.
"There is nothing in everything," mused the editor. "Now, there is yonder waste basket." And he laughed, as he sometimes did when he was all alone.—Detroit Tribune.

The New Mayor and Council of Asbury Park, N. J., have put in force a new ordinance which prohibits bathing at that resort except in "respectable bathing suits."

"Stranger," he began after clearing his throat, "what are you doing out here? You're no business in this coun-

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 its 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 sign 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 on the left of 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 box 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, 'Sit semper tyrannus!'

"In less than time 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, but 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; what one came?' 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 back of the box. I looked for the wound, but at first did not discover it. Miss Keane brought a pitcher of water and 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 Owen 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 back to a 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 they will allow me to follow the crowd. They were intensely excited at the time, and it would have taken very little to have driven them into a frenzy.

I only got my 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.

A carriage drove up. I saw who got out; I tried to attract his attention. 'Who is this man?' says he. 'Only a soldier after an interview,' says the officer. 'Only a soldier,' says the man, 'I am a soldier, I am a soldier, fighting the battles of this awful war! Thank God! to speak to me you need no other name. Only a soldier? Come in, my man.' And he and me up the stairs, while ministers and generals waited outside.

"I told him, with sobs half choking me, the story of my grief. His face was sad and furrowed, and he bowed his head as he listened. He looked over the papers carefully. Then he turned, and smiling gently, said, 'We'll let the fellows do the killing. I think you fellows try will stand by the young fellow running round alive.' And then he wrote: 'This sentence disapproved. Restored to his company, A. Lincoln. Just there I lost my grip. I only got my 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.'

"In six months Billy stood upon the roll as second corporal. Then he became color bearer of the regiment. We marched through Georgia until we faced the guns of Fort McAllister. A charge was ordered, but at first the rebels fired at such a rate that the color bearer, and his face aflame, carried the flag far up in the woods, muttering strange things to himself. He seemed to his friends to be in the shadow of madness. They kept calling him 'the fellow who carried the flag,' and he carried it to the top of the hill. Lincoln then had 'look him down to his little log cabin, half a mile north of New Hope, under the bow 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, McNamara proved to be an honest man and a faithful though careless lover.

THE IMMORTAL LINCOLN.
An Apotheosis in His Memorial First Inaugural.

In an epoch of confusion and cataclysm and chaos Abraham Lincoln was introduced into presidential power. He held to the syllable and spurned the word of speech. No fusion 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. I 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 now 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 our Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

Lincoln's Trust in God.
"What I did I did after a very full deliberation, and under a very full 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 my competency. I am now for the country and the world to pass judgment, and may be take action upon it."

A Natural Phenomenon.
A party of woodchoppers recently cut down a fine white oak tree near South Chard-on, O., which was at least three and a half feet in diameter and seventy-cord solid. They found, however, before cutting very far, that it was hollow. They then cut around it a few inches deep. It fell, when it was discovered that there was a black, charred snag like about fifteen feet high, showing that ages ago it had been burned, but enough vitality remained at the roots to grow a new tree. The tree is remembered by the oldest inhabitants and it was very large even fifty years ago. The supposition is that it was burned by the Indians.

The Tree.
The Christmas tree was almost unknown in England until introduced by Prince Albert from its home, in Germany. The vegetable creation has retained many features of loveliness apart from these decorations. The "mistletoe" of the oak, the gracefulfulness of the "cold-place loving birch," the willow, whose pendent branches "trembling touch the water's brink," elicit the admiration of the observer; while, with the exception of the larch, the numerous species of fir and pine retain their leaves, and variegated the discolored grove with their unfading verdure.

Lincoln's Sweetheart.
She Was a Beautiful Kentucky Girl and Had Many Suitors.

Lincoln first met Ann Mayes Rutledge in 1822, when she was 19. She was a beautiful girl and as bright as the sun. 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, with 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 McNamara. The New Salem people pronounced him an impostor. A few left-

advance, "Bring back the colors to the regiment!" cried the colonel. Amid the crash and crash of the guns, the boy replied, "You bring the regiment to the colors!" Then, with shouts and cheers, the brigade rushed wildly on, and before they fairly seized it, the day was won.

"Billy had gone down. They had to pry his fingers loose from the flag. There was a smile on his face a thousand years can't make me forget. 'Redeemed at last,' the general came and said, and placed his name on the flag. The Stars and Stripes around my son. When they put him in his new uniform that night, they found his treasures, and among them was a piece of the flag that he had written on its back were the words, a prophecy, 'I've fought, great friend, and died for liberty!'

LINCOLN'S SWEETHEART.
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sleep. I took my gun and hurried silently to the outposts, reached a spot beneath the hill, and my heart stopped. There was a woman, a scullie, a cry, and I was the form of 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's

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ters 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 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

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Born Feb. 12, 1809; President of the United States March 4, 1861; to April 15, 1865; Died April 15, 1865.



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From Cuba to Kingsburg.

RAISIN CULTURE IN FRESNO

What Brought Success Out of Failure to Hon. Z. T. Maxwell.

From the Republican, Fresno, Cal.
The Hon. Z. T. Maxwell, in 1887, having just finished a term in the Missouri legislature, was compelled by ill health to seek change of climate, and after traveling for some months on the Pacific slope settled in Kingsburg, Fresno county, California, and engaged in raisin culture.

The change from Cuba, Mo., Mr. Maxwell's old home, to the balmy air of Kingsburg, for a time seemed to benefit the invalid, and, for a while, in addition to his labor on the raisin farm, he began to take a prominent part in the county politics, and held several offices of trust in his new state. But ill health was the drawback which prevented him from arriving at the highest political honors, and his active and chafed under the restraint of an impaired constitution, so that instead of improving he became worse. These facts concerning Mr. Maxwell's health were so well known among the people of Fresno county, that when he lately reappeared on the busy scenes in apparent health, he was warmly congratulated by his numerous acquaintances, and among others the writer of this article.

In response to a request to give the reporter particulars as to the course of his illness, symptoms, cure, and indeed all there was in it, he said:

"You have asked me more than I could describe. Sometimes I have looked over an alphabetical index of diseases, and fancied I had them all, but general debility, weakness, insomnia, indigestion, constipation, partial atrophy of muscles, headaches, pain in the back and joints, and general wretchedness was my lot.

"My horizon was contracting, and I supposed that the circle of my vision would never again have anything but my bed for a center, for on top of my previous ill health, in 1895, I caught a gripe, which brought me so low that I was very near giving up the struggle. 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, McNamara proved to be an honest man and a faithful though careless lover.

THE STRONGEST FORTIFICATION
Against disease, one which enables us to undergo unexampled risks from fearful climatic influences, exposure, overwork and fatigue, is the vigor that is imparted to a debilitated physique by the peerless medicinal safeguard, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The afflicted nerves must be soothed into submission, and stimulated into healthful action, so as to restore. This is the virtue of the great remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is therefore, well known as the best. It may be called the safeguard after the truth of our bodily ailments.

A scientist claims that there are only seventy-two different kinds of venomous snakes in this country.

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Smokeless powder, made of ammonia and two forms of potassium, has been invented by a Californian.

I believe Piso's Cure is the only medicine that will cure consumption. Anna M. Ross, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 12, 1895.

(Signed) Z. T. MAXWELL.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, indigestion, constipation, and all the following effects of gripe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 60 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Science-tary, N. Y.

Written History.
The question whether there is any written history which antedates the Hebrew Scriptures is one that has given scholars no little trouble. The first books of the Bible were, according to the statements of the most capable critics, written some time between B. C. 1491, the date of the Jewish exodus from Egypt, and B. C. 1457, the date of the settlement in Palestine, Egypt, at the date of the exodus, was a powerful civilized state, and to judge from the allusions made by ancient authors, undoubtedly then possessed a great body of literature. It has, however, with the exception of a