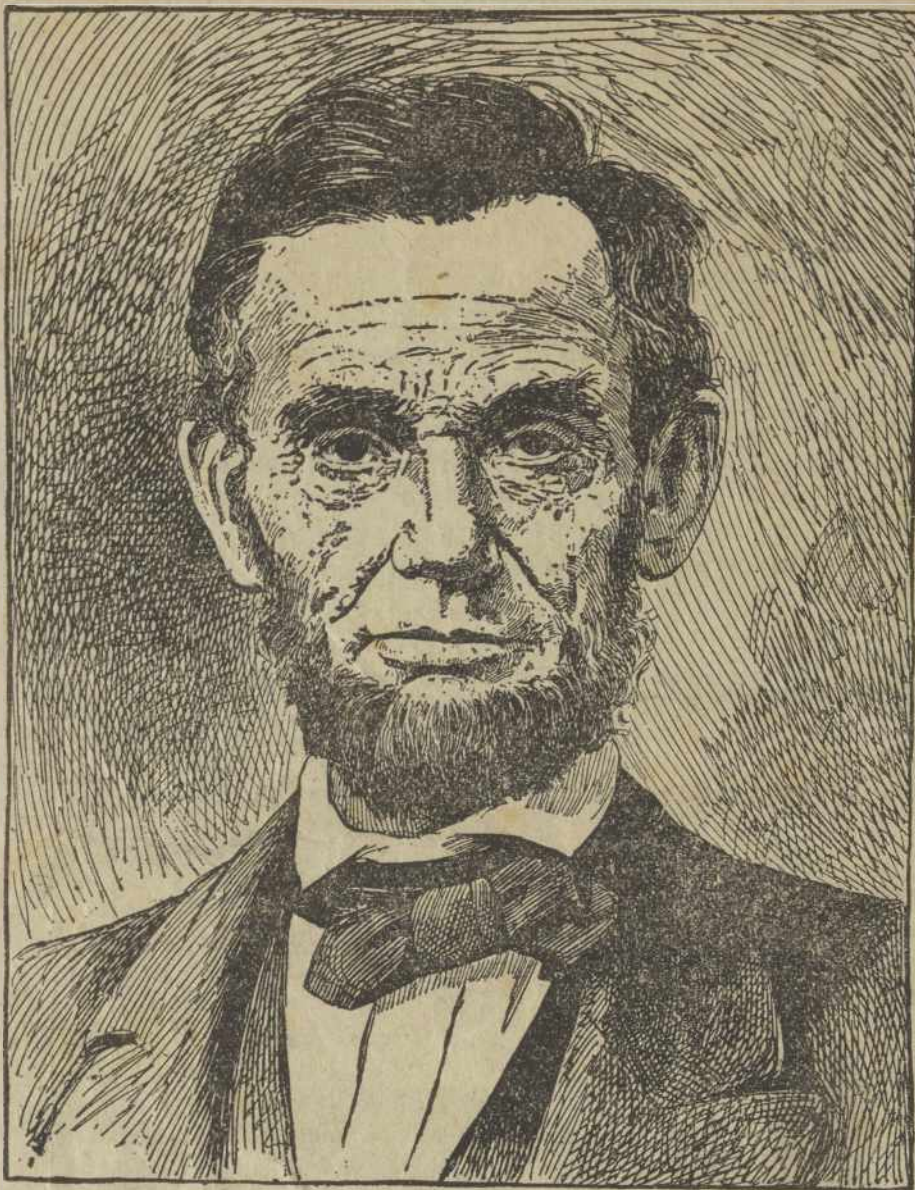


The Assassination of President Lincoln.



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 go, 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 leave 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 Dunderbary.

The assassin, Booth, familiar with the



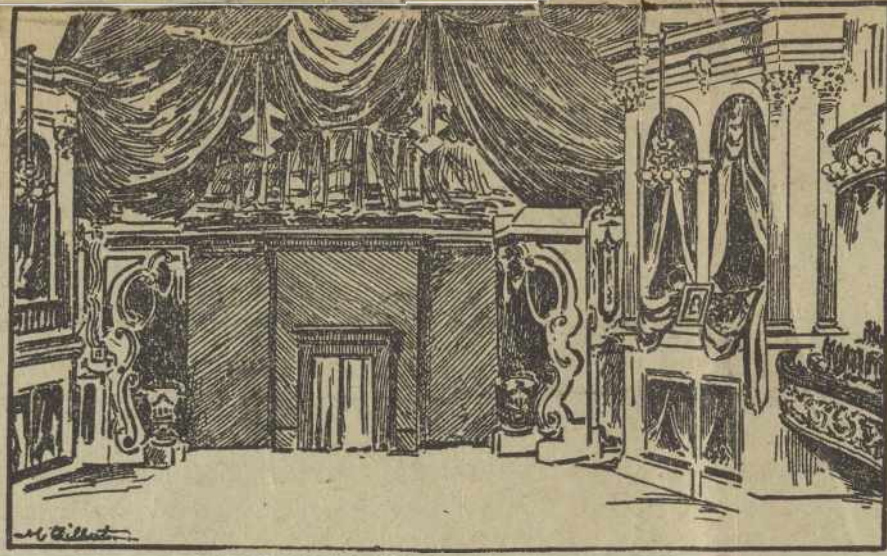
JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

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.

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 appar-



INTERIOR OF FORD'S THEATER.

ently 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.

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 hollered 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. Lin-

coln 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 over spread 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. It is 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.

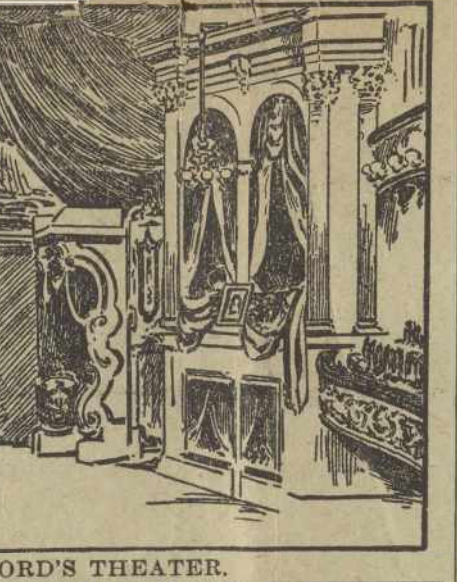
Many have not followed the end of others indirectly associated with the tragedy. The stricken widow of the martyred President passed the balance of her days in melancholia and madness. Of the guests who were with her in the box that night, one slew the other and ended his own life a maniac.

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 paper 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, lilt 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 he



PRAYER TO ST. VALENTINE.

cause 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.



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.

BEVELING OF GLASS.

PROCESS LITTLE UNDERSTOOD BY LAYMEN.

How the Edge of Glass Is Cut Away and Refinished—A Very Simple Process, but One Requiring Skill in Its Execution.

Beveled glass is not new, but it is now far more extensively used than formerly. Twenty years ago beveled mirrors were comparatively rare, now they are common, and are seen in many shapes and sizes. Beveled plates, large and small, and both straight and bent, are used for various other purposes. The process of glass beveling is very simple, but the work calls for skill on the part of the operators.

The plate to be beveled goes first to the roughing mill, which is a solid, heavy steel wheel about two feet and a half feet in diameter, set horizontally, and turning at a high rate of speed. The upper face, or top of this wheel, is slightly roughened. Suspended over the wheel is a big bopper containing sand, which is fed down through a spout in such quantity as may be required upon the top of the rough-faced steel wheel. The grinder holds the plate to be ground in his hands, with the edge to be ground off upon the face of the roughing mill; he shifts the plate along as the glass is ground away. The expert grinder, holding a sheet of glass against the roughing wheel in this manner, will grind a true bevel, with a perfectly straight line along its inner edge, and he brings the side bevels together with a perfectly true angle at the corners.

In the roughing mill the bevel is wrought to shape, but its face is rough-looking and feeling. In fact, like what it is, ground glass. The plate goes then to the enemy wheel, also of steel and set horizontally. Suspended over this wheel is a little hopper filled with emery, the emery feeding down upon the wheel. Upon this wheel the rough face of the bevel as it comes from the roughing mill is again ground, the plate being held in the same manner by a grinder, and the surface is brought nearer to smoothness.

From the emery wheel the plate goes to the smoothing stone, which is also set to turn horizontally. The smoothing stone, which is of an extremely fine sandstone, is made with its upper surface, that against which the glass is brought, very slightly convex. This stone is finished perfectly smooth and it is so fine grained that to the touch it seems almost to be polished. A tiny stream of water, enough to keep the face of the stone wet, is made to trickle down upon it and the glass is held to this wheel just as it was to the others, and here the beveled edge is brought down to a smooth surface, but not polished. The plate goes then to a polishing wheel made of wood and set to turn vertically; the bevel edge of the glass is held against the edge or face of this wooden wheel as it rapidly revolves. The face of the wheel is kept wet and constantly supplied with pulverized stone. Upon this wheel the beveled edge gets its first polish. The glass then takes the final step in the beveling process. It goes to another wheel, also of wood, and also turning vertically, whose face is of felt. The face of this wheel also is kept wet and it is supplied with a fine polishing material called from its color, rouge. Here, as at the first polishing wheel, the glass is held with the bevel against the edge, or face of the wheel. On the rouge wheel the bevel gets its final polish and finish and the surface of the beveled edge, which after the first operation was rough like ground glass, is now as smooth and as polished as the flat surface of the plate.

Great plates that are too big to be held by hand are locked into a frame that can be so moved as to bring the edges to be beveled against wheels adjusted for the purpose.—New York Sun.

Great Man's Tender Heart.
Lord Lawrence, viceroy of India, was a blunt man of action, impatient of contradiction, and thoroughly self-reliant. Yet, like many of the truly great, he had a heart as tender as a woman's. The night on which he started from London to govern India he gathered all his family in the drawing-room and made each child repeat a favorite hymn to him. His youngest son, 10 years old, nestled in his father's arms. Suddenly the strong man burst into tears.

"I shall never," he cried, "see Bertie a child again!"

It was not of the hardships before him, or of his own death he thought, but of the fact that Bertie would not be a child to him on his return.

On board the steamer with the governor general of India was a lady with her infant child. She neglected the baby, which revenged itself by crying day and night. The passengers complained in language more forcible than polite.

"Steward, throw that baby overboard!" was petulantly shouted from sleepless berths.

At last Lord Lawrence, seeing that the child was left motherless by its own mother, took it on his knee. For hours he would hold it, showing to his

watch and anything that would amuse it. The child took to the great, strong man and was always quiet when he held it.

"Why do you, my lord," asked one of the relieved passengers, surprised to see the governor general of India playing nurse to a crying baby, "why do you take such notice of that child?"

"Because to tell the truth," answered Lord Lawrence, "that child is the only being in the ship who I can feel quite sure does not want to get anything out of me."—Pastimes.

Fatal Consequences.

"Be careful how you invoke a force that may destroy you," says a writer, "whether it be the force of electricity, the force of habit or of appetite." For ward tells of two chickens who invoked a power unconsciously.

The other night, nearly all the electric lights in a certain city suddenly went out, and after a minute came on again.

Pretty soon an odor like that of an overcooked dinner filled the power house, and on examination it was found that a couple of chickens had stolen in and gone to roost on the main wires.

All went well with them until Chanticleer, who was perched on one wire reached across to give a good-night kiss to his dear Biddy, on the other. The moment their bills touched, the current of thousands of volts was short-circuited through their bodies, and the kiss ended in a lightning-flash and burnt feathers.



Sycose, having a sweetening power 550 times greater than that of sugar, is the newest substitute offered in diabetic conditions.

Stain of banana juice is almost indelible. It does not proceed from the stalk or plant, but exists in the green fruit as well, from which, when cut or bruised, it exudes in the shape of viscid or cream-like drops.

Monsieur Salome, a French artist, mixes his colors with petroleum instead of turpentine and drying oil, and he thinks he has made an improvement. The colors are first ground in oil, and then rendered with petroleum.

The reason kettles sing is a very simple one. As the water gets hot, little bubbles of steam are formed at the bottom of the kettle. These in their rush upwards strike the sides of the kettle, and set the metal it is made of in vibration, thus causing the humming sound we call singing. You will notice that a large copper kettle, the sides of which are thin, will emit a much louder and more musical note than a common iron kettle.

A new dredge for use on the Volga river, in Russia, has just been built and is constructed in two parts so as to pass through the canal system leading from the Baltic. Each half is 216 feet long, 3½ feet wide and 9 feet deep, and each half can be operated separately, making a bottom cut 62 feet wide. The dredge has steel hulls and is propelled and controlled by electrical machinery of American manufacture. Steam is generated by American boilers fired with naphtha.

In the Bay of Plenty, New Zealand, is one of the most extraordinary islands in the world. It is called White Island, and consists mainly of sulphur mixed with gypsum and a few other minerals. Over the island, which is about three miles in circumference, and which rises between 800 and 900 feet above the sea, floats continually an immense cloud of vapor attaining an elevation of 10,000 feet. In the center is a boiling lake of acid-charged water, covering fifty acres, and surrounded with blow-holes from which steam and sulphurous fumes are emitted with great force and noise. With care a boat can be navigated on the lake. The sulphur from White Island is very pure, but little effort has yet been made to procure it systematically.

Young long-leaf pines, according to Mr. Pinchot of the Department of Agriculture, protect themselves against forest fires in a most interesting and remarkable manner. For four or five years the stems of the infant trees attain a height of only a few inches above the soil. During this time their bark is extraordinarily thick, and that alone gives some protection. But in addition, the long needles spring up above the stem, and then bend over on all sides "in a green cascade which falls to the ground in a circle about the seedling." This green barrier can with difficulty be made to burn, while the shade that it casts prevents inflammable grass from growing near the protected stem. Mr. Pinchot thinks that it is owing to this peculiar system of self-protection which the pine seedlings have developed that the growth of evergreen oaks in Florida has been restricted in regions where fires have raged while our pine forests have taken their place.

Pearl Fishers of Ceylon.

The pearl fishing season in Ceylon only lasts twenty-two days, and during that period 11,000,000 oysters are brought to the surface by fifty divers.