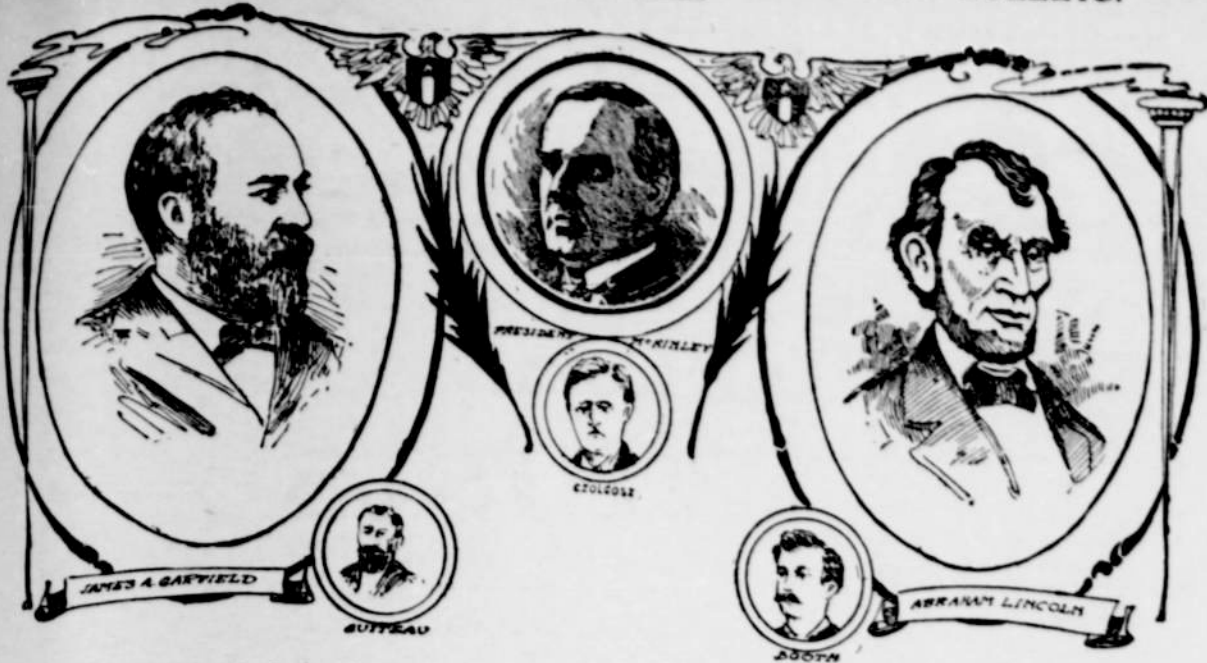


THREE PRESIDENTS THE VICTIMS OF ASSASSIN'S BULLETS.



Abraham Lincoln, the first of the martyr Presidents, was shot and fatally wounded on the night of April 14, 1865, by John Wilkes Booth, an aberrated actor. The crime was committed in Ford's Theater, Washington, while Lincoln was watching "The American Cousin." James A. Garfield, the second President of the United States, was shot by Charles J. Guiteau, July 2, 1881, while about to depart from the Pennsylvania Railway station in Washington. He died Sept. 19 following.

THE HOME LIGHT.

The light of home's a wondrous light,
So tender in its shining,
So soft it follows through the night,
Our weary road outlining.
Far from the ones we love us,
Yet ever shines the light of home,
Like God's grace spread above us.

The light of home's a wondrous light,
Through life it follows, seeming,
Yet with age the hair is white,
Clear in the front 'tis gleaming.
Oh, this is love divine!
And through the gates of heaven ajar
At last we see it shining!
—St. Louis Republic.

The B'undering Idiot.

GEORGE MORTON had thrown a handful of rice into the carriage windows, filling the bride's hair with the cereal, and the bridegroom's mind with profanity. He watched the carriage bowl away in the dust of the late June afternoon, his eyes upon the little gray-gloved hand, waving its adieu, until they had disappeared at a turn of the wide country road. When he turned to follow the other guests to the house he nearly stepped upon a small figure that was pulling a daisy to pieces at his feet.

"He loves me not, he loves me," the figure said, tossing away the decapitated daisy.



"ONLY WISH HE COULD UNDERSTAND."

ed stem. "Why do you sigh, Mr. Morton?"
"Oh, it's you, little one? People don't always know why they sigh, do they? It may be disappointment or it may be indignation. So he loves you?"
"He does, Mr. Morton?"
"And who is he, my dear?"
"I'll confide in you some other day. Let's go in and drink again to Ethel's happiness. Another sigh. Is it indignation?"

She was the bride's youngest sister, home from school and in her first long frock, to bear her honors as flower girl to her sister. Probably Ethel had looked like her at her age, he reflected painfully. It had been painful to reflect upon Ethel ever since her engagement had been announced last winter. He had fully intended to propose to Ethel, but while he was sunning himself contentedly in her gracious presence, Philip Henson, a man of youth and action, reached the house ten minutes before him one evening. When Morton entered he suspected that something had happened. Philip promptly confirmed his suspicion.

"We're engaged," he announced. "Congratulations!"

George had congratulated them, but he sighed when he went to his bachelor home that night. He was sighing now.

"Again, Mr. Morton! Fie! Fie!" The teasing elf at his elbow laughed at his vacant look and empty glass.
"You're a naughty child, I'll tell your mother to send you to bed," he said severely.

Ten years later there was another wedding in the Foster family. "The middle Miss Foster" was the bride this time, and the former bride was there in young matronly pride and splendor. Again George Morton threw a well-directed handful of rice after the bride. He stood at the window watching the wedding drive away. His face was overcast.

"Yours is a grave face for a wedding," said a ringing voice. "A penny for your thoughts."
"You may have them for nothing, little one," he said. "A man shouldn't be expected to have a sunny face at any wedding except his own. I was thinking that Ethel had driven away from us through spring flowers, and Millie through autumn leaves. We are left behind. It's rather sad somehow, isn't it, little one?"

George Morton studied her with his kindly, short-sighted eyes. The little one had really grown tall. He had not noticed that before. Her brown eyes were very pretty, with their roguishness softened by a haze something like tears. There were two flames where excitement burned through the fair hair.

of her cheeks. She looked like Ethel, no, like Millie, no—well, in fact, the little one had a trick of looking like no one but herself.

"I am afraid the wedding fuss has made you feverish," he said. "You'd better—don't you think you'd better go to—better retire?"

She grew wonderfully tall for an instant. The fever spots burned appallingly. He heard an ominous rustle and saw for the first time that she was wearing a train.

"You want me to be off so that you can reminisce with Ethel," she accused hotly.

"Ethel," he said. "I had forgotten—yes, I mean I must hunt her up. I've hardly seen her this evening."

"By all means, find her at once. Don't let me detain you. I'm sorry Millie isn't here to listen to the foolish things you might say."

"I'll go—at once," he stammered, leaving the pretty fury. His kind heart bade him turn back.

"You don't seem just like yourself, little one," he said. "Now don't be vexed, but if it's anything about that fellow you were pulling the daisy to pieces for—you know—the day Ethel was married—and I can be of any assistance—well, I never said anything because children will have their secrets, but I thought about him often, and—ten to one he's not worthy of you, little one."

"He isn't?" flashed the little one.

"Oh!"

"He's a blind, blundering idiot."

George Morton started in surprise and compassion. The girl ran from the room. He went into the smoking room and smoked and puzzled and grieved over the matter until the last guest had gone.

George Morton was the first guest to arrive at the little one's coming out party. Stately and white as a snow maiden she looked curiously grown up and remote to the grave bachelors who bowed over her hand.

"You are as beautiful as the most beautiful thing on earth," he said.

"What is that, Sir Knight of the Courtly Tongue?"

"A bride."

"Oh!"

The debutante caught her breath with an odd little gasp.

"Is anything wrong? Are you vexed?"

"No, only brides are painful subjects to me. I shall never be one unless—"

She turned to greet some early arrivals.

In the conservatory, where he had persuaded her to go for a five-minute rest, he afterward said, hesitatingly: "You said you would never be a bride unless—have you made up with that fellow you told me about?"

The debutante raised a pair of highly educated eyebrows at just the height of surprised inquiry.

CUBA'S NEW QUEEN OF BEAUTY.



Senorita Silvia Alfonso y Albornoz, Cuba's new queen of beauty, is spending a few months in the United States. She is 20 years of age, as vivacious as a firecracker and with the true taste of a French girl. This may be seen in the fact that she speaks English with the prettiest kind of an accent. She is a clever and witty talker, and regards the distinction she bears of being the prettiest woman of Cuba as something of a good-natured joke. Every three or four years a new beauty is chosen in Havana by popular vote, the contest being managed by La Fianza, the Cuban newspaper. The contest which resulted in the election of Senorita Alfonso took place in March last. Her nearest competitor was Senorita Margot de Mendoza, who received between 10,000 and 11,000 votes.

Science and Invention

The whole human family is under 45 principal governments, of which only six are absolute monarchies and 15 are limited monarchies.

Nearly 1,000,000 women in Spain work in the field as day laborers; 350,000 women are registered as day servants, that is, they work for food and lodging. There is no such class anywhere else.

The oldest known weapon was the club. The clubs of the lake dwellers of Switzerland, studded with stones in default of nails, and thus making formidable weapons, have been recovered from their habitations.

"Bread and butter State" is the way Minnesota will be known hereafter. This is a name that is rightly entitled to. Last year she ground out 26,680,500 barrels of flour and churned 60,000,000 pounds of butter.

The highest of all the clouds are those delicate, white, fibrous, detached masses of frozen vapor: always seen high against the blue sky. The top-most point of the highest of these may be ten miles above the earth. They are called cirrus clouds. Altogether there are ten principal types of clouds. The lowest, known as the stratus, are really horizontal sheets of lifted fog seen on damp days or in very damp localities. These clouds are only a few hundred feet above the earth.

Dr. O. L. Fassig, in the Monthly Weather Review, shows, as the result of an investigation of records extending from 1817 to the present time, that neither exceptionally warm nor exceptionally cold summers have any more relation to the succeeding winter temperatures than normal summers have, and that, broadly speaking, there is no regular alternation, or period, in atmospheric temperatures.

The investigation was undertaken with a view of testing the soundness of such popular beliefs as that an extremely hot summer precedes a cold winter.

It is said that only two women in the United States may use the mails without paying for the privilege. These women are the widows of former Presidents. They are Mrs. Julia D. Grant and Mrs. Lucrotia A. Garfield. A franked letter goes through the mails without postage, bearing their signature, either stamped or written upon the envelopes. All mail matter sent by Mrs. Garfield and Mrs. Grant, under their respective written autograph signatures, and all mail matter sent to these two women, will be carried free during their lives. No signature or marks are necessary to the free carriage of mail matter to either of these women, the address being sufficient. Mrs. Garfield has enjoyed the privilege since 1881, and Mrs. Grant since 1886.

In the clay-beds of the valley of the Connecticut are found wonderful and beautiful concretions, specimens of which, sent to England, excited the interest of the Royal Society as long ago as 1670. J. M. Arms Sheldon, who has written a book about them, says that the concretions appear in four principal types: disk-shaped, cylindrical, botryoidal (resembling grape-clusters), and imitations of animal forms. The latter are the most striking, the forms imitating including fishes, birds, ant-eaters, elephants, dogs, babies' feet, and so forth. A remarkable fact is that each clay-bed has a form of concretion peculiar to itself, and the principal types are never found intermingled in the same bed. The beds are composed of stratified, river-drift clays, or "Champlain" clays.

The little one rose and daintily shook out her draperies. "Jack Milton is waiting to sit out the next dance with me," she said carelessly.

George Morton raised miserable eyes to her face.

"Little one," he called desperately, "I know."

"Know what?"

"The reason I didn't ask your sisters to marry me. It's—why, it's you."

The little one crossed the conservatory and threw two impulsive young arms about his neck.

"You big, blundering idiot!" she said as she kissed him.—Buffalo Inquirer.

Tree Growing Out of a Chimney.
The curious sight may be seen in Dover, England, of a young tree growing out of a high mill chimney in a public thoroughfare. Notwithstanding its extraordinary position, the tree has grown 2 feet, or 3 feet high. It is believed to have its root in an old nest.

You can find almost any kind of a boy, except the one whose sympathies in a fight between a cat and dog are with the cat.

BUMBLEBEE AND RED ANT.
Latter Nustered Her Friends and Saved Her Dinner.

Overhead a bright blue sky; the trees swayed in the soft breeze, while the bees and insects hummed and droned a tender noontide lullaby to all nature. A little stream purled lazily along and then made quite a dash, as though to make up for lost time. Across the hot sand of the road a great bumble bee guided his awkward body. He must have been a very sleepy bumble bee, for he bumped his head and yellow-striped body against a large tree-bump—buzz—buzz—buzz—and he was on his back making his wings work very fast, as though he was trying to fly on his head.

He was choked with the sand; the accident had been terrible to him. Soon he ceased struggling, and the fuzzy legs and black hips stood up in the air—still no longer protesting against fate.

Now, during these struggles, a small, red ant had been wisely waiting to know the result. A live bumble bee singing away in the air was one thing, but a dead bee on the ground was something else altogether. A few moments passed, and still no achievement. The bumble bee was evidently dead.

The ant, with the true instinct of her kind of "putting by for a rainy day," quickly approached the fallen prize, and, with her tiny feelers and legs, went to work with a will.

Gracious! How that little red ant worked—never stopping to think she was trying to carry something many times her size; but pulled away, now as a straw lay across her track, and again attempting to lift her burden over a dead leaf, or forcing it through a forest of moss.

She would stop every now and then to rest, then she would look all around the great body, wondering what she was going to do with it when she got it home.

A big ant roaming around looking for his dinner espied the little red ant and her bee, and instantly concluding that "might was right," he shortened the distance between himself and the feast. The little red ant paused. What should she do? She had tried hard to do her work bravely, not calling for help, though her burden was heavy. Now here was a foe to face.

The black ant came nearer and—the red ant ran away as fast as her small legs could carry her.

"Deserting her work? Well, it looked like it."

Oh, my little red ant, don't give up because it is hard—go back!

The little red ant knew what she was about, however. In two minutes she had collected a small army of relations—back they all came—by twos and threes and dozens—some so eager that they tried to walk over the backs of those in front.

The big black ant was getting uneasy, and really did not want that bumble bee, anyway!

Each red ant had his own work. Some went to help with the bee, while others drew themselves around the now vanquished enemy, and not until the bee was quite safe in the ant's nest did the black prisoner obtain his freedom.

The bee safely stored, the ants did not even stop to admire their own industry, but went to work at something else. What would you have? Do you know there is such a thing as winter? —Los Angeles Times.

ROMANCE OF A BOER SOLDIER.

Separated by the War, He Finally Marries Sweetheart in New Jersey.

One love romance growing out of the Boer war was brought to a happy termination yesterday, when Miss Ellis Franker and Christian Franker, who, despite the similarity of names, are not blood relations, were married by Justice of the Peace David Van Wyck at the Amstel Hotel, Hudson street, Hoboken.

The bride, who is 26 years old, was wooed and won by Christian in Holland, but he emigrated to the Transvaal to better his fortunes preparatory to marrying her. He had been only a short time in the South African Republic when he had saved sufficient money to warrant him in sending for the girl of his choice.

Soon after mailing his letter war broke out between the British and the Boers, and when Miss Franker reached Pretoria she was told that her fiancé, who had taken sides with the burghers, had been killed when the city was captured. Finding herself friendless and resourceless, she became a red cross nurse, and as soon as her story became known a subscription was taken up and her passage was paid back to Holland.

Miss Franker was mourning for her sweetheart as dead when one day he suddenly appeared before her. The shock was so severe that it nearly cost her life. When she had sufficiently recovered her fiancé explained that he had been wounded and taken prisoner by the British and had been deported to Flushing, Holland.

Failing to find work in Holland, Franker emigrated to the United States and obtained employment at Passaic, N. J. Once more he sent for his prospective bride and she arrived on Sunday on the Holland-America steamship Potsdam. Justice of the Peace Van Wyck was summoned, the knot was tied and the couple are now living happily in Passaic.

OWNING BOOKS.

A Home Without Books Is Like a Room Without Windows.

In a newspaper was recently printed a letter from a book-lover asserting that books were of little use to those who only borrowed them or received them as gifts. He objected, as Ruskin also did, to cheap books, and said he was "most convinced that if the cheapest books cost \$5 or more the world would be better off."

No doubt, says the editor of St. Nicholas, this is an extreme statement, and would have to be expressed more cautiously to be true. Yet there is some truth in the idea that books may be too plentiful and too easy to buy. There is, possibly, a likeness between libraries and schools in this respect. The boy or girl in a big school is not so likely to form friendships as if in a smaller school. Where there is too wide a choice, there is less intimacy. So in the library. A large library is not likely to become familiar and valued as a smaller collection well chosen.

The very company of books is educating. As one sits before the bookcases and glances at his favorite volumes, it is as if each said a word or two or suggested a thought. Thus a boy's eye may fall upon his copy of "Tom Brown at Rugby," and in his mind rises the remembrance of the great hare-and-hounds run in which Tom and East and the Tadpole struggled so pluckily, and at last held that delightful interview with Dr. Arnold; or visions of East's tricks on old Martin. There is no need to open the book—one breathes its healthful air at the mere sight of its title. So from each old favorite there comes a friendly greeting, and we recall the pleasant hours spent in its company.

A great orator said: "Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A home without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up children without surrounding them with books if he has the means to buy books."

She Soon Altered It.
Many young ladies have found it necessary to improve, or rather to alter, the spelling of the names with which they were originally blessed. Mabel becomes Mabelle, Jessie becomes Jessica, Mary becomes Marie, and so forth. A brother lately received a letter from his young sister at a fashionable boarding school. It was signed Jessica. He answered:

"Dear Sister Jessica—Your welcome letter received. Papapa and mamma are well. Aunt Mary and Uncle Georgia started for Glasgow yesterday. I have bought a new horse. You ought to see it; it's a beauty. Its name is Maudica. Your affectionate brother, Samica."

The sister's next letter was signed "Jessie."—London Tit-Bits.

When Royalty Takes Snap Shots.
Given an order to "beat creation" and a blank check, what could not the highest-class camera makers in the world do for such a customer as the Sultan of Morocco? A London firm entrusted with this unique commission has, at the cost of £2,100, produced a quarter-plate camera, and of £900 a half-plate one. One instrument alone monopolized the time of ten men for four months in the making, and the polishing of the base boards occupied eight weeks. The manufacturers have simply taken this year's model, and have employed in the one instance gold and in the other silver, whenever it could be used, even to the screws.—London Telegraph.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

She—Don't you think this beautiful sand, the azure ocean, the golden moon and all our surroundings have an effect upon your love?

He—It might if I hadn't just paid my hotel bill.

Difference in Taste.

Wife—Mr. Black has no more taste in the matter of dress than a giraffe. Husband—Why do you say that?

Wife—Because his wife had on the most beautiful gown last night, and when I admired it he said he thought it was dreadful.

Husband—But, my dear, he had to pay \$500 for it.

When He Had Fense.



He—Ethel, what can it mean? Last night I dreamed that I proposed to you.

She—I should say it meant that you were more sensible asleep than awake.

—Fun.

On the Safe Side.
Mrs. Piff, how do you prepare your baby's breakfast?"

"Oh, I give him one-third milk and two-thirds microbe-killer."

Life in the Shop Window.
Wax-Girl—What are you groaning about, Mr. Fitz-Slips?"

Wax-Man—Oh, I'm in love with that other wax-girl—the one in the hammock; and her pretty pink cheeks have melted off with the heat.

Worse Still.
Nodd—I can't ask you to dinner, old man, because we have no cook.

Todd—And I can't ask you, because we have none.

Life's Stupendous Problems.
Smith—What makes so many people crazy to get into society?"

Brown—Well, what makes so many other people crazy to keep them out?"

Just His Luck.
"Well, this is pretty tough," lamented Mr. Laertes O'Hannover, the eminent actor. "Just as I have succeeded in curing myself of the cigarette habit I am cast in the role of the heavy villain for the whole season."—Baltimore American.

Humorously Handicapped.
Bibbs—It is very amusing to watch Sellers play golf.

Gibbs—Why?"

Bibbs—He has an impediment in his speech.—The Smart Set.

Not Much Skill.
"What do you think of Dawbitt's painting?"

"I'm—well, I think it looks as if it had been done with—er—crude oil."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Way of a Woman.
Dolly—If you didn't tell her, how did you let her know that you hated her?

Madge—When we met I kissed her three times.—The Smart Set.

The Weary Guest.
"You are the hardest one to wake I ever met," said the kind-hearted citizen, who had allowed the tramp to sleep in his kitchen. "Here, I have been poking you in the ribs for an hour."

"Never paid no attention to it," admitted the lodger. "Yer see, I am used to sleepin' in a cattle car, an' I thought yer hand was a cow's horn."—Chicago News.

Villain's Viper!
Mrs. Ruthven—It's a shame that reporters are permitted to put the names of society people in the papers.

Mrs. Smythe—Indeed it is, my dear. They always spell mine wrong.—The Smart Set.

An Explanation.
Aunt Hetty—Jabez Smith advertises that he's sellin' goods below cost."

Uncle Josh—What's he doin' that for? Aunt Hetty—Well, he says he believes in quick sales an' small profits.—Puck.

A Preparatory Course.
First College Student—I hear the members of your class are going to take up Russian next term.

Second Student—Yes; you see we want to get up a new class yell.—Philadelphia Record.

Reassuring Him.
"Time flies, perhaps I've made my call too long," he said. Said she: "Oh, no, it wasn't long at all—It only seemed to be."

—Philadelphia Press.

After the Ball.
She—How nice to be home again! What a crowd there was. I don't suppose Mr. Banker knew one-half of his guests.

He—Didn't he, though? Why, he had four detectives in evening clothes there.—Life.

Enough of a Good Thing.
"Papa, just see my new dress," said a young society girl, as she presented herself attired for her first grand ball. "Isn't it too sweet for anything?"

"Does it suit you, my dear?"

"I just do so on it."

"If that is so, I should think that you would have had more of it," said pater familias, after taking a sharp glance at the decollete costume.

Happy Medium Needed.

He was scratching his head with a s penholder and seemed to be in considerable doubt about something.

"My wife's at the seashore and I'm writing to her," he explained.

"Well?" returned the caller inquiringly.

"I don't know just what to say. If I tell her I am lonely and all that she may be sympathetic and come home on the first train."

"Then why don't you tell her you're getting along very nicely considering the circumstances?"

"I thought of that, but it's likely to make her suspicious, and then she'll come back on the first train sure!"—Chicago Post.

Shocking.

Aunt Geehaw (from Hay Corners, crossing ferry to New York)—Ain't this the "Ladies' Cabin," Joshua?"

Uncle Geehaw—Yep.

Aunt Geehaw (scandalized)—Well, I allus knowed that the women folks of New York was sort of gay, but I never thought that the ferry companies would have tew put up notices tew keep them from smokin'—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Terrible Suspicion.

Howson Lott—All the women around here this spring seem to be wearing their bloomers when they work in the garden.

Mrs. Howson Lott—Oh, George, is that what you meant when you said you were just wandering around the neighborhood to look at the different kinds of garden hose?—Leslie's Weekly.

He Was Sorry.

Housekeeper—This is the twentieth time to-day that I've had to come to the door to tell peddlers that I did not want anything.

Peddler—Very sorry, mum!

Housekeeper—It's some comfort to know that you are sorry, anyhow.

Peddler—Yes, mum. I'm very sorry you don't want anything, mum.—New York Weekly.

Too Bad.
"Do you know, Miss Friable," said the large-headed young author, "my most brilliant thoughts come to me in my sleep?"

"It's a great pity that you are troubled with insomnia," added the young lady.—Detroit Free Press.

Tell-tale.
Little Elmer (who has an inquiring mind)—Papa, what is conscience?"

Prof. Broadhead—Conscience, my son, is the name usually given to the fear we feel that other people will find us out.—Harper's Bazar.

A Warning.
May—Maude, dear, did you know that the last Legislature passed a law punishing kidnapping very severely?"

Maude—No. But what of it?"

May—Well, if you aren't careful Cholly Softlight's relatives may cause you trouble.—Puck.

A Wise Precaution.