

AN ACTOR KNIGHTED.

Henry Irving Receives Evidence of Queen Victoria's Favor. The honor that was recently conferred on Henry Irving is one that his friends have long expected for him.



MR. IRVING. Mr. Irving went on the stage in 1856, but it was not until his appearance as Matthias in the "The Bells" in 1871 that he achieved a success that placed him easily in the front ranks of his profession.

Critical opinion has differed widely as to the artistic merit of Irving's Matthias, but there has never been any reason to doubt its effect on an audience. When he appeared at the Lyceum in 1873 as Eichen in a performance that led to his name, though he was severely criticized.

CUBA'S WAR EXPENDITURES.

So enormous that a general uprising may result from the hard times. In a semi-official statement received in Washington from the leaders of one of the most influential elements in Cuba, it is shown that the war expenditures are becoming so enormous and the sugar and tobacco industries so unprofitable that they believe a general uprising will result from the hard times caused.

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, 1865, 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.

Richmond, Va., June 13, 1865. "His Excy. Andrew Johnson, President of the United States. "Sir: Being excluded from the provisions of amnesty contained in the proclamation of the 29 ult., I hereby apply for the benefits and full restoration of all rights and privileges extended to those included in its terms.

"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.

WE SELL JOHN BULL.

AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS NOW FIND A READY SALE IN EUROPE. Shoes, Woollens and Typewriters. An Unexpected Result of the Hard Times. Our Tools and Machinery is Foreign Lands. Englishmen Use Our Bikes.

A remarkable phase of the recent business depression has been the singular increase which has given to the exportation of American manufactures. American manufacturers found that on account of the hard times not nearly so many goods were being consumed in this country.

All branches of trade were overproduced and the manufacturers were faced with the problem as to how to get back the money they had locked up in goods. Many of them went promptly to work to find new markets.

A Leicester dispatch says the serious feature of the bootmakers' strike is the rapid growth of American companies in the world. The American boots and shoes have been delivered in a single day to Leicester dealers at prices cheaper than they could be bought from the manufacturers there.

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.

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 heroisms, The Sun feels that it is adding 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.

THE OLD HOME.

A Gracious Tribute by the Rev. Dr. Collyer. In a series of articles upon "The Woman Who Influenced Me Most," published in the Ladies' Home Journal, Rev. Robert Collyer, the blacksmith preacher, in paying tribute to his mother, says: "So she stands in the sunlight of the long ago, and she had also such a genius for doing well that she must take in hand that I think still it had fallen to her lot and her training to govern a kingdom she would have made a noble queen and governed it well, while what she did govern well was the house fall of anger and outbreathing children with a good deal of the old Benetaker blood in them, as I have reason to suspect—keeping us all well in hand and clearing the way for us in the world's great life when our time came to us, for, seeing to it that we were well housed, well fed and well clad for weekday and Sunday, while the school wage was paid for us, so long as we should be spared to them, out of the eighteen shillings a week my father saved in those days his hand, together with the pitance some of us could earn by and in the factory."

Of his visit to the scenes of his childhood in England, Dr. Collyer writes: "So I went about the valley, as they say, with my heart in my mouth, and seemed to be saying to the boy I saw through the maze of the many years: "Dear little fellow, you had a hard time then, but it was a good time also, wasn't it now? Have any flowers in the world beside ever seemed so sweet to you as the snowdrop, the primrose and the cowslip you know so well where to find and bring home to mother, or have any singing birds ever matched your memory of the skylark and the thrush, or were there ever such Christmas-tides as those she made for us when her children and the world were all young together?"

And there was the old home nest. It stood where the willow stands now, but I would not have exchanged the memory for the mansion. It was a cottage of two rooms and an attic fronting due south, and there was a green dooryard with a clump of roses set about with wallflowers, pinks and sweet williams. There was a plum tree also branching about the window. Then I went with my dog to the door of the house which was, and is no more, to find the bright spire that went out in 1839, but was still burning for me, and the walls of the living room were white as the driven snow. There was the famous bureau, also, shining like a dim mirror, and the tall clock which was always too fast at bedtime and too slow at meal time—it stands here in our dining room now. There was still the fine store of willow ware on the rack against the wall, but that was for Christmas and the summer feast, while the things were glared and bracing. Turner could not have done to save his soul.

There were six of us in the earlier years, also, to make good the old run round mother would croon over us now and then: Four is good company, five is a charge, six is a family, seven a two large, but I think she would have retitled the rhyme to the reason if there had been more.



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"And now how did she raise us so that her son must have written down this memory? "There was fair white linen and calico first to wear and to sleep in. And until we could see to it ourselves, once a week she would scrub and wash us with a good scrubbing, with yellow soap and things that got into your eyes, and a stout barbed towel to dry off withal, so that now, when I think of old Collyer's Saturday night, the words of the wise man are apt to come back to me, "Who hath red eyes, who hath coughing, who hath strife, and I can answer, I know who had all these, my six children, when I was turned into that tub, while there was but skin on our backs for me in the words she would say as a sort of benediction, "There you, children, cleanliness is next to Godliness."

"How did we fare, the six hearty children? There was oatmeal, and what we could mash who know no better, and skim milk in plenty, with oatcake, as mother would say, to fill in also wheatmeal bread for more careful use, and sometimes a trace of butter. Not much a need for most was dead, but soup with dumplings, and what the old Yorkshire folk used to call 'skilike,' a sort of wide meaning. And the tradition still remains of an early time of innocence when another world say those who eat the most dumpling shall have the most meat, so we would get away until we did not want any more, and then mother would save it for the next day's dinner. There was fruit, also, when this was cheap, in the lovely guise of a pie, and then more oatmeal and skim milk for a supper."

ANOTHER NEW GAS.

HELIUM, TAKEN FROM STONES. SHOWS REMARKABLE QUALITIES. Seems the Complement of Argon. Terrible Explosive Force of This New Gas, Which May Revolutionize Naval Warfare and Accomplish Unheard of Things.

Following close in the track of argon another new gas, hitherto unknown and unsuspected, has been found, and scientists are anxiously waiting for reports from the laboratories where it is now being experimented with. There is no knowing as yet what the new gas is capable of.

Argon, which from the earliest times had been breathing into their lungs without knowing it, has been shown to be the cause of the aurora borealis, Helium, the newest of the gases, it is now suspected, may be the cause of other mysteries which for ages have puzzled the scientific world. It is entirely different from argon, although both were discovered almost simultaneously.

Argon is found in the atmosphere, and when condensed under enormous pressure it looks like cheese. Helium is found in certain minerals, and when extracted it bears a resemblance to butter. The experiments that have thus far been made with helium show that it bears a curious and strange relationship to argon, and the two when combined may produce results of a startling character.

Unlike argon, helium, so far as is known, is not an illuminant. It does not give forth the weird light obtained from argon by Prof. Berthelot, and which he has identified with the aurora borealis. But helium is less easily controllable than argon. The latter, it is suggested, may be the essential principle of light, while helium gives suggestions of being the essential principle of force. Lodged in certain minerals, it is supposed to be present in the earth in stupendous quantities, as is argon in the air, and the one is the complement of the other.

Helium, it is pointed out, may revolutionize warfare, introducing a new explosive which will demand new guns and render ironclads worthless. It may make war so terrible that nations will fear to engage in hostilities and a reign of perpetual peace be thus insured. Helium, it is pointed out, the strongest material, with all their crew, might vanish into thin air and the very depths of ocean be stirred by the concussion.

Dropped in the midst of an advancing army from a helium balloon, a helium bomb, it is pointed out, might kill 100,000 men and dig a hole in the earth so big that the sea would flow in. Not only nations, but countries could thus be wiped from the map; this terrible gas is to develop its suspected explosive qualities, while mountain ranges could be leveled and the isthmus of Panama cut by a few bombs placed at short intervals.

Volcanoes might thus be made to appear in a desert, and Sahara either made fruitful or blown out of existence, giving place to a sea where edible fish could be found. The terrible force thus placed in the hands of revolutionists might well make tyrants pause. Who knows but herein lies the hope of Ireland, of Poland or of downtrodden Cuba? Who is to say whether helium is not to alter the whole topographical appearance of things, placing it within the power of one country to cut itself off from another, to level barriers like mountain ranges, that are now the protection of independent nations, and to change the course of mighty rivers like the Rhine, the Danube or the Mississippi? With helium of this nature the proudest city would be at the mercy of the anarchist, and prison walls would be useless.

NOT CUT OUT FOR AN ACROBAT.

So the Bear Dog Toby, Smart as He Was, Fell a Victim to His Zeal. "I had a dog named Toby when I was living up in the Pennsylvania lumber woods," said George Reynolds, of the National Lumber Company. "He was a bear dog. Bears, as every one knows who ever lived among them, hate dogs beyond everything else, two bears in a small patch of barrels, from which he soon found his way, he brought the bear to lay in a little open space in a piece of chestnut timber. There was no necessity of the bear turning at bay but he evidently wanted to get a whack at Toby. I could have easily sent a bullet through the bear, but having the utmost confidence in Toby's smartness, and seeing that the bear was anxious to put his smartness against the dog's, I concluded to let them have the chance and to enjoy the sport of a few minutes' maneuvering between the two.

"It was fun. Toby worried the already ugly old chap with tricks and quick movements until the bear was wild with rage. Do what he might he couldn't get a blow or a bite in on Toby, while Toby got a nip at the bear at almost every turn. This amusing dance lasted for ten minutes, and I felt so proud of my dog that I declared that and there that it would take a good deal more than a one hundred dollar bill to buy him.

"After sparring and rushing fruitlessly at the dog for ten minutes the bear put his back against a tree and heaved at hard for at least a minute. Then he suddenly dropped to all fours and hurried to another tree a rod or so away. Toby followed, and as the bear started to climb the tree, setled him by one of its limbs.

"Although the dog must have set his teeth deep in the flesh, the bear did not stop on his way, but climbed on as if nothing was worrying him. The dog held on and was lifted from the ground as the bear climbed. The higher the bear went the tighter Toby appeared to hang on to his rear, and presently he was swinging in the air about fifteen feet from the ground.

"The sight was so funny that I just tumbled on the ground and roared. The bear stopped when about fifteen feet up the trunk of the tree, along there a moment, and then let go. He came down like a pile driver. When he struck the bottom of the tree Toby was between him and the ground. There was a faint yelp and that was all.

"Three hundred pounds of bear had flattened forty pounds of dog out of all kind of shape. The catastrophe was so sudden and unexpected that before I could recover from the painful surprise it gave me the bear had disappeared in the lumber. There never was a smarter bear dog than Toby, but he wasn't cut out for an acrobat. There never was a smarter dog than Toby, nor was there ever a leader one when the bear got off of him."

Social Diversion at the Capital. A few fortunate spectators were witnesses the other evening of a very unusual but very merry scene in the fashionable Washington west end. An Italian organ grinder was turning out a series of tempting waltzes and polkas in front of the residence of one of the city's society leaders.

Quite a party of some of the gayest and best known society "buds" were seated on the steps of the house enjoying the balmy air of a moonlit May evening. Not a member of the masculine sex was among them. On the spur of the moment one of the damsels suggested that they could have a beautiful little dance to the tune of the hand organ right out on the concrete. Thereupon they paired off, an after twenty half an hour their waltzes, so simple and coy in the fashionable evening dress of the west end, danced gleefully around the street in front of the house to the astonishment of the organ grinder. Then they all "chickened in" and showed the organ grinder something like \$4 in change.

The Patient is Not a Snob. In reply to a question by the editor of The Richmond Dispatch, the Department of Agriculture has decided that the patient is not a snob, and that the weight of authority seems to be in favor of accepting it as a matter of course. The patient of the North is known in the South, where it is commonly grown, in the gutter pea.—Lowell News.

Declined With Thanks. "Can I write my name under the received payment on this bill?" asked the collector who likes to put things as delicately as possible. "No, thank you," replied Mr. Brinkley. "I'm no autograph fiend."—Washington Star.

He, Too. Miss Lillie Cusack (cooly, after rejecting Alkali Ike's proposal)—But I'll beat home next Sunday night. Alkali Ike (coolly)—So'll I, and I'm hanged if I don't stay there.

Boodler Economized. May—Are your skirts divided, Madge? Madge—Yes; after I get through with them they are divided among my younger sisters.

Verbal Orders. No sooner do the dainty flowers their perfumes start to rear. Then cigarettes on promenade. Come into blossom, too. —Washington Post.

THE HABIT OF SAVING.

How the French Show Their Thrift. Children are Taught to Save Money. The French suffer less from panics and depressions than any other people on the globe, and it is because thrift is the basis of their prosperity.

In France nearly every person saves something for a rainy day. The habit is almost universal, and those who earn the least are never to be found in this great saving class. The French savings banks have more than 8,000,000 depositors, and their deposits amount to about 280,000,000, and this large sum is made up of small sums.

The French schools teach the children to save money, and the most frequent lesson given to a bright pupil is a savings bank book with a small sum to the credit of the owner. This is given when the child is five years old, and a medal or a book. When a community has a lot of money deposited in savings banks it is easy to borrow money without going to outside capitalists. Mr. Mail has been prepared to loan to home people at a moderate interest. In the large cities and factory towns of the Eastern States the savings banks are the great safeguards of the poor wage earners against hard times, and if the saving habit was as general here as it is in France our people would have passed through the recent financial depression without seriously feeling it.

Every child should be taught the importance of saving without being avaricious and miserly. We need more thrift. The average American wage earner wastes enough in his lifetime to make him comfortable in his old age. We should take a lesson from the French in this respect. They know how to enjoy life and at the same time work hard and save money.

Takes Years of Schooling. "I wouldn't swear that way," said the kind looking old lady, mildly. "Bless your soul, ma'am, you couldn't. It takes years of truck driving to come anywhere near it," responded the gentleman whose team had balked across the car track.—Cincinnati Tribune.

The Mean Thing.

"David," exclaimed Mrs. Fog, as her lord and master entered the house on a muddy day. "I'd be willing to bet almost anything that you didn't wipe your feet on the mat before you came in here."

"Well, I guess you're about right, Hannah," replied Fog; "but I did wipe my shoes on it."

And then the aggravating thing laughed like a hyena, just as though he had said something awfully smart.—Boston Transcript.

Edmund G. Ross, ex-United States Senator from Kansas, whose vote saved Andrew Johnson from impeachment, is now a job printer in Albuquerque, N. M.

Invalid—Doctor.

"Invalid—Doctor, I should not fear death, but I am so afraid of being buried alive."

Physician—You need have no fear of that with me attending you.—New York Weekly.

Batcher—Will you have a round steak, Miss? Young Housekeeper—Oh, I don't care what shape it is so it's tender.—Detroit Free Press.

Made a Fortune After Fifty.

General McAlpin, commander of the New York militia, is a rich man. Many of the Governor's staff are millionaires, but none of them wear swords that cost \$7,000. General McAlpin's father, at the age of 50 years, was employed in a tobacco factory. The war made him. The stockholders became frightened at the ruin which was staring them and the country in the face, and were crazy to unload everything they had at an enormous sacrifice. They fell among the alarmists, who believed that the South was going to break up the government. McAlpin, however, was an ardent Union man. He managed to secure nearly all of the stock, and when the price of tobacco went kiting his fortune was made.