

HE WON THE CASE.

A Story of Lincoln's Wonderful Mental and Physical Ability.

Professor Stevens was once working up a mining case for the government in a western state where Mr. Lincoln was practicing law. Mr. Lincoln at the time was comparatively unknown in law and politics.

Mr. Lincoln soon came in and made himself known. He said he also had to spend the evening making up an argument upon a mining case, and he knew less about mines than about anything else.

As Professor Stevens' case did not come up the next day he attended the court to hear Mr. Lincoln present his arguments.

Although Mr. Lincoln spoke for over an hour on the technicalities of mines and mining, he did not make a single mistake. Now I want some spring makes for my husband. I will select the samples for three suits, and I will tell you just how to make them.

SHE ORDERS HIS CLOTHES.

And Takes Great Pains to Have Her Husband Properly Dressed.

The wife of a man who served with distinction as a cabinet officer during a recent administration entered a tailor shop near Fifth avenue a week ago and said to the proprietor:

"I am Mrs. So-and-so, and I don't suppose that women come into your shop very often."

"A good many women help their husbands to select their clothes," said the proprietor.

"Well, I am glad to hear that," said the woman. "I have bought my husband's clothes for him ever since we were married, and if I did not look out for them he would not have any clothes."

"He never thinks of them," said the proprietor. "I have seen him in Washington, though he was always properly dressed. Now I want some spring makes for my husband. I will select the samples for three suits, and I will tell you just how to make them."

"Mr. So-and-so, your wife selected goods for three suits of clothes for you yesterday, and if you will step back I will show you the patterns."

"Young man," said the ex-cabinet officer, "I would not dare to interfere with my wife's selections. Just take the clothes as directed."

After the measurements had been made the ex-cabinet minister hurried out without asking what style of suits had been ordered for him.—New York Sun.

Compliment With a Sting. Talk about delightfully put compliments! I heard a girl at supper deliver herself of a perfect jewel the other night. She leaned across the table—the table next to me—to say it, and she meant well.

"Oh, Miss Dumdum," she said cordially, "I've got a trade at last for you!"

"A swap?" asked Miss Dumdum, beaming with anticipatory delight.

"Uhuh!" answered the other. "Lieutenant Bulbul said it."

"Oh, do tell it!" pleaded Miss Dumdum eagerly.

"It was an awfully nice one," said the first girl, "and Lieutenant Bulbul meant it too. He said you waltzed divinely. He said he was awfully surprised, too, to find it out, so I know he meant it. He said he wouldn't have thought from seeing you walk that you could dance at all!"

Beecher's Hard Luck. One day in a town where he was to lecture Mr. Beecher went into a barber shop to be shaved. The barber, not knowing him, asked him whether he was going to hear Beecher lecture.

"I guess so," was the reply.

"Well," continued the barber, "if you haven't got a ticket you can't get on. They're all sold, and you'll have to stand."

"That's just my luck," said Mr. Beecher. "I always did have to stand. I've heard that man talk."—Lancet Home Journal.

His Choice of a Word. A look robust," remarked the passenger to the young man in the seat opposite, "to what end has your life work been directed?"

"To both ends," was the reply. "I have the only first class hat and shoe store in our village."—Chicago News-Record.

THE SERGEANT'S GOLD.

It Never Reached the "Old Folks at Home."

Surgeon General Sternberg told a good story once of an experience he had in the civil war. He said that when he was going into the battle of Bull Run the Irish sergeant major of his regiment came to him with a big bag of gold coin weighing three or four pounds and said:

"Doctor, I know that I'm to be killed entirely, and I want you to take care of this money an see that it gets to the old folks at home."

There was no time to remonstrate or to make any other arrangement, and, dropping the bag into the surgeon's lap, the Irishman hurried away to his place at the head of the column. All through two bloody days Dr. Sternberg carried that bag of gold with his surgical instruments, and it was a burden and an embarrassment to him.

Toward the close of the second day the surgeon was taken prisoner. He lost his surgical instruments and his medicine case, but clung to the gold, and, making a belt of his necktie and handkerchief, tied it around his waist next to his skin to prevent its confiscation by his captors.

During the long, hot and weary march that followed the goldpieces chafed his flesh, and his waist became so sore and blistered as to cause him intense suffering, but he was bound that the "old folks at home" should have the benefit of that money and by the exercise of great caution and patience managed to keep it until he was exchanged with other prisoners and got back to Washington.

There he found his regiment in camp, and one of the first men to welcome him was the Irish sergeant major, who was so delighted to learn that the doctor had saved his money that he got drunk and gambled it all away the first night.

IN RIP VAN WINKLE'S LAND.

The Portuguese Colonies in Africa in a Backward State.

The Portuguese colonies in Africa are the Rip Van Winkle's land of reality. After three centuries of white dominion they remain pretty much in the condition in which Da Gama and his bold successors left them.

Here is a picture of what trade means in the favored region of Cabinda bay, where there is a single white trader who occupies a house of three rooms, with a "shop" 20 feet by 8 attached. The place is stocked with puncheons of some vile stuff called "rum" which are exchanged for palm kernels.

Knots of natives from the interior villages with loads of kernels begin to present themselves at the shop by 6 a. m., and when the trader at last makes his appearance there is a noisy crowd of kernel sellers and thirsty hangers on.

The exchange of rum for kernels is quickly effected, and by 9 o'clock in the morning the entire population may be seen lying under the shelter of the cocoanut palms either stupidly drunk or noisily quarreling.

The mingled uproar and snoring lasts till about noon, when there is a sudden return to sobriety, and the crowd clears away to the village to collect the means for another carousal.

On a "good" day the trader at Cabinda bay gets rid of about 100 gallons of rum, and he avers that the scene described is repeated every day in the year.

Next to rum and "civilization" the greatest curse of West Africa are smallpox and the sleeping sickness. From this last no case of recovery has ever been known, and so contagious is it that in the native Christian community every communicant has a separate cup from which to partake of the sacramental wine.—London Leader.

Cheap Cats. General Sir Herbert Chermiside was formerly a consul in Asia Minor. Once, in a weak moment, he sent a couple of beautiful Angora cats as a present to a lady in Constantinople.

The lady was so pleased that she asked him to send some more. Sir Herbert gave his native servant some money and told him to go and buy two or three. Then came a demand for more cats from the consul's friends, and he gave his servant more money with which to buy cats.

This went on for two or three months, and the native servant waxed exceedingly fat. One morning, however, the general, on coming out of the consulate, was surrounded by a host of infuriated veiled women, who besought Mohammed to curse him because he had stolen all their cats. It appears that the native servant had pocketed the money for himself and gone round with a sack and confiscated every cat in the place.

The Old Shipplasters. Probably the greatest profit ever enjoyed by the government as a result of the destruction of money was in connection with the fractional currency or shipplasters issued during the civil war.

The total amount issued was \$368,724,073, of which \$6,880,558 has never been presented for redemption.

A large amount has been preserved as curios by collectors, and occasionally even now it is offered for redemption.

Prompt Answer. "My friend," said the long haired passenger to the young man in the seat opposite, "to what end has your life work been directed?"

"To both ends," was the reply. "I have the only first class hat and shoe store in our village."—Chicago News-Record.

THE WELL DRESSED MAN.

A Few Valuable Toilet Hints For Men of Limited Means.

It is, of course, a man's duty to appear as well as possible at all times in the presence and society of others. For him of little money there must be such a thing as dressing for occasions—that is, gauging his clothes according to what he expects to do and the people he expects to meet.

It is far better to wear one's old suits to one's business, provided they are not shabby, and one's less expensive ties, and one's somewhat worn gloves, and to keep one's never any more expensive clothes for the strictly social side of life.

The man of limited income will find it is better policy to look badly at the times when it counts least, and smartly at the times when it counts most than to take the middle course and, as a result, look neither one nor the other at any time. Always keep one or two good suits, a pair of fresh gloves, a few pretty shirts, etc., in reserve, and then if a man says to you on Saturday morning, "Come out this afternoon and spend Sunday with me," you may accept without misgiving, as to how you shall look and what kind of an appearance you will present.

Whenever a suit is taken off it should be well brushed, the coat and waistcoat hung carefully over the hanger, the trousers neatly folded and laid away. This should be cleaned of mud or dust by the use of a damp cloth if necessary and always kept on trees, which can be bought for \$1 a pair at almost any bootshop.

Once in the course of every two or three weeks one ought to give one's wardrobe a thorough and critical examination, with a view to discovering not only whether any buttons need tightening, any small spots need removing, but also whether such articles as gloves, shirts, etc., would better be dismissed entirely or called from the reserve ranks into regular service.

Just a few words as to the buying of ready-made clothes. One may often see an inexpensive suit or coat of good cut and finish, be tempted to buy it without much regard to the quality of the material or much thought of how it will wear, and find that after a few weeks it looks shabby in spite of the best of care.

It is rather apt to be the case with mixed materials, and in purchasing inexpensive suits it is always best to get plain black or dark blue clothes.—Vogue.

A NEW YORK CIRCUS.

Egyptian Caravan Trip That He Projected and Abandoned.

"Some years ago," said a St. Louis man, "I spent a winter in Cairo, Egypt, and while I was there a young New Yorker arrived who was the talk of the place as long as he staid. He had nothing but money, was not afraid to burn and was exceedingly fond of the smell of the smoke it made."

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MAKING BIG LENSES

FOR TWO CENTURIES PARIS HAS HAD A MONOPOLY OF THE ART.

An Interesting Description of the Delicate and Complicated Process, Which, by the Way, is Surrounded With Much Secrecy.

The making of big lenses has for nearly two centuries been a most jealously guarded monopoly of Paris, the process being surrounded with a good deal of secrecy. The lenses used in the great telescope at the Paris exposition measure 49 inches in diameter, and those of the Yerkes telescope 40 inches, and the story of their manufacture is very interesting.

A crucible of the proper capacity, having been bricked into the oven situated directly over the furnace, the mouth of the crucible only being left exposed—is heated very gradually for about 30 hours or so, when it becomes white hot. It is then ready to receive the glass producing substances. These are thrown in, a small shovelful at a time, and very soon begin to bubble and boil at a tremendous rate.

Were too much thrown in at once the mixture would boil over just like milk and be lost. To fill the crucible completely, therefore, it is one of great importance that the contents be allowed to go on simmering for another ten hours or so, at the end of which time the crucible resembles a vat of porridge.

Up to now it has been mere child's play. The real heating has not begun. The furnace being put in full blast, the temperature in the crucibles rises until it is sometimes as much as 3,500 degrees Fahrenheit. At a temperature such as this the lens maker may consider himself fortunate if the bricks of the oven do not melt and the crucible itself crumble away.

Should no such catastrophe occur, however, the period of intense heating is continued for from 20 to 30 hours, during which time small ladlefuls of the molten liquid are taken out every few minutes and rapidly cooled. They have the form when cold of half glass balls, and a system of chisels and files is used to shape them into the form of lenses.

Powerful magnifying glasses and in every kind of light to see whether it contains air bells. So long as the smallest bubble is detected the heating has to be continued.

At last, when all the specimens have been found to be perfectly free from air bells, the heat of the furnace is reduced, and the liquid in the crucible is skimmed of all the impurities which have risen like cream to the surface.

Now begins one of the most difficult parts of the process. This is the stirring and mixing. The substances of which glass is composed are always tending to separate from each other while the mass is cooling. This it is the duty of the workman to counteract by a stirring rod of clay, raised itself to white heat in a separate furnace, is introduced into the crucible, over which it is suspended by a system of chains and pulleys in such a way that it can be moved easily in any direction, just as if it were a huge spoon.

The contents of the crucible at this moment are as fluid as water, and the workman who has it to keep the stirring rod in motion have at first only to suffer from the heat. This is so intense that they are obliged to incase their hands and arms in asbestos bags, and even so cannot work for a longer spell than ten minutes at a time when they have to be replaced by others. The perspiration rolls down their foreheads in such streams as to completely deprive them of sight for a time.

As the temperature decreases the contents of the crucible gradually grow thicker and thicker—at first like treacle, then almost as the consistency of dough—the stirring at last being, of course, excessively difficult.

During the whole operation, which lasts on an average from 10 to 15 hours, the testing of specimens for air bells has to go on as before, and if by chance any are found the stirring has to be stopped and the whole boiling process begun over again.

When, however, the stirring is considered to have been continued long enough, the crucible is allowed to cool rapidly for about five or six hours, until the surface of the contents, being lightly rapped with a piece of iron, gives forth a metallic ring. Were the cooling to be continued as rapidly as it had begun, the glass would be so brittle that at the slightest shock it would fly into 10,000 morsels.

The crucible is now, therefore, completely vialled up and is not allowed to grow cold for at least a fortnight and sometimes, when large lenses are in question, for six weeks or more.

At last the oven is opened and the glass is found lying within the crucible in lumps of varying size.

It is very seldom that more than half of each of the blocks of glass taken from the crucibles is free from filaments. The shrunken parts are cut, chipped or ground away and the remaining lumps of pure glass placed in clay molds and put in a furnace, the temperature of which is raised to what is comparatively nothing (for glass)—viz, about 1,500 degrees F. The heat, in fact, must be sufficient to soften the glass and make it take the form of the mold. Should it be raised beyond a certain point so that the glass becomes fluid once more and boils, all is lost.

After it has been melted and cooled, with the same precautions as were adopted in the first instance for the crucible, the lens is roughly polished on the outside, examined with greater care than ever, and, if found free from flaws, is finally handed over to the optician to be polished and made ready for the telescope.

A large lens will be cut from a large block of pure glass, and it is not every day that large enough blocks can be obtained. Lenses, for instance, of a diameter of 49 inches weigh 700 pounds and cost \$15,000.—Pearson's Magazine.

Philosopher. "You look happy this morning." "I am. One of my teeth started aching horribly last night and kept up all night."

"Do you mean to say that makes you happy?" "It makes me happy to think it doesn't ache me now."—Exchange.

If a woman is a good cook, she owes the world no apology if she does not show off well in society.—Aitchison Globe.

It is a wise man that knows his own freemason when it is fixed up for an afternoon tea.—Indianapolis Journal.

"OLD TIMBER WOOD."

Love of Satire Often Got Him in Trouble With the Court.

In the days antedating railroads in northern Iowa, the days of saloons and circuit courts, a certain pious judge was for many years accompanied on his rounds by District Attorney Wood, popularly known as Old Timber Wood. He had been christened Timothy, the name was curtailed to Tim and by easy evolution developed into Timber.

Old Timber Wood was a unique and interesting character; rough but dignified, of sound intellect, gifted with a keen sense of humor and far surpassing in mental acumen his professional superior, whom, however, he usually treated before the world with an almost ostentatious deference. They were the warmest of friends, the feeling between them was romantically tender, notwithstanding that they had frequent and violent public fallings out.

The judge, who was entirely lacking in personal dignity, really needed the support of his friend's deferential attitude to keep him in countenance, and when it was temporarily removed, Old Timber Wood's love of satire occasionally betraying him into sacrilege known as "contempt of court," he was stung to fury and promptly punished the offense. Many a fine and a temporary imprisonment were his for his incautious witticisms. Being in a constant state of impeccability, he invariably applied to the judge himself for money to pay these assessments, a favor which he never refused, the fact that he must humble himself to ask it sufficiently restoring his honor's complacency. The judge was of a thirsty habit and frequently left the bench, substituting Wood in his place as an old time schoolmaster substituted one of the larger boys when he wished to absent himself from the room, and stepped out to refresh himself at a neighboring saloon.

On one occasion, very shortly after a saloon with the attorney, in which he had finally avenged his insulted dignity in the usual way, he abruptly called Wood to the bench and started down the aisle. Wood hastily slipped into his place and before he had reached the door rapped sharply on the desk and called out, "Gentlemen, before proceeding further with the case the court wishes to instruct the clerk to remit the fine lately imposed upon Attorney Wood."

The judge halted, whined about with a very red face and opened his lips to protest, but the bar and the jury drowned him out with a chorus of laughter.—Harper's Magazine.

AN OBLIGING LANDLORD.

Keeps Ferrets to Clear Out the Rats When They Annoy Guests.

"Recently I had an experience with rats that I will not soon forget," said B. Purks of Fredericksburg, Va.

"It happened in this way: I was traveling through Alabama and landed in a small town worn out after a day's overland travel in a broken down buggy and sought the only tavern the town boasted. After I had been in bed about 15 minutes I was startled to hear strange and curious noises, the most unnatural in sound I had ever heard. I immediately proceeded to investigate the cause of this midnight disturbance and lit a candle, the only illuminant procurable, and to my surprise beheld ten of the largest rats, in my opinion, ever seen. They ranged in size from an average squirrel to an ordinary dog.

Not the least fear was manifested by these rats. They deliberately surveyed me and continued the work of eating my shoes. One large fellow, evidently master of ceremonies, was bold enough to attempt to bite me. This affront was more than I could stand.

"Jumping back into bed, I screamed for the landlord, who, after being awakened from a drunken sleep, slowly shuffled up to this chamber of horrors, dignified as a room, and contemptuously inquired the cause of the racket. After stating the nature of the trouble he 'altered' he would settle it in short order.

In about ten minutes rats poured into the room in droves to the number of about 150, all sizes and conditions, large and small, lean and fat, all squeaking and apparently frightened. I thought something unusual must have transpired, when my suspicions were confirmed by the arrival of several ferrets whose eyes sparkled with glee at the slaughter they proceeded to institute.

"As soon as I collected myself after the execution I hastened out of the room and made myself as comfortable as possible in a chair, waiting for day to break, that I could shake the town. Although I made my escape in carpet slippers, it was one of the happiest incidents of my life. The landlord, evidently thought nothing of the occurrence, and contentedly inquired the cause of the racket. After stating the nature of the trouble he 'altered' he would settle it in short order.

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"The Thorn Comes Forth With Point Forward."

The thorn point of disease is an ache or pain. But the blood is the feeder of the whole body. Purify it with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Kidneys, liver and stomach will at once respond? No thorn in this point. Severe Pains.—I had severe pains in my stomach, form of neuralgia. My mother urged me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and it made me well and strong. I have also given it to my baby with satisfactory results. I am glad to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to others. Mrs. J. L. P. 240 Church St., Toronto, Ont.

Complete Exhaustion.—After treatment in hospital, I was weak, hardly able to walk. My blood was thin. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla until well and gained 20 lbs. It also benefited my wife. ARTHUR MILLA, Dresden, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints. Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-suffering and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Cat Catcher. The dog catcher is not the only person in the city who is sincerely hated by both man and animal. There is a cat catcher as well, and he comes in for his full share of antipathy. He makes a living at the business, and a very good one, it is said. Few are aware of the fact that pussy's fur is a very desirable article of commerce. There are any number of dealers in this city who are glad to pay all the way from 50 cents to \$1 for a cat's skin, according to size and quality. The method of catching the unsuspecting cat is a particularly mean one. It is a well established fact that cats are very fond of catnip and will troop after a man who carries a bundle of it. This greed leads to the undoing of pussy, who will come to a stand if a bit of the herb is thrown on the ground and is thus made an easy prey. A bag and a chloroformed sponge do the rest, and many a household pet, the disappearance of which caused sorrow, can be accounted for in this way.—Philadelphia Press.

A Well Merited Retort. Ex-Assistant United States District Attorney Sutherland Tenney of New York was graduated from the Columbia Law school in 1875, when he carried off the first prize of \$500. A disappointed competitor congratulated him and added: