

**GEN. LEE'S AMNESTY.**

His Application to President Johnson the Result of Patriotic Motives.

Thirty years ago this month, General Robert Edward Lee, the great soldier of the Confederacy, never greater than in the hour of the failure of his cause, wrote to President Johnson a letter applying for the benefits of amnesty and restoration to his civil rights as a citizen of the United States.

Johnson's proclamation of general amnesty had been issued on May 29. Sixteen classes of persons were specifically excluded.

Lee was excluded not only because he was a West Pointer and had been a military officer of the Confederate Government, ranking higher than Colonel, but also because he belonged to the thirteenth class excepted, namely, those persons who had voluntarily participated in the rebellion, and the value of whose taxable property was over \$20,000.

"I graduated from the Military Academy at West Point in June, 1829; resigned from the United States Army, April, 1861; and was a General in the Confederate Army, and included in the surrender of the Army of N. Va., April 9, 1865.

"I have the honor to be, Very respectfully, Your obedient servant, (Signed) 'R. E. LEE.'"

The copy we have of this document is attested by Gen. George Washington Custis Lee, the eldest son of the great Confederate Commander; and Gen. G. W. C. Lee adds this highly interesting historical note concerning his father's motives in making so promptly an application to President Johnson for amnesty:

"When Gen. Lee requested me to make a copy of this letter to President Johnson, he remarked: 'It was but right for him to set an example of making formal submission to the Civil Authorities; and that he thought, by so doing, he might possibly be in a better position to be of use to the Confederates who were not protected by military paroles; especially Mr. Davis.'"

"G. W. C. LEE."

In laying to-day before our readers and the general public Gen. Robert E. Lee's application for a pardon, and his own declaration of the motives prompting him to one of the most heroic acts of a life full of heroism, the Sun feels that it is lending lustre to a noble fame which is constantly growing as the years pass, and which is justly appreciated and generously prized in the North as well as in the South.—New York Sun.

WAGES THE WORLD OVER.

Enormous Variations from State to State and Country to Country.

It is probably supposed that the immutable law of supply and demand operating throughout a country makes the wages for the same labor uniform in every part of it, as a dearth of labor in any place cannot be of long duration while men are employed elsewhere. A recent supplementary bulletin of the manufactures of the United States, however, shows this general view to be false.

**CASEY AT THE BAT.**

There was case in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place. Three men were in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face. And when responding to the cheers he lightly tossed his hat.

"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

But Casey still leaped it, and the umpire said "Strike two."

"Strike three!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered "Frank!"

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright.

The hand is playing somewhere and some hearts are light.

And some here men are laughing, and some where children storn.

But there is no joy in Boston; mighty Casey has struck out.

—Verse Standard Recitations.

**PLUCKY DOUGLASS CLARKE.**

Only 14 Years Old, Yet He Tried to Trap Burglars Without Waking His Father.

Douglass Clarke, 14 years old, the son of Arthur M. Clarke, of 111 Church street, Flatbush, did his best at 9 o'clock one morning recently to capture two burglars who had entered the dining room of his father's house and were packing away the silverware.

The burglars gained an entrance by prying open a rear window in the basement. They had reached the dining room on the floor above when the noise started the dog and he began barking. The barking aroused Douglass. He did not disturb the rest of the family, but with a lighted lamp he slipped down stairs.

**THE OPENING OF CONEY ISLAND.**

The Same Old Song Prevalt Now That It Is a Part of Brooklyn.

Yesterday was the time for the annual opening of the Coney Island season, and therefore it opened. If it hadn't been for the cold weather, according to one of the local sages, there would have been 50,000 visitors there, but as the weather was extremely cold and in the early part of the day threatened rain, the greater part of the expected crowd stayed away.

There was one concert hall, however, which seemed to be prospering greatly, considering the chilly atmosphere.

The palm for this valuable discovery in chemical science must go to Switzerland, for a native of Zurich, Dr. Lehner by name, is the inventor of the process.

In the process of manufacturing the new fabric the principal ingredients used are sprucewood pulp, cotton or jute waste, etc., combined with a large quantity of alcohol.

The artificial silk has been spun in Bradford, England, and worked up into a large variety of fabrics.

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**SILK FROM WOOD.**

A TRADES SCHOOL.

An Episcopal Church Does Practical Work for Boys.

The boys of St. George's Episcopal Church, New York, are the successful evolution of an idea to keep youngsters out of mischief at night.

The trade school of St. George's Protestant Episcopal parish, New York, is the successful evolution of an idea to keep youngsters out of mischief at night.

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**A CAT THAT FOOLED THEM.**

"Nicomemus," Winner of a Prize at the Recent Show at Binghamton.

Bryan G. Hughes, who entered the "brilliant Dublin tom cat Nicomemus" in the recent New York cat show, with a big pedigree attached to him, showing that he was descended from a cat the mummy of which was found in an Egyptian tomb, and putting the price of \$1,000 on him, has confessed that the cat for which he has had offers of \$8,000 is a fraud.

A few days before the cat show Mr. Hughes was sitting in a footblack's chair on the Bowery, when a colored boy sauntered up and said:

"Say, boss, do you want to buy a cat?"

Mr. Hughes remembered that mice had been eating up his paper boxes, and he gave the boy 10 cents to take the cat down to his factory and show the animal where the mice could be found.

But the cat was too silly to be of any use as a mouse.

"I guess he must be an ornamental cat," said Mr. Hughes to his brother.

"At any rate, he isn't useful. Perhaps he's meant to be looked at. Let's enter him at the Cat Show."

At the same time I was a little modest about confessing that I had fooled every one, for I don't want to be made unnecessarily unpopular.

"All I want is permission to live a quiet life in my own simple way. I want the cat experts, the cat mongers and the cat fanciers to leave me alone. I'm an honest man, and they can't have my ten-cent cat for \$2,000. That's final. If any more people come around bothering me with their old money I shall not be responsible for the consequences."

"This is a full and complete 'own up,' and it's final. I want it to be believed. Any one who questions my veracity must take the consequences."

"It seems to me, though, from the offers I've had, that there must be a cat famine in New York and a chance for some one to go into the cat business."

FAREWELL TO FURBELOW.

The Latest Ledge Shades Are Models of Simplicity and Safety.

The over-elaborate lamp shade has had its day. Fashion now decrees a shade simple to severity, whose contracted dimensions are in quaint contrast to the widespread bounces and flurbeles of its predecessors.

Now two hundred and fifty boys work six nights a week in the school and as many more regret that lack of room deprives them of the benefits of the instruction given there.

The directors of all the classes are experts in their respective trades and are paid to teach the boys.

The carpentry class, which bends over the benches on the ground floor, is in charge of Mr. Miller, a cabinet maker who is in business for himself, and hatches and various other products prove and is paid to teach the boys.

**GEN. GRANT'S SUCCESS.**

The Indomitable Energy of the Pivotal Crystallized in the Hero.

In a retrospective glance at the remarkable and comparatively brief career of Grant, the basis of his surpassing success may be found in the sturdy quality of his Puritan ancestors, their lofty moral principles and unflinching, aggressive resoluteness of action even in the humblest issues of colonial life.

His own personal record in the dark days of the ending of his life in physical anguish and material privation was in touch with the lofty and flawless, honorable dictum of his memorable inaugural.

In the supreme moment of a financial disaster in which he was the innocent victim of a designing associate, he gave his all to keep his hold, and went forth in the winter of his life penniless, but with an unshaken name.

There came the never-to-be-forgotten closing battle with the grim destroyer, in which the great hero, while vanquished at last, yet triumphed in the noble contest he waged to leave his family protected from grim poverty by his later victory with the crown.

The fall of Fort Donelson and the first hope that dawned upon the Federal name, verified the confidence of the almost untried general and marked the path that his unerring genius had already outlined.

Wife—My dear, I need a little more of this stuff and some trimming to match. I wish you would drop into Biggs, Sale & Co.'s and get it.

Husband (a smart fellow)—Let me see. Oh, I know. That's the store where they have so many pretty girls, isn't it?

"Yes, I remember. That blond girl at the trimming counter knows your tastes and will doubtless select just the sort of trimming you want—I mean the girl with the golden hair, alabaster skin, blue eyes and sweet little smile."

Husband (wearily)—Tell them to please not to die in the house.—New York Weekly.

More and Better.

Daughter—Frank said something to me last night.

Mother—I hope it was apropos.

Daughter—It was more, mamma. It was apropos.—Detroit Free Press.

Commencement is Nigh.

Commencement season is at hand. The old man signs the check, and soon the boy will take his stand upon the burning deck.

Soon eloquence will rear around, while orators speak rapidly, and soon again we'll hear the sound of "roll calling" again.—Atlanta Constitution.

Encouraging Him.

A pupil whispered in the next boy's ear: "Our teacher is a regular duffer."

**THE BUSINESS MAN AND THE PUBLIC.**

The business man who knows the value of a steady customer does not hesitate to exhaust every means to obtain such a patron. The most potent force in bringing him is the newspaper.

The successful man has a knack of making people remember where he is to be found when they happen to want something that he sells.

Advertising of some kind is absolutely necessary to success. Every enterprising business man will sell you that simple truth.

And the most effective is the announcement in the daily newspaper.

Not long afterward the following reply, which disturbed the equilibrium of the office for a week, was received:

"Our correspondent here refuses point blank to go to Cuba with me except upon one condition, and that is, that I marry her. I have one wife already and I am afraid the war will be over before I can get a divorce. Answer quick."

Not in a Position to Offer Inducements.

Soon after the outbreak of the Cuban insurrection an American newspaper determined, as did some others, to send a special correspondent to the seat of war.

The journal in question had been getting some live reports from its regular correspondent at a point in Florida, and the special correspondent was ordered to stop at this point and take the Florida train to Cuba with him.

In a day or two the telegraph editor received the following message from the special:

"Our correspondent here seems very much disinclined to go to Cuba with me."

The editor was determined not to have his plans balked, and sent this:

"Our Florida correspondent must obey orders and go to Cuba with you. Offer any reasonable inducements."

Not long afterward the following reply, which disturbed the equilibrium of the office for a week, was received:

"Our correspondent here refuses point blank to go to Cuba with me except upon one condition, and that is, that I marry her. I have one wife already and I am afraid the war will be over before I can get a divorce. Answer quick."

"Come, my lad, speak up, perhaps you are right."