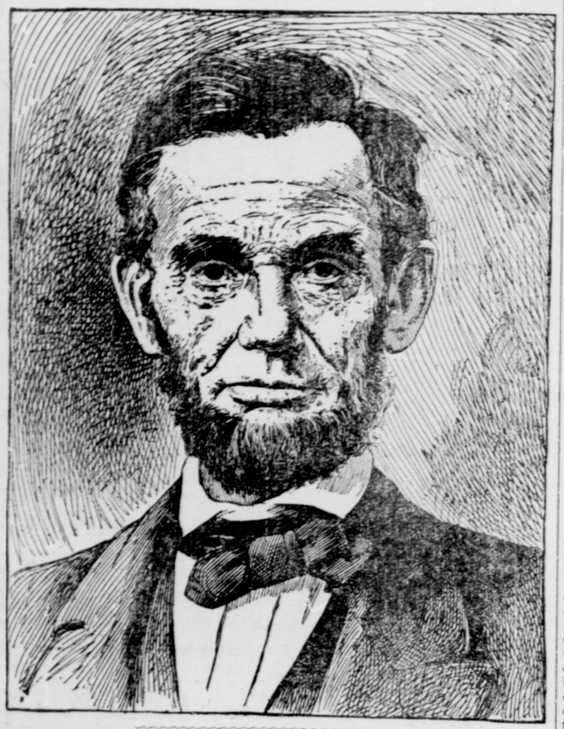
The Assassination of President Lincoln.



ON April 14 just thirty-three years will have passed since President Lincoln was shot down in Ford's Theater, Washington, by John Wilkes Booth. The excitement all over the United States to-day, caused by the war scare, brings to mind the thrill of horror and excitement that passed over the country thirty-three years ago, when, just as the minds of the people had become settled after four years of war, the country was startled by the announcement of Lincoln's assassination.

Announcements had been made in Washington papers that President Lincoln and Gen. Grant, accompanied by their wives, would visit Ford's Theater (now a pension office) on the evening of April 14.

Gen. Grant found it necessary to visit Burlington, N. J., on that memorable 14th of April, and he accordingly sent to President Lincoln a note of regret at his inability to accompany him to the theater that evening, leaving Washington on the 6 p. m. train.

To Schuyler Colfax, then Speaker of the House, the President extended an invitation to attend the theater as late as 8:15 p. m., for it was not until then that the President's party left the White House. President Lincoln manifested a curious reluctance to going, but stated that the papers had advertised that himself and Gen. Grant would both attend, and, since Gen. Grant had left Washington, he did not want to have the audience disappointed, as the people would expect to see at least one of them.

The theater was crowded. The box reserved for the presidential party was the double box forming the second tier on the right-hand side of the stage. The front of the box was decorated with flags and in the center, on the outside, hung an engraving of Washington.

As the Grants had declined an invitation to attend, Mrs. Lincoln invited, in their stead, Miss Harris, daughter of Senator Ira Harris, and Maj. Henry R. Rathbone, the Senator's stepson.

The play presented was the original version of Tom Taylor's "Our American Cousin," as it was always given before the late E. A. Sothern's changes in it, afterwards made to elaborate his still remembered character of Lord Dundreary.

The assassin, Booth, familiar with the theater, visited the box about 9 p. m., looking in for a last survey of the various positions of its occupants. It was supposed, at the time, that it was due to a mistake or the exercise of an impertinent curiosity. Unknown to the presidential party, Booth had, during the day, bored a hole through the door of the box for observation or perhaps to fire through.

JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

At 10 p. m. Booth again entered the box, quietly holding a pistol in one hand and a knife, or dirk, in the other. Maj. Rathbone rose and asked this intruder his business. Booth rushed past the Major without making a reply and, placing his pistol close to the President's head, actually in contact with it, fired, and instantly sprang upon the cushioned baluster of the box, when he made a backward plunge with his knife, aimed at the face or breast of Mr. Lincoln. Maj. Rathbone, springing forward to protect the President, received the stab in his arm.

It was towards the latter part of the play. Perfect stillness reigned throughout the house. The audience listened to the dialogue between Florence Trenchard and May Meredith, when the pistol shot rang through the theater. It was apparently fired behind the scenes on the right of the stage, and it was accepted by the audience as an introduction to some new passage, several of which had been interpolated in the early part of the play.

THE SURRATT HOUSE.
It was here that the assassination was planned.

THE DEATH BED OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Booth had been noted as a leaper, having become habituated to sensational leaps in his repertoire of characters. He leaped nine feet down on the stage, but his spur caught in the flag decorating the front of the presidential box and as he reached the stage he fell, recovering himself in a wonderful way, though his leg was broken. He bounded across the stage, pushing past Miss Laura Keene, who stood near the prompter's desk, striking her on the hand with his own, still holding the dagger. As he crossed the stage Booth cried out, dramatically, "Sic semper tyrannis!" and "I have done it!" Once through the side scenes Booth quickly escaped by the rear door of the theater, where a horse awaited him, its bridle held by an employe of the theater whom Booth rewarded with a kick, his agony from his broken leg being intense.

Meanwhile the shrieks of Mrs. Lincoln made clear to the audience the nature of the horrible crime that had just been perpetrated. Pandemonium reigned. Women cried, men hollowed and children screamed. Miss Laura Keene advanced to the footlights and called out: "For God's sake, have presence of mind! Keep your places and all will be well!"

Miss Harris called to Miss Keene to bring some water, which the actress did, and afterwards accompanied Mrs. Lincoln to the house opposite, to which the unconscious President was at once removed. It was found that he had been shot through the head, above the back of the temporal bone, and that some of the brain was oozing out and that death was inevitable.

Within a comparatively short time the terrible news had spread all over Washington, and by midnight every member of the cabinet, except Seward, whose own life was attempted, had gathered at the bedside of their dying chief. Mrs. Lincoln was present, prostrated with grief, and other members of the family, Senator Sumner, Speaker Colfax, military officials of the War Department, several generals and physicians, the latter including Surgeon General Barnes, who had from the first assisted Dr. Stone, the President's family physician.

President Lincoln never recovered consciousness. As day dawned his pulse failed and a look of perfect peace overspread his features. At 7:22 a. m. he ceased to breathe. Rev. Dr. Gurley knelt down and prayed and Secretary Stanton broke the silence which followed with the remark: "Now he belongs to the ages."

The South lost, in Lincoln, one who would have proved to be its best friend, as is, perhaps, now realized. In a letter written to Gen. Van Alen on the last day of his life, Lincoln wrote words that strike the keynote of his character. In it he said:

"I thank you for the assurance you give me that I shall be supported by conservative men like yourself in the efforts I may make to restore the Union so as to make it, to use your language, a union of hearts and hands as well as of States."

Over all the members of that presidential theater party a black and awful fate hung menacingly.

The fate of the assassin, John Wilkes Booth, is too well known for repetition—shot down like a dog, as he was, in a burning barn.

Many have not followed the end of others indirectly associated with the tragedy. The stricken widow of the martyred President passed the balance of her days in melancholia and madness. Of the guests who were with her in the box that night, one slew the other and ended his own life a maniac.

By a curious coincidence, even Sergt. Boston Corbett, who shot Booth in the barn, became insane and was afterwards confined in a Kansas asylum.

VALENTINES OUT OF DATE.

Original Verse, Flowers or Candy Are Now the Proper Gifts.

Valentines are out of date. That is the edict of society. When the 14th of February comes around now the proper caper is to write to your lady fair a few choice stanzas of valentine verse, or, in case of your inability to construct proper rhyme, send around a few bunches of violets or sweet roses or a nice box of candy—a heart shaped box preferred, of course—all tied up with pretty silk ribbons. The flowers and the candy may not last as long as the poetry, but the flowers will be prettier, the candy will taste better and both will be more appreciated.

When it is said that valentines are out of date the statement has to be made, of course, with some reservation. They are out of date as gifts between fashionable adults, but among children they are popular still. Every little lad and lassie watches for the postman on the morning of St. Valentine's day, of course, and is disappointed if the mail brings no love message, no little embossed and painted Cupid. What is meant by the statement that valentines are out of date is that the day of the three-story, fussed and fuzzy, hand-painted, lint and nonsense creation, over which young ladies used to go into ecstasies of delight and young men used to go into bankruptcy, has long been passed. The custom of sending that sort of remembrance is as dead as the custom of New Year's calling. It was never a sensible custom anyway, for no young man felt really repaid in putting a week's salary into a gift to a young lady when, because of the mystery and secrecy that have to be observed in sending valentines, he could not accompany it with his card. It was altogether too discouraging to have his hated rival get the credit for sending a sentimental lot of poetry all done up in fluffy expensiveness for which he had cheerfully emptied his pockets and "gone broke." Valentines of that sort have had their day and belong now to the sweetly remembered past.

Lincoln's Fondness for Grant.

An amusing and possibly instructive anecdote, in which Lincoln and Grant figure, and showing the latter's estimate of cavalry, is related by Mr. William O. Stoddard, for some time one of the former's private secretaries. The general had not long been in command of the Army of the Potomac, when one day Mr. Stoddard asked Lincoln's opinion of him. "Grant," replied the President, "is the first general I've had. He's the general!" Remembering the high esteem in which McClellan, Burnside, Hooker and Meade had been held, Mr. Stoddard asked Lincoln to explain, and this is what he said:

"You see, when any of the rest set out on a campaign they'd look over matters and pick out some one thing they were short of and they knew I couldn't give 'em, and tell me they couldn't hope to win unless they had it; and it was most generally cavalry. Now, when Grant took hold, I was waiting to see what his pet impossibility would be, and I reckoned it would be cavalry, as a matter of course, for we hadn't horses enough to mount even what men we had. There were 15,000 or thereabouts up near Harper's Ferry, and no horses to put them on. Well, the other day, just as I expected, Grant sent to me for those very men; but what he wanted to know was whether he could disband 'em or turn 'em into infantry! He doesn't ask me to do impossibilities for him, and he's the first general I've had that didn't."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

PRAYER TO ST. VALENTINE.

Hearts or dollars? ah, to which
Should my maiden heart incline?
To be loved or to be rich?
Tell me, good St. Valentine.

Should I scorn the shining gold?
Is a heart a richer mine?
Here I'm waiting to be told—
Tell me, good St. Valentine.

The Wrong Kind, Though.

"That carpenter says he hasn't had any work for over two months."

"I guess he doesn't want to work, then. Why, every time I take up a paper I see a whole list of 'Boarders Wanted.'"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

He laughs best who laughs whenever he feels like it, and never at any other time.

OUR KINSMEN, THE BOERS.

There Is a Tie Between Them and Our Country's Early Settlers.

Reminded incessantly of their kinship with the English, Americans are not often asked to remember their kinship with the Boers. And yet the tie is a close one. The Boer is a transplanted Dutchman, and the influence of Holland in shaping the destiny of this country is ranked by historians as second only to that of Britain.

In contemplating the Transvaal war it is well not to forget what the Dutch did for America.

The Pilgrim Fathers, having been driven out of England, found a refuge in Holland until they sailed for the New World. Holland was in that age the cradle of religious liberty. It was one of the world's great states, and its people had won greater freedom than those of England.

During their sojourn there the refugees learned to admire and love many Dutch institutions, and they carried these feelings with them across the Atlantic.

In the very foundation of the American commonwealth there was a stratum of the elements that are present in the fighting Boers.

Hendrick Hudson, when he sailed his boat, the Half Moon, through the Narrows, in 1609, was through English himself, in the service of the Dutch East India Company. To Holland, therefore, belongs the honor of the discovery of the Hudson river and what is now the port of New York.

England claimed all the territory on the Atlantic coast from the Bay of Fundy to Florida, but did not oppose the colonization of the territory discovered by Hudson.

Hudson named the region New Netherland and established trading posts on Manhattan Island and at what is now Albany.

The first Dutch colonist arrived in 1623 and settled on Manhattan Island, which they named New Amsterdam. Holland claimed all the territory from the Deleware to the Connecticut.

To stimulate colonization the Dutch West India Company offered a tract 16 miles along one bank of any river or 8 miles along both banks to anybody who would transport 50 colonists from the old country.

Among these brave pioneers were the forefathers of many who now look upon themselves as the aristocracy of New York.

In just this way did the Dutch colonize South Africa. So that there is kinship of race between many in the Four Hundred and the stern farmers who obey Oom Paul.

But intermarriage on this side has modified the original type, whereas the Boers in their jealous isolation have preserved the pure, strong, rugged race.

HOLD YOUR BREATH.

Thereby You May Avoid Being Drowned When in the Water.

"Whatever you do, hold your breath," said the swimming master, when he had half a dozen young women to look after at the beach. "No one ever was drowned without first struggling, and then filling the lungs with water in a struggle that is twice as fierce as an effort to hold the breath would be. If they can preserve their presence of mind and prevent drawing in the breath they are safe. While above water the air can be taken in little breaths, almost gasps. When the water goes over they can hold their breath and they will of a certainty come to the surface.

"Look at that girl with the red cap," he remarked, pointing to a slight young woman who was insisting on getting beyond her depth, and who was compelling her limbs to find the way of propulsion. "She will learn to swim because she is determined to, and she takes her time about it. She will not allow herself to be frightened, no matter if she puts her feet down and does not touch the ground. She knows that is the way to get herself in serious trouble and so she keeps control of herself and is calm all the time. When she cannot touch bottom she catches a little breath at a time and tries to strike out. Of course she goes under now and then, but she doesn't try to breathe under water, because she knows she is not a fish. A fish has gills and can strain the air from the water; but see has lungs, and when she fills them with water she gets some air, to be sure for there is air in the water all the time. But she gets too much water at the same time and it doesn't do her any good.

"If people would just keep quiet and not get excited, just remain cool and collected and hold their breath unless the nose is above water, we never would hear of a death by drowning. Of course, in the case of shipwreck, or whenever one gets too much exhausted, the holding of the breath is out of the question. But I never saw anyone at these beaches when it seems to me there was any excuse for not learning to swim. There certainly is no excuse for losing control of one's self, and getting strangled or becoming unconscious.

"Hold your breath."—Chicago Evening Post.

An African Snake Story.

An exciting incident marked the trial trip on the new Congo Railway from Matadi to Stanley Pool, says the Westminster Gazette. When nearing the latter place a huge python was observed on the line. The reptile appeared fully alive to the discomfort of being cut to pieces, and "made tracks" with all possible speed; but, as the train entered a narrow cutting, he found himself at close quarters and turned on the engine driver, who pulled up in dismay. One of the officials hereupon alighted and by a well-timed blow put the intruder hors de combat.

Filled the Requirement.

A primary teacher was hearing a recitation in grammar and the class was composed largely of the smaller students. The teacher wrote the three words, "bees, bear, boys," on the board and asked the pupils to write a sentence containing the three words. She was quite taken back a few minutes later when one of the bright boys in the class handed in the following: "Boys bees bear when they go in swimmin.'"

For Lack of Attire.

Watts—I see that Markham, the hoe man, says the time is coming when men's souls will be expressed by their clothes.

Potts—If that ever comes about there will be several prominent citizens frozen to death.—Indianapolis Journal.

Honors Even.

He—Are you sure that I am the only man that you have ever loved?

She—Just as sure as you are that you have never loved any other girl.—Somerville Journal.

There is nothing that flatters a young housekeeper quite so much as to have an older woman ask her for recipes.

SLAVS THREATEN ALL EUROPE.

Dark Shadow of a Race that Is Increasing Rapidly in Numbers.

Europe has less reason to fear being overrun by the Mongolian than by the Slavonic race. In its various branches this race is increasing more rapidly than that of any other on the continent. At present they are confined for the most part to Russia. The Russian empire now numbers 130,000,000, and, though these numbers include Germans in the extreme west and Mongols in the extreme east, yet the mass are pure Slavs, presenting thus a homogeneity rare in history. But in addition to Russia we have Slavonic offshoots over a large European area which render the future of much more than half Europe certainly Slavonic. The troubles in Austria have brought reminders of the Slav kingdom of Bohemia, but it is not often in Bohemia only that the German is face to face with the Slav; he is so in Galicia, in Carinthia and Carniola, while the Magyar is surrounded by an ever-increasing Slav population in the land of his birth. In the Balkan peninsula it is a case of whether Slav or Greek shall inherit the lands made desolate by the Turk, and few who have studied the question in the light of recent history can doubt that it will be the Slav.

It is not necessary to quote that hackneyed saying of Napoleon—"Cossack or republican"—it is more to the point to say that, whatever the future political forms of Europe may be, her actual population will be largely if not predominately Slavonic, and that this fact may mean a different Europe from that known in history. For where, from the point of view of numbers, is the counter-balancing element to the Slav to be found? France is stationary and very nearly so are Spain and Portugal.

Germany is full, and can only maintain herself in comfort by reason of the American outlet for her surplus. Austria is actually a ground for Slav, as against German increase. Italy, like Germany, sends her surplus over the Atlantic. The great future of English-speaking people is not in Europe, but in America and the Southern seas. The Norse people are hemmed in by barren lands and are probably increasing faster in the Northwest of the United States than at home. Now, if we set against these facts the actual growth of Russia herself, the increase of Slavs in Central Europe, and the probable future of the Slavs in the Balkan peninsula, we cannot fail to see that, within a measurable period, the Slavonic element in European society will preponderate in the balance.

What effect will this radical reconstruction of Europe exert on mankind? It will be a long time before we shall realize that if we want to find the great seats of the historic peoples of Europe we shall have to look beyond Europe, to Teutonic North America, to Latin South America, to Teutonic Australasia. Yet this will, so far as one can see, certainly be the case within another century, assuming the present general drift of things to continue.—Chicago Chronicle.

VICTIM OF A HYPNOTIST.

Woman's Story of the Remarkable Things He Did.

In a large American city some distance from Boston, says the Boston Transcript, a young man of 27, Mr. L., who has extraordinary hypnotic power, recently lunched and made some visits in the company of two ladies, one of whom, Mrs. S., he had met for the first time, and the other, who may be called Miss Phebe, knew him well, but had insisted that he had no power to hypnotize her. After the luncheon and another visit the three people went to the house at which Mrs. S. was living, where neither Mr. L. nor Miss Phebe had been before and with the inmates of which they were not acquainted.

They went at once to the parlor. Miss Phebe here said that she was willing that Mr. L. should try his hypnotic power upon her, but knew he could not influence her. What happened then is told by Mrs. S. in a letter, as follows:

"In two minutes he had put her fast asleep; then he told her to go through the house—in spirit—and tell him what she saw in the rooms. She said, first: 'In the front room, west, is an old lady, lying high on pillows, with something very funny on her head.' She laughed and said: 'Why, I believe it is a night cap.' (In this room Mrs. D., an old lady, born in England, who always sleeps in a night cap and propped up on pillows, was really asleep. Neither Mr. L. nor Miss Phebe knew anything about her or her habits.) Then she told correctly who was in each room until she came to Tom's room and then said: 'Here is some one in a little room on a cot, but I cannot see whether it is a man or a woman, for its head is under the covers.' Mr. L. said: 'Look right through the covers and tell me who it is.' She remained silent awhile and then said: 'It is a boy about 15 years old.' (This, too, was quite right. Neither Mr. L. nor Miss Phebe had any knowledge of the existance of either the room or the boy who was sleeping in it.)

"Well, after that he told J. and me to ask Phebe questions and that she could not hear or answer them. We did and she did not hear. Then he said to her: 'Now, Mrs. S. will ask you questions and you can hear and answer them, but you cannot hear John.' So I asked her several things and she answered, but when John spoke she did not reply. By that time I was awfully excited and nervous and said: 'Oh, I cannot stand this; I am too nervous and shall have to leave the room!' He turned to me and said: 'You are not at all nervous and you will sit down here!' To save my life I could not have helped sitting down just where he told me to and in a moment I was as quiet and as free from nervousness as though I had just waked from a most refreshing sleep. In a few moments he waked Phebe and he was all right, but did not remember anything she had done or said."

Literary.

The warm, pleasant reading-room of a free public library is quite as grateful to the average tramp as if there were no books there at all. The common regulation against sleeping, however, troubles him somewhat, and whether his book or paper is right or wrong side up, he clutches it with energy. This keeping up appearance has a very comic side, and a recent writer on tramp life illustrates it:

One day I scraped acquaintance with a tramp in a reading-room, and as if to show it was the literary attraction which had brought him there, he suddenly asked me in a most confidential tone what I thought of Tennyson. Of course I thought a good deal of him and said so, but I had hardly finished before the old fellow querulously remarked:

"Don' der think the best thing he ever did was that air 'Charge of the Seventeen Hundred?'"

A man must feel awfully upset when he finds himself heels over head in love.

"You May Bend the Sapling But Not the Tree."

When disease has become chronic and deep seated it is often difficult to cure it. That is the reason why it is best to take Hood's Sarsaparilla when disease first shows itself. In long-seated, tenacious cases, Hood's Sarsaparilla is also wonderfully successful.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

NEARLY BURIED ALIVE.

Indian Woman's Narrow Escape From a Terrible Death.

Mrs. Ellen Crosby had a narrow escape from being buried alive in Crawford county, Indiana. She was pronounced dead, and preparations for the burial were being made. While this was in progress her daughter, 19 years old, worn out by exhaustion, lay down to rest, but her eyes had scarcely closed before she sprang up and peremptorily insisted that her mothers' body be returned to the bed. She remarked that her mother had called to her in her sleep, saying: "Mary, don't let them bury me alive." The undertaker complied with the daughter's request, saying it was but a dream, but the daughter stoutly claimed the contrary and would not be denied. Nearly eight hours passed when Mrs. Crosby slowly opened her eyes and looked at her daughter, who had remained by her bedside, constantly watching for a return to life. Mrs. Crosby is now considered in a fair way to recovery.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior parter of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Matrimony on Small Capital.

A Wilmington clergyman tells of a Philadelphia couple who came to him to be married one day. When they left the boat at the Fourth street wharf in the city they had but five dollars between them. Nevertheless, the groom called a cab and ordered to be driven to the city hall and then to the nearest minister. At the city hall he paid $3.60 for a marriage license, which left $1.40 to pay the cabman and to fee the minister. At the latter's house the cabby demanded $1.50. The groom replied that he did not have it, and the driver compromised on a dollar, leaving 40 cents for the minister. The groom, however, was not done buying, for he stepped into a near-by store and bought an envelope for a cent. In this he put the remaining 39 cents, and after the ceremony handed it to the minister. How the newly-married couple got back to Philadelphia is a mystery.—Philadelphia Record.

Painters in the car shops at Knoxville are working 15 to 17 hours per day.

SALT LAKE CITY.

An Important Factor in Transcontinental Travel.

No one crossing the continent can afford to cut Salt Lake City from his route. The attractions of the place, including the Mormon Temple, Tabernacle and Church institutions, the Great Salt Lake—deader and denser than the Dead Sea in the Holy Land—the picturesque environment and the warm sulphur and hot springs, are greater to the square yard than any locality on the American continent.

The Rio Grande Western Railway, connecting on the East with the Denver & Rio Grande and Colorado Midland Railways and on the West with the Southern Pacific (Central Route) and Oregon Short Line, is the only transcontinetnal line passing directly through Salt Lake City. The run through Salt Lake City via the Rio Grande Western Railway is famous the year round. On account of the equable climate of Utah and Colorado it is just as popular in winter as in summer. Send 2c to J. D. Mansfield, 253 Washington St., Portland, or Geo. W. Heintz, Acting General Passenger Agent, Salt Lake City, for a copy of "Salt Lake City—the City of the Saints."

How Woman Was Made.

A small boy in the Mission Sunday school of Bishop Fallows' church propounded an entirely new theory of creation last Sunday.

"Who made man?" asked the teacher, beginning, as in the good old days when orthodoxy used catechisms

"God," was the prompt reply.

"And how did he make him?"

"Out of dust, ma'am; nothing but dust."

"And who made woman?"

"God made her, too, ma'am."

"How?"

The small boy hesitated, and then replied cheerfully: 'He caused a deep sleep to fall upon man and then took out his backbone and made woman."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Late statistics show that in London more than 300,000 families earn less than 75 cents each per day.

Just before a marriage ceremony in Lithuania, the bride's ears are boxed. This is in the interest of the bride should the marriage prove an unhappy one. She can sue for a divorce, and assert that she was forced to marry.

Girls working in the match factories of England become permeated with the chemicals and minerals used. The sulphur sometimes eats their jaws in the most painful and disgusting way. Their wages aggregate $1.45 a week.

Vermont in maple sugar stands first in the union, making nearly 2,000,000 pounds annually. More butter per cow is made in Vermont than in any other state—more pounds of wool per sheep are clipped than in any other state, and more bushels of potatoes are raised per acre than in any other state.

Chaplain Couden, who is totally blind, never permits a barber to touch his face. While Dr. Couden has been blind for a number of years, it has been his practice to shave himself, and so well does he do it that he seldom if ever "nicks" his face.

Adjutant-General Corbin thinks the Lawton fund will finally reach $100,000, which will be invested for Mrs. Lawton in government bonds and give her an income sufficient to provide against all want and enable her to educate her children properly.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

The Same Jones.

There are many Joneses in this world, but perhaps not quite so many as people think. Not long ago two friends met who had not seen each other for ten years, since their school days.

"Whom did you marry, Billy?" asked one.

"A Miss Jones, of Philadelphia," replied Billy, who was a trifle sensitive.

"You always did take to the name 'Jones.' I can remember when we went to school together you used to tag around after a little snub-nosed Jones girl."

"I remember it, too," said Billy. "She's the girl I married."—Youth's Companion.

Artificial Sight.

An inventor has perfected an electrical appliance, which he claims will enable the blind to see. This will bring much happiness to those who have defective eyesight. Another great discovery which will bring happiness to those whose stomachs have become deranged, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is a certain cure for indigestion, dyspepsia, malaria, fever and ague.

In Saxony no teacher receives less than $300 a year.

Only Safe Medicine for Children.

The tender little insides of children are ruined by violent purges, pills or liquids. Cascarets are pleasant, harmless, effective. Druggists 10c, 25c, 50c.

New York housesmiths get $3.20 for eight hours.

I know that my life was saved by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—John A. Miller, Au Sable, Michigan, April 21, 1895.

The North Staffordshire (England) Christian Endeavor union has put on foot a scheme for obtaining 5,000 new total abstinence pledges in the year.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Java furnishes two-thirds of the quinine used.

VITALITY low, debilitated or exhausted cured by Dr. Kline's Invigorating Tonic. FREE $1. Trial Bottle containing 2 Weeks' treatment. Dr. Kline's Institute, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia. Founded 1874.

During the last fiscal year Berlin exported 83,083 tons of beer and imported 82,986 tons, of which 34,508 came from Bavaria and Bohemia.

Mexico is one of the United States' best customers in the sewing machine line.

Improved Train Equipment.

The O. R. & N. and Oregon Short Line have added a buffet, smoking and library car to their Portland-Chicago through train, and a dining car service has been inaugurated. The train is equipped with the latest chair cars, day coaches and luxurious first-class and ordinary sleepers. Direct connection made at Granger with Union Pacific, and at Ogden with Rio Grande line, from all points in Oregon, Washington and Idaho to all Eastern cities. For information, rates, etc., call on any O. R. & N. agent, or address W. H. Hurlburt, General Passenger Agent, Portland.

"Within the next five years Missouri will startle the world," prophesies State Geologist Gallagher, in a recent interview, "with the great amount of lead, zinc, copper, nickel, cobalt and coal mined in the state. Missouri is rich in minerals, the richest of any state in the country."

Don't smoke cigarettes for the purpose of killing time. Time will transact business at the old stand long after you quit.—Chicago News.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

It Answered the Purpose.

Maude—Have Bella and Jack had a new quarrel?

Lena—Oh, no!—but they've patched up their old one till it's about as good as new.—Puck.

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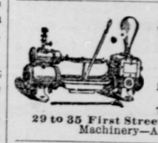

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