WAS SHE INSANE?

THE JEALOUSY OF THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT'S WIFE.

Gen. Badeau Throws Some Light on Mrs. Lincoln's Eccentricities—Her Ungovernable Rage Aroused by Trifles. Lincoln's Bearing Through it All.

The account of Lincoln's lovemaking in his history by Nicolay and Hay seems almost ominous when read by the light of later knowledge. The anxieties and forebodings and absolute agony of the future president on the eve of marriage, the most incredulous might say, presaged the destiny that impended. For no one knows the character of Abraham Lincoln, his godlike patience, his ineffable sweetness, his transcendent charity amid all the tremendous worries of war and revolution and public affairs, who is ignorant of what he endured of private woe, and no one rightly judges the unfortunate partner of his elevation and unwitting cause of many of his miseries, who forgets that she had "eaten on the insane root that takes the reason prisoner."

The country knows but has preferred to forget the strangeness of Mrs. Lincoln's conduct at intervals after her husband's death. Many of the most extraordinary incidents in her career were not revealed, out of delicacy to others and tenderness to one who had been the sharer of Abraham Lincoln's fortunes and the mother of his family; but enough was apparent to shock and pain the public sense when finally the conflict with her own son, so highly respected, the dragging of their affairs into a public court, the necessary supervision of the poor lady's finances and the restraint of her actions, if not of her person, disclosed the fact that her mind had been diseased.

The first time that I saw Mrs. Lincoln was when I accompanied Mrs. Grant to the White House for her first visit there as the wife of the general-in-chief. The next that I now recall was in March, 1864, when Mrs. Lincoln, with the president, visited City Point. They went on a steamer, escorted by a naval vessel of which Capt. John S. Barnes was in command, and remained for some weeks in the James river under the bluff on which the headquarters were established. Here they slept and usually took their meals, but sometimes both ascended the hill and were entertained at the mess of Gen. Grant. On the 26th of March a distinguished party from Washington joined them, among whom I remember especially Mr. Geoffroi, the French minister. It was proposed that an excursion should be made to the front of the Army of the Potomac, about ten or twelve miles away, and Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant were of the company. There was a military railroad which took the illustrious guests a great portion of the way, and then the men were mounted, but Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Lincoln went on in an ambulance, as it was called—a sort of half open carriage with two seats besides that for the driver. I was detailed to escort them, and of course sat on the front seat facing the ladies, with my back to the horses.

EXTRAORDINARY JEALOUSY.

In the course of conversation I mentioned that all the wives of officers at the army front had been ordered to the rear—a sure sign that active operations were in contemplation I said not a lady had been allowed to remain except Mrs. Griffin, the wife of Gen. Charles Griffin, who had obtained a special permission from the president. At this Mrs. Lincoln was up in arms. "What do you mean by that, sir?" she exclaimed. "Do you mean to say that she saw the president alone? Do you know that I never allow the president to see any woman alone?" She was absolutely jealous of poor, ugly Abraham Lincoln. I tried to pacify her and to palliate my remark, but she was fairly boiling over with rage. "That's a very equivocal smile, sir," she exclaimed. "Let me out of this carriage at once. I will ask the president if he saw that woman alone." Mrs. Griffin was one of the best known and most elegant women in Washington, afterward the Countess Esterhazy, a Carroll and a personal acquaintance of Mrs. Grant, who strove to mollify the excited spouse, but in vain. Mrs. Lincoln again bade me stop the driver, and when I hesitated to obey she thrust her arms past me to the front of the carriage and held the driver fast. But Mrs. Grant finally prevailed on her to wait till the whole party alighted, and then Gen. Meade came up to pay his respects to the wife of the president. I had intended to offer Mrs. Lincoln my arm and endeavor to prevent a scene, but Meade, of course, as my superior officer had the right to escort her, and I had no chance to warn him. I saw them go off together, and remained in fear and trembling for what might occur in the presence of the foreign minister and other important strangers.

But Gen. Meade was very adroit, and when they returned Mrs. Lincoln looked at me and said: "Gen. Meade is a gentleman, sir. He says it was not the president who gave Mrs. Griffin the permit, but the secretary of war." Meade was the son of a diplomatist and had evidently inherited some of his father's skill.

At night when we were back in camp Mrs. Grant talked over the matter with me and said the whole affair was so distressing and mortifying that we must never either mention it to any one; at least I was to be absolutely silent and she would disclose it only to the general. But the next day I was released from my pledge, for "worse remained behind."

The same party went in the morning to visit the Army of the James on the north side of the river, commanded by Gen. Ord. The arrangements were somewhat similar to those the day before. We went up the river in a steamer, and then the men again took horses and Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant went in an ambulance. I was detailed as before to act as escort, but I asked for a companion in the duty; for after my experience of the previous day I did not wish to be the only officer in the carriage. So Gen. Horace Porter was ordered to join the party. Mrs. Ord was with her husband. As she was the wife of the commander of an army she was not subject to the order for return, though before that day was over she wished herself in Washington or anywhere else away from the army, I am sure. She was mounted, and as the ambulance was full she remained on her horse and rode for a while by the side of the president and ahead of Mrs. Lincoln.

"TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR."

As soon as Mrs. Lincoln discovered this her rage was beyond all bounds. "What does the woman mean," she exclaimed, "by riding by the side of the president and ahead of me? Does she suppose that he wants her by the side of him?" She was in a frenzy of excitement, and language and action both became more extravagant every moment. Mrs. Grant again endeavored to pacify her, but then Mrs. Lincoln got angry with Mrs. Grant, and all that Porter and I could do was to see that nothing worse than words occurred. We feared she might jump out of the vehicle and shout to the cavalcade. Once she said to Mrs. Grant in her transports: "I suppose you think you'll get to the White House yourself, don't you?" Mrs. Grant was very calm and dignified, and merely replied that she was quite satisfied with her present position; it was far greater than she had ever expected to attain. Then Mrs. Lincoln exclaimed: "Oh! you had better take it if you can get it. 'Tis very nice." Then she returned to Mrs. Ord, but Mrs. Grant defended her friend at the risk of arousing greater vehemence.

Once when there was a halt Maj. Seward, a nephew of the secretary of state and an officer of Gen. Ord's staff, rode up, and trying to say something jocular, remarked: "The president's horse is very gallant, Mrs. Lincoln: he insists on riding by the side of Mrs. Ord!" This of course added fuel to the flame. "What do you mean by that, sir?" she cried. Seward discovered that he had made a huge mistake, and his horse at once developed a peculiarity that compelled him to ride behind to get out of the way of the storm.

Finally the party arrived at its destination, and Mrs. Ord came up to the ambulance. Then Mrs. Lincoln positively insulted her, called her vile names in the presence of a crowd of officers and asked what she meant by following up the president. The poor woman burst into tears and inquired what she had done, but Mrs. Lincoln refused to be appeased, and stormed till she was tired. Mrs. Grant still tried to stand by her friend, and everybody was shocked and horrified. But all things come to an end, and after awhile we returned to City Point.

That night the president and Mrs. Lincoln entertained Gen. and Mrs. Grant and the general's staff at dinner on the steamer, and before us all Mrs. Lincoln berated Gen. Ord to the president and urged that he should be removed. He was unfit for his place, she said, to say nothing of his wife. Gen. Grant sat next and defended his officer bravely. Of course Gen. Ord was not removed.

During all this visit similiar scenes were occurring. Mrs. Lincoln repeatedly attacked her husband in the presence of officers because of these two ladies, and I never suffered greater humiliation and pain on account of one not a near personal friend than when I saw the head of the state—the man who carried all the cares of the nation at such a crisis—subjected to this inexpressible public mortification. He bore it as Christ might have done, with an expression of pain and sadness that cut one to the heart, but with supreme calmness and dignity. He called her "mother," with his old time plainness; he pleaded with eyes and tones, and endeavored to explain or palliate the offenses of others, till she turned on him like a tigress, and then he walked away, hiding that noble, ugly face that we might not catch the full expression of its misery.

THE MARTYR PRESIDENT'S COURTESY.

Gen. Sherman was a witness of some of these episodes and mentioned them in his memoirs many years ago. Capt. Barnes, of the navy, was a witness and a sufferer too. Barnes had accompanied Mrs. Ord on her unfortunae ride and refused afterward to say that the lady was to blame. Mrs. Lincoln never forgave him. A day or two afterward he went to speak to the president on some official matter when Mrs. Lincoln and several others were present. The president's wife said something to him unusually offensive that all the company could hear. Lincoln was silent, but after a moment he went up to the young officer and taking him by the arm led him into his own cabin, to show him a map or a paper he said. He made no remark, Barnes told me, upon what had occurred. He could not rebuke his wife, but he showed his regret and regard for the officer with a touch of what seemed to me the most exquisite breeding.

After the murder of the president the eccentricities of Mrs. Lincoln became more apparent than ever, and people began to wonder whether her mind had not been affected by her terrible misfortune. Mr. Seward told me that she sold the president's shirts, with his initials marked on them, before she left the White House, and that, learning the linen was for sale at a shop in Pennsylvania avenue, he sent and bought it privately. She lingered at the executive mansion a long while after all arrangements should have been made for her departure, keeping the new president out of his proper residence. Afterward she made appeals to public men and to the country for pensions and other pecuniary aid, though there was no need for public application. She went abroad doing strange things and carrying the honored name of Abraham Lincoln into strange and sometimes unfit company, for she was greatly neglected and felt the neglect. While I was consul general at London I learned of her living in an obscure quarter and went to see her. She was touched by the attention, and when I asked her to my house—for it seemed wrong that the widow of the man who had done so much for us all should be ignored by any American representative—she wrote me a note of thanks, betraying how rare such courtesies had become to her then.

The next I heard of the poor woman was the scandal of the courts in Chicago, when the fact was made clear that she was insane. It was a great relief to me to learn it, and doubtless the disclosure of the secret which her son must have long suspected—though, like the Spartan boy, he cloaked his pain—was to him a sort of terrible satisfaction. It vindicated his conduct; it told for him what he had concealed; it proved him a worthy son of that great father who also bore his fate so heroically.—Adam Badeau in New York World.

Horse Trotting in Sweden.

Mr. Gus Benedicks, one of the directors of the General Swedish Trotting association, who is now in this country looking for information concerning American methods on the turf, gives a graphic account of the "horse world" in Sweden. The central office of the association is at Stockholm. The president is Count Alfred Pipen, and the royal family take great interest in the races, which usually are held in winter on the ice. The circular track of one English mile is inclosed, and an admission fee is charged. The crowds are always large and enthusiastic, although there is no public betting as there is in this country—in fact, there is not a single active bookmaker in all Sweden. Professional trainers and drivers are scarce, and the speed of horses is not developed with skill. It is the custom for each owner to drive himself. The maximum rate of speed is 2:50 to the mile, and a horse capable of doing this, if sound and without fault, is valued at from $2,000 to $3,000.

The judges occupy a stand in the center of the infield, and the horses, only two of which start at one time, travel in opposite directions. One goes to the right and the other to the left, and the competitor which gets back to the starting line first is declared the winner. The spectators in this style of competition are first interested in the widening of the gap, and after the half mile post has been reached they grow excited over the steady closing of the same. This method is a great improvement in many respects over the American method, as it keeps the spectators in longer suspense, does away with all chance of collisions and prevents the horses from getting excited and breaking. Then, too, one driver cannot form anywhere near a correct idea as to the exact speed of his competitor, and is therefore compelled to make his horse do its best. It is more difficult, however, to follow a race of this description than one in which the horses travel side by side and in the same direction. The prizes are mainly for Swedish bred horses.—Philadelphia Times.

The English as Skaters.

As a nation we are not great skaters. Some good performers there are; yet men who skate—taking the term to mean something more than merely floundering along in the most ungraceful attitudes—are comparatively few in number. As the newspapers tell us, crowds of people flock to the nearest pond long before the ice bears. To the masses the existence of an acre or two of ice means the extension of available play grounds, and upon the principle of anything for a change, great numbers resort to every frozen puddle. And what do they do when they get there? Sliders are numerous; more than half the skaters find it necessary to brandish a stick as a means of retaining their balance; a man doing outside edge is almost sure of a gallery, while anything beyond this raises the skater to the position of an expert. Yet skating in England has, in point of proficiency, made rapid strides within the last fifty years; and a few—but very few—of our best skaters can hold their own with the representatives of any nation.—London Field.

Married a "Burgher-Maedchen."

Eighty-six years ago, on Oct. 26, 1800, Helmut Karl von Moltke was born at Parchimin Mecklenburg, the home of Blucher, the immortal "Marshal Forward." His father, Baron von Moltke, was on the retired list of the Prussian army and the owner of an estate in the grand dukedom named. Moltke's mother was a daughter of Herr Paschem, "councilor of finance" in Hamburg. It is a fact worthy of notice that both Bismarck's mother—from whom he inherited his superior talents—and Moltke's were not members of the nobility, but simple burgher's daughters, whom genius and worth alone had distinguished. In fact, in those days—and it showed the caliber of each of the fathers—it required no little moral courage on a nobleman's part to marry a "burgher-maedchen," subject, as she evidently was, to perpetual ostracism from blue blooded relations.—Detroit Free Press.

Ventilation of Public Buildings.

I think that the ventilation of all public buildings should be made compulsory, and the enforcement placed in the hands of a competent commissioner, for only then and not sooner will it be possible to secure public buildings constructed on a sanitary basis. Architects can do much in assisting toward this end, but many buildings intended for public use are intrusted to persons who have no conception of proper ventilation. Absence of fresh air and sunlight is frequently a cause of disease, and many people who would be shocked at personal uncleanliness seem to have no objections to inhaling the vilest atmosphere. When we have once secured public buildings that will be examples in this particular, it would be but a step to secure the proper ventilation of factories, workshops, etc., where fresh air is of even greater importance than in schools, court houses and other public buildings.—Cor. Globe-Democrat.

The 1,600 convicts in Sing Sing prison eat twenty-one barrels of flour daily.

DRAPING WINDOWS.

AN ART WHICH HAS ATTAINED A HIGH STATE IN CHICAGO.

Experts Tell How It Is Accomplished. Blending of Colors Necessary to Make a Display Attractive—Material for the Decorator.

"O, look at that big crazy quilt, mamma," cried a little miss of perhaps 12 years, as she stopped for a moment before a gorgeously decorated store window on State street recently. "Why, that's not a crazy quilt; those are handkerchiefs and ribbons," said her mother, quietly laughing at the child's mistake.

"One could not better illustrate the curious effects, good or bad, produced by a window trimmer upon the senses of the passer-by than to give those remarks," said Mr. J. A. Barber to a reporter as he surveyed a completed window of linen specialties. "It is a curious fact," he continued, "but very true, nevertheless, that so great a necessity in the retail business as an artistic window display is frequently given over to some clerk who has not the least idea of harmony in colors or appropriateness in the selection of goods put in a window for the general public's gaze. There are certainly some very finely arranged windows to been seen in Chicago every week, but now and then you will meet with one such that the little girl's remark to her mother is not an exaggerated idea of the effect, as a whole. You may examine them closely and find a good general arrangement of the articles meant to be shown, but from a distance of fifteen feet you could not tell to save you what kind of goods were on sale.

"This fault is more commonly seen in the smaller stores than among the larger firms, for during the last four or five years it has been seen by the leading houses that to have a good showy windows requires the entire time of one man. Another thing you must bear in mind is that a window trimmer is not made in a week or a month. I myself worked for ten years at odd times as an assistant in this class of work before I did a single job alone or dared consider myself capable of doing all kinds of work such as a dry goods house continually requires. During the last six years it has been my exclusive business."

"What are the principal essentials of a good trimmer?" asked the reporter.

"A scientific knowledge of the effect of combined colors is the greatest. No man can make an attractive and showy window that does not thoroughly understand that art, and it is an art as much as with a dressmaker. Then a man must have a good mechanical eye to gauge the effect to be produced from a distance, as well as a close inspection of his work. Fixtures are, of course, a necessity, and there have been many improvements in their portability the last few years which greatly assist a window trimmer, but a man who understands his business thoroughly can trim a window neatly and with good effect by the most simple resting pieces for anything he has to show. There are several firms in this city who do not use anything but boxes and improvised frames, and yet carry out the idea intended with good effect. Draping is another point to be studied by a trimmer, and he has to understand the grouping of bodies quite as much as the blending of colors."

During a tour of a large number of retail stores the inquirer conversed with the different gentlemen employed for this exacting work and their replies to inquiries made are here given individually. Said Mr. E. Caubert: "A nine years' experience has taught me that the best effect can be produced in window trimming by a judicious selection of quantity. Overcrowding a window makes it look too heavy and the eye will not be attracted to any one article which might please the viewer should he see it more by itself; not that there should be wide bare spaces on which there is but a background, but individuality is what should be aimed at. This is more especially so in men's furnishing goods. A man will often see a tie well displayed of the same design, but in different colors and shade, and make a purchase where a double quantity in the window would hardly attract his attention. Such articles as underwear and shirts are most easily arranged. The smaller the articles the more difficult of arrangement, but also the more artistic when finished.

"We do not use mirrors for a background as some houses do. They are used mainly for the purpose of making a small window look larger than it really is. In good sized windows I do not consider them necessary. A well arranged window should be ventilated so as to keep out all warm or moist air which causes frost to gather so as to completely shut out the view in cold weather. A window should be nearly the temperature of the outside air during the winter months. Our windows are usually changed completely once a week, and sometimes oftener, as we wish to display our novelties in the windows first before putting them in the show cases inside."

Mr. Charles Liebenstein said: "Our best salesmen are our show windows. There is not a man or woman in our employ who sells as many goods for us as our window displays. It may sound odd to say that nationality has a deal to do with the taste in window trimming, but such is a fact. The English, Irish and Scoth are nations of shopkeepers, and their window displays at home are well known the world over. We find that men of those nationalities are our best decorators, which seems second nature to them. They are taught to do this work when they begin to sell goods, and it is an excellent idea that should be more universal in this country. They excel the French in display, except it be in silks and velvets. The refinement of the French is excellently shown in the artistic drapings of their dress goods, in which they are au fait."—Chicago Tribune.

Growth of the Licorice Plant.

The department of state has received and published a series of consular reports on "The Licorice Plant and Its Cultivation in Various Countries." The plant is cultivated for its roots in England, grows wild in Spain, and is also gathered in Turkey, Greece, Italy, Sicily and elsewhere. In England it flourishes best in sandy, loamy soil, being planted deep enough to insure good long roots. The plant matures in three and a half years. When it is once well rooted it is almost impossible to eradicate it, though great care is exercised in harvesting not to harm the plant.—Chicago Tribune.

Novel Advertising of a Book.

The latest thing in book advertising has been devised by a French publishing firm. A large number of men are made to walk in single file along the most frequented streets, apparently intent upon reading an open book, which they hold out before them with both hands, so that the back of the book can be seen. The public naturally wishes to know the title of this work of such absorbing interest, and finds on looking that it is a newly published novel. It is hardly necessary to add that several of the hired men could not read a line of it to save their lives.—Chicago Tribune.

Tommy's Practical Suggestion.

"Did you spill the ink on the new sofa?" asked Mrs. Yerger, angrily, of her little son Tommy.

"Yes, ma," was the reply.

"Well, I have a notion to tell your father when he comes home, and have him whip you within an inch of your life. That sofa will look nice when we have company."

"That ink spot don't amount to anything. You can sit on it when your visitors call."—Texas Siftings.

Belgian Government Prize.

The Belgian government offers a prize of $5,000, to be awarded in 1889, to the author of the best work on the progress of electricity in its uses as a motor and for lighting purposes, with all applications that can be made to it for such purposes and the economy and advantages which its use may offer. The prize is open to all nationalities, and the manuscript may be witten in English, French, Flemish, German, Italian or Spanish.—New York Sun.

She Caught the Idea.

No teacher who does not try it can know how easy it is for children to use words they do not understand. We were in a school the other day where a pupil spelled "heroine." "Write it in a sentence," said the superintendent, with whom we were going the rounds. "I went heroine and caught many," wrote the child, who knows more of herrings than of the heroine.—Journal of Education.

A tight man has a loose mouth.—Philadelphia Call.

Persian Musical Criticism.

Story telling or poetical recitations take the place of our spelling bees and acting charades, and often as soon as the repast is finished music commences, or perhaps a vocalist will vary the programme by favoring the company with a song. His repertory may consist of one song only; but no matter, he will sing it over and over again with as much pride as though he could boast of an unbroken descent from Orpheus himself—over and over again, without any apparent sign of weariness, and, what seems more strange, to the unflagging interest of the listeners, although it sounds weird and uncanny to the unaccustomed European ear.

"Bah, bah, bah, good in the extreme," is echoed from one to another while the singer pipes at the very top of his high voice and shakes his head to bring out the quavering sounds to their fullest extent.

"Exactly like the bulbul" (nightingale), says the host.

"When it sings to the roses in the spring," puts in a third.

"Yes, Allah's works are wonderful," exclaims the first sententiously, as he puffs away at the kalian, his turn having by this time come round.

In Persia a loud, high voice being equivalent to a good voice, the singer who can sustain a note the longest is pronounced the best, for the skill of the vocalist depends upon the length of time upon which he can trill a note.—London Society.

Gen. Boulanger's Silence.

Gen. Boulanger, French minister of war, though his popularity is more civil than military, is a cause of uneasiness to Germany. He has taken no stop to alarm any one so far. But as he says nothing, while devoting all his energies to the reorganization of the armies of France, his very silence is suspicious and makes his enemies uneasy.—Chicago Tribune.

A Very Rich Widow's Home.

A very rich widow living on West Washington square has given weekly receptions during the past few months which have attracted considerable notice among society people, says a writer in *The Brooklyn Eagle*. Before the season opened her house was thoroughly renovated, and now it is one of the prettiest and most homelike in appearance of any in the city. Guests on entering pass through an imposing vestibule, with massive doors and tesselated floor of black and white marble, and enter a hall, from the center of which a stairway, broad and easy of ascent, winds upward. On its massive newel-post is a cluster of lamps. Antique sideboards of mahogany that have lifelong associations for their owner, highly polished stands for hats and cloaks, a quaint old Dutch clock in one corner, in the center wall a painting of St. Cecelia, and a fleecy black and white rug at the foot of the stairs compose the first glimpse into this beautiful home. On the left of the hall are the parlors, a suite of three lovely rooms. The front of the three is done in white and gold, and in this hangs a lifesize portrait of the lady herself. Before the tall mirror, between the front windows, is a piece of sculpture, "The Indian Princess," by Crawford, and this room also contains a rare collection of stuffed birds found in South America. The central room, called the tea-room, is a narrow parallelogram in shape, carpeted in rich, dark colors, and shut off from the other rooms of the suite by costly screens. The hangings are of crimson silk crape, draped high in unconventional style, running across the mantel-piece in festoons, where they are looped through a gilt ring.

The central object of this room is the great open fireplace, with its brass fixtures, its broad hearth of shining black tiles, its quaint tea-kettles on either side, and its dainty lambrequins of thread lace. Every available inch of wall space is covered with pictures. On either side of the door leading into the hall stands antique sideboards of rich dark mahogany, covered with specimens of antique glass, and handsome rugs complete the appointments of this room.

Back of this the library, which opens on a court. A statue of the "Genius of Mirth" stands on a pedestal behind a writing-table. On either side of the window overlooking the court are tall chiffoniers, covered with crimson silk plush, on which are displayed some rare plaques, and there is a cabinet full of Dresden china. A blue velvet cabinet contains the collection of enamels that were on exhibition some years ago in New York, among which were diamond studded cameos, a pearl encircled watch, and other valuable pieces. Along the back of this cabinet runs a piece of rare lace forming a drapery.

A small hall paneled with mirrors connects this room with the dining-room, which is a bright, cheerful apartment. It is hung and carpeted in cream color and crimson, and the furniture is made from mahogany. The dainty boudoir which the lady calls her breakfast-room has a blue and gold ceiling and furniture upholstered in pure white. The table is spindle-legged and brass mounted.

Of course, all this cost a mint of money, but ideas can be taken from the description and acted upon at a comparatively small sum.

Mr. Parnell's power, says a London journal, is almost wholly due to his force of restraint. He has absolute control over his temper and never "lets himself go." The leader of a race famed for jovial wit, passionate oratory, reckless adandon, and a more than regal generosity, he never made a joke in his life, is a cold, unimpassioned calculator, who holds himself in reserve even with his intimates, and whose oratory has never been relieved by a single burst of passionate fervor. He is the mystery-man of modern politics.

A fifteen-year-old lad in telegraph messenger's uniform has cut out a route for himself uptown in the fashionable quarter of New York. He goes to houses that have call boxes and asks with a business air who called him. While the unsuspecting servant goes to find out, he steals what he can lay his hands on, overcoats, bric-a-brac, or what else may be handy and makes off with it.

"Don't waste your time in clipping off the branches," said the woodman to his son, "but lay your ax at the root of the tree." And the young man went out and laid his ax at the root of the tree, like a good and dutiful boy—and then he went a fishing. Truly there is nothing so beautiful as filial obedience.

Warren Green, ex-Consul to Kanagawa, who is responsible for the story that the wife of the Mikado is a graduate of Vassar, now contradicts that statement, and says that the wife of Count Omayama, a member of the Mikado's Cabinet, represents in Japan the great American gum-chewing establishment.

Lieutenant Gatewood, of the army is known by the Apaches as "Nantan Bicken Dazen," the chief with the crooked nose.

A farmer in Delaware County, N. Y., has a pork barrel that has been in constant use for 160 years.

Mendelssohn's sister wrote several of his exquisite "Songs Without Words."

Scott in the Mexican War.

His victories have never received the credit justly due them on account of the apparent ease with which they were gained. The student of military history will rarely meet with accounts of battles in any age where actual operations coincide so exactly with the orders issued upon the eve of conflict as in the official reports of the wonderfully energetic and successful campaign in which General Scott with a handful of men renewed the memory of the conquest of Cortes, in his triumphal march from Vera Cruz to the capital. The plan of the battle of Cerro Gordo was so fully carried out in action that the official report is hardly more than the general orders translated from the future tense to the past. The story of Chapultepec has the same element of the marvelous in it. The general commands apparent impossibilities in the closest detail on one day, and the next day reports that they have been accomplished. These successes were not cheaply attained. The Mexicans, though deficient in science and in military intelligence, fought with bravery and sometimes with desperation. The enormous percentage of loss in his army proves that Scott was engaged in no light work.—*Life of Lincoln, in Century.*

Senator Blackburn's Helpmeet.

Mrs. J. C. S. Blackburn, who represents the social surroundings of the junior Senator from the State of large men and handsome women, belongs to the old Kentucky family of Graham. She was Miss Theresa Graham, daughter of Dr. C. C. Graham, who was honored by a banquet by the city of Louisville upon attaining his one-hundredth birthday. He was the owner of Harrodsburg Springs, Kentucky, sold about 1854 to the United States Government for a home for disabled soldiers. Mrs. Blacburn is a great favorite in society, particularly among the ladies representing the social circles of the Southern States, towards whom her sympathies and attentions more particularly lean. Her daughter, Miss Corinne Blackburn, named by her father after the heroine of Mme. de Stael's romance, which he very much admired, is a superior musician and one of the best performers on the piano in the city. This is Miss Blackburn's first season in Washington society.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Von Moltke's Economy.

Among the stories which are amusing the Parisians just now is one told of the frugality of the famous German General, Von Moltke. The incident is placed as occurring during the siege of Paris by the German forces. Von Moltke used to soften the rigors of war by occasionally giving a little dinner party, and to one of these he had invited five gentlemen. The covers were laid for six, but one of the expected was unable to appear and sent his regrets. Von Moltke, it is related, upon receiving the note, hurried off in person and notified the presiding genius of the place to send but five *eclairs* instead of six, as had been ordered. This story of German economy is told with great gusto and laughed at heartily in the cafes and clubs.

Olive Harper writes of the ex-Empress Eugenie, whom she saw just before her departure from England: "Her beauty has much faded, but it had taken on a womanly softness born of suffering, and to me, at least, it would have been far more attractive than any youthful charm she had then lost. Her hair was still abundant, her eyes and lips still lovely, and that nameless grace and incomparable attraction was still hers. The beauty of intelligence like hers never fades." The same correspondent says that Queen Victoria's pictures flatter her grossly, "but I am sure I don't want to raise a war between two countries by giving a fair and square description of her personal appearance."

The Stitches in an Overcoat.

A Vienna tailor wagered recently that it took more than 40,000 stitches to make a winter overcoat. To decide the question a coat was ordered and a committee of experts sat to superintend the work as well as to see that no unnecessary stitches were made. The result was announced as follows: Body of the coat, 4,780 stitches; collar, 8,063 stitches; sewing collar on, 1,763 stitches; buttonholes, 2,520 stitches; sleeves, with lining, 980 stitches; pockets, 924 stitches; silk lining of body, with wadded interior, 17,863 stitches; total, 39,619 stitches.

President Grevy of France can discount Mr. Cleveland in the matter of salary. As President of the French Republic Mr. Grevy receives a yearly salary of $240,000, besides the following allowances; $20,000 for heating and lighting, servants, and washing; $60,000 for his entertainments and journeys; and $25,000 for the maintenance of his game preserves. He also has an elegant residence provided for him, is a deadhead on all railroads, has a free box at the opera and theater, and is not called upon to contribute for the relief of earthquake sufferers.

A Frenchman at Eustis, Me., recently inherited $45,000 by the death of a relative in France. He had married an Indian woman, and on hearing of the fortune awaiting him in France left his wife, and made the journey there and back, a sister of his coming with him. He brought his wife a present of a gold watch and chain, and went back to his home in the woods to live as usual.

George R. Frost, a rich old fellow living in Cairo, has worn the same hat for twenty-six years. The other day, while he was getting shaved, some one stole his old tile and put a new one in its place, and Mr. Frost got out warrants for four or five parties, paid a private detective $15 to work up the case, and will do his best to make several hearts ache.

Rough lumber has risen to $31 a thousand in Los Angeles, Cal.

Good Wages Ahead.

George Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, can give you work that you can do and live at home, making great pay. You are started free. Capital not needed. Both sexes. All ages. Cut this out and write at once; no harm will be done if you conclude not to go to work, after you learn all. All particulars free. Best paying work in this world. y14-

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Silver trout are now being caught in large quantities in Lake Tahoe.

From the earliest historical times down to the present, there has been nothing discovered for bowel complaint equal to Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. There is no remedy as near perfect, or one that is as strongly endorsed by all persons who have had occasion to use it. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

One of the newest idiosyncrasies in New York city is parasols for pet dogs.

Fifty cents is a small doctor bill, but that is all it will cost you to cure any ordinary case of rheumatism if you take our advice and use Chamberlain's Pain Balm. Everybody that tries it once, continues to use it whenever they are in need of a remedy for sprains, painful swellings, lame back, or sore throat. It is highly recommended by all who have tried it. Sold by Dowty & Becher.

THE military changes soon to take place were reported last week from Washington City. Brigadier General Wesley Merritt will be relieved of the command of the West Point Military Academy July 1st, and assigned to the command of the Department of the Missouri, succeeding Gen. Wilcox. Gen. Parks, of the Corps of Engineers, has been assigned to the superintendency of the Military Academy. Lieutenant Col. Hasbrouck, the present commander of cadets, will discharge the duties of Superintendent until Gen. Parks returns from Europe.

If you have boils,
If you are bilious,
If you have fever,
If your head aches,
If you are constipated,
If you have no appetite,
If your digestion is bad,
If your tongue is coated,
If you are thin or nervous,
If your skin is yellow or dry,
If you will try one bottle of
Beggs' Blood Purifier and Blood Maker
and are not relieved it will cost you nothing as we guarantee it to give satisfaction. Sold by Dr. A. Heintz.

FIGURES on the putting down of a gas well estimate the cost of an engine and boiler at $600; derrick, $500; drills, etc., $1,000; eight-inch pipe for tubing, $1.40 per foot; 5⅝ inch pipe 55 cents per foot; (this pipe used for casing); the drilling costs about $2 a foot till rock is reached; then $3 a foot. Three men are required for the work, the drill being "set" every five feet and the casing pumped out. A distance of about 40 feet is reached every 12 hours. At Findlay, Ohio, they had to go down about 12,000 feet over two miles.—*Fremont Herald.*

Worth Your Attention.

Cut this out and mail it to Allen & Co., Augusta, Maine, who will send you free, something new, that just coins money for all workers. As wonderful as the electric light, as genuine as pure gold, it will prove of lifelong value and importance to you. Both sexes, all ages. Allen & Co. bear expense of starting you in business. It will bring you in more cash, right away, than anything else in this world. Anyone anywhere can do the work, and live at home also. Better write at once; then, knowing all, should you conclude that you don't care to engage, why no harm is done. 4-1y

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THE new cruisers plans have been made public by the report of the examining board being made public by Secretary Whitney. Among a variety of plans and suggestions the board approves that of an armored battle ship submitted by the Barrow Ship Building Company, and is of the opinion that such a ship would be a valuable addition to our navy.

A Great Surprise

Is in store for all who use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits and that each druggist is authorized to refund your money by the Proprietor of this wonderful remedy if it fails to cure you. Dr. A. Heintz has secured the Agency for it. Price 50c and $1. *Trial size free.*

Pittsburg is shipping shovels to Australia and successfully competing with the goods of English make.

Why will you be troubled with
Sprains and bruises,
Old sores and ulcers,
Neuralgia and toothache,
Salt Rheum or Eczema,
Scald head or ringworm,
Pain in the back or spine,
Swelling of the joints, and not try
Beggs' Tropical Oil, if it does not relieve it will cost you nothing as we warrant every bottle. Dr. A. Heintz, druggist.

During the month of March nearly seven hundred bodies were cremated at Tokio, Japan.

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft or Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Stifles, Spr ains Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Every bottle warranted by C. B. Stillman, druggist, Columbus, Neb.

Two thousand panes of glass were broken during a recent hail-storm at Tuscumbia, Ala.

Don't You Know

that you cannot afford to neglect that catarrh? Don't you know that it may lead to consumption, to insanity to *death?* Don't you know that it can be easily cured? Don't you know that while the thousand and one nostrums you have tried have utterly failed that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is a certain cure? It has stood the test of years, and there are hundreds of thousands of grateful men and women in all parts of the country who can testify to its efficiency. All druggists.

A fruit firm at Winters, Cal., shipped 66 boxes of apricots to this city last Saturday.

The Population of Columbus

Is about 3,000, and we would say at least one half are troubled with some affection of the Throat and Lungs, as those complaints are, according to statistics, more numerous than others. We would advise all not to neglect the opportunity to call on us and get a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. Price 50c and $1.00. *Trial size free.* Respectfully, Dr. A. Heintz.

The modern waltz is called "the fashionable shamble" by a disaffected observer.

They Will Not Do It.

Those who once take Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" will never consent to use any other cathartic. They are pleasant to take and mild in their operation. Smaller than ordinary pills and inclosed in glass vials; virtues unimpaired. By druggists.

The bean crop in southern California promises to be large.

Inflammation of the bowels, Diarrhœa Dysentary, Colic, and all kindred diseases are relieved at once by the use of Beggs' Diarrhœa Balsam. We guarantee every bottle to give satisfaction. Dr. A. Heintz. 3feb23

Closing Out at Cost.

We have decided to quit the jewelry business in Columbus, and will sell everything at cost, and even less than cost. Call in and see the astonishingly low figures we will offer you:

A Good American watch	$ 5 00
A Good Striking clock	2 00
A Good Patent Gold-filled Gentlemen's American watch	15 00
Ladies' Gold watches	10 00
18 carat gold rings, per pennyweight	90
Set silver-plated Roger spoons	1 00
Good 5 bottles silver castors	2 50
Fine nickel clocks	1 00

In fact everything for less than half the usual retail price.

This is no humbug to boom the business, but we want to get rid of the goods and must and will sell them. Call and get prices. C. C. Berringer will be in attendance, and wait on you, and be pleased to show you the stock Everything will be warranted, as represented, or the money will be refunded.

G. HEITKEMPER & BRO.,

The leading Jewelers of Columbus, Neb.

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FOR **MAN** AND **BEAST!**

Mexican Mustang Liniment

CURES

Sciatica,	Scratches,	Contracted
Lumbago,	Sprains,	Muscles,
Rheumatism,	Strains,	Eruptions,
Burns,	Stitches,	Hoof Ail,
Scalds,	Stiff Joints,	Screw
Stings,	Backache,	Worms,
Bites,	Galls,	Swinney,
Bruises,	Sores,	Saddle Galls,
Bunions,	Spavin	Piles.
Corns,	Cracks.	

THIS GOOD OLD STAND-BY

accomplishes for everybody exactly what is claimed for it. One of the reasons for the great popularity of the Mustang Liniment is found in its **universal applicability.** Everybody needs such a medicine.

The Lumberman needs it in case of accident.
The Housewife needs it for general family use.
The Canaler needs it for his teams and his men.
The Mechanic needs it always on his work bench.
The Miner needs it in case of emergency.
The Pioneer needs it—can't get along without it.
The Farmer needs it in his house, his stable, and his stock yard.
The Steamboat man or the Boatman needs it in liberal supply afloat and ashore.
The Horse-fancier needs it—it is his best friend and safest reliance.
The Stock-grower needs it—it will save him thousands of dollars and a world of trouble.
The Railroad man needs it and will need it so long as his life is a round of accidents and dangers.
The Backwoodsman needs it. There is nothing like it as an antidote for the dangers to life, limb and comfort which surround the pioneer.
The Merchant needs it about his store