

Two Holes in a Coat.

There reposes in the trunk of William Withers, Jr., leader of the California Theater orchestra, an ancient swallow-tail coat, faded somewhat with time, fragmentary in condition through the clipping of pieces from it as mementoes, yet what a highly interesting garment through historical association. The coat has two long knife cuts in it, one on the neck and the other in the hip, which were received in Ford's Theater in Washington, where the coat with Mr. Withers inside of it, was present on that night that President Abraham Lincoln was assassinated. The gashes were inflicted by the assassin, John Wilkes Booth, a few moments after he fired the shot that reverberated through a nation, and the story of that night, as told by Mr. Withers to a *Chronicle* reporter yesterday, is as follows: "The play, as you will recollect, was 'Our American Cousin.' The house was jammed from pit to dome with a throng whose admiration and attention were divided between the Presidential box, where sat Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, little Tad, and Maj. Rathbone, and the stage where Harry Hawk and Laura Keane personated the leading roles. The first two acts had proceeded without unusual interest, President Lincoln appearing to quietly enjoy the performance, and finally the curtain rose on the third act and the dairy scene, where 'Trenchard' was to propose to 'Marg Meredith.' During the interlude I had gone behind to talk with Wright, the prompter. I had composed a song 'Honor to Our Soldiers,' in honor of the occasion, which had not been sung at the proper time, and went to see about it. To talk with him where he stood I had to order Spangler, the scene-shifter, out of the way. His position was at the gas-box, and it turned out afterward that his enforced removal spoiled one of the cards in the programme, which was the turning off the gas as soon as the shot was fired. I had finished my talk with Wright, and turned down the passage which led out into the alley way where peanut John was holding Booth's horse, and which also led to the door by which I returned to my place in the orchestra.

"The passage was dark and very narrow, so much so in fact that two men could not pass side by side. I had traversed nearly to the door when I heard a single pistol-shot. I stopped started, and tried to think where there was a pistol fired in the 'American Cousin.' Then I heard a strange murmur and looking around I saw Harry Hawk running rapidly up the steps that led to his dressing room. A second afterward I saw a man running across the stage. He jumped from the box to the stage on the other side from me, but his impetus was so great that he ran into the brick wall near me, putting out his hands to break the force of the collision. Then he jumped for the passage-way and I saw his face, but scarcely recognized Booth. His eyes seemed starting from his head, his black hair stood on end, and his dark, handsome face wore such a ferocious expression that he did not seem like the same man. I was completely paralyzed as he rushed into the passage and said, 'Get out of my way.' I could not have done so, even if I had the presence of mind, and in a second he was on me, striking at me with the dagger he held in his right hand. The blow struck me, glancing on the hip, and made the cut you see there. It turned me partly round, and like a flash he struck me again knocked me headlong to the floor of the passage in front of him. Without losing a second he jumped over me, seized the knot and wrenched the door open, and in a second more was galloping at top speed down the street. All this took place in far less time than it takes to tell it. After him, also, jumping over me, came Stuart, the detective, and following him a crowd of people, who taking me

for an accomplice, arrested me and took me back on the stage. The scene there was simply indescribable. "The audience, crazy with excitement, were yelling they knew not what. The stage and the front part of the audience were jammed with people, some asking the cause and others crying 'lynch him,' 'hang him,' though who the assassin was they did not know. The lights were in full glow, and above could be seen the President, senseless and white as death with his head partially hanging out of the box, while Mrs. Lincoln bathed his forehead with water from a basinful which Laura Keane held. The audience became even wilder when the truth was known, and were augmented by the throng of breathless arrivals from the outside, until the theater was so crowded that another person could not possibly have got even his head in.

"The President lay in his box under the doctor's care for a long time, and was finally removed, through the greatest crowd that ever gathered in Washington, to the boarding-house across the street, where he died the next morning. I was taken to the police station, but discharged as soon as the facts were known. Spangler was arrested and convicted of being an accomplice, but was afterward pardoned. The knife thrusts did me no great injury, the first not penetrating the skin, and the second only scratching my neck. I have kept the coat, however, as a memento of the most exciting night I ever experienced. The shirt which I wore, which was also slashed, I gave to Harry Widmer, now of the Baldwin, who was playing with me at the time, and who still has it I believe."—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

An Octogenarian Rider.

A Washington letter writes this gossip about a "young man" of eighty, known to the country as George Bancroft, the historian.

I have seen him riding his pet horse on some very unpleasant days this winter, and met him at a reception in November on a gloomy, chill afternoon, and he told me he had ridden twelve miles on horseback that day before going to the wedding reception.

He gave to Senator Pendleton a commission to purchase for him a thoroughbred steed in Kentucky, and the latter says he never felt so impressed by grave responsibility as in making the selection of a suitable steed.

The result was, however, all that could be desired. The horse, while spirited, is perfectly gentle, and at once became attached to his new owner.

Mr. Bancroft, who has never marketed for his own family, now goes regularly to buy apples for his pet horse, and the latter shows great appreciation of the attention.

I saw him riding it a very cloudy day this week, and a fine picture the white-haired equestrian and his steed made.

Mr. Bancroft rises daily at five or six A. M., and, excepting while at breakfast, writes or is otherwise occupied with brain work until two in the afternoon, soon after which hour he rarely fails to start for his ride.

His wife, who makes no secret of being over seventy years of age, receives regularly on Mondays, and occasionally makes calls on Mondays.—*Youth's Companion*.

LEIPSI ORTHODOX.—A young man studying at Leipsic writes that "no less than 171 Prussians have come past Berlin to study divinity in Leipsic, against 149 from other German states who visit Berlin for the same purpose. It may be a trifle cheaper to live in Leipsic, but the chief reason is that the orthodox party is again in the majority in the Prussian church, and accordingly the clergy encourage students to work under such trusted men as Kahn and Deltzsch."

"I Don't Care."

BY WASHINGTON HASBROUCK, PH. D.,
Principal N. J. State Normal School, Trenton, N. J.

"I don't care!" How often we hear young people say this! My young friend, you ought to care—aye, you will care, perhaps, when it is too late. "Don't care" has ruined thousands. It has filled jails, and almshouses, and murderers' graves; it has wrung the hearts of parents, and brought deep blushes to a sister's cheeks; it has broken down many a young man who has started out in life with the brightest prospects of success, but who has to often said, "I don't care."

Be careful how you allow yourself to utter these words. Some years ago there was a bright talented boy coming late out of school. He had been kept in by his teacher for bad conduct. As he stepped into the street, a friend of his—a noble man, and one who always delighted in helping boys—said to him: "I am very sorry to see you coming out of school so late." The boy replied, in a careless, ungentlemanly way: "I don't care!"

Now, remember, that I was intimately acquainted with this lad. I knew his father and mother. They were excellent people, and denied themselves of many things that they might give their son the advantages of a good education. This boy was talented—no one in school more so. He could stand at the head of his classes whenever he tried to, but he didn't care.

This spirit of "I don't care" grew upon him, and at last, his father took him out of school and put him into a store. But he failed there, for he didn't care whether he pleased his employer and customers or not. After remaining in the store a short time, he was dismissed. He didn't care, but father, and mother, and sister cared, for they shed many tears on account of his failure.

Some time after this I saw him driving a dirt-cart, in trousers, and shirt, and barefoot; but he didn't care.

For several years I did not hear anything from him. One day, I ascertained that he had shipped as a common sailor, for a foreign port; but on shipboard, as everywhere else, he didn't care, and when the vessel reached her harbor, the captain kicked him off the ship. After wandering about a few months on a foreign shore, he died of a fever, and lies buried thousands of miles from home. Upon his tombstone, truthfully might be engrossed these words: "Here lies a once noble, talented boy, who came to an untimely grave because he didn't care!"—*Etc.*

Metes and Bounds.

Mete is an old Anglo-Saxon word, as a verb, signifying to measure, and as a noun, a measure or limit. The Latin word *metra* had the same meaning. The noun in English is chiefly used in the plural coupled with bounds. The joint expression is common in old deeds conveying lands, which is said to be described by metes and bounds.

From the remotest times it has been customary to mark the dividing lines between tribal claims, and between individual properties, by a large stone, or heap of stones. This custom prevailed among the Jews, the Persians, the Greeks and the Romans. Among the former the boundary stone was called a land-mark, and it was a violation of law to remove a neighbor's land-mark. A corresponding custom prevails in the United States at the present time. Government surveyors, city surveyors and land surveyors, generally mark the corners and lines of their surveys by stones which are sometimes buried deeply in the ground, and only uncovered when new measurements are to be made.

A Good Experience.

God knows me better than I know myself. He knows my gifts and powers, my failings and my weakness, what I can do and not do. So I desire to be led, to follow him, and I am quite sure that he has thus enabled me to do a great deal more in ways which seem to me almost a waste in life, in advancing his kingdom, than I could have done in any other way. I am sure of that. Intellectually, I am weak; in scholarship, nothing; in a thousand things a baby. He knows this, and so He has led me, and greatly blessed me, who am nobody, to be some use to my church and fellow-men. How kind, how good, how compassionate art thou, O God! O, my Father, keep me humble! Help me to have respect toward my fellow-men, to recognize these several gifts as from thee. Deliver me from the diabolical sins of malice, envy, or jealousy, and give me hearty joy in my brother's good, in his work, in his gifts and talents, and may I be truly glad in his superiority to myself, if God be glorified. Root out all weak vanity, all devilish pride, all that is abhorrent to the mind of Christ. God hear my prayer. Grant me the wondrous joy of humility, which is seeing thee as all in all.—*Norman McLeod's Diary*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Monmouth Meat Market.

THE UNDERSIGNED, HAVING bought A. G. Marshall's interest in the Butchering Business, is prepared to furnish meat to his old customers, and the public generally. Your patronage is solicited.

A. B. CRICCS.

LIBERTY MILLS

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND

Flour,
Brand & Shorts
TO EXCHANGE FOR
WHEAT.

Grist work done at all hours.

Will also sell at the following low cash prices:

FLOUR, \$5.25 per barrel.

SHORTS, \$22.00 per ton.

CHOP, \$20.00 per ton.

BRAN, \$12.00 per ton.

SLOPER BROTHERS.

Independence, Feb. 10, 1880.

SAW & PLANING MILL,

INDEPENDENCE, OR.,

HEDGES, BURCH & CO.,
PROPRIETORS,

Keep constantly on hand, and saw to order, all kinds of

LUMBER.

ORDERS FILLED ON SHORT NOTICE.

Seasoned Flooring and Rustic & specialty.

DOBYNS' SURE CURE.

AFTER THE SEARCH OF YEARS and the inquiry of suffering thousands, we are at last able to announce a certain remedy for

CATARRH,

Neuralgic & Nervous Headache

Together with kindred complaints arising from COLDS, such as Stomachache, the Nasal Passages, Deafness, Dimness of Sight, &c., &c.

We know that no CATARRH, NEURALGIC and NERVOUS HEADACHE REMEDY can show such a record for success as ours can. And we challenge a comparison with the history of any and all Remedies extant.

In fact, where the system is free from Constitutional Ailments from SCROFULOUS or SYPHILITIC affections, we guarantee a CURE. So that if the medicine be used persistently according to directions on each box, and should fail to cure, we

STAND READY TO REFUND THE MONEY. And we have authorized Elder E. W. Barnes our general agent for the State of Oregon to give the same guarantee.

We have over TWENTY THOUSAND genuine Testimonials and Certificates on hand, and never have in a single instance received one word of complaint.

The MEDICINE is in the form of SNUFF, and is put up in large size impervious wooden boxes, and is used as a SNUFF, and is already prepared for use without any extra fixing.

It is sold at \$1.00 per box, or three boxes for \$2.00.

Special rates to the trade.

Send all orders to

Eld. E. W. Barnes,

Sheridan,

Yamhill Co., Or.,

Who is our only authorized agent for Oregon and adjacent sections of the country.

DOBYNS & MITCHELL,

North Middleton,

Bourbon Co., Ky.

6-10-11

\$1500

TO \$2000 A YEAR, or \$3 to \$20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to \$2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth \$5 also free; you can make up your mind for yourself.

Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

UNPARALLELED
SUCCESS

White Sewing Machine



IN THE THIRD YEAR OF ITS EXISTENCE, ITS SALES AMOUNT TO

54,853 Machines.

NO OTHER MACHINE EVER HAD SUCH

A RECORD OF POPULARITY.

It is the Lightest-Running,

Earliest Selling, and

Best Satisfying Machine

IN THE WORLD.

Agents wanted. For terms, address

White Sewing Machine Co.,

CLEVELAND, O.



Is a compound of the virtues of sarsaparilla, stillingia, mandrake, yellow dock, with the iodide of potash and iron, all powerful blood-making, blood-cleansing, and life-sustaining elements. It is the purest, safest, and in every way the most effectual alternative medicine known or available to the public. The sciences of medicine and chemistry have never produced so valuable a remedy, nor one so potent to cure all diseases resulting from impure blood. It cures Scrofula, and all scrofulous diseases, Erysipelas, Rose, or St. Anthony's Fire, Pimples and Face-grubs, Pustules, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Tetters, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scald-head, Ringworm, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Mercurial Discharges, Neuralgia, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, and General Debility.

By its searching and cleansing qualities it purges out the foul corruptions which contaminate the blood, and cause derangement and decay. It stimulates and enlivens the vital functions. It promotes energy and strength. It restores and preserves health. It infuses new life and vigor throughout the whole system. No sufferer from any disease which arises from impurity of the blood need despair, who will give Ayer's Sarsaparilla a fair trial. Remember, the earlier the trial, the speedier the cure.

Its recipe has been furnished to physicians everywhere; and they, recognizing its superior qualities, administer it in their practice.

For nearly forty years AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has been widely used, and it now possesses the confidence of millions of people who have experienced benefits from its marvellous curative virtues.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
Lowell, Mass.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

MRS. COOK'S NEW REMEDY FOR
COUGHS and COLDS.

CORVALLIS, OREGON.

Mrs. N. J. Cook: I can most cheerfully recommend your Lung Balm to those suffering with Coughs, Croup, etc. It acts promptly, and should be in every family.

H. I. BECKNELL.

PORTLAND OREGON.

Mrs. N. J. Cook, Corvallis, Or.: I must say in regard to your medicine for Coughs and Croup, it is a most excellent remedy. Therefore I take pleasure in recommending to the public.

MRS. SUSAN MULKEY.

CORVALLIS, OR., Feb. 13, 1880.

Mrs. N. J. Cook: That Lung Remedy or Cough Medicine, is the best I ever used, and to every one with afflicted Lungs or Coughs, or Croup of any kind I would recommend your medicine before any other.

Yours, &c.

M. A. E. FULLER.

DO NOT FAIL to send for our Price List for 1880. Free to any address upon application. Complete descriptions of everything required for personal or family use, with over 1,500 illustrations. We sell all goods at wholesale prices in quantities to suit the purchaser. The only institution in America who make this their special business. Address, MONTGOMERY WARD & CO., 227 & 229 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.