

THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN.

IN connection with the celebration of Lincoln's birthday it will not be out of place to reproduce from the New York Herald a part of the description of his assassination given by the poet, Walt Whitman, who was present in Ford's Theater when the foul deed was done:

"There is a scene in the play ('Our American Cousin') representing a modern parlor, in which two unprecedented English ladies are informed by an impossible Yankee that he is not a man of fortune, and, therefore, undesirable for marriage catching purposes; after which, the comments being finished, the dramatic trio make exit, leaving the stage clear for a moment.

"At this period came the murder of Abraham Lincoln. Great as was all its manifold train circling round it, and stretching into the future for many a century, in the politics, history, art, etc., of the New World—in point of fact the main thing, the actual murder, transpired with the quiet and simplicity of any commonest occurrence—the bursting of a bud or pod in the growth of vegetation, for instance.

"Through the general hum following the stage pause, with the change of position, came the muffled sound of a pistol shot, which not one-hundredth part of the audience heard at the time, and yet a moment's hush, somehow, surely a vague startled thrill, and then, through the ornamented, draped, starred and striped space way of the President's box, a sudden figure, a man raises himself with hands and feet, stands a moment on the railing, leaps below to the stage, a distance of perhaps fourteen or fifteen feet, falls out of position, catching his boot heel in the copious drapery—the American flag—falls on one knee, quickly recovers himself, rises as if nothing had happened the really sprained his ankle, but unfelt then.

"And so the figure, Booth, the murderer, dressed in plain black broadcloth, bare headed, with full glossy, raven hair, and

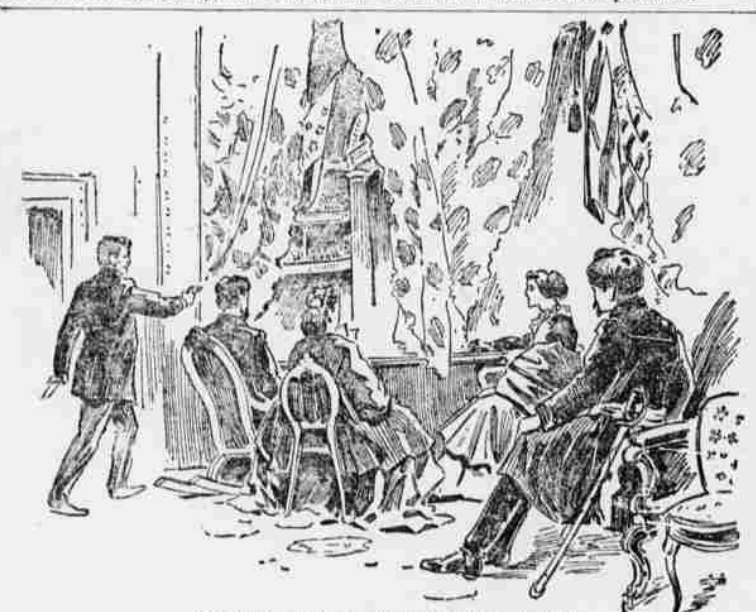
to the presidency several ladies who had gathered at the old homestead at Springfield testified their glee by using the hat as a football.

A few of us went over to assist Mrs. Lincoln about the supper which was to be given some gentlemen who had come in to hear the returns. It was after midnight before enough had been learned to warrant the belief that our candidate had been elected. We went nearly wild with joy, and congratulated Mr. Lincoln most heartily.

Someone saw the famous "stovepipe" in the hall, and, seizing it, threw it up to the ceiling. Another caught it, and then it went the rounds till it fell to the floor, when one gave it a kick, and then another, and another gave the hat a send-off, until it was so battered that it had lost all resemblance to its original shape. Mr. Lincoln looked on and smiled good-naturedly at the childish performance.—Philadelphia Record.



It has never been satisfactorily explained why the 14th of February is called St. Valentine's Day. It has been ascribed as being named after Valentine, who suffered martyrdom as a presbyter of the church, under Claudius, about 270, but nowhere in the history of his life can there be found the least incident connected with him that could possibly have given rise to the practice of that day, unless as some authorities claim, Valentine being a man possessed of great love and charity, his name was thus honored and revered, but this idea does not seem plausible.



BOOTH FIRES THE FATAL SHOT.

his eyes like some mad animal's, flashing with light and resolution, yet with a certain strange calmness, holds aloft in one hand a large knife, walks along, not much back from the footlights, turns fully toward the audience, his face of statuesque beauty, lit by those basilisk eyes, flashing with desperation, perhaps insanity, launches out in a firm and steady voice the words, 'Sic semper tyrannis,' and then walks, with neither slow nor very rapid pace, diagonally across to the back of the stage, and disappears.

"A moment's hush, a scream, the cry of murder, Mrs. Lincoln leaning out of the box with ashy cheeks and lips, with involuntary cry, pointing to the retreating figure, 'He has killed the President!'

"And still a moment's strange, incredulous suspense—and then the change!—then that mixture of horror, noises, uncertainties—the sound somewhere back of a horse's hoofs clattering with speed—the people burst through chairs and railings and break them up; there is inexpressible confusion and terror; women faint; quite feeble persons fall and are trampled on; many cries of agony are heard; the broad stage suddenly fills to suffocation with a dense and motley crowd, like some horrible carnival; the audience rush generally upon it; at least the strong men do; the actors and actresses are all there in their play costumes and painted faces, with mortal fright showing through the rouge; the screams and calls, confused talk redoubled, trebled, two or three manage to pass up water from the stage to the President's box; others try to clamber up.

"In the midst of all this the soldiers of the President's guard, with others suddenly drawn to the scene, burst in—some 200 altogether; they storm the house, through all the tiers, especially the upper ones, inflamed with fury, literally charging the audience with fixed bayonets, muskets and pistols, shouting 'Clear out! Clear out!'

"Such the wild scene, or a suggestion of it rather, inside the playhouse that night."

Football with Lincoln's Hat.

The favorite hat worn by Abraham Lincoln was a tall "stovepipe." It has been described as a foot high, with a brim almost as wide as a Southern sombrero. Many anecdotes are connected with that famous tall hat. In it Mr. Lincoln carried many valuable papers, the briefs of his law cases, and other documents.

On the night of Mr. Lincoln's election

may have been the true reason why Valentine was chosen to be the saint for that day, but why the practice of sending or choosing valentines was any more heathenish than many another custom is not clear. They were all foolish, superstitious practices.

In 1779 a sport was indulged in during the month of February, when the girls burned a figure which they stole from the boys, and which they called "A Holly-Boy," and the boys stole a figure from the girls which they burned, calling it an "Ivy-Girl."

It is altogether probable that the custom of sending written love messages on that day originated at the time of Queen Catherine, consort of Henry IV., when Lydgate, the Monk of Bury, wrote the following lines in praise of the queen:

Seynte Valentine, of custom yere by yere
Men have an usance in this region
To loke and serche cupides kalendere,
And chose their choyse, by grette affection.
Such as ben prike with cupides mocoun,
Takyng their choyse, as theyr sort doth falle;
But I love oon which excellith alle.

A VALENTINE.

Dear little maid in the scarlet hood,
I know you're merry, I'm sure you're good.
Your little blue skirt is patched and frayed,
You've a shoe-string bow on your towed braids,
Your shoes are stubby, and square, and old,
Your raveling mittens let in the cold;
But you pass each day when the school-bell rings,
Merrily making the best of things.

Hoppty-skippping, I watch you come,
Arms entwined with a giggling clum,
Borne on the breast of a wave of girls,
A motley tossing of hoods and curls,
Friends behind you and friends before,
Surging in shouts to the schoolhouse door—
Homey and happy, and shabby and proud,
The laughing queen of the chattering crowd.

Wise little maid of the hundred friends,
Cheerily taking what fortune sends,
Your nose is snub and your mouth is wide
(I've seen a cookie tucked whole inside!)
And freckles all over your round cheeks lie
Like cinnamon sprinkled on pumpkin-pie;
But your eyes are gay, and your laugh is sweet.
As you hoppty-skip down the dingy street.

Dear little maid in the scarlet hood,
I am your friend, and will you be mine?
I know you're merry, I'm sure you're good,
And I'd like you, please, for my valentine.
—Youth's Companion.

LINCOLN AS A DOORKEEPER.

How Abe Pinned on the Badge and Did Duty for a Time.

James Elter is one of the oldest doorkeepers in the War Department at Washington, and has been stationed at the Seventeenth street entrance of the Winder Building for many years, occupying a chair in which President Lincoln sat while he acted as doorkeeper in place of Mr. Elter. Speaking of the incident, Mr. Elter said:

"One day a tall, lank gentleman came to the entrance and asked me if the Secretary was in, and I told him no, that it was too early for him. He then asked at what hour he would be likely to find him, and I told him. With a pleasant 'Thank you' (something we don't always get) he walked away. At the hour I told him the Secretary would be in he again walked up the steps and asked me if I would not go to the Secretary's room and tell him that he wished to see him. I told him I could not leave my post.

"Oh, that is all right. I am Mr. Lincoln, and I will keep door while you deliver my message. Tell him that I want to see him here in the lower hall.' With this the President unbuttoned my badge, stuck it in his own coat, and took my chair. I listened to the Secretary's room, and soon the two were together near me, but in quiet and earnest talk. I never did know why Mr. Lincoln did not want to go to the Secretary's room, but I know that I prize this chair. I call it Abe Lincoln. No doubt that was the only time a President ever acted as a doorkeeper."

A St. Valentine's Tea.

A St. Valentine's tea may be easily made a very charming little festivity. The guests should consist of a few bright young people, and the whole affair should be conducted in a spirit of fun and informality. A sentimental quotation should be written on the name card at each plate, taking care that it has some appropriateness to the guest. The prevailing colors in flowers or other table decoration should be pink and white. All the dishes should be suitable to the occasion, at least in name, and each one accompanied by a suggestive couplet, to be read aloud by the server.

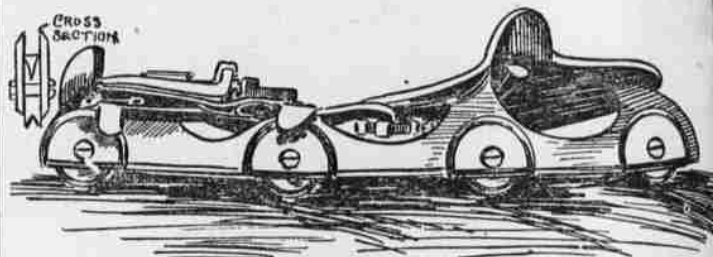
A Good Postman.

If I were a postman
I'd learn how to lose
The letters that vex
And that carry bad news.
But I'd pack such a stack
In my bag, 'twould be queer
If you didn't have valentines
Twelve times a year.



A PEGGING VALENTINE.

A SKATE THAT PROMISES GREAT SPEED.



A novelty in skates, said by experts to promise an improvement in the healthful winter exercise corresponding to the improvement made by the pneumatic tire in bicycling, has been invented by a Brooklyn man. The new skate is an affair on rollers attached to a metal strip shaped much like the runner or blade of the old ice cradle skate. The rollers—three in number—are in line and revolve each on its own axle, reducing friction in the minimum. They are of steel, guttered, and act as runners and wheels together, the edges taking hold of the ice in striking out with a grip much firmer than the old-style runners are capable of, no matter how sharp they may be, and sliding over the ice when the wearer is in motion with vastly less loss of power than the steel blades that have been so long in use. The wheels or rollers are adjustable, and each pair of skates is to be provided with two sets. One set is to be of thin steel, for the use of hockey players and fancy skaters; the other set will be thicker and less guttered, for ordinary use.—New York World.

FOR DUTY OFF CAPE HATTERAS.

Lightship No. 69 to Constantly Patrol the Dangerous Diamond Shoals.

From the day that the pioneers from old England settled Jamestown to the present time Hatteras Inlet and Cape Hatteras have been looked upon with superstitious horror by seamen. No point on the Atlantic seaboard is or ever has been as fatal to shipping or the lives of the men who go to sea in ships. The natural dangers arising from sunken reefs and treacherous sands have been augmented by the frequency of fierce storms along that portion of the coast. It has been so customary for vessels to strike heavy weather and heavier seas while passing Hatteras that every shipmaster who must sail by it always prepares for a bad time of it. The authorities have striven for many years to provide some means by which the casualties might be reduced. It looks as if they had finally succeeded. It is the steam light-

eyes than this does from our own daylight.

Creatures that see without eyes by means of their skins. All skins, says Dr. Nagel, are potential eyes; that is, they are sensitive to light. In animals that have eyes the sensitiveness has been highly localized and greatly increased—so that man, for instance, has a retina very sensitive to light, and an expanse of ordinary skin which possesses a sensitiveness to light so slight that it is hardly conscious of it. To his skin is sensitive in some degree as is proved by the fact that it sunburns—that is, light may cause a disturbance in the pigment of the skin just as it does in that of the eye. In the eye the disturbance is accompanied by a nervous change, which sends a telegraphic message along the optic nerve, and there are messages, also, but the tidings imprint no image on the mind; they simply express discomfort—out "sunburn."

But in many eyeless creatures the



THE NEW LIGHTSHIP.

ship, known as No. 69, which will go into commission off Diamond shoal.

Diamond shoal is the graveyard of the seas of the western continent. More hapless vessels have foundered and been pounded to bits on its reefs than on any other reef in the Atlantic, on the western side. It projects out from Cape Hatteras seven miles into the ocean. Efforts to build stationary lights there have failed. Seventy-five thousand dollars was dropped into the ocean in the effort to sink a caisson there which would withstand the force of the seas. The money is there, but the caisson would not stay sunken. The attempts to build a skeleton house for this dangerous reef have never been deemed practical, and the necessity of putting in a lightship was enforced by the floating off of the caisson. Hence the genesis of this lightship.

No. 69 will be on constant duty at Diamond shoal. She will anchor in still weather and rely on her powerful screw to maintain her position during the gales which sweep her station. She is equipped with exceptionally powerful engines and screw, set up for this express purpose. She is a sister to lightship No. 68, now on duty at Fire Island, in New York harbor. No. 69 will show disappearing lights of 600-candle power from her two stout masts. A fourteen-inch chime whistle will sound in foggy weather, and she will also be provided with a large bell.

Eyes Not Necessary.

Eyes are popularly considered to be quite necessary to sight, but this is an error, if we are to believe Dr. Nagel, a recent German experimenter. Many creatures without eyes can see; at least they can distinguish perfectly well between light and darkness and even between different degrees of light. This is the lowest degree of seeing, to be sure, but still it is really sight, and differing scarcely more from the vision of some insects that possess

lack of eyes is in part made up by increased sensitiveness of the whole skin surface to light. Darwin long ago noticed that earth worms, although they have no eyes, will suddenly withdraw into their holes at the approach of lighted candle. Some creatures seem most sensitive to sudden increase of light; others to sudden diminution.

Sir John Macdonald's Advice.

Sir John Macdonald was the guest of honor at a banquet in Montreal on evening and was expected to make speech of much political moment. The Star sent a shorthand man with instructions to take down Sir John's words exactly as they were uttered. It was a great banquet and wine flowed freely. After the speech the reporter hastened to the office to transcribe notes. For the life of him he could not make out what Sir John had been talking about. He hurried off to the premier and went over the speech carefully with him and straightened it out. Thanking Sir John most gratefully, was about to rush back, when the statesman, taking him by the hand, said: "My dear friend, you are young. The world is before you. I am old. I have seen much of life, its trials and temptations. Let me venture a full of experience to offer you a word of advice"—it was the proud moment of the reporter's life. He all expectancy. "Be sure, always sure, my young friend, that when you try to report a speech you are quite sober."—New York Press.

Mr. Hardegg Hugs a Job.

Some of the consular offices of United States have been held by same men for twenty years, and Hardegg has been consul in Syria twenty-six years.

There is an independent for awaiting the inventor of a typewriter machine that will spell correctly.