SCHOOL-BOY TROUBLES.

The witches get in my books, I know,
Or else it's fairy elves;
For when I study, they plague me so
I feel like one of themselves.

Often they whisper: "Come and play,
The sun is shining bright!"
And when I fling the book away
They flutter with delight.

They dance among the stupid words,
And twist the "rules" awry;
And fly across the page like birds,
Though I can't see them fly.

They twitch my feet, they blur my eyes,
They make me drowsy, too;
In fact, the more I fellow tries
To study, the worse they do.

They can't be heard, they can't be seen—
I know not how they look—
And yet they always lurk between
The leaves of a lesson book.

Whatever they are I can not tell,
But this is plain as day;
I never 'll be able to study well,
As long as the book-elves stay.

St. Nicholas for February, 1882.—

WHICH WAS THE FOOL.

A blustering, uncomfortable day in early November, with a bleak promise of snow in the air, and a sky that was clouding over. The bare branches of the trees swayed and writhed savagely; occasionally little showers of dry, dead leaves, that were not yet sodden and decayed, flurried up and down; and the roar of the fire in the chimney completed the outside picture of a dull autumn afternoon.

In Miss Miner's sitting room, however, everything was as cozy and delightful as could be desired, with the warm crimson lamberquins with their heavy cords and tassels, and the carpet to match in tints, any the furniture of light gray damask, puffed with crimson, and the gray and gold wall paper, and the pretty knick-knacks here and there that furnished the room in such admirable taste. And Hettie Miner, sitting before the open grate-stove fire, her black silk skirt turned carefully back over her lap, and her substantially made pebble-goat boots resting comfortably on the fender.

An elderly woman—40 odd—with a sharp, shrewd face and bright little eyes and a resolute look around her mouth. A homely, out spoken woman, who was proud to say she was never in love, who lived in luxury, although on a small scale, and who had $5,000 in Government bonds to leave her relations when she died; and in all the world she had but two relatives, Mrs. Crisford Barl, her married sister, and Mr. Parker Dollingby, her half brother, who, besides being inordinately jealous that old Simon Carmen had left Hetty his fortune, just because she happened to befriend him in his poor, ante-mining days, were very much given to toadying her and writing affectionate letters to her, and loading her with presents, and forcing invitations on her; all of which Miss Miner accepted in a matter-of fact way, and in return did exactly as she pleased.

This especial afternoon, as she sat meditatively before the fire, she suddenly broke the stillness, with an energy of speech that made the young girl reading in the bay-window, nearly concealed by the curtains, look startedly up from her book:

"Ellice, you're a fool!"

Evidently, Ellice Dunning had not lived five years as companion and general attendant to Miss Miner in vain: for she manifested no surprise at the rough speech, beyond the brief little startled look in her soft winey-brown eyes.

She closed her book and came out into the room, a little flush on her face.

"Do you think so, Miss Miner?"

"Most certainly I think so, or I should not have said so. You are a fool, Ellice Dunning, and I hate to see you throw yourself away so foolishly. Do show your commmon sense, if you've got any and let that young jackanapse of a doctor go. You are better off without him. I'd give him up."

"I couldn't give him up, Miss Miner, I love him too well."

Miss Miner looked sarcastically at Ellice's sweet flushed face, and gave a sniff of contempt.

"What nonsense! You love him too well. Love indeed! It's all absurdity. I never was in love in all my life."

Ellice dropped her head in a pretty, little confused way.

"I—can't help that, Miss Miner—I love Frank and he loves me. We would be perfectly miserable if we were parted. Please don't tell me I must give him up. Indeed, it is impossible. We are engaged to be married just as soon as he comes back from his visit home."

"Miss Miner dropped her feet from the polished silver bar to the tiled hearth with a resonant bang as she jumped up, indignantly.

Engaged to be married to Dr. Olevin! Did I ever! Well Ellice Dunning—very well. I am going to New York on a visit by the 6:10 train, and I'll be home on Thursday. When I come back, don't let me find you here you ungrateful little wretch—you."

"Niss Miner. You don't mean—to—turn me away."

"That is just what I mean. I have told you time and again, I didn't approve of men-beaux and love-making, and I won't have it where I am. You can take your choice—me or Dr. Olevin. I'll give you just five minutes."

"I don't want five minutes for a choice Miss Miner," she said proudly.

"You have been very good to me, and I cannot forget your kindness, and I think I have done my duty to you. But nothing—no one—could come between me and Dr. Olevin."

"All right then. Don't let me see you here when I come back—that's all."

And then Ellice went up to Miss Miner's room and packed the red Russia satchel, dropping a few tears as she folded the garments Miss Miner would require.

"I'll go to Mrs. Carisford Carl," Miss Miner decided, as she sat in the city bound express, in the early dusk of the November evening. "Cametia thinks all the world of me. Her daughter would not act so. The idea!—actually preferring—a penniless young doctor, with a mustache—a nasty black mustache—to me. After all I've done for her too."

And then Miss Miner leaned back very contentedly in her seat, satisfied that she had done her whole duty by herself and Ellice Dunning; too.

It was just 8:30 o'clock when the hired hack deposited her at the door of Mrs. Carisford Carl's red-brick house—a comfortable, cozy place, with name on the door in full.

A servant showed her in, and asked her name; Miss Miner wanted to surprise her sister, and sent word that a, friend wished to see her, while she seated herself in the parlor, where a little girl curled up in a cushioned chair reading.

"You want to see my mamma, I suppose!"

"Yes," said Miss Miner, with an affable smile. "You are Hetty, I suppose?"

The child gave a heavy sigh.

"Yes. I'm Hetty. Oh, don't I hate that name?"

"Why, I think it's a first-rate name. You are a namesake of somebody, I guess?"

"Yes, I am. Old Hetty Miner, my aunt, who lives out in the country. I never have seen her and I don't want to either, 'cause mamma says she's the meanest old thing in all creation—a regular old Miss Nancy, papa says."

Miss Miner smiled—a little queerly.

"Oh! that's what they say is it? Well, Hetty, I am your Aunt Miner."

The child opened her eyes wider.

"Are you? Then, won't mamma be mad! We expect company after a while and mamma won't want you at all. We'd be dreadfully ashamed of you before the Algergons. You're going to leave us your money, ain't you? Papa and mamma said they were most tired of waiting—you had as many lives as a cat. We are going to Europe when you die!"

"Are you?" said Miss Miner, with an insane desire to shake the pert, self-possessed, venomous youngster. "Well I wouldn't depend upon it if I were you?"

And before Mrs. Carl came down the stairs, Miss Miner was out on the street, and her way to her half-brother's house.

"A pretty nest of vipers those Carls are. Thank heaven I've found them out in time? Going to Europe on my money! Why ungrateful as that squaky little Ellice is she isn't half as treacerous as my own flesh and blood. Humph!"

And her complacency was not yet restored when she left the street-car on the nearest corner to Mr. Parker Dollingby's bachelor quarter's that were alight in a perfect blaze of bright cheer.

"It looks like a party," she thought.

But all the same she did not hesitate to go up the imposing stone steps and ring the bell, to which no response coming, she tried the door knob, and admitted herself into a large, brilliantly lighted hall, at the end of which was a room, from which came the sounds of revelry and jollification that had prevented her ring being heard.

Miss Miner went into the first door that stood ajar, and through another partly closed door she saw the gay bachelor party—some ten or fifteen—merry over their wine.

"So that's the way Parker Dollingby does, is it?" she asked herself grimly, just as, the same instant that gentleman rose high, and for a second silenced all others.

"Here's to the health of my most respected ancient mariness—a vertible old maid, all forlorn, whose legacy is a long time coming, but sure to get here sometime. A cool $50,000 or so, boys; and imagine the swell we'll cut when the venerable Mehitable kicks the bucket. Drink to her, fellows!"

Somehow Miss Miner took herself silently out of the place. She was silent all the way to the hotel; and then, once in the room, locked the door, and—actually cried, and then went to bed, wondering if it was ever granted to mortals to come nearer to being made a fool of than she had been; and at two o'clock in the morning to awaken with a strange, sick feeling that was awful to endure in that big lonely hotel, where she didn't know a living soul,

But she rang for assistance, and the servant brought her a physician, who happened to be staying over night, and Miss Miner's life was saved from the terrible attack of gastralgia by Dr. Frank Olevin.

"I'll pay you when I get home," she said, tersely. "You can go with me if you don't mind my green veil and bag."

And so, after reaching home, where Ellice Dunning in readiness to leave by a train an hour later, opened the door in answer to an imperious summons, Miss Miner stalked in followed by Dr. Frank Olevin.

"You needn't be frightened, Ellice," she said, in a wonderful soft tone of voice. "I've changed my mind. I'm the feol, not you. Here is your beau; you can have him and welcome. And when you're married, I'm going to settle my fortune on you and let you live here, if you'll give me a room somewhere. I've changed my mind, I tell you, Ellice Dunning. Take off your things and go get a cup of coffee for us."

And that was the way little brown-eyed Ellice came into her double inheritance of love and fortune.

The First Calf.

It is often the case when a heifer has her first calf that the farmer thinks she will not give more milk than will keep her calf in good condition and lets them run together to teach her the mystery of being milked when she has her next calf. In this decision there are two mistakes that go far to spoil the cow for future usefulness. Cows are largely the creatures of habit—and when their first calf everything is new and strange to them, and they readily submit to be milked, and think it is all right; but suffer them to run with the calf the first season, and a vicious habit is established that they will hardly forget in a lifetime. If they ever submit to be milked quietly, it is evidently under protest. But there is a greater objection than this. The calf running with the cow draws the milk ever hour or two, so that the milk vessels are at no time distended with milk, though the quantity secreted in a given time may be large. But this is the natural time to distend the milk ducts and expand the udder to a good capacity for holding milk. When with her next calf, you require the milk to be retained twelve hours the udder becomes hard, painful and the milk leaks from the teats, or more like, nature accomodates the quantity of the milk secreted to the capacity to retain it, and the cow becomes permanently a small milker. Much of the future character of a cow, therefore, depends on her treatment when she has her first calf.—*Canada Farmer.*

Two New Senators from Iowa.

Des Moines, Ia., Jan. 18.—The joint session of the legislature to-day formally declared the election to the United States Senate of James F. Wilson for the long term, and J. W. McDill for the short term.

A Few Social Suggestions.

We have often thought that, as a rule, farmers were not as social in their disposition as their position, convenience and leisure would seem to warrant. Their labors arduous except in the winter months they have little spare time to devote to personal enjoyments. The farm absorbs all their time and watchfulness to keep it in good condition in order to reap the advantages following from constant intelligent attention. Nevertheless there is always *some* spare time in which to keep up the social intercourse of the neighborhood.

There is a great deal of pleasure in the world mingled with pain, and we see no reason why farmers should neglect to take their share of it. Some of them look upon all social intercourse and a day's respite from the labors of the field as a waste of time utterly beyond their power to afford. On the other hand we think that they could make their lot much more agreeable and enjoyable, while every duty would be equally well attended to—nay better attended to—by mingling with one another more frequently and socially. There are, during that portion of the year when there is least work to do, long evenings in which they can read the newspapers and useful books, and this might occupy say three or four evenings in a week. The others (excepting Sunday, should be devoted to paying and receiving visits. These meetings should sometimes resolve themselves into little parties, in which sons and daughters should join, and at which there should be some light refreshments, such as farmers mostly can command within themselves. Music, which is a great harmonizer in families, should be cultivated more generally, as well as should many other home attractions and amusements. These, in addition to conversation and a comparison of views upon agriculture, domestic economy, and the leading questions of the day, among the older members, of these neighborhood gatherings, who however, should always unite in all the enjoyments of the evening, whether adapted precisely to their years or not.—would impart a large amount of happiness, and prove a bond of union between many clever families in every vicinity, who are now either estranged or indifferent to each other.

The women, whose natural inclinations lead them to seek acquaintance and to form associations, should take the initiative. Much depends upon them. The responsibilities to their children are heavy. The mothers have, in a great measure, the moulding of their characters, and nothing will tend to develop them more in the right direction than proper social intercourse with their seniors. As they grow up they will naturally desire to have a good education, will acquire good manners and habits of cleanliness, and be taught to think and act for themselves, which will be the best capital they can possess to begin the world with. Their parents will be proud of them. They will see that they are going to be men and women in the real sense of the words, and thus satisfy the hopes so dearly cherished of them. Parents, provide home pleasure for your children. These will keep them from wandering and seeking them elsewhere. Encourage social intercourse by setting a good example; and never allow the duties of the farm to absorb *all* your time and labor and thoughts, paralyzing your mental energies, drying up the fountains of neighborly good will, and making you careless of the enjoyments which a Providence has placed within your reach; neither should you allow any indulgence in these recreations so as to interfere with the proper fulfillment of the every-day labors of life, on which so much depends. There is a medium in all things. There are other objects in life than in working, working from early to late—eating, eating, and sleeping, sleeping. Let us all mingle with our daily labors and social duties required of us, and thus by each one adding his and her mite to the general sum, create for us all those pleasant hours of relaxation and neighborly intercourse that contribute so largely to smoothing and making pleasant the pathways of life.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Hints for Housekeepers.

A little spirits of turpentine added to the water with which floors are washed, will prevent the ravages of moths.

Use kerosene, or earth-brick, or powdered lime to scour iron tin or copper; wash in hot suds and polish with dry whiting.

To remove spots from furniture, four ounces of vinegar, two ounces of sweet oil, one ounce of turpentine. Mix and apply with a flannel cloth.

Spirits of ammonia diluted with water; if applied with a sponge or flannel to discolored spots on the carpet or garments will often restore the color.

Skim-milk and water, with a little bit of glue in it, made scalding hot will often restore old rusty black crape. If clapped and pressed dry, like fine muslin, it will look as good as new.

When carpets are well cleaned sprinkle with salt and fold; when laid, strew slightly moistened bran before sweeping. This, with the salt will freshen them up wonderfully.

A paste made of whiting and benzene will clean marble, and one made of whiting and chloride of soda, spread and left to dry (in the sun if possible) on the marble will remove spots.

Celery boiled in milk and eaten with the milk served as a beverage is said to be a cure for rheumatism, gout and a specific in cases of small pox. Nervous people find comfort in celery.

A flannel cloth dipped into warm soap suds and then into whiting and applied to paints will instantly remove all grease and dirt. Wash with clean water and dry. The most delicate paint will not be injured, and will look like new.

Plaster of paris mixed with gum arabic water makes an axcellent white cement, but must be used immediately, as it hardens quickly. A mixture of five parts of gelantine to one of acid chromate of lime, applied to broken edges, which should be pressed together and exposed to the sunlight, makes an insolvable cement.

My children had sore throat. Peruna cured them. M. P. Lenhart, Irwin Station, Pa.

Hon. A. H. Stephens now weighs 94 pounds.

A Subsidized Organ.

"Are you the editor?" said a man, who wore a conciliatory smile and dyed beard, as he took a seat in our office.

We acknowledged that at present we served and instructed the people in that capacity, and, to prove our assertion, we showed him the blisters on our hands by our exertion in operating the Archimedean lever that moves the world.

"Well, I want you to surprise me with a flattering personal notice in your paper. I am going to run for constable in the Eighth ward, and I want something neat in the way of a send-off."

"Our columns are always open to advance the best interests of the public, but we shall expect you to surprise us with a pecuniary compensation, not necessarily for publication, but merely as a pledge of good faith."

"I'll pay. A man can't expect to be surprised without paying for it in advance. What have you got?"

"We can accommodate you with almost any kind of personal notice, from a cheap electro-plated biography to an eighteen carat obituary, and at a scale of prices varying according to the strain on our columns and veracity. In moulding public opinion we defy competition. Now, how would you like this? It is a neat little Raphaelite gem and will cost only $1.50:

"'Our enterprising townsman, Colonel B——, than whom there is no more popular and genial gentleman in the length and breadth of our great Empire State, has consented, at the earnest solicitation of many friends, to sacrifice his very profitable business to the public good, and has authorized us to announce him as a candidate for the honorable office of constable of this precinct.'

"If that is not strong enough, here is a Michael Angelo, full length, in which your qualities of head and heart will be touchingly alluded to, and you will be commended for your generous impulses—only $2.50 each insertion. Then we have a brilliant thing, after Mosart, which is intended for Gubernational candidates—speaks of your simplicity of character, jean clothes, and pay as you go proclivities—but it can be easily modified to suit a prospective constable. It will cost you $3. There are several others from $2 to $10 each. For referring to you as an 'old land mark,' $1 extra is charged."

"I reckon you can saw me off $3 worth, but you must throw in something about my brilliant war record."

"We always do that."

"And just wind up by surprising Captain Bill Smike. He is running against me. I wouldn't say anything he might take offense at. Only say he is not fit for the office because he has breath like a buzzard and the record of a convict. You might add that my brother hasn't got a wife that has fits. That will hit him where he is sore, for his brother's wife is subject to fits. I don't care to lug any personalities into this campaign unless I am obliged to."

"We can't do it, Colonel. Your rival is our personal friend. He is a subscriber."

"Pshaw! I thought you were running an independent paper in the interests of the people, but I see you are the subsidized organ of a political clique," and off he went to see the editor of the other paper.—*Texas Shifting.*

Two Excellent Apples

The American Golden Russet is an apple of the very highest merit for home use as a dessert fruit. It has a delightfully agreeable flavor and so fine a texture that the most delicate stomach, unable to digest easily the coarse market sort of apples, can eat it freely. The tree has an erect form, large leaves, quite well adapted for lawn planting; it begins to bear when quite young, bears annually and carries its fruit interiorly on the older wood so that the branches are not bent out of place or the tree disfigured by it. Like other Russets this requires to be stored in a rather damp cellar or in a close box of wood or tin which will retain moisture about the fruit. Otherwise the apples will shrivel, the contained water escaping through the open rind and the fine aroma of the fruit with it. Another apple of the same season—early Winter—of entirely different character but equally fine in its way, is the Smokehouse. It is the finest flavored and textured stewing apple, and very fine for dessert, but so superior in sauce that all who have ever tasted it want a regular supply. It is scarce excepting it is so well known that customers insist upon being supplied. Nurserymen have trouble with it because of its leaning and yielding habit of growth, which makes it difficult to grow a tree upright enough and tall enough for orchard planting. It carries this habit to the orchard, and aggravates it by the further habit of forming its fruit buds at the end of the young growth, which, naturally weak, of course bends low with the weight of the heavy fruit. This sort is of the old Vandevere type, and shows it by its extra culinary merit, and by the terminal fruit buds, on each side of which a pair of new shoots issue, one on each side of the terminal blossom, so that all the young growth shows usually an even bifurcation. The fruit has a bright, well varnished rind, and not at all rimous as the Russet, and keeps pulmp and perfect on open shelves.—*Pennsylvania.*

Doing Up Men's Linen.

A husband complained that his shirt bosom and collars were badly done up, and the case was referred to a knowing shirt maker and his answer was well worthy the attention of housekeepers: "Yes," said the man, "the fault is with your laundress. When doing up your collars she stretches them the wrong way. Damp linen is very pliable and a good pull will alter a fourteen-inch collar into a fifteen-inch in the twinkling of an eye. She ought to stretch them crosswise instead of lengthwise. Then in straightening out your shirt bosom she makes another mistake of the same sort. They also ought to be pulled crosswise instead of lengthwise, particularly in the neighborhood of the neck. A lengthwise pull will draw the front of the neckband somewhat under your chin, where it was never meant to go, and of course spoils the set of your collar. With the front of your neckband an inch too high, and your collar an inch too long, you have a most desirable combination." The necessary changes were made in the method of the laundry, and all was right with the shirts and collars.

Dr. Bliss.

"And you say that you are a doctor?" said the justice, regarding a squatty looking colored man who had been arraigned before the court.

"Yes, sah, I'se a physician, an' my name is Dr. Bliss."

"Why do you call yourself Bliss?—because—"

"I knows what you gwine ter say, but ye needn't—I'll tell it. Yer's gwine ter say I calls myself Bliss 'case a man named Bliss doctored President Garfield. Dat is a mistake, Jedge; my name was Bliss 'fore President Garfield was bore. I'se a ole timer."

"You are charged, Dr. Bliss, with poisoning Thomas Hendricks, a highly respectable colored man of your neighborhood. What have you to say in your own defense?"

"Nothin', sah, 'case the case needs no defense. I'se a regular physician, and oh course I dean hab ter 'splain myself."

"We'll show you about that, Dr. Bliss. Now, sir this witness states that you made your living by skinning rabbits and scaling fish for a steam boat until you heard that Dr. Bliss had taken medical charge of the wounded President: then, as your name happened to be Bliss, you began to practice medicine, declaring to the colored people that Dr. Bliss, of Washington, was your uncle. What have you to say of this?"

"I says, Jedgs, dat the black man what circulated dat report is a liah frum de right hand to de left hand corner ob his system."

"Make use of another such expression, sir, and I'll send you to jail. You poisoned the man. Explain or go before the Grand Jury."

"Well, you see, de man, Hendricks, was powerful sick. He sent fo' me, an' when I got ter him he was most gone. I gin him a dose of my double ginted, revolvin' action syrup—"

"What is it made of?" demanded the Justice. "The chemists have declared their inability to discover the secret of its concoction."

"Dem is purty big words for a justice ob de peace, and mighty nigh settles in my mine dat yer's fitted fur de 'spreme bench. De medicine is made outen roots an' bark. Dat's what it's made outen. Well, I gin de man a dose ob de medicine, an' it lifted him up in bed at once. I neber seed a man rise outen sickness with sich action. I left a bottle ob de medicine wid instructions to der nurse not ter gin him anuder dose till de next day, 'splainin' dat anuder dose would make him too strong all ob a suddently. Arter I left, Jedge, dat patient axed fur more, an' de nurse gin him anuder dose."

"Well?" said the justice, after waiting a moment.

"Why, sah, de petient got outen bed, went out ter de wood pile an' chopped wood till he fell dead."

The doctor is now awaiting the action of the Grand Jury.—*Little Rock Gazette.*

The Tap of a Hammer.

The annals of bibligraphy afford many examples of the delirious extent to which book fancying can go. In May, 1812, the library of the Duke of Roxborough was sold. The collection contained a copy of Boccaccio, published in Venice in 1471. Among the distinguished company which attended the sale were the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Spencer and the Duke of Marlborough, then Marquis of Blandford. The bid stood at five hundred guineas. "A thousand guineas," said Earl Spencer. "And ten," added the Marquis. You might have heard a pin drop. All eyes were bent on the bidders. Now they talked apart, now ate a biscuit, but without the least thought of yielding one to another. The contest proceeded until the Marquis said: "Two thousand pounds." Then Earl Spencer bethought him of waste of powdec, when Lord Althorp came to his side, as if to bring his father a fresh lance to renew the fight. Father and son whispered together, and Earl Spencer exclaimed: "Two thousand, two hundred and fifty pounds." An electric shock went through the assembly. "And ten," quietly added the Marquis. There ended the strife.

The spectators stood dumb when the hammer fell. The stroke of its fall sounded on the farthest shores of Italy. The tap of that hammer was heard in the libraries of Rome, Milan and Venice. Boccaccio stirred in his sleep of hundreds of years, and M. Van Pract groped in vain among the Royal alcoves in Paris to detect a copy of the famed Valdarfer Boccaccio.

Small-Pox in Richmond.

Richmond, Va., Jan. 19.—The town authorities or Reidsville, N. C., having notified the Mayor of Richmond that a quarantine ordinance has been adopted against this city on account of the prevalence of small-pox, the later has responded in a letter, in which he says the extent of the disease in Richmond is not such as to justify alarm. There are only fifteen cases in the city, about one to each 5,000 inhabitants, and 71 cases in hospital out of the city, most of which are convalescent. The Mayor says, from his knowledge of the general existence of the disease in various sections, and from the cautions and preventatives taken here, he considers that the disease exists in a mild form in Richmond, and to a less extent than in other cities; that the city is safe to visit or reside in, and that the people are in fine health and spirits. The report recently published that ninety new cases of small-pox were reported in one day of last week in Richmond is wholly untrue. The truth is that—as stated in Mayor Carrinton's letter and as reported the board of health—there are only 86 cases all told, in the city and hospital, and the largest number of new cases reported in one day is six.

It is very rare that the *Republican* consents to editorially forward the interests of advertisers of what are known as patent medicines, as it does not frequently fall out that we can have positive knowledge of their merits. However, we take pleasure in saying of St. Jacobs Oil from individual experiment, that it is a most excellent remedial agent, and as such we can heartly recommend it.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Compulsory Vaccination.

Cumberland, Md., Jan. 18—The City Council to-night passed a stringent ordinance making vaccination compulsory, and allowing 25 cents per capita to all unable to pay. A penalty of from five to ten dollars is imposed for refusal. All practicing physicians are constituted a vaccination board.

The nearest infallible remedy is Peruna.

A HISTORICAL ACCIDENT.

Mrs. Surratt's Daughter and President Johnson.

As a newspaper correspondent, I had occasion to visit the Old Capitol Prison in Washington, in February, 1869, to witness the exhumation and rendition to their respective relatives and friends of the remains of the conspirators in the Lincoln assassination. President Johnson was about to go out of office, and he issued an order permitting Christian burial to the bodies of the five persons implicated in the death of Lincoln—Booth, Mrs. Surratt, Atzerodt, Payne and Herold. They had been buried in ammunition boxes of common pine wood, six feet long, two feet wide and two feet deep. When the lid was lifted from Booth's coffin his face was perfect, with the exception of a small hole about the size of a dime in each cheek. His hair was in as good condition as if he had just come out of a barber's shop. In taking out the body to place it in a handsome rosewood coffin supplied by his mother, Mrs. Booth, of Baltimore, the head dropped off from the body. Not so with Mrs. Surratt. Her face and form were perfect, and she looked like one in a happy, dreamless sleep. Her head adhered to the body in the process of transfer. Payne's body was greatly wasted, but Atzerodt's was the worst of all; for when the army blanket that covered his remains was lifted up it revealed a shapeless mass of blackened bones and ashes, with a bald and seperated skull in one corner. Talking of this matter of the Lincoln assassination, I remember asking Andrew Johnson one day when we were traveling through East Tennessee, at a time when he was running for Congress-at-large against Horace Maynard and Frank Cheatham, why it was he did not pardon Mrs. Surratt. He was in a communicative mood and he said: "The true history of that case has never been told. It was represented in the papers that I refused to see Annie Surratt (the daughter of Mrs. Surratt) when she came to the White House, the morning of the execution, asking for the pardon of her mother. The fact is that I never knew it was Miss Surratt, because a man named Muzzy, who had general charge of the White House, came to me and said that a crazy woman was down stairs and wanted to get in and see me, and she wouldn't give her name, but was crying and tearing her hair, and exhibiting all the evidences of insanity."

"But would you have pardoned Mrs. Surratt," I asked, "supposing you had known better?"

"I might have," he replied, in his bluff way, "she didn't do the shooting, but was an accessory to it."

Given up by Doctors.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitter; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!"

"Well-a-day! That's remarkable! I will go this day and get some for my poor George—I know hops are good."

Public Building Burned.

Abilene, Kan., January 18.—Nine buildings, six frame and three brick structures, including the Court House and Postoffice, were destroyed by fire yesterday. All the records of the District Court and many of the books and records of the County Clerk, Treasurer and Probate Court were destroyed. The Postoffice and contents are a total loss. In the safe of the County Treasurer were $25,600, which came out all right, as did the safe of the Kirby Bank. Total loss about $75,000; insurance, $30,000.

The Madison, Wis., *Democrat*, in endeavoring to treat wounds received by the candidates for the presidency, wisely prescribes St. Jacobs Oil. Of course we could not expect our worthy contemporary to do otherwise than recommend that famous Old German Remedy,—which "heals all wounds but those of love" and soothes all pains—save those of political disappointment.—*Galveston News.*

Dynamite.

Quebec, Jan. 17.—Yesterday a carter picked up a small package of dynamite in one of the lower town market halls. The package was about the size of an egg, was scientifically prepared, and contained directions for setting it off. The carter took it too the police office and made a deposition as to the circumstances of finding it. The military authorities have been requested to inspect and report upon the character of the supposed infernal machine.

Another Fire in Pittsburgh.

Pittsburgh, Jan. 18.—Yesterday morning a fire broke out in Emory & Co.'s oil wharehouses on Seventh street, resulting in the destruction of the building and of the rag and paper warehouse of M'Cullough & Smith. The total loss will reach $25,000, and the insurace will nearly cover the loss.

Will the coming man shut the door after him? is the latest inquiry. It is to be hoped that he will for the going man seldom does.

The first thing that some women will want to do when they get to heaven will be to hunt for a broom, and dust and clean house.

It is a mean man who will fool flies by having the wax figure of a bald headed man in his room to attract them from him.

When in conversation a man abruptly says, "Beg pardon!" he means that he wishes to do all the talking himself.

Peppermint trees over four hundred and eighty feet in heighth have recently been found on the Dandenorg range, Australia.

Iron can be made so thin that it takes four thou-and eight hundreed sheets to make an inch in thickness.

St. Petersburg is said to be the unhealthiest city in the world.

At the faintest point Peruna should be thought of.

Pulverized toads were used by ancients in medicines, and afterwards as poison.

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