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TWELVE PAGES

Even Santa Claus appears to be doing a sort of second-hand business this year.

The city clerk of Fall River, Mass., has refused an increase of salary voted him because of the "state of the finances." He is regarded as a remarkable person.

The civilized people of Hawaii have a valuable Christmas gift in the failure of Mr. Cleveland's plan to restore the monarchy and place on the throne a half-civilized and corrupt Queen.

It was of little consequence whether Mr. MacVeagh was confirmed or not, but it is of the first importance to this State that the vacancy in the Supreme Court should be filled.

The Grand Army of the Republic in Medford, Mass., has started out to present a picture of Washington to every public school in the town to the end that patriotism may be taught.

There is a good deal of wisdom in the suggestion of General Harrison that people would do well to devote less time to extolling ancestry and more to looking for the well-being of posterity.

The fact that the earnings of the Pennsylvania railway lines east of Pittsburg were $940,000 less during November this year than in the corresponding month of 1892 tells the story of the decline of business.

The person who looks over fifty or sixty papers this season of the year is led to suspect that a large part of the people in this country are descendants of New England or connected with such descendants by marriage.

The Attorney-general of Illinois has decided that the records of building associations in that State must be kept in English, but there can be no objection to such associations discussing their affairs in other languages.

Chicago will submit to most anything provided it will show that its population is over two millions, but when the rather superfluous Stead declares that its unemployed are a million, it protests against even numbers.

So many people besides Secretary Carlisle realize the force of the statement of Col. Fred D. Grant that "a surplus is easier to handle than a deficiency" that one wonders that some one had not made the remark earlier.

The gentleman at the New England dinner who said that "the pilgrim fathers stood for the right of individual judgment, but limited the right to themselves," stated the case exactly; but they developed with the new country.

It is not of so much account that C. P. Huntington is twenty millions poorer now than at the first of the year as that three millions of workingmen are losing every day the wages which makes the difference between comfort and privation.

Of the 28,071 branches of the Young People's Christian Endeavor in the world, 24,-677 are in the United States. The rapid growth of the organization three years ago led many to fear that it would suffer an early decline, but the facts do not justify such an apprehension.

The expenditures of the government now exceed its revenues $6,000,000 a month, which is at the rate of $72,000,000 a year. The Democratic party proposes to provide for its prospective deficit by passing a tariff bill which will make a further reduction in the revenue of at least $60,000,000. Great financiering that.

In 1892 the States of Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Iowa and Maryland cast 2,149,335 Democratic votes, and in 1893 they cast 1,741,223. In 1892 the aggregate Republican majority in these seven States was 52,626, while in 1893 it was 812,111. These figures represent a great change in public sentiment.

An old inhabitant, who is also an observant one, predicts that within the next month or two this country will see a series of great religious revivals. He says that a protracted period of hard times is almost sure to be accompanied by a religious revival. The supposed explanation is that when people are prosperous they do not give much thought to religion, but misfortune makes them thoughtful and serious.

It seems scarcely necessary to make any comment upon the statement made by the charity committee, of which Mr. John H. Holliday is chairman, further than to reiterate its declaration that its purpose and design is to co-operate with the Hanna committee. There can be no excuse on the part of any intelligent or candid person for not giving these committees whatever money or other article of use he has with which to render assistance. All the money put into the hands of either of these committees will be much more judiciously expended and will go further than if individuals attempt to expend it in relieving the poor themselves. Moreover, the Journal cannot too urgently express the imperative necessity of immediate contributions. Large sums of money must be raised or deserving people will suffer. Good citizens must make up their minds that self-denial must be exercised in this matter, and resolutely cut off expenditures in order that they may be able to contribute to the relief committees. And remember that "he gives twice who gives quickly."

AN AGED OBJECT LESSON.

In the obituary notice of an aged citizen of Indiana, which appeared in yesterday's Journal, occurs a statement of so unusual a character as to call for especial comment. It is said of this citizen, who died at the age of 104, that he had chewed tobacco for ninety years. This remarkable fact is likely to serve as a text for persons of widely diverse views. There, for instance, are the advocates of tobacco as an alleviator of life's woes. As a proof of its soothing effects they can point to the one hundred and more years of this patron of the weed. But for the soothing, tranquilizing qualities of "navy plug," "nigger twist," "dog leg" or "fine-cut," they can aver, this man would, in all probability, have succumbed to the wear and tear of existence long before he had rounded the century, and the community have been too early deprived of a useful and respected member. True, they cannot grow poetic or sentimental over this ninety-year old habit as over tobacco when consumed in a pipe. Chewing, somehow, does not blend with the expression of delicate sentiment as does smoking. Poets, novelists and essayists without number have sung the praises of tobacco. For its sake Lamb declared his readiness to do anything but die. Byron called it "sublime." "Ik Marvel's" "Reveries" might never have been dreamed but for its witching influence. But all these gifted writers celebrate the charms of a pipe and of smoke, and say nothing of the seductive properties of "plug." Nevertheless, this will not prevent the later poetic champions of the pipe from making a note of the Indiana chewer's case as coming within their line. Though he did not know the aesthetic delights of smoking he was one with them in loving the plant "which, from East to West, cheers the tar's labor or the Turkman's rest." Advocates of the use of tobacco for its hygienic qualities can also point with pride to the monument of the deceased Hoosier. The sanitary benefits of tobacco are amply shown, they can say, in the length of his life. He chewed for ninety years, they may urge, and if he had begun at four instead of fourteen, he might still be alive.

There is room in this case, too, for the statistical person. Ninety years offers a wide field for the careful calculator who wishes to estimate the number of tons of tobacco used by this departed citizen, or, in his zeal, desires to go further and figure on the number of "chaws."

But the interest does not end here. The estimable ladies who have undertaken to abolish tobacco spitting for sanitary reasons and are slowly reaching the conclusion that they can only accomplish their purpose by abolishing tobacco spitters, may go into some calculations of their own if they like, and, with the late centenarian's case as a basis, estimate the length of time required for the evolution of chewers out of existence by the natural process. They may not find the result encouraging, but it is well to have the facts before them in any case. The Hoosier who chewed for ninety years is in a fair way to achieve a post mortem fame of high degree.

HISTORY NOT TO BE LOST.

One of the speakers at the late meeting of the Loyal Legion called attention to the fact that there is nothing like an adequate history of the part which Indiana took in the war for the Union. There is the report of the Adjutant-general, but it becomes scarcer as the years pass. Soon copies of that record will be rare. Soon after the war several works of much merit were published, but it was then too early to treat the subject adequately. A few regimental histories have been published, but there is practically nothing to show the illustrious part which the more distinguished regiments of Indiana bore in the great struggle, and which added so much to the glory of the State during that period. Indeed, it is very doubtful if the war literature of any State which was conspicuous in the struggle is as limited as is that of Indiana. In other States the work of rescuing from oblivion the achievements of regiments is going on in some form. Wisconsin is republishing its war roster. In several States survivors of regiments are devoting their spare time to the collection of data which will be of great value in the future, when every State will make an effort to have a history of its share of the great work of saving the Union. The men of all others who should attend to this work are the sons of the men who saw the service. It is a duty they owe to their fathers and to posterity. For the preservation of our institutions there can be no better agency than to keep before posterity the deeds of valor and self-denial of those who have rescued them in the past. History has made a few great names—Lincoln, Grant, Sherman and Thomas—an inspiration, and the public heart quickly responds to every allusion to their devotion and patriotism; but every neighborhood in Indiana furnished men who, in humbler spheres, discharged duties and performed deeds which will cause those who learn of them to realize that high devotion and patriotic purpose were confined neither to rank nor condition. The State monument will be a perpetual reminder of Indiana in the war for the Union. Its figures will show the magnificent totals of her numbers and the measure of her sacrifice; but, after all, the history of regiments and companies, and the devotion of individual heroism and sacrifice are the realities which will bring the masses to realize the greatness of Indiana's contribution to the cause of liberty.

The subject is one which should be agitated afresh in every veteran organization at once, because the men who can give pages of valuable information will soon pass away, and with them the recollections which are of the highest value to the people of the State when the deeds and devotion which make States great are considered.

BANKRUPTCY OF RAILROADS.

The Railway Age presents the list of railroad bankruptcies during the first eleven months of 1893, and a very long record of disaster it is. Receivers have been appointed for no less than seventy-one lines, or nearly 13 per cent. of the mileage of the country. These lines have a bonded debt of $753,000,000, which is $168,000,000 in excess of the interest-bearing debt of the United States, and over 12 per cent. of the entire railroad capitalization of the country. In other words, one-eighth of the railroad system of the country has gone into the hands of receivers since Jan. 1, 1893—four times as much capital and more than twice as much mileage as fell into similar hands in 1892. The railroad disasters of the year began with the Philadelphia & Reading. The next extensive disaster was signaled by putting the Erie in the hands of a receiver. This was followed by the confessed bankruptcy of the Northern Pacific in October. These are simply the larger lines. The lesser ones are more numerous. The total capitalization involved is considerably in excess of $1,250,000,000. There is much water in this total, but the bonded debt represents actual investments. In addition to the lines placed in the hands of receivers, twenty-three roads which had previously been placed in the hands of receivers were sold to the highest bidder during the year. All of them are relatively small and unimportant compared with the wrecks of 1893, their capital and bonds aggregating only $47,250,000. It scarcely need be added that the roads sold to the highest bidder did not bring a sufficient sum to discharge the bonded debt.

Probably bad management has had something to do in bringing on the bankruptcy of these railroads; nevertheless, it is an indisputable fact that the best-managed lines, passing through the best country, are only fairly good property, and that the larger part of them have a hard time to pay running expenses and interest on the bonded debt, leaving little or nothing for shareholders.

Dramatic incidents sometimes occur during trials in criminal courts. Three such happened in as many different trials during the last week. In this city Miss Annie Wagner, the defendant in a murder trial which is exciting much interest, fainted "dead away" and caused an adjournment of the court. In the case of the alleged swindler Howard, on trial in the United States Court, at Jackson, Tenn., a juryman was taken suddenly sick, requiring a suspension of the trial for a whole day, and in the Meyer murder case, in New York, a juror became violently insane. The last case involved more serious results than either of the others, for it compels a new trial from the beginning. The law does not permit a man to be twice put in jeopardy for the same offense, and if once tried and acquitted he can never be tried again. But a mistrial is no trial. If, at any stage of a trial, even after the evidence is all in and the case is being argued, a juror be taken too sick to proceed, be disabled by accident or become insane, the trial must stop and a new one be had. In the Meyer case the prosecuting officers are of opinion that a change of venue will have to be ordered, as it will be impossible, in their judgment, to secure another jury in New York county. The case will be called again in January, when it may be transferred to the Court of General Sessions. An effort will be made then to secure a jury, and if it fail, as is expected, the case will be transferred to another and probably a distant county. In that event the expenses must still be borne by New York county.

The promptness with which commercial associations in the principal cities of the country have assumed the responsibility of raising money and distributing aid to the unemployed must prove a novel spectacle to people in Europe, who have either accustomed themselves to the presence of helpless poverty or have adopted systems of public relief which must be extended to a large number of people. The truth is, the American people are not accustomed to a constant army of suffering poor. In our large cities there has always been a limited quantity of pauperism, but it has been in no sense a burden, and has been due to incapacity rather than lack of employment. For the first time in a generation have the people in this country been confronted with widespread distress. Consequently, with a promptness and method which speak volumes for the good feeling of those who are able to render assistance, the work of relief has been taken up and carried on, and so taken up and carried on as to cause the least humiliation to the dependent. In view of the extent to which this work is being prosecuted and the large amounts of money which men and women are contributing to the curtailment of their own expenditures, how infamous are those demagogues who are, at this time, calling upon labor to array itself against capital.

Ex-Senator Palmer, of Michigan, says, in a published interview, that he is out of politics and that he would not accept any office except one that would enable him to advance the three things which lie nearest his heart, namely: To advance the cause of women in their battle for their rights, to enlarge the scope of the work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and to secure good roads. These are unselfish and philanthropic ambitions.

It would not be surprising to hear of revolution in Italy any day. A country rich in natural advantages, with a people schooled in frugality, with a large revenue from visitors, it is now staggering under a weight of direct taxation which bears heavily upon the people. Already the deputy from Sicily has gone so far as to declare that the island will pay no more taxes. This taxation is imposed to keep up a vast official and military machine, out of all proportion to the needs and resources of that country. This is necessary as a member of the triple alliance, which has no other purpose than to hold France and Russia in check. If Italy had a republican form of government like that under which France is prospering so marvelously, fewer of her people would be compelled to seek other lands to earn their bread and disturb the industrial equilibrium.

Enoch Arden cases, with some variations from the Tennyson version, are common in real life. The variations usually consist in the fact that the wandering husband went away with no intention of returning, and came back, finally, to his deserted but remarried wife either with the purpose of making trouble for her or because he had reached the bottom of his purse. A story from a central New York village varies from this everyday sort of happening and offers some pathetic features that even the original tale does not possess. Thirty-one years ago a man named Henry Williams left his young wife and infant child to seek employment in another town, or wherever he could find it, the shop in which he had worked at home being closed. He drifted from place to place without success, and finally reached New York city. He wrote to his wife from there, but soon after met with an accident, a misdirected stone in a street fight striking him on the head as he was passing and fracturing his skull. As it happened, there was nothing on his person to identify him, and he was taken to the hospital ticketed "unknown." After recovery from his wound he was found to be insane, and was sent to an asylum, where he has remained until a few weeks ago, when his mental faculties were suddenly restored. He has traced his family and has found his daughter married, but his wife still his wife as he left her. The reunion is said to have been a happy one, but it may be doubted if the happiness is of a very deep and lasting quality. A gap, or rather a blank, of over thirty years in a life must, it would seem, unfit one for the proper enjoyment of a renewed existence on normal lines. The wife, who had lived those years in the full enjoyment of her faculties, could hardly be in sympathy with a husband practically so much younger. Life, with its discipline and responsibilities, cannot be laid down and resumed after an interval without irreparable loss. It would be better for the Ardens, one and all, not to return.

Conservative estimates of the number of workingmen out of work in New York city place it at 100,000 and growing from day to day. A meeting of bankers, brokers, merchants and professional men has been held, and a large citizens' committee appointed to assist in raising and distributing funds for the relief of the distressed.

The closing of the St. Nicholas Bank, in New York, does not seem to have interfered materially with the observance of Christmas throughout the country. St. Nicholas never puts all his money in one bank.

BUBBLES IN THE AIR.

Slightly Inconsistent.

He preached an eloquent sermon
 On Christmas peace and good will,
Then next day took his shotgun
 And went out in the fields to kill.

Incompetent to Answer.

"Would you rather steal than starve?" asked the social philosopher.

"Er—I can't say," replied the railroad magnate. "I haven't tried the starving part."

How He Controlled Them.

Visitor—How beautifully still the children sit while you talk to them.

Sunday School Superintendent—Yes, I've got them pretty well trained. I told them right at the start that every time I caught a boy squirming around in his seat while I was making a speech I would talk ten minutes longer.

Her Unreasonableness.

Mr. Wickwire—I don't know whether I ought to tell you, but I won $200 from Briggs last night playing poker.

Mrs. Wickwire—Oh, how nice. Now you can afford to get me that new dress.

Mr. Wickwire—What an unreasonable woman you are. I shall do nothing of the kind. It ought to be satisfaction enough to you to know that Mrs. Briggs won't be able to have a new dress.

ABOUT PEOPLE AND THINGS.

The late Marshal MacMahon first met his wife while saving her from a fire at the risk of his own life.

The Nabob of Rumpur, one of India's saddle-colored princes, has been in Berlin recently. He was received with great distinction, and entertained by the highest people in the city.

When the Cleveland Relief Association, a day or so ago, refused aid to one woman, she drew $1,000 from a bank, and, shaking the mud of the city from her well-shod feet, started for Germany.

By next September Bryn Mawr College, one of the leading colleges for young women in the country, will have a woman president, Miss Thomas, who will then succeed Dr. Rhoads as president of the college.

St. Nicholas was a bishop of Myra, in Asia Minor, in the fourth century, and during his long and careful life devoted himself in so eminent a degree to the service of the young that before he was gathered to his fathers his services were invoked by mothers in behalf of their offspring.

The task of cataloguing the library of the late Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, which has occupied Mr. Victor Collins during a whole year, is now finished. It was a very laborious undertaking, inasmuch as the books and pamphlets reach a total of 25,000, necessitating 18,000 separate descriptive headings.

The mother of one of the kindergarten children at the College settlement, in New York city, is a Hungarian woman who has been in this country for six years. When she came, she says, she set to work immediately to learn our language. Only since her child has been attending the kindergarten has she learned that the language of the country is not German.

Capt. Gerry Bassett, of Hyannis, Mass., is eighty-four years old and son of a revolutionary pensioner. He remembers back to 1814, when an English privateer chased a cotton-loaded schooner into Hyannis harbor, where the captain ran his vessel ashore. Some of the townspeople secured a cannon and fired several shots from the shore, which frightened the invaders away without gaining the coveted prize.

Lobengula, says a gentleman, sometimes evinces an utter disregard of human life that is simply devilish. As an example, I was sitting with him on his wagon, one morning, and he was sighting a gun which some trader had presented to him. Just then a stalwart young Kaffir was leisurely walking from one kraal to another, when Lobengula deliberately aimed and shot the unfortunate fellow, the heavy load of buckshot lodging in his back.

"Young Mrs. Blaine," as she was once called, but now the wife of William T. Bull, has grown stout and handsomer since her divorce from James G. Blaine, jr., and her marriage to Dr. Bull. She has been abroad, and returned with many bewildering triumphs of the great Worth. She has taken a beautiful home in New York, and has servants, horses and carriages at her command. Her husband stands near the head of his profession, with an income of $50,000 a year.

In a conversation with a visitor from Boston recently, George W. Childs said that there was never any jealousy between Grant and Sherman, though there have been reports that such jealousy did exist, and related Grant's criticism of Kaufmann's painting, the "March to the Sea," which hangs in the hall of the editor's house at Long Branch. In the picture Sherman is represented seated before his tent devoid of coat and vest, but clad in a fine white shirt. Grant's first remark when he saw the painting was: "It's excellent and looks just like Sherman, but I never saw him with a boiled shirt on."

Pray, though the gift you ask for
 May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading—
 Yet pray, and with hopeful tears!
An answer—not that you long for,
 But diviner, will come some day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
 Yet strive and wait and pray!

—Adelaide Proctor.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, it is said, will soon lay aside his humorous pen, which has brought him so much fame and money, and turn his attention to serious work.

Some hitherto unpublished letters of Whittier, written to an intimate friend, Charlotte Fiske Bates, will appear in the January number of McClure's Magazine.

The January number of the Forum will have an article on the Wilson tariff bill, by Mr. Wilson himself, to be followed by a rejoinder from a writer hostile to the bill.

The second edition of the December World's Fair Cosmopolitan brings the total up to the extraordinary figure of 400,000 copies, an unprecedented result in the history of magazines.

Daniel H. Burnham and Frank D. Millet are getting out an illustrated history of the world's fair to be sold for $1,000 a copy. People who went to the fair, remarks the New York World, can now see how they saved money.

Another new edition of the Waverly Novels is announced, an edition of which Mr. J. M. Barrie, the novelist, is to be the editor. He is now writing introductory essays for the volumes. Scott is said to be Mr. Barrie's favorite author.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has nearly finished a novel which will be published early in the year by her regular publishers, Macmillan & Co. It is now three years since the publication of "David Grieve," which readers will probably be surprised to hear has sold much more extensively than "Robert Elsmere."

As soon as the right of suffrage was given to the women of Colorado by the popular vote of Nov. 7 the sixty-eight leagues of the Equal Suffrage Association were turned into leagues for political study. The book selected by the executive committee of the association is John Fiske's "Civil Government."

Arthur Sherburne Hardy, the author of "But Yet a Woman," "Passe Rose," and, in strange contrast, some noted mathematical works, says of the several nationalities: "I like the French society better than any other. The reason is that the French woman is thoroughly companionable with man. She knows life, she is sympathetic, one may talk with her."

Dialect may be said to have run mad when, in the holiday number of one of the first-class magazines, there are no less than six of these stories; one Tennessee mountain patois, one Georgian, one Virginian, one Massachusettian, one Dakotan cowboyish, one New York. Besides a story by a famous Canadian dialect writer who, for once, had dropped it here.

Mr. Alexandre Dumas says in his preface to the new edition of the "Three Musketeers" that he found his father one evening visibly depressed and with red eyes. "What is the matter?" asked his son. "I have just killed Porthos," said his father. This recalls the mood of Thackeray when he disposed of the good colonel, and the sorrow of Dickens when Little Nell had to die.

SHREDS AND PATCHES.

It costs about as much to be proud as it does to be stingy.—Ram's Horn.

Will Mr. Carl Schurz please come from under the bed and tell us where he is at?—Atlanta Constitution.

The Senate has called Mr. Cleveland's hand. He was playing kings on a pair of deuces.—Keokuk Gate City.

[illegible] a clearing out there would be if Dr. Parkhurst could be elected Mayor of New York.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Strong—Would you call Supple's wife handsome? Weak—Yes—if I was talking to Supple.—Raymond's Monthly.

Senator Voorhees seems to consider himself the presidential candidate of the Grand Army of the Republic.—Dallas News.

Hicks—Your heart goes out in sympathy for the poor? Wicks—Yes; though it sounds like rank egotism to say it.—Boston Transcript.

Boss McKane would not mind the thirty days in jail if it would not so seriously inconvenience his Sunday school.—Washington Post.

If you want to convey an impression of wreck and absolute chaos speak of "My Hawaiian policy."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

One painful fact about Christmas is that it stirs up to renewed and fearful activity the man who writes Christmas carols.—Chicago Record.

"Your neighbor appears to have failed a good many times." "Just twenty-four times. The next will be his silver bankruptcy."—Fliegende Blaetter.

"Charity," remarked Meandering Mike, "begins at home, and it's got er mos' oncomfortable habit of settling down behind a woodpile."—Washington Star.

Miss Bacon—On the ranch we girls ride the horse barebacked. Mr. Knickerbocker (seriously)—I should think the sun would blister you terribly.—Scribner's.

No man is born into this world whose work is not born with him; there is always work, and tools to work withal, for those who will.—James Russell Lowell.

President Cleveland is evidently unable to realize that Rev. Joseph Cook's term of office as general superintendent of the universe has not yet expired.—Detroit Tribune.

The world a scanty pittance gives
 Its teachers, priests and scholars,
But Patti sings one little song
 And gets $3,000.

—Chicago Tribune.

A FABLE.

A harmless Gander lived all alone in his little cottage by the lake. His simplicity was so marked that he could not even find a mate among all the geese of his acquaintance. One day he concluded that it would be very nice to be in a position of power among his fellow-creatures, but he knew that he could never exert any influence as plain Mr. Gander, so he determined to masquerade in the skin of the dove and the head of the owl, thus combining in his pretensions both wisdom and spotless purity. Then in this disguise he could go before the other creatures as a great reformer. When they asked him what reforms he proposed to establish he would usually make an evasive answer, but if pressed for a direct declaration, he would promise anything the inquirer might ask, his only object being self-elevation. He told the Fox that he should have an unlimited diet of Chickens and Geese, without even the trouble of going after them. To the Donkey he promised plenty of Sheep and Fox skins to keep off the cold blasts of winter. In fact to all comers he made just such promises as he knew would secure their influence, knowing at the time that to fulfill them would make it necessary to kill the Fox and Sheep that the Donkey might be kept warm, and the Chicken and Goose must die to satisfy the maw of the Fox. Mr. Gander did not care for that if he could only reach his coveted goal of power. His blandishments and rosy-hued promises were sufficient to blind the eyes of enough of the other animals to secure his elevation to the highest place among them.

Then the animals began to clamor for the fulfillment of the promises made to them. The Fox demanded the slaughter of the Chickens and Geese, and the Donkey wanted the skins of the Fox and Sheep. About this time the usual yearly meeting of the animals was held, and each one demanded that he should receive the reward that Mr. Gander had promised. (Most of them wanted pie.) Then, for the first time, the animals discovered that to fulfill all the promises, Mr. Gander would have to slay them all and feed them to the already overfed Bulls and Bears. When they realized the full meaning of this truth they decided that as soon as Mr. Gander's term of office as Supreme High Dictator of the Seas and Land should expire he should be stripped of his false clothing and sent back among his kind to end his days in obscurity.

Moral—Grover, beware of '96.

Far from the Madding Crowd.

Washington Star.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, as he kicked himself loose from the hay in the comfortable mow which served temporarily as a lodging house, "what's dese anarcy mugs t'rowin' dinnymite an' things fur, anyhow?"

"Cause dey're agin de way sussiety is bein' run," replied Meandering Mike.

"Well, I don't take much account of sussiety meself. But I kin imagine some feller's gittin' a heap of satisfaction out of t'ringin' a bomb at Ward McAllister."

CHRISTMAS BITS FROM DICKENS.

His own heart laughed; and that was quite enough for him.

Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm. Lord bless ye.

"A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice.

There's the Turkey! Hallo! Whoop! How are you! Merry Christmas!

"Lord, keep my memory green." It's very good and pious, sir. Amen! Amen!

It's a sort of night that's meant for muffins. Likewise crumpets. Also Sally Lunns.

Cheer up! Don't give way. A new heart for a new year, always.

They said it was a shame to quarrel on Christmas day, and so it was! God love it, so it was!

I know that we must trust and hope, and neither doubt ourselves or doubt the good in another.

A merry Christmas to everybody! A happy New Year to all the world! Hallo here! Whoop! Hallo!

It is a time of all others when want is keenly felt, and abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?

Have had a pretty many of 'em myself—ha, ha!—and may take the liberty of wishing 'em. I'm eighty-seven.

It is astonishing how much you may see, in a thicker fog than that, if you will only take the trouble to look for it.

He heard them give each other merry Christmas, as they parted at cross-roads and byways, for their several homes.

Miss Slowboy wept copiously for joy, and handed the baby 'round to everybody in succession, as if it were something to drink.

You must laugh at life; you've got a game to play; a very serious game, indeed; you must only laugh when you win, and then not much.

No more work to-night! Christmas eve, Dick! Christmas, Ebenezer. Let's have the shutters up before a man can say Jack Robinson!

In came a fiddler with a music book, and went up to the lofty desk and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach aches.

This being Christmas time, when all people who can, make holiday; and when all people who have got money like to spend some.

Often have I heard them bells say: Toby Veck. Toby Veck. Keep a good heart, Toby! Toby Veck. Toby Veck. Keep a good heart, Toby!

All these boys were in great spirits, and shouted to each other, until the broad fields were so full of merry music that the crisp air laughed to hear it.

Pile up the fire here! Would you freeze the people on this bleak December night? Let us be light, and warm, and merry, or I'll not forgive some of you.

Though Christmas has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!

And bye and bye they had a song about a lost child traveling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed.

It is a fair handed, noble adjustment of things, that while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good humor.

THE MANLINESS OF CHRIST.

A Picture of the Son of God Unlike Those of the Old Masters.

Rev. Lyman Abbott, in the Outlook.

The New Testament affords but one hint of the personal appearance of Jesus Christ. John is in the spirit, it is said, on the Lord's day. He is awakened as from a trance by a great voice like that of a trumpet, turns to see who it is that is speaking to him, and, being turned, beholds one like unto the Son of man. "His eyes were as a flame of fire, and his feet like unto fine brass, and his voice as the sound of many waters." This is not like the pictures of Christ which conventional art has furnished us—a feminine face, hair parted in the middle, long flowing locks, all gentleness, tenderness, femininity. One can imagine, from this picture, John recalling the appearance of Christ when He drove the traders from the temple. His eyes flashing fire, His firm and martial tread indicating the resistless will, and His voice of wrath deep and sonorous. As one looks at this picture he can, too, better understand some misunderstood or forgotten incidents in the life of Christ. He will remember how more than once this Christ faced a mob and the mob parted before Him and He passed through them as Israel through the Red sea; he will remember how the Temple police came to arrest Christ as He was teaching in the Temple, but left Him untouched and went away and reported, never man spake as this man; he will remember and get new light upon the declaration that Jesus Christ spake with authority, and not as the scribes; he will remember the significant little incident recorded in Mark, that, as Christ and His disciples went up to Jerusalem Jesus went before the rest, and they, amazed and afraid, followed after; he will remember and better understand the declaration of the evangelists, more than once repeated, that the disciples were afraid to ask Christ, and questioned among themselves as to his meaning; he will remember the night of the arrest, and how Christ went out and put himself between His half-awakened disciples and the band of police, confronting the latter, and how they fell backward to the ground before Him, and He waited, holding the band at bay by His mere presence until He gave opportunity to His disciples to escape; he will remember and better understand the awe of Pilate before this majestic personality.

But was not Jesus gentle, and tender, and patient? Was not his gentleness, his tenderness, his patience, more than woman's, the wonder of his disciples? Yes. But what made this wonderful was that such a man as He possessed all these traits. The Lion of the tribe of Judah was the Lamb who before his shearers opened not his mouth. What amazed them was that a man with such power of wrath that the traders fled before Him unarmed and unattended, a man with such power of indignation that the Pharisees quailed before His flashing eye and sonorous utterances—that such a man as He, when personally insulted, was silently patient, standing calm and unmoved when spit upon and buffeted. For in Jesus Christ the strength of manhood and the patience of womanhood were united. He knew how to be angry and sin not; for His anger was inspired by love, never by personal pride. He bore with unruffled patience wrongs to Himself, but His eyes flashed fire when He saw wrong perpetrated upon others. The world yet awaits for an artist who shall paint a Christ that shall answer to the vision which John saw in the isle of Patmos, a Christ through the windows of whose soul spirit flashes out in gleams of fire, whose feet have the tread of might and majesty, whose lips suggest a voice in its deep musicalness like the voice of the ocean, full of power.

GREAT GUNS OF GREAT NAVIES.

Costly Weapons That Can Be Fired Only Seventy-Five Times.

New York Telegram.

Two of the mammoth one-hundred-and-ten-ton guns, upon which the British admiralty has so proudly commented as the "modern naval artillery," and which cost about $150,000 each, went down into seventy fathoms of water with the battle ship Victoria, and in connection with this fact there must have been awakened much interest among readers as to whether such heavy war weapons, heavier than any yet made for the United States navy, and heavier than will probably be built, are a wise addition to a modern war vessel.

And yet this big gun is not a new thing, as it practically dates back twelve years. About forty of these big guns have been built, and some of them were sent to Italy. It is easy to comprehend among navy officers that such guns are an expensive luxury, not only in the actual cost of the gun and its ammunition, but also in the size of the ships required to carry them. But what will be of most interest to lay people is the quantity and cost of ammunition and the life of the gun itself. The best ordnance experts calculate the life of the 110-ton gun to be seventy-five rounds with full charges. The 110-ton gun, and indeed all large guns, are fired with slow-burning cocoa powder, the name cocoa being derived from the brown color of the powder. It is shaped in hexagonal prisms, this being the most convenient form of packing, and ten thousand of these prisms are needed to make a full charge for this monster gun. Each prism is pierced with a hole in the center to give ready access to the flame and insure an equable ignition.

For nearly all naval guns the powder charge is made up of four cartridges, but owing to the extraordinary weight of the 110-ton gun charge (966 pounds) it is divided into eight cartridges, each weighing 120 pounds. To load the gun it is necessary to bring it to its extreme elevation—that is, the muzzle is pointed upward as far as it can be on the mount, and these operations follow: 1. Unlock and unscrew the breech block. 2. Withdraw the breech block. 3. Traverse breech block to one side. 4. Place the loading tray in the gun. 5. Swab out the gun. 6. Ram home, or put into place the projectile. 7. Place the first charge. 8. Place and ram home the second half charge. 9. Withdraw the loading tray. 10. Replace the breech screw. 11. Screw up and lock the breech screw.

The gun is then ready to be sighted by the captain of the turret from his conning tower. It is fired by electricity. The gun can be loaded and fired within two and a half minutes. The projectile used in the gun, when ships or forts are attacked, weighs 1,800 pounds, or only 200 pounds less than a ton, and it leaves the muzzle with a velocity of 2,105 feet a second and has a destructive energy equal to 55,305 foot-tons. When tested before mounting on the Sanspareil three years ago, the shot tore its way through specially manufactured steel armor 20 inches thick, and yet the armor belt of the Victoria ranged from 16 to 18 inches in thickness only. In addition to the 20 inches thickness of steel the shot went through 8 inches of iron fastened in a heavy wrought-iron frame, 20 feet of oak baulks, 6 feet of granite blocks, 11 feet of concrete and 6 feet of brick. In other words, it went through 44 1-3 feet of a wall unique in history for combination of width and variety and strength of materials. The cost of one firing of this gun was $400 for the powder and $600 for the projectile and fuses, and after seventy-five rounds there would be the cost of the gun to add, namely, $100,000.

In firing the gun against a body of men or a flotilla of boats it is intended to use shrapnel, a drum-like cylinder of steel, inclosing 2,300 four-ounce bullets. As soon as the shrapnel bursts the bullets go flying on, the spinning of the shell caused by the rifled grooves of the gun spreading them out over a large area. When a shell is used it is charged with powder, which causes it to explode and scatter its pieces with great destruction.

LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

Harry Cattell's Record of the Official Autopsy of the President.

Washington Post.

One of the assistants to Chief Clerk Sylvester, of the Meropolitan police department is Mr. Harry P. Cattell, who has charge of the property room. In his younger days Mr. Cattell was an embalmer, and at the time of President Lincoln's assassination he was in the employ of Brown & Alexander, embalmers, who had their establishment on Pennsylvania avenue, near Eleventh street, northwest. On Saturday morning, April 15, a few hours after the death of the President, Mr. Cattell was directed by his employers to go to the executive mansion and embalm the body. It was 9 o'clock in the morning when he reached there with his instruments and embalming fluid and proceeded to work.

It is nearly thirty years ago since the assasination which excited such profound horror in all civilized portions of the globe, and while every reader knows how the beloved chief executive met his death, comparatively few people of this generation know just where the fatal bullet entered his body or what course it took. Mr. Cattell showed a Post reporter a verbatim copy of the original autopsy report, written by an assistant to Surgeon-general Barnes, who made the autopsy. The following is an exact copy of it:

"Yesterday Surgeon-general Barnes, assisted by Drs. Stone, the late President's family physician, Curtis, Woodward, Crane, Taft and other prominent medical men, made an autopsy in the presence of President Johnson, General Augur, and General Rucker. The external appearance of the face of the President presented a deep black stain around both eyes. The fatal wound was on the left side of the head, behind and in a line with and three inches from the left ear. The course of the ball was obliquely forward toward the right eye, crossing the brain in an oblique manner and lodging a few inches behind that eye. In the track of the wound were found fragments of bone, which had been driven forward by the ball, which was embedded in the anterior lobe of the left hemisphere of the brain. The orbit plates of both eyes were the seat of communicated fracture, and the eyes were filled with extravasated blood. The serious injury of the orbit plates was due to the centre-coup, the result of the intense shock of so large a projectile fired so closely to the head. The ball was evidently a Deringer, hand-cast, and from which the neck had been clipped. A shaving of lead had been removed from the ball in its passage through the bones of the skull and was found in the orifice of the wound. The first fragment of bone was found two and one-half inches within the brain; the second and larger fragment about four inches from the orifice of the wound. The ball lay still further in advance. The wound was about one-half inch in diameter. The autopsy fully confirmed the opinion of the surgeons on the night of the assassination that the wound was mortal.

"Yesterday morning Drs. Brown and Alexander were sent for to embalm the body of President Lincoln. The embalming process was performed by Mr. Harry P. Cattell, an employe of the above-mentioned firm, who also embalmed little Willie Lincoln, son of the President, in February, 1862. The body was embalmed in the late President's own bedroom in the west wing of the executive mansion, fronting on Pennsylvania avenue. Among those in attendance during the process were Vice President Johnson, General Augur, General Rucker and the attending physicians of the lamented deceased."

Immediately after the embalming the remains were taken in charge by undertakers Frank Sands and George W. Harvey, who will be remembered by old residents as being undertakers with a store on F street northwest.

PROFIT IN COLUMBIAN STAMPS.

Government Has Received Considerable Revenue from Collectors.

New York Tribune.

The Columbian issue of postage stamps will not be sold in the postoffices after Jan. 1, and collectors and dealers are laying in large supplies of them with the knowledge that they will become more and more valuable each year. Undoubtedly the government has reaped a rich harvest by the sale of them to persons who will not make the ordinary use of them. John Wanamaker, as Postmaster-general, expected that collectors would buy them to the value of millions of dollars. In a recent report Kerr Craige, the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-general declared that hardly more than $50,000 would accrue to the government from this source, but his estimate is probably too small.

Figures on the subject are hard to get. Most collectors bought the stamps at the postoffice in the ordinary way, so no one could tell whether they were for albums or for business. Some persons living away from this city, however, sent to the postmaster here for them. In the first eleven months of the year 262 orders, amounting to $1,075.91, were received from abroad and 243, amounting to $823.45, from places in the United States. This is, of course, a small proportion of the whole amount which went to collectors. The big dealers at home and abroad would get their supplies through agents here.

Many persons sent orders to friends here, for the stamp clerks have sold numbers of the complete sets of sixteen stamps. The cost of the lot is $16.34, for the denominations include $1, $2, $3, $4 and $5. Some collectors prefer to have canceled stamps, so they buy complete sets and get Assistant Postmaster Gayler to put the postmark on them. One man mailed a letter, weighing less than half an ounce and addressed to himself, which was nearly covered with Columbian stamps. The postal clerks could not imagine why he should waste money in this way until it struck one of them that it was his method of having the stamps canceled for his collection.

Some people have wondered why $5 stamps should be issued, for publishers of periodicals pay postage on their matter in bulk. These stamps of large denomination go on foreign letters. The postage on them is 5 cents a half ounce, and there is no limit to weight. One weighing a pound and sent by registered mail would, therefore, need to have $1.68 of stamps on it. Some documents and securities sent as first-class mail matter weigh as much as three or four pounds, and a $5 stamp would just fill the bill for them.

One of the first sets of Columbian stamps sold here was bought for the Queen of Holland by the Dutch consul. To meet the wants of collectors, the Postoffice Department has supplied some twenty-five postoffices with sets of the stamps. Of course, the government did not go into this to make money, but it undoubtedly has cleared a pretty penny.

Competent.

Puck.

Penn Inkley—I think I shall try my hand at magazine poetry.

Faber—Do you think you are capable? You know magazines require something more than rhyme.

Penn Inkley (enthusiastically)—Capable! Why, it's just in my line. I've been running the puzzle department of our paper for years.

That Is Why.

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"I wonder why it is called 'the height of fashion,'" said Mrs. Snaggs.

"To correspond with the altitude of the cost, no doubt," replied her husband.