

LINCOLN'S DEATH.

NOAH BROOKS' RECOLLECTION OF THE GREAT TRAGEDY.

The President Did Not Want to Go to the Theater, but Would Not Disappoint the Public.

The afternoon and evening of April 14, 1865, were cold, raw and gusty. Dark clouds enveloped the capital, and the air was chilly with occasional showers. Late in the afternoon I filled an appointment by calling on the President at the White House, and was told by him that he "had a notion" of sending for me to go to the theater that evening with him and Mrs. Lincoln; but, he added, that Mrs. Lincoln had already made up a party to take the place of General and Mrs. Grant, who had somewhat unexpectedly left the city for Burlington, New Jersey. The party was originally planned for the purpose of taking General and Mrs. Grant to see "Our American Cousin," at Ford's Theater, and when Grant had decided to leave Washington, he (the President) had "felt inclined to give up the whole thing"; but as it had been announced in the morning papers that this distinguished party would go to the theater that night Mrs. Lincoln had rather insisted that they ought to go, in order that the expectant public should not be wholly disappointed.

On my way home I met Schuyler Colfax, who was about leaving for California, and who tarried with me on the sidewalk a little while, talking about the trip, and the people whom I knew in San Francisco and Sacramento whom he wished to meet. Mr. Lincoln had often talked with me about the possibilities of his eventually taking up his residence in California after his term of office should be over. He thought, he said, that that country would afford better opportunities for his two boys than any of the older States; and when he heard that Colfax was going to California he was greatly interested in his trip, and said he hoped that Colfax would bring him back a good report of what his keen and practiced observation would note in the country which he (Colfax) was about to see for the first time.

The evening being inclement, I stayed within doors to nurse a violent cold with which I was afflicted; and my room-mate McA— and I whiled away the time chatting and playing cards. About half-past ten our attention was attracted to the frequent galloping of cavalry or the mounted patrol past the house which we occupied on New York avenue, near the State Department building. After a while quiet was restored, and we retired to our sleeping-room in the rear part of the house. The next morning I was awakened in the early dawn by a loud and hurried knocking on my chamber door, and the voice of Mr. Gardner, the landlord, crying, "Wake, wake, Mr. Brooks! I have dreadful news."

I slipped out, turned the key of the door, and Mr. Gardner came in, pale, trembling and weebone, like him who "drew Prian's curtain at the dead of night," and told his awful story. At that time it was believed that the President, Mr. Seward, Vice-President Johnson and other members of the government had been killed, and this was the burden of the tale that was told to us. I sank back into my bed, cold and shivering with horror, and for a time it seemed as though the end of all things had come. I was aroused by the loud weeping of my comrade, who had not left his bed, in another part of the room.

Which we had sufficiently collected ourselves to dress and go out of doors in the bleak and cheerless April morning, we found in the streets an extraordinary spectacle. They were suddenly crowded with people—men, women and children crowding the pavements and darkening the thoroughfares. It seemed as if everybody was in tears. Pale faces, streaming eyes, with now and again an angry, frowning countenance, were on every side. Men and women who were strangers accosted one another with distressed looks and tearful inquiries for the welfare of the President and Mr. Seward's family. The President still lived, but at half-past seven o'clock in the morning the tolling of the bells announced to the lamenting people that he had ceased to breathe. His great and loving heart was still. The last official bulletin from the War Department stated that he died at twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock, on the morning of April 15.

Instantly flags were raised at half-mast all over the city, the bells tolled solemnly, and with incredible swiftness Washington went into deep, universal mourning. All stores, government departments, and private offices were closed, and everywhere, on the most pretentious residences and on the humblest hovels, were the black badges of grief. Nature seemed to sympathize in the general lamentation, and tears of rain fell from the moist and somber sky. The wind sighed mournfully through streets crowded with sad faced people, and broad folds of funeral drapery flapped heavily in the wind over the decorations of the day before.

Wandering aimlessly up F street toward Ford's Theatre we met a tragical procession. It was headed by a group of army officers walking bareheaded, and behind them, carried tenderly by a company of soldiers, was the bier of the dead President, covered with the flag of the Union, and accompanied by an escort of soldiers who had been on duty at the house where Lincoln died. As the little cortege passed down the street to the White House every head was uncovered, and the profound silence which prevailed was broken only by sobs and by the sound

of the measured tread of those who bore the martyred President back to the home which he had so lately quitted full of life, hope and courage.

Stevenson's Last Prayer.

The Literary Digest gives the following sweet and expressive paragraph as the last prayer of Robert Louis Stevenson, composed and read to his family the evening prior to his death:

"We beseech Thee, Lord, to bestow us with favor, folk of many families and nations, gathered together in the place of this roof—weak men and women, subsisting under the cover of Thy patience. Be patient still, suffer us yet a while longer, with our broken promises of good, with our idle endeavors against evil; suffer us a while longer to endure, and if it may be help us to do better. Bless to us our extraordinary mercies; if the day come when these must be taken, have us play the man under affliction. Be with our friends; be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest; if any wake, temper to them the dark hours of watching, and when the day returns to us our sun and comforter, call us with morning faces and with morning hearts, eager to labor, eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion; if the day be marked with sorrow, strong to endure it. We thank Thee and praise Thee; and in the words of Him to Whom this day is sacred, close our oblation."

Weighs Even a Pencil Mark.

Scales are now made of such nice adjustment that they will weigh anything to the smallest hair plucked from the eyebrow. They are triumphs of mechanism and are inclosed in glass cases, as the slightest breath of air would impair their records. The glass cases have a sliding door, and as soon as the weight is placed in the balances the door slides down. The balances are cleared again and made ready for further use by the pressing of a button, which slightly raises the beams.

Two pieces of paper of equal weight can be placed in the scales, and an autograph written in pencil on either piece will cause the other side to ascend, and in the needle, which indicates the divisions of weight, even to the ten millionth part of a pound and less, will move from its perpendicular. A signature containing nine letters has been weighed and proved to be exactly two milligrammes, or the fifteen-thousand-five-hundredth part of an ounce Troy.

How to Walk.

A Delsarte teacher who is peculiar in knowing something of Delsarte's system of expression, says that women can improve their walk without a teacher, though they can't learn about walking from print. The proper length of the step is twice the length of one foot, and it is measured from the hollow of one foot to the hollow of the other. Now, take a piece of tape, and sew on it bits of flannel at intervals twice the length of one of your feet, stretch it across the longest room you have at your disposal and you are ready for practice. Maybe you don't know that each foot should cross the same line with each successive step? It should—that is very important, so now you must walk your tape and set one foot and then the other right over one of those bits of flannel, letting the flannel come just under the instep. Do this and turn your toes out very well, and swing your leg from the thigh, and you are far on the road to a beautiful walk.

Hypnotized Into Buying.

It is needless to go outside the ranks of the gentlemen who peddle commodities through the Maine country towns to find experts in the hypnotic or mesmeric arts. The story is told of a Corinna man, in the Lewiston (Me.) Journal, that after receiving a visit from an apple tree agent recently he asked a neighbor to examine him and see if he was in his right mind. The neighbor looked at him in astonishment.

"What in thunder do you want to know that for?" he asked.

"Well," said the victim, "I haven't got any land nor chance to set out an apple tree if I had one, and Lord knows I don't want any. But here I've just been and ordered enough trees to stock a twenty acre lot of an agent that made me believe I couldn't get along without them. That's what I want to know if I'm in my right mind for."

Chinese Proverbs.

"It thunders loudly, but little rain falls." (Much cry and little wool.)

"There's a time to fish and a time to dry nets." (There's a time for all things.)

"Time flies like an arrow; days and months like a weavers shuttle." (Time and tide wait for no man.)

"For him who does everything in its proper time one day is worth three." (A stitch in time saves nine.)

"Virtue is the surest road to longevity, but vice meets with an early doom." (Virtue is its own reward.)

"The truths which we least wish to hear are those which are most to our advantage to know." (The truth is disagreeable.)

"Abstain from false accusing, that the good and honest may be in safety." (Bear not false witness against thy neighbor.)

Sea water contain silver in considerable quantities.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

ALREADY there have been more train robberies in 1895 than for the entire year in either 1890, 1891 or 1892.

A. J. BLACKWELL, the rich and erratic Indian who owns the cities of Blackwell and David in the Indian Territory, announces that he will build a \$300,000 temple at David City, Okla., for the perpetuation of Indian religions.

The indications of reviving business continue. The New York World publishes interviews with leading men in almost every department of business, and without exception they represent conditions as hopeful and improving.

THE Examiner states that for each convert made in foreign fields during the last year it has cost the American Board (Congregational) \$290, the Missionary Union (Baptist) \$85, the Methodist Church \$255, the Episcopal Church \$1,834, and the Presbyterian Board \$278.

THE Engineering and Mining Journal notes an increase of prices of staple articles estimated at from 20 to 25 per cent, as compared with the prices of the beginning of the year. The articles noticeably affected are silver, corn, meat, cotton, wool and wheat, while in the iron and other metal markets there is a "rising tendency."

THE United States Consul at Hankow, China, has sent to the Department of State an elaborate report on the tea trade of last year. He says that it is the belief that there will be a larger demand for tea the coming season than the last and that there will be keen competition. He adds that the Russian trade was largely remunerative last year. The report shows that for the season of 1894-95 the exports of tea from Hankow to America and Canada were 6,995,298 pounds. About the same amount was sent to Great Britain direct, while 22,468,247 pounds were shipped to Russia.

THE Sioux City Journal is impressed by the difficulties in the way of harmonizing state, city, and town government systems. It says: "Just what to do with our cities, how to give them the necessary measure of self government, and yet to guard against the license which would endanger their existence, how to obey the constitutional command to have all laws of uniform application, yet to make them so elastic as suit the village and the city alike—this is a problem in statesmanship worthy of the best talent and most brilliant genius."

A FEATURE of the Cotton States Exposition in Atlanta, Ga., will be the production of a spectacular play based on the career of Hernando De Soto and his band of Spanish cavaliers in the early history of America. A company of New York and Atlanta capitalists has been organized by Mrs. Littleton, with a capital stock of \$100,000, to produce this spectacular drama. They will build a theater and present in tableaux the romantic and adventurous career of De Soto in Georgia, Alabama and Florida, drawing partly on tradition and partly on imagination.

HOUSE boats will soon be introduced in this country, a company being about organized with a capital of \$100,000 to build them in Philadelphia. It is proposed to establish a floating camp or village near Philadelphia this summer. Each boat will be of a standard pattern, complete in itself, with as many rooms and berths as may be required. They will be supplied with kitchen, store room and lavatories, with open shaded decks for fair weather, and a small boat for landing and visiting. This style of boat is common in some parts of Europe, especially in London.

THE Czar of Russia has rejected a petition which was recently presented to him by seven journalists and literary men in favor of modification of the press laws. A commission, consisting of the ministers of justice and of the interior and the procurator of the holy synod, to which the document was referred, reported adversely upon it, pointing out that the presentation of collective petitions is logically prohibited, and also that the press laws are not antiquated, but that they have been repeatedly amended. The commission added that private persons are prohibited from calling upon the government to change the laws of the country and are especially prohibited from criticizing them.

AT Dashour, twenty miles south of Cairo, the graves of two princesses of the Twelfth Dynasty, more than 4,000 years ago, were discovered intact a little while ago. The coffins had decayed and the mummies crumbled to dust as soon as an attempt was made to remove them, but on the head of each was a golden coronet looking as fresh as the day it was made. One was a wreath of forget-me-nots with Maltese crosses at intervals made of precious stones; the other coronet contained a socket in which was inserted a spray of flowers made of jewels, with leaves and stems of gold. Beside these were necklaces, bracelets, armlets, anklets, daggers and charms.

THE United States Patent Office will make a good showing at the Atlanta Fair. The collection made for the Chicago Fair puts it in a position to do so within the rather meagre appropriation, \$6,000. The display will run mostly to the cotton industry and general agriculture. The cotton gin of Eli Whitney may occupy a separate case. Flows will range from that of Daniel Webster to the latest approved model. A recent acquisition just received from Massachusetts is the first patent granted

in what is now the United States. It was issued in Massachusetts. "At a general Court at Boston the 6th of the 3th mo. 1646," to Joseph Jenkes, of Hounslow, County Middlesex, England, and declared "yt no other pson shall set up or use any such new inventino or trade for fourteen years without ye license of him ye said Joseph Jenkes."

JAPAN, after a comparatively short campaign, has thrashed China and obliged the latter country to accept terms of peace that are extremely galling. In other words, a nation of 40,000,000 of people has put under subjection a nation of 400,000,000. It is interesting and profitable to consider the causes that led to this remarkable achievement, remarks the New York Journal. A good deal of the mystery is cleared away when we assert that the Japanese are both patriotic and self sacrificing. The Chinese, on the other hand, are self indulgent and have little or no love of country. From the outset of the struggle civilized nations extended their sympathy to Japan. It seemed plain that any improvement in China's status must be brought about by heroic treatment. Even Li Hung Chang realized this, and now acknowledges that the higher interests of civilization have been subserved by his country's defeat. The influence of Japan on China is sure to be beneficial. The Chinese are a clever and in many respects an admirable people, but they have been held back by a narrowness of view and a retroactive disposition that is bound to disappear under Japan's progressive treatment.

SPEAKING of Mrs. Hetty Green, the richest woman in the United States (her fortune is estimated at \$50,000,000), the New York Journal says: Hetty Green is said to be a rich woman—so rich that her personal tax is fixed at \$27,000. Yet Hetty, with all this money, has no home. She asks the people she meets to tell her of some place where she can sleep. She never sees on the walls around her any little embroidered legend, "God Bless Our Home," nor does she see the associated oburgation about "Our Cook." She cannot let herself live in ordinary comfort, believing, apparently, that if she has no home she will not have to pay the taxes. It is therefore hardly worth while to be so rich in purse if you are so abjectly poor in soul. If you have to sneak through life living always on the sly, dodging from house to house, and making your dinner on five cents' worth of crackers bought at a grocery, what is the use of money? There are hundreds of thousands of poor women in the tenement houses in this city with just enough to live on who may, perhaps, envy Hetty her millions, but who are far happier than she is.

An official of the Agricultural Department, discussing the recent increase in the price of cattle, which is said to be the primary cause for the increase in the price of beef in the country, says that it may be occasioned by the decrease in the corn crop of the past few years. The last great crop of the country was that grown in 1891 and available in 1892. It amounted to 2,000,000,000 bushels. The crop of 1892 was 1,630,000,000 bushels; that of 1893, 1,620,000,000 bushels, and the crop of 1894 less than 1,200,000,000 bushels. Corn is the principal food of beef cattle. It is true that the farmers have used wheat for cattle food during the depression of price of this cereal, but the falling off of the corn crop, in the opinion of the official, may have had more to do with the rise than anything else. Lack of the principal food for cattle may have induced stock raisers to put upon the market more cattle than formerly. Another reason for the decrease in the number of cattle is given in the fencing in and closing up of many of the stock ranges and ranches. The settlement of the Western States by small farmers has made stock raising in great herds less profitable, and it is said that the increase in cattle has not nearly kept pace with the increase in population of the country.

Aquatic Sports at Wellesley.

Wellesley girls show no diminution in their fondness for aquatic sports. There has just been shipped from the works of a Connecticut boat builder a fine eight-oared barge, intended for the use of the class of '97. The barge is described as forty-five feet long, three feet beam, and is constructed throughout of Spanish cedar, lap-streaked, with copper fastenings. The fittings are made up of patent roller slides, swivel rowlocks, and adjustable foot braces. It sounds like a racing boat, but it has not been built for that purpose, as the students are not permitted to race on the lake near the college, but it is safe to say there will be some pleasant and not too slow spins taken in the new barge.

A Mystery in a Tree.

Mr. J. B. Blair, who lives six miles from Villa Rica, was in town Tuesday, says the Carrollton (Ga.) Free Press, with a mystery in the shape of a piece of a tree with a jaw bone of a man in it. It was shown to five of our doctors and they say it is either that of an Indian or white man. But how it got there is a mystery, as it was near the center of the tree, the tree being over two feet through, and was found four feet from the ground. Mr. Blair was offered \$500 for a half interest in it to show at the Atlanta exposition. He says he would not take \$2,000 for it, as he proposes to exhibit it throughout the United States and at the coming exposition in Atlanta.

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Appearances Are Often Deceptive—The Only One Doing Anything—Experience—That Reminded Him, Etc., Etc.

APPEARANCES OFTEN DECEPTIVE.

Tramp—Please, mum, I'm almost starved.

Housekeeper—I saw you enter half a dozen houses before you got to this one, and you staid a good while in each.

Tramp—Yes, mum, but they was all boardin' houses.

THE ONLY ONE DOING ANYTHING.

"How's all the boys makin' out now?"

"None of 'em doin' anything, 'ceptin' of Jim."

"An' what's Jim doin' of?"

"Loafin' around!"

EXPERIENCE.

He—Now, darling, I shall go and ask your father for you.

She—He won't give his consent.

He—How do you know?

She—Because four or five have tried it before you.

THAT REMINDS HIM.

Farmer Poore—Marindy, I see in the paper they's a man out in Grand Rapids that's walkin' around without any brains.

Mrs. Poore—Well, Jabez, I know a man closter home that's in the same fix.

Farmer Poore—Oh! That kindlin' wood? I'll fetch it right in.

HOW NICE.

Miss Bellefield—I intend to treat Mr. Van Braam like one of the family.

Miss Bloomfield—What on earth do you mean, Carrie?

Miss Bellefield—When he proposes I'll tell him I'll be a sister to him.

NOT ALWAYS A GOOD PLAN.

Daughter—You told me that when I wanted a favor of my husband I should ask him after dinner. The first time I tried it he not only refused, but he was just as cross and ugly as he could be. He never refused me anything before—boo, hoo, hoo!

Mother—Bless me, my dear, you shouldn't have asked him after a dinner that you had cooked yourself.

CHINA'S NEED.

What China needs

To remove the tarnish

Is a few dabs more

Of Japan varnish.

STRONG LOCKS.

Bilzer—How is it that your wig never falls off, Zabzin?

Zabzin—Easy enough; the locks on it do the business.

SCIENTIFICALLY CONSIDERED.

Mother—What's that smacking noise in the parlor?

Studious boy (who goes to school)—It's sister and her young man exchanging microbes.

IT'S ONE DRAWBACK.

Mrs. Homer—Dear me, I must commence housecleaning to-morrow, and I hate it!

Mr. Homer—Why, how is that?

Mrs. Homer—It dirties everything up so.

THE NEW MAN.

Wadsworth—Well, well, well! If this isn't Billy Brown. How are you, old man, anyway?

The late Billy Brown—I am not Billy Brown any longer. I am Mr. Simpkins. I have married since we met last.

DISTINCTION.

"In all my career," said the eminent statesman, "I can say that I have never done anything to be ashamed of."

"You mean," sneered the cynic, "that you have never done anything you were ashamed of."

AN OKLAHOMA COURTSHIP.

Miss Gladys Mork—How did you come to accept Alkali Ike?

Miss Birdie Slade—Because he was so brave and fearless. Why, when I asked him to do something heroic to prove his love for me he whooped and swore and kicked the chairs over till paw got out of bed and came downstairs, as mad as a hornet, to quiet the uproar. And then Ike jumped on to him and licked him in less than three minutes. And you know paw has always been considered one of the hardest men in the county to handle.

MARRIED YOUNG.

He—You think you are too young to marry? Why, my mother married at 14.

She—That's nothing; my mother married before I was born.

A QUESTION OF CLUBS.

Miss Beacon Street—Then, you know, we have our Browning clubs.

Miss Manhattan (contemptuously)—Oh, our cooking clubs got a little further than the proper coloring of baked beans.

A SIGN.

Daughter—I wouldn't be surprised if Mr. Lingerly proposed this evening. I just got a lovely note from him.

Mother—Did you? Did he ask if you would be at home?

Daughter—No. He asked if pa would be.

TOO COOL FOR COMFORT.

She—Tell me: when you were in the army were you cool in the hour of danger?

He—Cool? I actually shivered.

EQUAL TO IRVING.

Amateur Actor (to friend)—What did you think of my Hamlet, Charley?

Dear Friend—Immense. In one part of the play you were equal to Irving.

Amateur Actor—What part was that, Charley?

Dear Friend—Where Polonius gives his parting advice to Laertes.

Amateur Actor—But I was behind the scenes then.

Dear Friend—So is Irving.

HOW TO GROW THIN.

Instruction for Stout Persons to Reduce Flesh.

It is all very well to laugh at the absurdity of sighing over growing old, but there are very few women who are sufficiently philosophical not to be a little chagrined at the advance of years showing itself plainly in face or figure. There would seem to be two distinct types of American women—those who grow stout as they grow older, and those who grow thin. It is all very well to say that the face looks better when it is plump than when it is thin, but every pound of additional avoirdupois certainly adds to a woman's age in appearance at least, while the woman who does not grow stout rarely changes much in appearance from thirty-five to fifty. There are many physical reasons which induce added flesh, and we are told that the figure settles as one grows older; but it is very settling that all women are anxious to avoid, and there is really no necessity for it whatever.

Steady banting always has the desired result in so far as the reducing of flesh is concerned, but there are other results far from satisfactory which are apt to accompany it, and very often ill health and irritable nerves are the outcome of trying to grow thin. The avoiding of starchy food is a simple matter, and by not eating potatoes and bread very often an astonishing difference in weight is soon perceived. Certain salts which, however, should never be taken except under the orders of one's physician will sometimes start a disposition to lose flesh, which if followed with giving up potatoes and bread, will work marvelous results.

Indolence, one of the greatest factors in increasing weight, lies within the power of every woman to correct. It is so much the fashion now to take exercise that there is no excuse for being lazy. It is impossible for some women to walk a regular exercise will benefit even the most delicate. Sitting invariably produces fat and fat just where one does not want it—about the stomach and hips. When one begins to lose flesh—and this can be ascertained by being weighed every week—a little massage will be found a great help. The massage, if she understand her business, will soon be able to tell where the superfluous flesh is, and will direct her energies to the particular place or places. Of course massage is an expensive luxury, but it is not a thing that needs to be continued, and a few hours will often work a wondrous change. For instance, one hour three times a week for a fortnight has been known to reduce the size of the waist half an inch. Standing erect with the hands pressed well down on the hips and then, with the hands still kept on the hips, bending the body forward, backward, and sideways several times, twice a day, will also work off accumulated fat about the hips and stomach. But this exercise must be conscientiously persevered in.

Snakes Which Feign Death.

This habit of feigning death is not unknown among snakes. It is particularly characteristic of the puffing adder, or hogsnake, although it has been observed in the grass snake and others. Several writers in Nature have recently described the "faunting" of the puffing adder. When the snake finds it impossible to escape he thrashes his head violently from side to side, the mouth open to its widest extent and the tongue protruding. After a few convulsive movements the body becomes limp and apparently lifeless. It may even be stroked or carried about without showing any signs of animation. The body would remain in whatever position it was placed except in its natural position; if it were thus placed it rolled over on its back and resumed its lethargy. The snake could be reanimated by being plunged in water, or if left to itself it would after a time revive of its own accord.

She Managed Iron Works.

Lady Charlotte Schreiber, who has just died in England, was distinguished not only in London society, but also in many charitable undertakings. She managed the Dowling Iron Works all through her son's minority and shared with Baroness Burdette-Coutts the distinction of being a free woman of the city of London and a member of a city guild. A married woman cannot, by rules and regulations of these ancient guilds, attain this honor, and it was before her marriage to Ashmead Bartlett that the baroness received the freedom of the Turners' and Haberdashers' companies. Lady Charlotte, who was about the same age as the baroness—that is, in her 80th year—was elected a member of the guild of fanmakers on becoming a widow and her collection of fans is one of the most complete and celebrated in the world.

Australia grows one-fourth of the total wool production of the world.