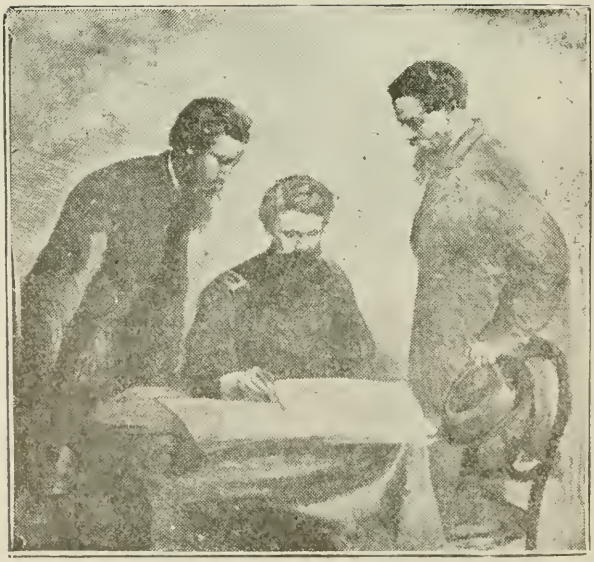
TRAVELERS SERIES NUMBER SEVEN

The Escape and Wanderings of J. Wilkes Booth Until Ending of the Trail by Suicide in Oklahoma

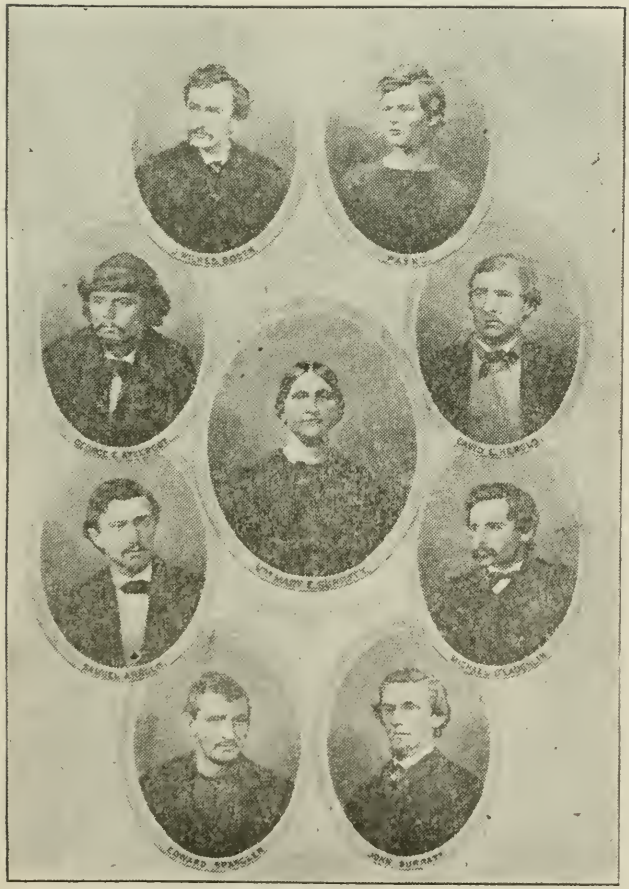
The Way of the Transgressor is Hard

PRICE $2.00

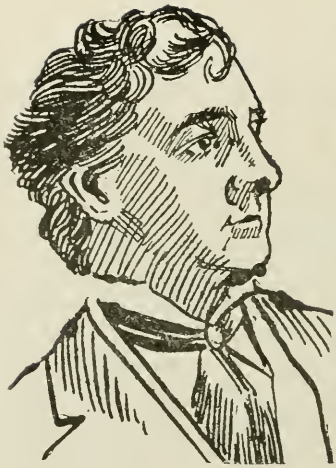
Capt. E. P. Dougherty in command of Pursuing Party.



Lieutenant L. B. Baker, Col. L. C. Baker and Everton Conger planning systematic effort to capture Booth and Herrold.

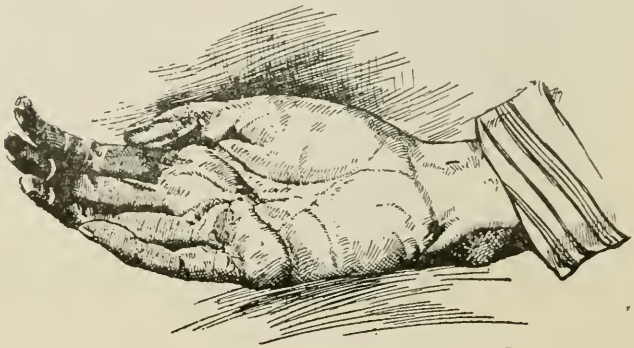


The Nine "Conspirators."

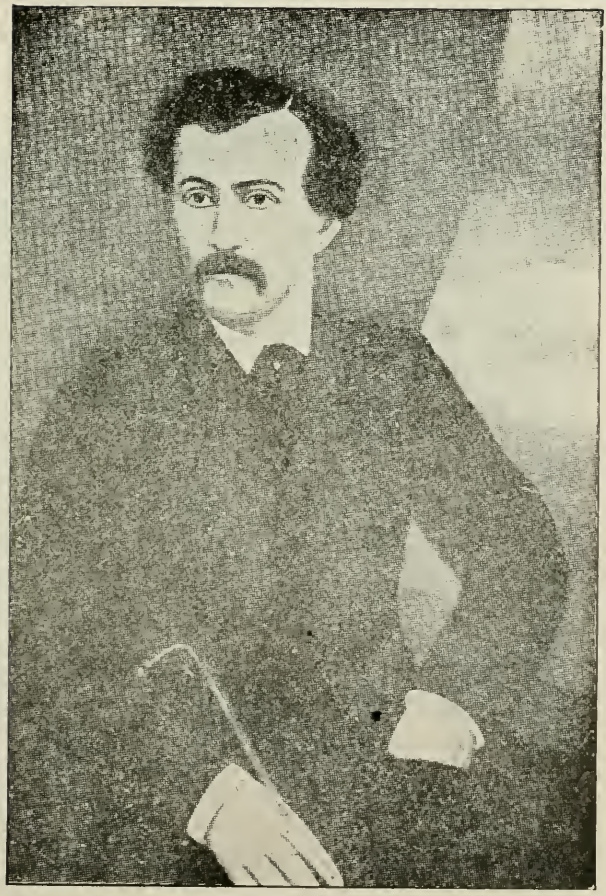


Julius Brutus Booth, brother of J. Wilkes Booth

Julius Brutus Booth, Sr., father of J. Wilkes Booth.



THE MUMMIFIED HAND OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH.
As Read By Prof. Bentley Sage.



"John St. Helen," 1877

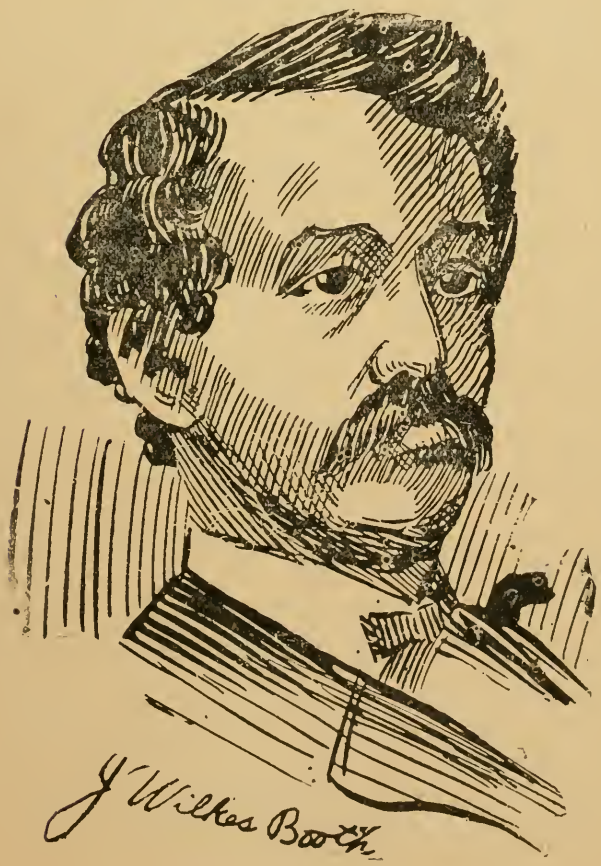
Finis L. Bates, 1877

W. P. Campbell, 1921

Oklahoma the Mecca for Men of Mystery

JOHN WILKES BOOTH

ESCAPE AND WANDERINGS UNTIL FINAL ENDING OF THE TRAIL BY SUICIDE AT ENID, OKLAHOMA, JANUARY 12, 1903



FOREWORD

This story is much in the nature of a court suit wherein one Boston Corbett is accused of killing one J. Wilkes Booth at what is designated as the Garrett home in Virginia on the 25th of April, 1865. After the prosecution has introduced its evidence and "rested," and the defense has introduced its defense and the arguments are in, it will be up to the readers as jurymen to decide whether the defended is guilty as charged and render their verdict accordingly. Under court rules, the prosecution has the right to the opening and the closing of the case; but in this particular "suit," the prosecution will say all its say and permit the defense to close the "argument." First, there is no "corpus delicti" claimed. That Corbett killed a "man" at the Garrett home on the day alleged is not denied. But, like the question of an umbrella being personal property—the court decided that it is, but hasn't decided whose. Neither is the question as to the killing of President Lincoln at issue, nor is it as to who did the killing. These are admitted and therefore not an issue. On behalf of the prosecution, Gen. David A. Dana will be introduced; or rather a letter from him written from his Lubec, Maine, home and published in the Boston Globe of November 12, 1897. But before introducing this letter—

Now imagine if you will a large wall card of the Equitable Insurance Company on which is a picture of the National Capitol and surroundings, including the navy yard and approaches to the east Potomac bridge, and a strip of Potomac country some miles south and southeast. Then imagine a rather tall man slightly stooped from the care of years, dressed in a Prince Albert, buttoned at the center, wide brimmed rather low crowned black hat, and immaculate black tie from which flashes a small jet. Raven hair reaching to the shoulders and with a wavy trend; black imperial mustache, a rattan cane which he of seeming habit keeps twirling in the right hand between thumb and forefinger as he paces meditatively to and fro. Now he stops in front of the capitol picture and settling back on his heels gives the card a punch with the end of his cane as though he would punch a hole through it. Then as he approaches it, "Were you ever there?" he turns to his questioner with fixed and piercing eyes as he gives a crisp, "Yes," fairly through clenched teeth. "And I shall never forget it." Here he drops the subject and sauntering up the room a few feet rests his eyes on a large wall map of the United States. First, however, tracing with his cane to the east Potomac bridge, resting the cane at the farther end a brief moment. Then tracing down the stream until

his cane rests at a point where he dwells, remarking: "The Sekiah Swamp. Great place for an escaping man. Just wade in a way and then down to a rocky beach with fallen leaves in which all footprints are lost on passing out of the marsh until reaching the road again." Again resting the point of the cane. From thence on the large map a distance where he lingers quite a spell; thence with occasional steppings southwesterly through Kentucky and Tennessee and into the edges of Mississippi until he reaches a point crossing the Mississippi a few miles below where the Arkansas empties into it. Some distance along the eastern banks of the Arkansas to a point presumably near Fort Gibson where he hesitates a while, then crosses and traces up the stream where he halts, withdraws his cane from the map, and buries himself in deep meditation. Then pointing his cane to the map traces across what was then Indian Territory, northeast through what evidently is now Oklahoma, Kingfisher and Blaine counties, passing out of the territory and into Kansas near Kiowa; thence in a northeasterly direction to a point not far south of Omaha, where he again takes the cane from the map and again muses to himself. Next he traces westerly through the then wilds of Nebraska and Colorado and into Utah until near Salt Lake City where he veers more directly westward, resting at San Francisco. Thence down the coast through Fresno, near Los Angeles, and into Mexico. Another reflective pause, after which the tracing is continued from point to point in Aztec land. Finally the tracing ends at about the point where Fort Worth stands. Here he leaves off tracing and paces a few moments, twirling his cane with one hand as he meditatively twists at his mustache with the other, turning with the remark: "Verily, a rolling stone gathers no moss."

GENERAL DANA'S VERSION

The letter was to the Boston Sunday Globe and was run in that publication in the issue of December 6, 1877. Among other things Mr. Dana declares that in the spring of 1865 he had headquarters at Fort Baker, near Washington City, just above the east branch of the Potomac and within the lines of the Third Brigade of Harding's Division, Twenty-second Corps, commanded by Gen. C. C. Augur, under whom he, Dana, was provost with authority over nearly all of that portion of Maryland between East Potomac and Patuxent. At this time that part of the state was alive with rebels and Dana was commissioned to watch all their movements. While patroling this country, says Dana, he learned of a plot against the Federal government, and that the stroke would probably be aimed at President

Lincoln. Dana at once asked for a troop of veteran cavalry in addition to the regular provost guard, and the request was granted. He established a line of pickets from Fort Meigs on the left to a point on the right and gave orders to let none enter the city of Washington during the day who could not give a satisfactory account of business at the capitol, while from sunrise to sundown no one should be permitted to enter or leave the city except in case of sickness or death. All suspicious persons were to be arrested and sent to the Commanding General for investigation.

April 14 two men appeared before the guard on the road leading to Washington from the east. Refusing to give their names they were arrested and placed in the guard tent from whence they were sent to headquarters. This was about one o'clock in the afternoon. In the course of an hour or two they gave their names as Booth and Herrold.

About two o'clock p. m. Dana received orders from General Augur to release all prisoners and to withdraw the guards until further orders. Dana then sent an orderly to the officers on the line from Fort Meigs easterly with orders to release all prisoners and report to him at Fort Baker. On the line from Meigs to Surrattsville, Dana says, he went in person and withdrew the guards to his headquarters and that Booth and Herrold were released as soon as the orders reached the guards; that they at once proceeded to the capitol arriving there about 6:30 p. m. Dana says he had guards at each end of the bridge and that one guard knew Booth personally and recognized him afterwards while riding from the capitol soon after the assassination. Dana says he returned to Fort Baker at 11 p. m. and was eating supper when an officer rode into camp with the news that the President had been shot and the assailant and another man had ridden at a rapid pace into the country. The guards were at once called and a detachment sent in different directions, after which Dana says he went to the bridge to learn what he could there; that on his way back he met a troop of cavalry, the 13th of New York, which was ordered to patrol the river as far as Guisi Point and there learn all they could and return to Fort Baker. At the bridge he found an orderly with orders from Augur to report without delay, which he did, and was ushered into the General's presence, who was at his desk with streaming eyes.

"My God," Augur cries, "if I had listened to your advice this terrible thing would not have happened." (Now, what was that advice?) After a brief conference Dana was appointed adjutant-general on Augur's staff with orders to use his own judgment as to the best way to capture the

perpetrators. Commanders of all divisions were directed to observe all orders of Dana as though especially issued by the Commanding General. The first order was that the swiftest steamer obtainable should patrol the Potomac as far as the Patuxent and seize all boats that could not give satisfactory account. Then a steamer should be sent up the Patuxent and all the boats on that river were to be seized as far as Horsehead Ferry. As a reason, Dana says, he had while scouting through Maryland learned that a boat would be used by the assassins who would go by land to the Patuxent, thence across Albert river and on into old Mexico.

Dana returned to Fort Baker where he left essential orders, after which he, with the cavalry then scouting and a small detachment of his own, started on the chase taking the road by way of Surrattsville to Bryantown. As they passed through the former place all was dark; but an old man and woman were found who had a boy sick with smallpox. Failing to obtain any information, the old man was taken into a patch of woods and strung up to a limb. It was a clear night with the moon just rising, its silver tints gleaming on the tree tops and the flickering of the campfire casting fantastic shadows here and there. Indeed, what a weird and gruesome scene it must have been, there in the glare of the campfire and of the moon the body of a man struggling in a spasmodic effort to free himself from the tightening noose. After a few moments, says Dana, the man was ordered lowered. Rather than pass through a second suspension the man said that Booth and Herrold had taken something to eat at Surrattsville, Booth seeming to be badly hurt. They remounted and rode toward Bryantown, to where the Dana posse pushed reins. A few miles from Bryantown a detachment of ten men under a sergeant as patrol guards to watch for suspicious persons in that section, was met. From there the Dana party went directly to Port Tobacco and gave orders for the men to report to him at Bryantown. He ordered the troops to scour up the Patuxent and arrest all suspicious persons and report to him. The guards afterward admitted that they heard the clatter of Booth's and Herrold's horses hoofs as they passed by the road leading to Dr. Samuel Mudd's toward Bryantown, where Dana says he arrived about 6 o'clock p. m. and placed guards on all the roads leading into the village with orders that anyone might enter but none could leave. About 2 o'clock that afternoon the detachment of troops from Port Tobacco returned to Bryantown. Meantime troops had been sent to Woodbine and Horsehead ferries and all boats had been seized and all crossings stopped. By taking possession of these positions and seiz-

ing the ferry boats the river was thoroughly guarded and patroled.

After Booth and Herrold arrived at Dr. Mudd's, according to Dana, the riding boot was slit and drawn from Booth's wounded limb, after which the leg was bandaged and splinted with pieces of a cigar box, and a crutch was made from a broom handle. After breakfast arrangements were made for flight on the instant, should anything happen to arouse fear of too close pursuit. Dr. Mudd came into Bryantown about two o'clock in the afternoon and remained until near nine that night, when Dr. George Mudd, cousin of Dr. Samuel Mudd, approached Dana and asked as a personal favor that Dr. Samuel Mudd be passed through the lines, and the favor was granted.

During the long absence of Dr. Samuel Mudd Booth and Herrold grew uneasy, and the latter rode to near Bryantown where he hitched his horse to a willow on the banks of a small stream that coursed by and watched for the doctor to emerge through the lines, after which the two returned to the Mudd home, where the fugitives remained for the night. Here Mr. Dana interpolates that having learned that the two doctors were cousins and rank rebels, he summoned Dr. George Mudd, and then and there, to use Mr. Dana's own words, "I told him plainly what I thought of him." Now wasn't that awful, to actually scold the wicked and perverse rebel, and thus fritter away time?

The fugitives left Dr. Mudd's next morning and took the road for Horsehead ferry. When in two and a half miles of there they saw a man about sixty years of age leaning on a fence in front of his house, and from him they gained the information that Booth rode up and asked for a drink of water and also for a drink of whiskey, but of the latter the old man had none. On inquiry from the old gentleman Booth said he had heard of the death of the President from some troops, and asked if there were any troops at the ferry. Being told that there were, he said that he and his partner were detectives in search of Booth and Herrold. When asked what he was doing with a crutch Booth replied that his horse had fallen on him. They then asked the way to Woodbine Ferry and started in that direction under spur. When within two miles of Woodbine they met an old darkey from whom they inquired the distance to the ferry, and being told they asked the news, to which the old darkey held up his hands: "Massa Lincum done been killed an Woodbine Ferry's chock full o' troops." When asked how many the old darkey replied, "Golly massa they's swarmin' like bees." The two horsemen rode on a short distance and into a mowing field where all trace of them was lost. But they returned to

the vicinity of Dr. Mudd's and entered the Sekiah Swamp from the east, where they spent two days and nights.

Dana says he made arrangements for troops to scour the swamps, but a heavy storm made it impossible. On returning to the swamp the next day Dana found where the horses had been tethered and the moss on which Booth and Herrold had slept. He also found the pieces of blanket used in muffling the horse's feet.

The different movements they made from the time of the tragedy to the time of reaching the Sekiah Swamp shows that their course was laid out beforehand. They knew where to go and who their friends were.

Sekiah Swamp lies a short distance nearly west of Bryantown. It is full of quagmire and sinkholes and exceedingly dangerous except by day, and then the greatest caution is necessary, even with one acquainted with the Swamp. Hence Booth and Herrold must have had a guide coming and going. They could never have gotten their horses there alone. To have attempted to do so would have meant their end. There is a small stream running through the swamp large enough to float a small craft. It empties into the Patuxent. After leaving the swamp the fugitives went to a log cabin in a pine thicket quite a distance from any road. It proved to be the dwelling of a man named Jones, who had a negress for a housekeeper. It was in this thicket the two horses were killed. Here Booth and Herrold were kept for two or three days when they were taken by boat to the outlet of the swamp to a point where the troops were stationed and from there carried to a point on the Patuxent nearly opposite Aquia creek. From there across the Potomac they made their way to Garrett's, some fifteen miles from Bowling Green.

In connection with this letter of Dana's, Historia ventures the substance of another by another author, except not put in print. It was directed to Dana and written by F. E. Dumont, who was stationed at the bridge over the east branch of the Potomac that was crossed by Booth and Herrold coming into and going out of Washington City, the fatal night in 1865. Dumont was then a member of the old provost guard with headquarters at Fort Baker.

"Well do I remember," says Mr. Dumont, "I was detailed from Company C by Capt. A. W. Brigham, then stationed at Fort Mahan with orders to report to you at Fort Baker for duty as provost guard. I did so, and was employed to guard prisoners and in going to Uniontown to search for soldiers without passes. After a short term at headquarters I, with others of your command, was sent to guard the bridge leading from Washington to Union-

town, down by the Navy Yard. I was stationed at the Uniontown end of the bridge, where there were gates to stop people from going across either way, being under orders frm Corporal Sullivan, with Sergeant Silas T. Cobb at the other end.

I was present the night Booth and Herrold rode across after shooting the President. When Booth rode up I was at the block house on duty and heard him ask the guard if anyone had gone through lately and heard the post guard answer, "No," and ask Booth what he was doing out that late at night, to which Booth made some kind of a reply about going to see some one on the T. B. Road. I helped open the gate and he rode away with the speed of the winds. A short time after this Herrold rode up and inquired if any one had just passed through riding a bay horse. On being told there had he muttered something about being a pretty fellow not to wait for him. Well, I opened the gate and let him through and he dashed off in a hurry. About twenty minutes later we heard a great noise and furor across the bridge and in a short time got word that the President had been shot. I remember when you came to the bridge to meet some one who was sitting on the Washington side, but never knew who it was until I read your letter in the Sunday Globe. I remember your going in pursuit, one of Company C's boys, Charley Jones, with you." Signed by F. A. Dumont late private in Company C, Third heavy artillery, Massachusetts Volunteers.

AS RAY STANARD BAKER TELLS IT

April 16, 1865, Col. L. C. Baker was summoned by Secretary of War Stanton to appear before him at once, and early next morning he reached Washington, and accompanied by his cousin, Lieut. L. B. Baker, a member of the bureau who had recently been mustered out of the First District of Columbia Cavalry. They went at once to the War Department and after a conference with Secretary Stanton began search for the assassin.

Up to this time, says Col. Baker, the confusion had been so great that but few of the ordinary detective measures had been employed and no rewards had been offered. Little or no attempt had been made to collect and arrange clues in the furtherance of systematic search, which was without a directing leader.

A reward of thirty thousand dollars was placarded for the apprehension of the assassin, the City of Washington subscribing twenty thousand and the rest from the War Department fund. On the handbill Booth was described as being five feet eight inches tall, weight about 160 pounds, compactly built; hair jet black and inclined to wave at the

bottom, medium length, rear part; heavy brows and black eyes; large seal ring on little finger; head inclined forward while talking and looks down. Other rewards by different states and other ways swelled the amount to two or three hundred thousand dollars. Fabulous reports were current as to the reward awaiting the capturer of the fugitive—the sum being placed as high as a million dollars. This immense reward brought forth hundreds of detectives, recently discharged soldiers, and Union officers; in fact a vast hoard of adventurers after the get-rich-quick reward. Into the field of search, and the whole of southern Maryland and eastern Virginia were ransacked and scoured in a mad rivalry for the hoard of Nibelung until it would seem impossible for anyone to escape, however well his routings. And yet ten days later the fugitives were still at large.

At the beginning of the search it was on the theory that Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, and his cabinet were in the plot, and that Booth and Herrold had been inveigled into the game as goats in the hands of more skilled companions. Therefore pictures were procured of Davis, George H. Saunders, Beverly Tucker, Jacob Thompson, and a number of others, all being charged with conspiracy.

Lieut. Baker and a half dozen men went into southern Maryland to distribute the handbills describing the fugitives and to exhibit the pictures. They also made search for clues but found themselves harrassed by private detectives and soldiers who sought to throw them off the trail in the hope of following it themselves.

On returning to Washington Col. Baker was told that his companions had not gone south but had taken some other direction, probably toward Philadelphia, where Booth had numerous female friends.

"Now, sir," answered Col. Baker, "You are mistaken. There is no place of safety for Booth except in the south among friends."

Acting on this belief Col. Baker, Theodore Woodall, one of the lower Maryland detectives, accompanying with and expert telegrapher named Brachwith. They had been out less than ten days when they discovered a clue from a negro who told them that two men answering the description of Booth and Herrold had crossed the Potomac the Sunday before below Port Tobacco in a fishing boat. The negro was hurried to Washington on the next boat. Col. Baker questioned the darkey and showed him a large assortment of photographs, those of Booth and Herrold being at once recognized as the parties who had crossed in the boat. Baker after a conference with Stanton sent a request to General Handcock for a detachment of cavalry to guard his

men sent in pursuit and Baker was ordered to the quartermaster's office to arrange transportation down the Potomac. On the return of Lieut. Baker he was informed that he and E. J. Conger and other detectives were to have charge of the party.

These three men held a conference in which Col. Baker explained his theory of the whereabouts of Booth and Herrold. In half an hour Lieut. Edword F. Daugherty of the 16th New York cavalry, with twenty-five men, Sergeant Boston Corbett second in command, reported to Col. Baker for duty, having been directed to go with him and Conger wherever they might order. Lieut. Baker and his men galloped post haste down the Sixth street dock and hurried on the government tug John S. Ide at 3 o'clock and that same afternoon the tug reached Belle Plain, landing where there was a sharp point in the river. Col. Baker scoured the river between there and the Rhappahanock. On disembarking Conger and Daugherty rode ahead, Lieut. Baker and his men following within hailing distance. They stopped at the homes of prominent Confederates to make inquiry, saying they were being pursued by the Yankees and in crossing the river had become separated from two of their men, one being lame, but no one admitted having seen them. At dawn the men shed their disguise and halted for rest and refreshments.

Again in their saddles they struck across the country toward Port Conway on the Rhappahanock about twenty miles below Fredericksburg. About three o'clock they drew rein in front of a planter's home half a mile from town and ordered dinner for themselves and horses. Conger who was suffering from an old wound was about all in and he and the others, except Baker and a corporal, dropped down on the road-side for a brief rest. Baker fearing that the presence of the scouting party might give warning to Booth and companions should they be hiding in the neighborhood, pushed on to the bank of the Rhappahanock, where he saw dozing in the sunshine a fisherman in front of a small cottage, his name being Rollins. He was asked if he had seen a lame man cross the river within the past few days, to which the man answered that he had, and there were other men with him; that he had ferried them across the river. Baker produced his photographs and Rollins pointed out the pictures of Booth and Herrold. These men, he said, were the men, except "this one" pointing to Booth's picture, "had no moustache."

With this information Baker felt satisfied that he had struck a hot trail; that with all the vast army of detectives he was within a touchdown of the goal. He at once sent the corporal back with orders for Conger and his men to

come up without delay. After the corporal had left the fisherman, Rollins, explained that the men had hired him to ferry them across the river on the previous afternoon and that just before starting three men rode up and greeted the fugitives. Rollins said he knew the three men well; that they were Major M. B. Ruggles, Lieut. Bainbridge and Capt. Jett, of Mosby's command. On being asked where they went this fisherman drawled out:

"Well, this Capt. Jett has a lady love at Bowling Green and I reckon he went over there." As the cavalry came up Baker told Rollins he would have to accompany them to Bowling Green as a guide, to which Rollins objected on the ground that he would incur the hatred of his neighbors, none of whom favored the Union cause. "But you might make me your prisoner," with a slow drawl, "and then I would have to go."

Rollins' old ferry boat was shaky, and although the loading was done with the greatest dispatch it took three trips to get the detachment across, when the march for Bowling Green began. Baker and Conger who were riding ahead saw two horsemen standing motionless on the top of a hill their black forms showing well against the sky—probably Bainbridge and Ruggles, and Conger and Baker at once spotted them as friends of Booth who had in some way got wind that a searching party was near. Baker signalled the horsemen for a parley, but instead they put their necks to their horses withers and hastily galloped up the road. Baker and Conger made chase, but the two horsemen at full speed dashed away, and just as they were about to be overtaken dashed into a blind trail leading from the main road into the forest, they possibly being on vigil to warn Booth, who was at the Garrett home, of approaching danger. The pursuers held a brief conference, deciding not to follow farther but to reach Bowling Green as soon as possible. These men, Baker and Conger say they were afterwards informed, were Bainbridge and Ruggles and that Booth at the time was less than half a mile away lying on the grass at the Garrett home. Baker says also that Booth saw his pursuers as they neared his hiding place. Baker and Conger believed Booth to be at Bowling Green fifteen miles away, and so they pushed on.

It was nearing midnight when the searching party clattered into Bowling Green, and with scarcely a spoken command surrounded the dark rambling hotel, Baker to the front door and Conger to the rear from which came the dismal barking of a dog. Presently a light flickered and some one opened the door and inquired in a frightened female voice what was wanted. Baker thrust his toe inside and flinging the door open was confronted by a lone

woman. At this moment Conger came through the back way led by a negro. The woman admitted at once that there was a Confederate cavalryman sleeping in the house and pointed out the room. With candle in hand Baker and Conger at once entered: Captain Jett sat up, staring at them:

"What do you want?" At which he was informed that he was wanted. "You took Booth across the river," said Conger, "and you know where he is." Jett declared that they were mistaken—were barking up the wrong tree, as he rolled out of bed.

"You lie," shouted Conger springing forward with pistol close to Jett's head. By this time the cavalrymen had crowded into the room and Jett caught sight of the light glinting against their brass buttons and on their drawn revolvers. Jett assured them on his honor as a gentleman that he would tell them all he knew if they would promise to shield him from all complicity in the matter.

"Yes, if we catch Booth," was Conger's answer.

"Booth is at the Garrett home three miles this side of Port Conway," said Jett, "if you came that way you must have frightened him off."

In less than thirty minutes the pursuing party was doubling back over the road they had just traveled, with Jett and Rollins as prisoners, the bridle reins of the horses ridden by them fastened to the men on either side. It was a black night, no moon, no stars, and the dust rose in choking clouds. For two days the men had eaten little and slept less and they were worn out so they could scarcely sit on their jaded horses and yet they plunged and stumbled on through the darkness over fifteen miles of meandering road, reaching the Garrett home about 4 o'clock on the morning of April 26.

Like many other southern homes the Garrett home stood far back from the road with only a bridle gate at the end of a long lane. So exhausted were the cavalrymen that some of them dropped in the sand when their horses stopped, and had to be kicked into wakefulness. Rollins and Jett were placed under guard while Baker and Conger made a dash up the lane, some of the cavalrymen following. Garrett's home was an old fashioned southern one, with a wide plaza reaching full length in front, and with barns and tobacco houses looming up big and dark, apart.

Baker leaped from his horse to the steps and thundered on the door. A moment later a window was cautiously opened and a man thrust his head out. Before he could say a word Baker seized his hand with: "Open the door and be quick about it." The man tremblingly complied and

Baker stepped inside and closed the door behind him. A candle was quickly lighted and Baker demanded Garrett to reveal the hiding place of the men who had been staying at his house.

"They are gone to the woods," the old gentleman replied. At this Baker thrust his revolver in Garrett's face: "Don't tell me that."

Just at this point Conger came in with young Garrett who explained to them that if they would not harm his father he would tell them where the fugitives were. He said the men did go to the woods last evening when some cavalry passed by but came back and wanted them to take them over to Lauisa Court House. Continuing, young Garrett told Baker that they could not leave home before morning, if at all; that they were becoming suspicious of the strangers, and that his father told them he could not harbor them. Baker here interrupted with a demand to know where they were, at which young Garrett replied that his brother had locked them in the barn fearing they might steal the horses, and he was then watching them in the barn. Baker asked no further questions but taking young Garrett by the arm made a dash toward the barn, when Conger ordered the cavalrymen to follow and formed them in such position around the barn that no one could escape. By this time the soldiers had found the boy guarding the barn and had brought him out with the key. Baker unlocked the door and told the boy that as the men were his guests he must go inside and induce them to come out and surrender. But the boy faltered, declaring that the men were armed to the teeth and that they would shoot him down. But he discovered that he was looking into the black mouth of Baker's revolver, and hastily slid through the doorway.

There was a sudden rustle of corn blades and voices in low conversation. All around the soldiers were picketed wrapped in inky blackness and uttering no sound. In the midst of a little circle of light Baker stood at the doorway with drawn revolver, while Conger had gone to the rear.

During the heat and excitement of the chase Baker had assumed command of the cavalrymen somewhat to the umbrage of Lieut. Daugherty, who kept himself in the background during the remainder of the night. Farther away in the Garrett home the family huddled, trambling and frightened.

Suddenly from within the barn a clear loud voice rang out, "You have betrayed me. Leave at once or I will shoot you."

Baker then called to the men in the barn to turn over their arms to young Garrett and surrender at once, declar-

ing that if they didn't the barn would be fired and there would be a shooting match. At this young Garrett came rushing to the door begging to be let out. He said he would do anything he could but did not want to risk his life in the presence of two desperate men. Baker opened the door and young Garrett rushed out with a bound. He pointed to the candle Baker had in his hand, with: "Put that out or he will shoot you by its light," whispered in a frightened tone. Baker placed the candle on the ground a short distance from the door so it would light the space in front of the door, then called to Booth to surrender, who in a clear full voice replied that there was a man in those who wished to surrender, in which he was heard to speak the name of Herrold. "Leave, will you? Go. I don't want you to stay." At the door Herrold was whimpering —"let me out, let me out. I know nothing about this man in here." (In fact, did he?) Baker informed Herrold that if he would put out his arms he could surrender; but the poor frightened wretch hadn't any arms, and Baker was so assured by Booth. "The arms are mine," shouted Booth, "and I shall keep them." By this time Herrold was praying piteously to be let out lest he be shot. Baker opened the door a trifle and ordered Herrold to put his hands out, which he did, and the moment his hands passed through the door they were seized by Baker and Herrold was whipped out and turned over to the soldiers. "You had better come out too," said Baker to Booth, who inquired to know who Baker was; that he wanted to know if he was being taken by his friends or by his enemies. "It makes no difference who we are," was the curt reply, "We know and want you. We have fifty well armed men stationed around this barn. You cannot escape and we do not want to kill you."

After a moment of faltering Booth called from his cribbed imprisonment that the Captain (Baker) had put a hard case up to him, as he was lame; "But give me a chance," he said. "Draw up your men twenty yards from here and I will fight your whole command." To which Baker replied that they were not there to fight, but "to take you." Booth asked time to consider and was told by Baker that he could have just two minutes and no more. After a portion of the allotted time had passed, Booth called to Captain Baker: "Captain I believe you are a brave and honorable man. I have had half a dozen chances to shoot you, and have a bead on you now. Withdraw your men from the door and I will come out, as I do not want to kill you. Give me this chance for my life; for I will not be taken alive." Even in this desperate danger Booth did not forget to be theatrical.

"Your time is up," said Baker firmly, "and if you don't come out we will make a bonfire of the barn."

Then came a final defy from Booth in clarion tones which could be heard by the women cowering on the Garrett porch several rods away. "Just prepare a stretcher for me." Adding after a slight pause, "One more star on the glorious banner."

Conger now came around the corner of the barn and asked Baker if he was ready. After a nod of "yes" Conger stepped noisely back and drew a bunch of corn husks through a crack in the barn, scratched a match and in a moment the whole interior was brilliant with light. Baker jarred the door and peeked in. Booth had been snugged against the mow, but now sprang forward, half blinded by the glow of the fire, his crutches under one arm and carbine leveled in the direction of the flames as if to shoot the man who set them going, but he was unable to see on account of the darkness outside. After a brief hesitation he reeled forward. An old table was near at hand, at which Booth caught hold as though to cast it upside down on the flames, but he was not quick enough, and dropping "one" crutch hobbled toward the door. About the middle of the barn he drew himself up to full height and seemed to take in the entire situation. His hat was gone and his dark wavy hair tossed back from his high white forehead, lips firmly compressed as the ruddy firelight glow revealed a pale and palid face. In his full dark eyes there was an expression of hatred mingled with terror and the defiance of a tiger hunted to its lair. In one hand he held a carbine, in the other a revolver and his belt contained another revolver and a huge knife, seeming determined to fight to the end no matter what numbers appeared against him. By this time the flames in the corn blades had mounted to the rafters arching the hunted refugee in a glow more brilliant than the lights of any theatre in which he had ever played. Suddenly Booth threw aside his "remaining" crutch, dropped his carbine, raised his revolver and made a lunge for the door, evidently with the intention of shooting down whoever might bar his way, and make a desperate dash for liberty fighting as he ran. Then came a shock that sounded above the roar of the flames. Booth leaped in the air, then pitched forward on his face. Baker was on him in an instant and grabbed both arms, a precaution entirely unnecessary; for Booth would struggle no more. In a jiffy Conger and his soldiers came rushing in while Baker turned the wounded man over and felt for his heart.

"He must have shot himself," remarked Baker. "I saw him the moment the fire was lighted. If not, the man

who did the shooting goes back to Washington in irons for disobeying orders."

In the excitement that followed the firing of the barn Boston Corbett, accompanying the cavalry detachment, had gone to the side of the crib, placed his revolver through a crack, and just as Booth was about to spring to the doorway, fired the fatal shot.

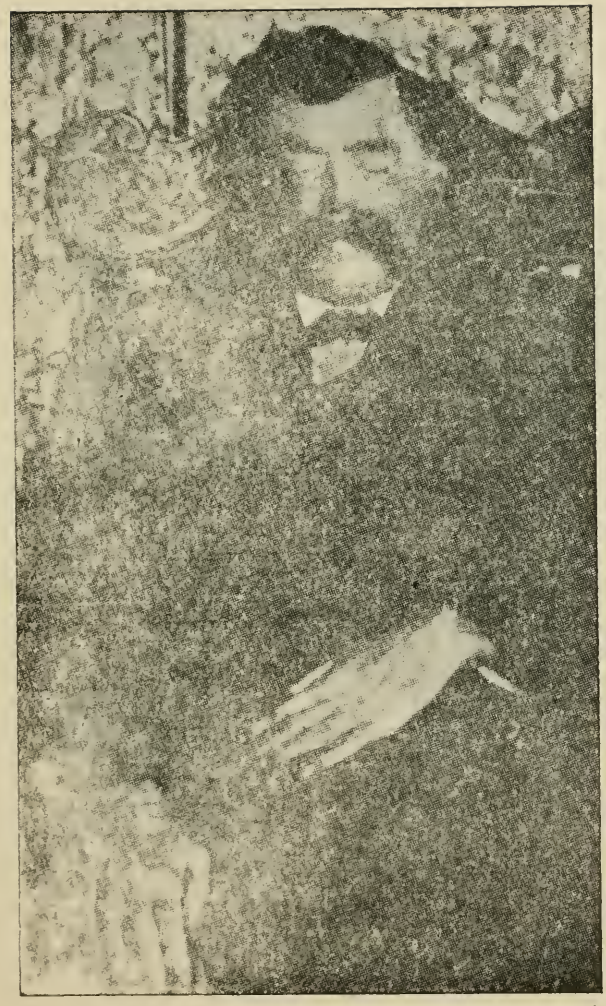
Booth's body was carried out and laid under an apple tree. Water was dashed in his face and Baker tried to make him drink but he seemed unable to swallow. Presently, however, he opened his eyes and seemed to understand the situation. His lips moved and Baker leaned down to hear what he might say. "Tell mother—tell mother—" He faltered and then became unconscious.

The flames now grew so intense that it was necessary to remove the dying man to the plaza of the house where he was laid on a mattress. A cloth wet with brandy was applied to his lips, at which he revived a little, then opened his eyes and said in a tone of bitterness, "Oh, kill me! Kill me quick!"

"No Booth," replied Baker, "We don't want you to die. You were shot against orders." Then he was unconscious again for several minutes and all thought he would never speak again, but his breast heaved and he acted as if he wanted to say something. Baker placed his ear to the dying man's mouth, when Booth in a faltering and scarcely audible whisper said, "Tell mother I died for my country. I did what I thought was best." With a feeling of pity and tenderness Baker lifted the limp hand, but it fell back again by his side as if he were dead. He seemed unconscious of the movement, and turning his eyes muttered: "Hopeless. Useless." And—he was dead.

THE PROSECUTION RESTS

Now that you have read the story of the pursuit by General Dana and the statement from R. Standard Baker you are no doubt convinced that the man killed at the Garrett home on the memorable 25th of April, 1865, was none other than J. Wilkes Booth and that any one who would claim that the Enid suicide of January, 1903 was Booth should be made president of an Anamias club or sent to a lunacy resort. But pause a moment. Who was it wrote the account of the killing at the Garrett home, and when was it written? Get out from under the dazzling light and take a serious look. It was, like the Dana story, written a third of a century subsequent to the event; but unlike the Dana story, written by one who, barring the lapse of memory after so many years, was in a position to know; whereas, R. Standard Baker was not nearer than



"George" eleven days after embalming.

Booth as an Evangelist.

Washington City to the scene of the tragedy, had no part in it nor even in the pursuit; who never saw Booth either "before or after," his only connection with the great national tragedy was in being a relative of the Bakers who did have a hand in the affair. Besides, it was but a collection of published and bar room stories embellished with lilies of the valley dashed over with sprinkles of new-mown hay to give wholesome fragrance to dead matter; for—Mr. Baker was a novelist with the imagination of a poet. Hence he grew florescent in his account written many years after the tragedy. Now his raven locks waved like fairy tresses. Word painters in that day often consulted "spirits". This may account for Mr. Baker seeing two crutches, and how he came to see him "discard" one of them. When all reliable evidence is Booth never had but one crutch, and Bainbridge and Rutledge who took Booth to the Garrett home declare he abandoned the crutch for a large cane. This may be why the "leg came off with the boot" when the body was buried at Baltimore. Many other tilts of poetic license might be called up.

The prosecution closed with the exhuming of the body from its tomb in the room of the old prison and buried in Mount Green cemetery. It was recognized as the body of J. Wilkes Booth by the brother Edwin and Joe Ford, proprietor of the Ford theatre where the tragedy took place—recognized by a gold tooth taken from the dead man by the undertaker. With a statement that as other and the final evidence, it is stated that on removing the boot from one foot, the limb remained in the boot.

The prosecution concludes its testimony by introduction of a few letters from various persons. All of them, bear in mind, contemporaneous with the Dana and the Baker statements. One of these is from Gen. Lew Wallace who was the Judge Advocate before whom Mrs. Surratt and David E. Herrold were tried (court martial). In his letter Mr. Wallace says that of "My personal knowledge the body was brought to Washington City and buried in a room of the old brick jail; that some years subsequent it was turned over to the relatives of Booth and buried in Mount Green cemetery, Baltimore." "To my personal knowledge" is putting it pretty strong and positive, coming from so eminent a man as Gen. Wallace; but it may be hinted that the General was also a novelist whose Ben Hur proved one of the most popular biblical fictions ever given to the public—the book, its dramatization for the stage, and later, as a movie attraction.

Gen. Dana writes that to his certain knowledge the body was brought to Washington City on the steamer John S. Ide and "buried under a slab in the navy yard and a

battery of artillery hauled over it to obliterate any trace," etc. That, too, is pretty strong evidence.

Another witness proves to be a star in the prosecution box: William P. Wood of Washington City, who, soon after writing his "testimony"—died, in 1898. At the time Mr. Lincoln was killed he was a government detective, and on receipt of a wire from Secretary Stanton hastened to Washington. In speaking of the disposition of the Garrett home body he is solemnly certain it was taken from the steamer John S. Ide at the wharf in Washington City April 27 and transferred by Capt. Baker and his nephew Lieut. Baker of the New York 71st Volunteers, and taken down the Potomac to an island 27 miles out from Washington and buried.

Another star witness for the prosecution was Capt. E. W. Hillard of Metropolis, Illinois, who about the same date as the other letters, declares that he was one of the four who carried the remains from the old prison room (described by Wallace); that the body was taken about ten miles down the Potomac and sunk; that the story of Booth being buried in the navy yard was given out merely to satisfy the people. (But Mr. Dana's statement was a third of a century after the event.) Still another cocksure witness declares that the body was taken to a sand bar of the Potomac and consumed in quick-lime.

Now you have the evidence of the prosecution. Would you as a juryman, even before the defense has introduced an item in rebuttal find Corbett guilty as charged? Possibly. But as a matter of form, if for no other reason, the defense will present a few statements and circumstances. The first is a confession from a man going under the name of John St. Helen—made to a friend—Finis L. Bates, when he, St. Helen, supposed he was at the gate of eternity at Granberry, Texas, in 1878.

BOOTH MAKES CONFESSION

The story here drifts back to the confession made by Booth at Granberry, Texas, in 1878, when he supposed the final accounting was at hand. For one peculiar characteristic in his temperament was an inclination to moody spells of despondency, and when taken ill invariably giving himself up to die, no doubt dividing desire between a hope he would and a desire to still hang on longer. It was during a spell of illness this confession was made. The village physician had been summoned, meantime his friend Bates was a frequent visitor at the bedside. Despite all efforts of the physician the patient continued to grow worse until it seemed evident the time had at last come for the parting of the ways. And the physician so informed his patient,

that if he had any arranging to do or any statement to make he could not go to it any too soon. Booth then requested to see Bates, who was at once notified that his friend was dying and wished to see him. In a few minutes Mr. Bates was at the bedside. Booth motioned him to bend his ear close, he being too feeble to speak in more than a halting whisper. "You have no doubt before this," Booth started out, "surmised that I was not what I have pretended, and that my name is not the one by which you and the good people of Texas have known me. But before I begin I must exact from you a most solemn pledge that you will guard the secret until I am finally laid away," which pledge was readily made, "and I feel that with a few quick breaths the end will come. I implore that you believe me, for it is from the lips of a dying man. I also ask that when you hear my story you will not despise me, something I can scarcely expect. Yes, the angel who holds the shears is impatient to clip the thread that holds life on its slender line. Nor can anyone conceive of a motive for notoriety after one is dead and can never know nor appreciate it. Besides that notoriety is such that no one would be likely to desire it, even that no one would relish, even beyong the vale should spirits there realize. No, I have only one motive—that the world may know that which through all these years has been hidden, that the man who killed President Lincoln lived to suffer the consequences of his own deed, to repent in sack cloth—to pay a thousand fold the penalty—a continuous never-ceasing penalty with the debt still owing." Then pulling his listener still nearer he continued: "Look at me. And now I shall ask you to get from under my pillow a small tintype taken by an itinerant photographer at Glen Rose Mills some time after you and General Taylor visited there July 4, 1877. I want you to retain it as a source of identification when I am no more; and note from its date that it can be the likeness of no other than he who knows that his end is near. I am not what I have pretended to be. I am John Wilkes Booth, the man who killed President Lincoln." The tintype was taken from beneath the pillow as requested. Booth gave one sad remorseful look at the picture, then motioned it away and closed his eyes in a seeming rest. Brandy was applied to the sinking man's lips and his brow bathed to revive him, only to court a gentle recline into the arms of that calm sleep which seems the sleep of death. But fate proved the mentor and after a season of halting on the dark border, Booth looked up, and the sleep of sleeps passed to fitful waking. This was in the morning, and with it slight evidences that after all the patient might recover: at least such the hope of not only immediate friends, but of

the physician as well, that the patient would soon pull from beneath the raven's shadow. Although for a number of days the case seemed to hang in the balance. After a further season of patient waiting, the full recovery of the sick man proved a phophesy come true.

Having fully recovered Booth became a trifle feverish as to what he might have said during his delirous moments. On the occasion of a usual visit to Mr. Bates' office he was reminded of the seriousness of the siege through which he had just passed:

"Do you remember the things I said when I was so near the gates of—I need not mention." Pending reply there was an expression of evident anxiety.

"I remember many things you said," was the respond.

"Then you have my life in your keeping,—but fortunately as my attorney."

Mr. Bates somewhat evasively replied: "Do you refer to what you said of your sweetheart and last love?"

To which Booth in a solemn tone, half to himself, "I have had a sweetheart," then recovering; yet more earnest to his questioner: "but no last love, and I could not in the most wildest delirium have touched a subject so foreign to my thoughts, and of such infinite unconcern." Raising in deep medley between self and self-restraint he paused, and then paced back and forth a few times. Suddenly as if dashing away som intruding spell tilted his hat a trifle to one side, folded his arms in rocking attitude in front, accompanied with a few waving pantomimes, straight at his questioner: "You perpetuated quite a clever evasion of one of the things I did say—something," placing his right arm on the auditor's shoulder, the other swung carelessly at his side—"something of extreme moment to me." Then removing his hand from the shoulder faced his auditor and in a sort of confessional tone and slight palm-gesture with the right hand, "sufficient now, that on some future day when I am in better frame to talk and you to listen, my history, the secret of my name, you shall more fully know."

"At your convenience, John—St. Helen. I am sure that it will be of more than curious interest to me."

Tells Of His Escape and Wanderings

It was some days after when the air was balmy, and the sun lowering, sheding lingering tints on the roofs of Granberry, Mr. Bates and Booth took a stroll to the outskirts of the city and seated on a rock, the shadow of which reflected in phantom weirdness in the waters below. Here, true to promise, Booth unbosomed himself to his confidant, giving an intelligent and minute detail of his life from the time when he was before the footlights at the age of seventeen, to the tragedy which sent him forth a hounded prey

for the man-hunter and the professional reward grabber, down to his landing in Glen Rose Mills, and thence to Granberry and to the very present.

"Since you have so much of my past in your keeping I shall if you care to listen give you still more with which to burden the chambers of secrecy until the last parting of the ways. I was born on a farm near Baltimore, and at once christened as a Catholic to which faith my people belonged. I am the son of Junius Booth, Sr., and brother of Junius and Edwin Booth, the actors. My stage-life began at the age of seventeen and continued until the breaking out of the war, having by that time saved up something like twenty thousand dollars in gold, which, owing to shaky financial conditions in this country, was deposited in Canadian banks on which I drew when in need of money, these checks being readily cashed at any bank on this side of the St. Lawrence. My sympathies were wholly with the southland, and my enthusiasm in its cause practically ended my dramatic career so far as public appearances went, except now and then filling some star engagement, the last being the one ever memorable at the Ford Theatre the dark night of the darkest hour in any human life. Fraternal hatred had grown to a violent pitch until it seemed every man's hand was at his neighbor's throat. And this was not confined to one side in the fearful struggle. Large rewards had been offered for the capture of President Davis of the Confederacy, in some cases—"dead or alive." What were termed the most patriotic airs on the streets of the north and around their army camps breathed of this carnal spirit, and "John Brown's Body," alternated with "We'll Hang Jeff Davis to a Sour Apple Tree," and other ensanguined strains. It was then I first conceived the idea that I could best serve my country by planning and carrying out a scheme to kidnap President Lincoln and underground him to Richmond to be held as a hostage of war in case these drastic threats against President Davis should be carried out," etc. Booth insisted that during the entire summer he took the initiative and made no confidences until well along in the season. He had made a number of cursory surveys between the National Capitol and Richmond, capitol of the Confederacy, searching for the safest and most feasible route. He had made the acquaintance of David E. Herrold, a callow-seeming young druggist with red hair, and from whom he had purchased greased paints and other stage cosmetics, and incidently learned that the young druggist was quite familiar with the lay of the country along and through which Lincoln would have to be carried—knew every crook and turn, every secret path and by-way. He had also learned that the young man was not

nearly so callow as he seemed, but possessed of a secretive resourcefulness that could not fail to be valuable. And above all, he had learned that young Herrold was the soul of loyalty to a friend, and a person in whom the most implicit confidence could be placed; that he had steady pulse and unflinching nerve—bold and daring but still about it. It was through Herrold he learned that John H. Surratt, who was also a "cosmetic" acquaintance of Herrold, was in the secret service of the Confederacy plying between Richmond and Canadian points, and hence must be familiar with bridle-paths and secret ways along the route. Bearing a letter of introduction from Herrold he visited Surratt—first at the Surrattsville tavern kept by Mrs. Surratt, and that the only time he—Surratt—could be caught would be during some night as he was traveling through. At this meeting he did not meet the mother and confined his mission to gathering what he could as to the secret by-paths referred to. Soon after this Mrs. Surratt moved to Washington City and opened up a rooming house, leaving others in charge of the Surrattsville tavern. Learning through Herrold that Surratt would pass through Washington on a certain night he paid a second visit—this time at the Surratt rooming house in Washington. At this meeting he for the first time met Mrs. Surratt, but only in a casual way. At this meeting he also, for the first time, unfolded his scheme to kidnap President Lincoln. While Surratt expressed sympathy with the kidnapping idea he was not enlisted in the scheme, but Booth determined that he and Herrold would work it out alone, lest too many in the plot might cause a leak. He and Herrold made a number of trips over the routes both together and alone, and a number of plans with dates were fixed to do the kidnapping, but something had at each time intervened to balk the effort, and they determined that this time they would carry out the scheme at all hazards and had just made a final survey along the route and were returning to Washington to carry out the plot. They stopped over for the night at Surrattsville, and next morning, April 14, 1865, saddled their steeds and started for the National Capitol. On crossing the East Potomac bridge they refused to give their names and were arrested at the Navy Yard end and detained until the afternoon when they were by order issued by Gen. Augur calling in all guards and discharging all prisoners, released.

They arrived at the Kirkwood Hotel—rendezvous of the kidnapping contingents, and where incidentally Vice-President Andrew Johnson also roomed. On crossing the bridge Booth first learned of the surrender of Lee and the fall of Richmond and concluded there was nothing left

to do but leave the country and abandon southland to what was believed to be a miserable fate, of disporting and sweeping confiscations and official plunder by an invading foe. However, he says, about 4:30 p. m. he met * * * who taunted him with cowardice, of wincing at the crucial period, of faltering at the supreme moment, winding up with the hint: "Are you too faint-hearted to kill?" Then and there the idea of daring over-came Booth, he declares, and that then and there he determined to act on the hint. Here with hand raised on high and calling on his maker to witness, he avers solemnly that this was the first time any idea entered into his mind other than the kidnapping of the President. But as General and Mrs. Grant were to be guests of President and Mrs. Lincoln and occupy a box at the Ford theatre together, presented a dangerous barrier. He was known at the bridge; he and Herrold were already under suspicion, having but a few hours previous been arrested as suspicious characters in broad day when entering the city via the East Potomac bridge, and to carry out the idea meant certain death, or seemingly so, which belief he communicated to * * *. And that it would be impossible to escape through the military lines of protection completely surrounding the city. But he was assured that arrangements would be made so that Grant would not attend the theatre, to which Booth replied under such assurances he would strike the blow for vanquished and helpless southland. Mr. * * * left the room, returning in about an hour saying it had been effectually arranged; that Grant would be suddenly called out of the city; that such persons as would occupy the box would not interfere, and that he would be permitted to escape by way of the route over which he and Herrold had entered the city that afternoon; that all guards would be called off by order of Gen. C. C. Augur that evening, but if there should be guards on the bridge the only requirement would be to use the password "T. B." unless more should be demanded, in which case the words "T. B. Road." Furthermore, on the death of Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, a southern man would become President, and that in his official capacity would in case of a show down grant full pardon.

Fired by the spirit of what Booth believed to be patriotism, and hoping to serve the southern cause, hopeless as it then was, as no other man could do, he regarded it as an opportunity for heroism for his country; declaring that and that alone was behind his purpose; rather than any feeling of hatred or malice against the President. And on further telling, says Booth, that Johnson would protect the people of the south from personal prosecution and the confiscation of their remaining land estates. Acting upon these assur-

ances and with no other motive than stated he began at once preparation for carrying out the plot by going to the theatre and among other things arranging the door leading into the box to be occupied by the presidential party, so that he could raise the fastenings, enter the box and close the door behind him so it could be easily opened from the inside. He then returned to the Kirkwood and made his derringer ready so it would not miss fire. He then met * * * and informed him of his readiness to carry out the plot; that about 8:30 they repaired to the Kirkwood bar and drank a glass of brandy to the success of the undertaking; thence to the street arm-in-arm, and at the parting:

"Make as sure of your aim as have been arrangements for your escape, for in your complete success lies our only hope." Then being assured that the plot would be successfully carried out Mr. * * * replied: "Then from now on a southern man is President of the United States," at which a hand-grasp an final good-bye.

Booth says that he then returned to the theatre and saw the President and party enter the box, and he moved position to a convenient point, and at a time when the play was well before the footlights he entered the box, closed the door and fired the fatal shot which made Andrew Johnson President, and he, Booth, an outcast, a wanderer, and ever after with the brand of Cain. "As I fired," says Booth, "the same instant that I leaped from the box to the stage my right leg becoming tangled in the drapery, fracturing my right shin bone about six or eight inches above the ankle. I reached my horse in safety which by arrangement was being held by Herrold back of the theatre and close to the door. With Herrold's assistance I mounted and rode at full speed, reaching the east Potomac bridge, crossing the same at full pace. On coming to the gate at the east end there stood a federal guard who asked, "Where are you going?" to which I merely used the letters T. B. On a further question easy to answer, "Where?" the full password, T. B. Road was given. Without further ceremony the guard called for help in raising the gate quickly, when I again put spur for Surrattsville, where I waited for Herrold to catch up as prearranged. After waiting a few minutes Herrold joined me and we rode the remainder of the night until about 4 o'clock in the morning of April 15, when we reached the home of Dr. Samuel Mudd, where my right riding boot was removed by cutting a slit in it and my wounded foot and leg were dressed by a banding of strips of cloth and splints of a cigar box. We remained at the Mudd home the remainder of the day, and at nightfall, leaving the slit riding boot, we proceeded on our

journey, using a crutch made from a broom handle. Our next haul up was at the home of a southern sympathizer named Cox, about 4 or 5 o'clock of April 16. Mr. Cox refused to admit us in the house on account of news of the President being shot having preceeded us. However, he called his manager and instructed him to hide us in a pine thicket near the Potomac banks just back of the plantation. The manager was of medium height, approximately my weight, but not quite so tall, swarthy, black eyes and hair, with a short growth of beard. I called him by the name familiarly used when not knowing the true name—"Johnny, afterwards Ruddy because we had heard Cox address him by that name." Negotiations were made with Ruddy to deliver Booth and Herrold safely across the country to the care and custody of the Confederate soldiers under Mosby's command on the Rhappahanock near and south of Bowling Green: $300.00 dollars being the retainer agreed upon. Here Ruddy left Booth and Herrold in hiding and started on foot to Bowling Green, a distance of something like thirty-five miles, to arrange to meet Lieutenants Rutledge and Bainbridge at a time and place to be made definite, on the Rhappahanock—dividing line between camps of federal and confederate forces. Ruddy was gone from the 17th to the 21st, meantime Booth and Herrold being guarded and cared for by Cox's half-brother Jones. Ruddy had arranged with Captain Jett, Lieutenants Rutledge and Bainbridge to meet Booth, Herrold and Ruddy at a designated point on the Rhappahanock near Ports Conway and Royal at 2 o'clock p. m. of April 22. Whither they started on the evening of April 21, crossing to the south side of the Potomac 18 miles from the point agreed upon through an open country 18 miles to the Rappahanock. Of course it would be over-risk to attempt this venture, especially as the country was being scoured by federal man-hunters—soldiers in a vie as to who should keep the other fellow off track until bagging the game for the "honor" of it: others to throw every one else off track in orde rto gain the fabulous reward said to have been offered without a fifty-fifty divide. Hence Ruddy made a deal with a plantation darky who owned a pair of bony ponies and an old ramshackle wagon. Lewis, the old darkey, placed straw in the bottom of the wagon bed and on this Booth was tucked and stretched out so as to take up as little visible exterior as possible like a sealed package to prevent discovery. More straw and slats were lain across the lower section of the wagon box on which an old mattress was spread, old quilts, blanket remnants, and such other rubbish as a darkey might be expected to possess on making an inventory of stock by way of moving. To make the

outfit more unsuspicious a chicken coop was fastened on behind and in this were some old hens and a rooster; with straw bedding, feed, and water bowls. The start was made on this perilous trip at 6 a. m., April 22, so as to be at the appointed place on the Rhappahanock on schedule time.

Ruddy and Herrold walking behind at such precautious distance as not to arouse suspicion should any man-hunter appear. Booth had in his inside pocket a memorandum book in which was a photo and his diary. There was also a photo of his sister, a few personal letters, and a check on Bank of Ontario which had been made payable to Ruddy. After crossing the Rhappahanock, Lewis remarked with excitement that soldiers were coming. Booth overhearing decided that it was federal soldiers, and as he was being hurriedly dragged out by the heels he had all kinds of spooky visions; but the troops proved to be Jett, Bainbridge, and Rutledge there on the dot. Booth discovered at once that on being dragged from his bed of straw his memorandum book and other pocket contents had fallen out; hence he requested Ruddy to recross the river and hunt the old darkey before too late and recover his lost treasures. After receiving the check which it seems had not been lost out, Ruddy got on the batteau boat; and as they were too dangerously exposed to wait, the three, Bainbridge, Rutledge, and Booth made a hurry drive for the Garrett home about three and a half miles up and off from the Potomac road, while it was arranged that Jett, Herrold, and Ruddy should go from there to Bowling Green to purchase a shoe for Booth's game foot, and a few other necessary items, and make further arrangements for the safe delivery within the Confederate lines and that they—Ruddy, Jett, and Herrold should be able to join them at the Garrett home next evening. With this understanding Lieutenants Bainbridge and Rutledge placed Booth on the Jett horse and the trio were soon safe in the Garrett home, Booth being left with a heavy wooden cane, having "discarded the crutch," while Bainbridge and Rutledge were to keep watch from a hill some distance away for any threatened danger. About 2 p. m. of April 23 while Booth was enjoying a loll on the lawn of the front yard, Bainbridge and Rutledge noticed some Yankees across the Rhappahanock and immediately the guards darted into the thicket. Arriving at the Garrett home they notified Booth to take to tall timber at once without so much as a farewell to his hosts. Bainbridge and Rutledge were evidently familiar with the topography and other physical conditions of that section and readily instructed Booth just where to land, the winds and elbows and other devious contours, and there he should listen for a signal from them and they

would join him as soon as safe, which was about 4 p. m. Bainbridge and Rutledge were on the scene with an extra horse. They rode westerly until about twelve o'clock that night, when they rested in the woods. Giving directions as to the further route Bainbridge and Rutledge at last separated from Booth 25 miles west of Garrett's or Port Royal and Conway. Booth rode west all that day, then southwest until 10 a. m. second day from the Garrett home via a dim road. He stopped at a small farm house on a blind trail where three elderly women took him in, a "wounded confederate soldier" for breakfast—self and horse. Here Booth rested a few hours, riding the remainder of the day and until near 12 at night when he camped in a clump of small bushes on a small creek bottom some distance from the road for the rest of the night. At an early hour next morning he took breakfast at the home of an old gentleman and wife; then hurried in a southwest direction for some days, where Confederate soldiers were in strong evidence. Down through West Virginia, crossing the Big Sandy at Warfield's in eastern Kentucky, thence two days southwest covering about sixty miles where he found shelter with a young widow named Stapleton, with a small boy. As a wounded Confederate he was safe here, remaining a week. Thence south to the Mississippi River where he found a safe crossing, and a trifle south of the mouth of the Arkansas river. After parting with Bainbridge and Rutledge the first night out from the Garrett home Booth was accompanied much of the way by Dr. D. B. O'Brannon.

Reaching the Arkansas he followed it southerly on the east bank until near Fort Gibson where he crossed and associated first among the Cherokees who treated him hospitably, but they were too highly educated and civilized for safety, hence he attached himself to a band of Apaches whose women, he says, were rather intelligent and many of them really good looking; but the men were not so intelligent and didn't like the idea of work; especially the chief who was exceptionally lazy, but equally kind as was every member of the tribe.

Crossing the Plains as "Jesse Smith"

In the course of a year he tired of that nomadic career and longed again for civilization, to find companionship congenial; hence bidding his Indian friends a last handshake started across the country passing through probably what are Pottawatomie, Cleveland and Canadian counties, then bearing north and crossing into Kansas not far from Kiowa; thence westerly hugging the streams until he reached Nebraska City where Levi Thrailkill was fitting out a crew to transport supplies for troops at Salt Lake, via horse teams. Under the name of Jesse Smith, Booth engaged.

Thrailkill had a contract with the government to supply provisions for the troops at Salt Lake and readily gave the stranger a pair of lines. According to Mr. Thrailkill who resided near Enid at the time of the suicide, Smith seemed to know nothing whatever about handling horses, could neither harness nor unharness them, but soon learned to handle the lines fairly well. He was such a genial fellow, however, that the other teamsters gladly relieved him of the task of harnessing and unharnessing, as well as from camp duties. He was the life and joy of the camp, always with a word of cheer, a recitation of some poem or quoting great dramatists, especially Shakespeare which was done in tragedy, pathos or emotion as the case might warrant. In fact, he could laugh with those who laugh, shed artificial tears and shape his face to any occasion. When near Salt Lake, Smith left the train without so much as bidding good-bye or drawing his pay. From here it was learned that he made direct for San Francisco where after visiting his mother and brother he made his way into Old Mexico, the only tarry so far as known being at Fresno. In Mexico he attached himself to Maximillian's forces, but soon had a misunderstanding and was only saved from serious consequences through the intervention of Catholics, to which denomination he belonged and was a devout member. For a while he roamed over the lands of the Aztecs in the guise of an itinerant priest.

Becomes A Country Merchant

From Mexico, about 1871 or 1872, he made his way into Texas, stopping at Glenrose Mills at the foot of Bosque Mountain in Hood County, that being then the boundary of western civilization. Here he bought out a dealer in tobacco and carried a small supply of groceries and whiskey, the man from whom he purchased moving to Granberry, some thirty miles east. Meantime continued the business trusting it mostly to a Mexican porter, and occupying a rough log house, the rear end as a living room for he and the porter, and the front as a "store". It seems that Booth either failed to notify authorities of the change or secure license required of those dealing in tobacco and whiskey. The result was the party from whom he purchased was indicted by the government grand jury at Tyler for doing business without the required license. The indicted man consulted a young attorney who had drifted in from Tennessee to try his fortune in the land of cowboys and cactus. Mr. Bates then called in Booth, who sailed under the name of John St. Helen, and with whom he was slightly at that time acquainted. He requested of Booth that he go to Tyler and thus relieve the innocent from trouble for which he, Booth, was wholly responsible. He asked time to con-

sider, which was granted. In due time he called on the attorney and told him that there were reasons why he did not dare risk going to Tyler; that in fact he was sailing under an assumed name, and there being so many detectives and government spies, and others always hanging around the Tyler court, the risk would be too great. He would, however, do whatever he could, and suggested that the attorney take his client to Tyler and there arrange for a plea of guilty, which would undoubtedly draw but a slight fine; that he, Booth, would furnish the funds. The proposition was accepted and Booth whipped out a leather wallet containing an amount of shinplaster and the attorney and his client lit out overland. Arriving at Tyler where Judge Brown was the U. S. District Judge and Jack Evans District Attorney the matter of plea and fine was arranged and the prisoner discharged. The young attorney and his client returned to Granberry and handed Booth the wallet and contents, less the expense and fine. Booth seemed highly delighted at the happy result; but manifested much concern about his admission of an assumed name. Hence he called on the attorney and requested secrecy, at the same time handing him a handsome roll, saying "Now that you are my attorney with my interest in keeping I shall feel from now on safe from exposure, you being the only mortal living possessed of the secret. After a time Booth moved to Granberry bringing the porter along, and he and the young Tennesseean became the fastest of friends.

At the close of the war, Lieut. M. B. Ruggles became associated with the New York firm of Constable & Co., which his brother Edward S. retired to a farm in Kings county, Va. The father, Gen. Dan Ruggles, also retired to his Virginia farm. Jett settled in Carlin county, Va. but subsequently moved to Baltimore where he married the daughter of a prominent physician, and took to the road as a commercial traveler. But the three in Booth's escape finally associated themselves under the firm name of Jett, Bainbridge and Ruggles. Lieut. Bainbridge settled in New York associated in the firm of Jett, Bainbridge and Ruggles. In reply to letters written as late as 1889 each of these gentlemen unhesitatingly give the part they took in the escape of Booth, and in each case the statement of Booth while in Texas is fully corroborated. "While crossing the Rhappahanock," says Lieut. Ruggles, "Booth wore a black slouch hat pulled down well over his forehead," etc. That after landing Booth safely in the Garrett home, they next day saw two Federals on horseback in hot pursuit; that they, Ruggles and Bainbridge, were signaled for a parley, but instead made a rapid dash into the thick underbrush

and reached the Garrett home in time to warn Booth who immediately struck out for the tall timber and intermingling jungles, and then they made their way to safety; that when warning Booth he was given a signal by which he would know it was they, and that they would join him as soon as safety would warrant; that they did go to the hiding place of Booth, and together they made a safe getaway, very much as related by Booth in his Texas statement.

In a letter from the Judge Advocate's office in Washington City under date of January 23, 1898, Judge G. Norman Lieber and his secretary G. D. Micklejohn join in a reply to one asking if it would interest the Department to know that John Wilkes Booth was at that day still alive; that while the Department had no positive or direct proof that the man killed at the Garrett home was Booth, they had circumstantial evidence, and any further evidence as proofs would not interest the Department.

Booth, or the mysterious stranger, was traced to Leadville in the late fall of 1878. Next to Fresno, California, in 1884; from whence probably he wended back to his old haunts at Fort Worth, as per scene in Pickwick bar elsewhere.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON BOOTH IN OKLAHOMA

The story now leads into Oklahoma briefly as told in the Historia account, which is repeated with such notes and remembered incidents of the visit to Waukomis as have since been discovered or that can be called to mind.

(Reproduced from Historia, October, 1919.)

Although half a century has passed since the tragedy in which J. Wilkes Booth was the active principal, there has been no lessening in reverence for the name of Lincoln, nor much in the bitterness toward the man who wrought his death. This is not confined to those still living who have personal memories of that day, but the sspirit of the parent has been transmitted to the son with added energy to such an extent that any reference to J. Wilkes Booth requires a touch of delicacy lest censure if not reprimand follow.

Indeed it means a "path of coals" for any one who dares intimate that Booth was not the man killed at

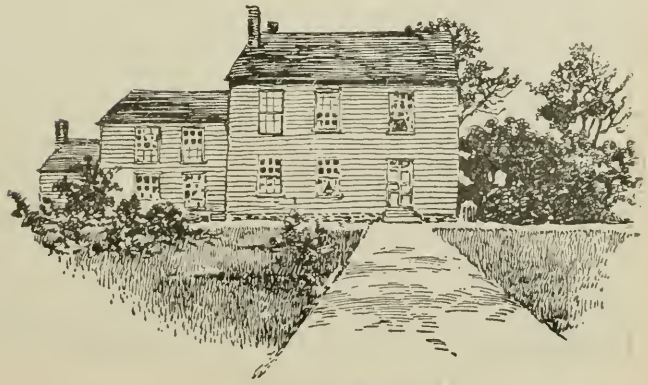
the Garrett home in Virginia in 1865; or that he escaped and during his nomadic meanderings made Oklahoma a favorite sojourning place until the "ending of the trial" at Enid, in January, 1903, via the suicide route. And yet there is vastly more evidence in favor of that contention than was ever produced that it was Booth who was killed at the Garrett home, instead of some one else. However, it is not the purpose here to go into details of the tragedy further than to throw a little calcium across the tortuous path of him, whom for simplicity sake is here designated as Booth, although that path was under an alias sky, especially that of David E. George; and that path will here be confined as near as practicable to Oklahoma, with only such other references as may seem tending to establish identity of George and Booth as one and the same. As a prelude, reference is made to a letter now among the manuscripts of the Oklahoma Historical Society and which will follow: but before introducing the letter, the reader will be carried back to 1897, when it will be remembered by old-timers, especially of Oklahoma City, occurred the death of General George H. Thomas, whose remains were shipped by his nephew to the old home at Portland, Maine. General Thomas came to Oklahoma City from Texas. He at once inocculated himself with the spirit of the town's active citizenship, and became instrumental in building the city water works, holding 52 shares, or a majority stock, which he transferred to the city in 1892. His son George H., Jr., soon after left the country and with his wife wandered over foreign lands, first to Stockholm, Sweden, from whence he wrote friends here enclosing a photo of himself and wife on a log angling for fish from one of the clear streams of northland. The next letter (with photo enclosure) hailed from Russia Later he took up a residence in "gay Paree," France, from whence he wrote; this being soon after war had been declared between Germany and France. George suggested a scheme for bringing the Germans at once to their knees—simply sending a few Americans over and place them on the trenches, and then dare Germany to fire. French women, he declared, had been experimented with in that role, but the Germans cruelly ignored petticoats and fired through, over, beyond, everywhere into the trenches.

The same year in which General Thomas died in this city, General Edward L. Thomas, who did service during the Rebellion on the C. S. A. side, died at McAlester where he had served a number of years as Indian agent for the Sac and Fox consolidated tribe. Seeing an account of the death of the two Thomases, Mrs. Louisa A. Walton wrote a letter from Beverly, N. J., to the commander of the

U. C. V. at Oklahoma City making inquiry concerning a certain General Thomas for whom she was searching. On receiving such information as was available at this end of the line concerning the Oklahoma Thomases, she wrote again to the Commander of the Oklahoma division U. C. V., at that time Captain John O. Casler, now landscape gardener at the Confederate home near Ardmore. This letter was under Beverly date of April 13, 1898.

"General Edward L. Thomas is not the man I mean. The General Thomas of whom I desire information died either in the summer of 95 or 96. I tried to find a little record sketch of his war record in Philadelphia! because I saw it in the 'Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.' I put the paper away carefully, but it was accidentally destroyed by one of my servants before I clipped the piece out. They do not remember it at the "Telegraph office,' and have searched files of papers for it without success; but as several editions are published daily and one only filed I suppose it was in the edition they destroyed. They tell me that Henry 'George' Thomas was a Confederate General. 'George' Henry a Union General, and that the one in Oklahoma must be the one. He is not, for he, (the one I mean), died earlier than '97. I met him in Philadelphia in 1863. He fainted on the pavement in front of my Aunt's house one summer morning; her servants carried him into the house; and we used the proper restoratives and sent him in the carriage to the depot (Baltimore) when he was able to continue his journey. He was in company with a younger man, who I never saw again until I saw his face in papers as the murderer of 'Lincoln' (John Wilkes Booth). Their faces are indelibly stamped on my memory; also the conversation. Though we urged them to tell us their names, they refused, though they assured us they were very grateful. I think they feared we would betray them because we were Union women. No true woman would be guilty of such an act, for suffering always appeals to her heart, sometimes against her better judgment. My Aunt daily left her luxurious home to nurse the sick and wounded soldiers at 15th, J. Filbert St. Hospital (now Broad St. Station of Pennsylvania Railroad). There were a dozen Confederates there at that time, and they were just as carefully cared for as the Union soldiers. She lost her life from too great devotion to the work. 'Booth' told us that his friend had been ill, and in his anxiety to reach home had over-estimated his strength. Taking my Aunt's hand in his and looking her full in the face, he said, 'Would you befriend us if you knew us to be enemies?' Her reply was, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him: if he

BRYANTOWN
The Place Gen. Dana Reached on the Morning and Remained During the Day of April 15th, 1865, While Booth Was Resting That Same Day at the Home of Dr Mudd, Only Three and a Half Miles Away



HOME OF DR MUDD.
Where Booth and Herold Stayed All Night

Surrattsville Tavern.

Home of Capt. Sam Cox

thirst, give him drink.' 'You are a noble woman, and have ministered to a man whose life can illy be spared; may God bless you for your kindness' was 'Booth's' reply. Aunt entered into life eternal December 31, 1864, and never knew the names of these men, or the tragic death of 'Booth'. Nor did I, until Lincoln's death know who Booth was. Nor until over thirty years did I know the name of the sick man, until I read his death notice in 1896 or 7. I was a very young girl at the time of this meeting and I am the only one living of the quartette. I shall never forget these two hours, nor the shock I received at seeing Booth's face as the face of an assassin. I had woven a romance around him, and expected to see his beautiful brow crowned with laurels. Alas for my dream. Both men were in citizen dress. General Thomas was a medium sized man (short compared with my father and brotherss who are all 6 foot and over), dark mustache, closely cropped hair, swarthy complexion: had a white silk handkerchief knotted around his neck. The piece I refer to spoke of his illness in 1863 in Philadelphia, from a wound on the back of his neck; (that accounting for the handkerchief), that when on his way to join his command he was recognized in Baltimore as an escaped prisoner of war; and was taken to Fortress Monroe." So he must have been captured the day after we saw him. I can not remember the initials of his name, and he must have been in the thirties when I saw him; for he was much older than Booth. Since reading that sketch I remember that Booth's sister, Mrs. Clark, lived one three squares from my Aunt, and I suppose she was caring for him in his illness. I think this General Thomas must have belonged to a Virginia family. Was there not more than one General Thomas in Confederate Service?"

Neither of the Oklahoma Thomases proved to be the one wanted, and she was advised to write to certain parties at Richmond, Va., which she did, locating the Thomas she was after, but who had died some time previous.

It seems that J. Wilkes Booth was then associated with General Bell in efforts to free Confederate prisoners, for which General Bell was subsequently hung by the Federal government. One of Booth's beneficiaries was the General Thomas for whom Mrs. Walton was searching. He was a Confederate and had been taken prisoner, and confined in Fort Delaware, from whence by the friendly and sympathetic aid of Booth he escaped. The General Edward L. Thomas referred to was a Brigadier in command of a Georgia brigade, and was an uncle of Heck Thomas, the famous member of the "big three" marshals who gained such fame in out-law hunting in Oklahoma, and who

with Honorable W. H. Tilghman and Chris Madsen cut central figures in Mr. Tilghman's movie—"Last of the Oklahoma Outlaws." Heck Thomas served as courier for his uncle the last three years of the Rebellion, being only 14 years old when he entered the service. Died at Lawton, in 1916.

Verily this Walton inquiry seems in some respects rather coincidental, inviting to the field of speculation. Why comes from the far east westward half way across the continent to Oklahoma this weird Booth incident at this particular time when he was in wanderings on the border fringes of this very section? And then the name of Henry "George" Thomas, the "George" being quoted—the name under which Booth went at the time of committing suicide at Enid five years later. What force was behind it all? Could it have been the Aunt referred to by Mrs. Walton? and if so, might she not have had other Booth matters under veil which the world will never know? There are other transpirings which seem coincidental that might lead to the field of speculation: Boston Corbett, who killed some one, alleged to be Booth, at the Garrett farm in 1865, drifted west into Kansas at this particular season, where he subsequently became sergeant of the Kansas Senate; thence to Texas where Booth spent the '70's, and again in later days, and where he, Corbett, went mad and died. It may be called to mind that Boston Corbett shied clear as possible of the Booth episode matter and that any inadvertant reference to his part in the Garrett home tragedy caused a discernable quivering, a slight voice-tremor and biting of the lips. So far as the Historia man knows, Boston Corbett never mentioned the name of Booth, his only reference being, and that only when the question was pressed: "We—killed a man," invariably using the "we." Another thing may not be altogether out of the line of coincidentals: That at the very date of the Walton letter—that is, the same year—1897, General D. D. Dana emerged from his garden at the old Maine home for the first time to give to the world through the Boston press his account of the tracing of Booth so minutely throughout his wanderings, from crossing the Potomac bridge to Bryantown, to Dr. Mudd's, the Cox home, the Patuxent river, the Potomac; the neighing of his horses and their slaughter to keep them silent; what Booth said, how he now and then turned in his saddle—his very thoughts, uttered and unuttered, during these hide-and-seek dodgings until the final "ending of the trail" at the Garrett home and burial of the remains "under a slab in the navy yard near the jail," according to General Dana, and at various other places at the same

time, as stated by various other eminents. Indeed what a line of inconsistencies, incoherencies, discrepencies aind coincidentals conspire to set the mind wondering, and the imagination wandering through vauge fields of speculation! Even the writer is not wholly immune from the arrows of the speculative archer, although he was in conscious existence at the time of the tragedy which left its indelible impression. In fact it fell to his lot to assist in receiving telegraphic reports of this tragedy from the hour of firing the fatal shot to the closing of last ceremonies over the remains of the dead president. During the '80s the writer filed this report with the Kansas Historical Society, which he was partially instrumental in establishing during a meeting of the Kansas editors at Manhattan, April 9, 1879. In taking this report from the wires the old Morris system was used—indentures on a paper ribbon which automatically unwound from a reel much like those used today only in movies where the young stock gambler unwinds and reads the market's up and down to see whether he wins and gets the girl, or goes broke and loses her. The report was transcribed on long sheets of yellow "onion peel" paper, and made quite a voluminous roll. As the writer had never been in the East and Booth had never been in the West before the great national tragedy, there had been no physical meeting with him. Yet portraits of the tragedian as given in the press and in magazines immediately following the assassination and subsequent, were strongly engraved on memory's scroll. If the affirmative is permissible instead of guess, the first meeting was at Topeka, Kansas, some time in the middle '80s. Passing the Crawford restaurant, then the leading provinder shop in the city, a gentleman was noticed occupying a chair just outside and near the open door, leaned back in a safe angle against the wall. The stranger was in a rather nonchalant mood, gently twirling a small cane between the thumb and forefinger of one hand and as gently twisting at the tips of his raven black imperial mustache with the other. The writer dropped into a chair nearby, whereat the stranger released his chair from the wall and brought it to a square position. This stranger was in a neat-fitting suit of black, coat of Prince Albert pattern, and the hat of the Stetson order, though with a rim somewhat broader than the usual. Hir hair was jet black, of silky texture, and inclined to curl or wave at the bottom. On squaring the chair, the stranger cast a hasty glance at his visitor, then cast his eyes a trifle down, with a meditative expression, at the same time bringing the hand in which he held the cane to his mustache as he gave the tips another gentle twist. Then he again leaned back against the wall,

and looking into the upper blank recited a few lines in a truly dramatic vein, though rather low. Cutting short as if to recover from inadvertance, he once more brought his chair to a square position. The writer was impressed at the strangeness of the stranger, at his dramatic bearing and ventured a trifle familiarity. Slapping the stranger on one knee, who at first gave a quick stare between resentment and surprise, but in an instant assumed an attentive pose. It flashed upon the mind of the writer that his new and ephemeral companion was either a theatrical man or a dramatic reader. Acting upon this he arose and gave an inviting glance down at the stranger, who also arose. As a test to surmise, the writer remarked: "I believe I will take a walk over to the new theatre." (But recently erected, a block or so west of the Crawford.) "The new the-a-tre." the stranger remarked, as he slightly inclined his head and peered up from beneath black silken brows. Raising his countenance and with a side glance: "then you have two the-a-tres, (not exactly questioning, nor exactly in surprise, but in seeming effort to disguise a knowledge of the fact.) With this he stepped to the writer's side, slightly resting one foot as he placed a hand on one shoulder, more friendly than familiar. "I presume we shall meet again—possibly." (The latter word in a tone of question half aside.) "I hope so," was the reply. "I like to meet people, and never meet anyone without a hope of meeting again. Excuse proverbial Yankee curiosity in asking your name, and I may sav, your line." "Well," he returned, slightly turning as he twirled the cane and twisted at his mustache a moment, "I have not been bold enough to ask your name nor your profession. "Campbell," was the immediate interpose: "and yours?" "Let me see," with a trifle meditative pause, then looking his questioner straight in the eye, "how does Thomas, or Johnson strike you, with a traveling suit, for instance?" With this, the stranger lightly pressed the writer's shoulder, and in a manner that bordered on seeming regret at parting, turned away and leisurely passed inside the restaurant twirling his cane. While there was so much peculiar about the incident, the exact date cannot now be recalled. A few years after, while on a Rock Island train somewhere between Pond Creek and Kingfisher, a gentleman entered from another car and seated himself by the writer. There was something in the appearance of the newcomer which at once impressed "Where have I seen that face before," was the first unuttered flash. There was the black curving eyebrows, the black imperial mustache, the black flowing hair, all of which called back the incident at Topeka; but this man was in gray clothes

of business cut, and a Scottish plaid cap. At Enid one of the occupants of the seat just in front got off, while another man entered and took the seat, placing a grip on his lap, on which was visibly lettered "C. Carlton." He also carried a bundle of show programs in which the new seat-mate seemed specially interested. Tapping the young man lightly on the shoulder, a program was handed over before he had time to speak. This he held up in front of him with a sort of critical quiz. "Do you belong to the profesh?" was asked by the young man, at which the seat-mate peered over the edge of the program with a staring frown. "The pro-FESH!" as if it was the term that piqued. "No!" And the seat-mate hid his ire behind the spread program a moment. Then as if to amend for inadvertent breech, he asked: "Where do you perform?" The last word after a pause as if trying to coin some word commensurate with "profesh." "O-o—let me see," said the young man, scratching below and behind the right ear. "We show all over—everywhere," with an air of pomp. "I mean your next stand." "Oh," and the young man referred to his memorandum. "At the El Reno theatre." "So! And they have a the-a-tre at that village," with a humorous twinkle. At this juncture Kingfisher station was called and the writer got off the train, reflecting on the peculiar long "a" in theatre that called up the Topeka incident. In fact this long "a" like an unbidden tune, kept up its intrusion for some time.

Referring to this incident on the train, the writer calls to mind that in 1893 Charles Carlton, with blonde hair, etc., put on "Nevada the Gold King" at the Kingfisher hall with a local cast, Miss Henrietta Parker (now Comden) in the leading lady role. Mr. Camden, J. S. Ross, Dr. Spangler, Miss Mize, Mina Admire, being among others of the cast, the writer as "Nevada."

The third meeting with the mysterious stranger—and right here it may be well to state that at neither of these meetings did the writer recognize the party referred to as Booth, nor does he now know that it was him. Hence in designating the party as Booth is wholly in the presumptive. It was at the Waukomis Hornet office during the afternoon of January 6, 1903, when he stopped immediately in front of the door, planting one foot on the entrance sill where he paused seemingly to be recognized before entering. The stranger had black hair, brows and mustache and was dressed in a black suit, the coat being Prince Albert, the hat of the Stetson pattern, the entire showing the ravages of wear, but clean. There was the little cane between thumb and finger going through involuntary twirlings. There was a noticeable furrowing in the features,

and beneath the veneering black a slight trace of gray, visible, however, only on closest observation, and recallable only through subsequent events. "Well, come in and look out," said the writer as he noticed the stranger, who stepped inside. The wear of years were such that the writer did not at first identify the newcomer with any one whom he had ever met before; although there were outlines on memory's wall that read a previous meeting somewhere at some time, but where? There was a classical bearing, a manly pose of gentility that stamped him as no common tramp, and this was decidedly emphasized with his first utterance. Tipping his hat slightly, working the little cane and looking- straight face-to-face with the writer, and in a pleasing voice of culture, inquired: "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Campbell?" reaching his hand as the cane became idle. "That's my name," returned the writer as he reciprocated the gentle grasp of hands. The newcomer referred hurriedly to a memorandum, then: "W. P. Campbell?" "W. P.—that is the name I go by, at least." At this the stranger seated on a high stool which stood near the door, and resting one foot on the floor, gave the little cane a succession of twirls and his mustache as many twists, then looking the writer square in the eye, and with seriously inquisitive tone: "Did you ever know any one to go by a name not really his own." "I may have known many, without knowing it," was the reply. The stranger dismounted from the stool and walked slowly to and fro in a meditative way for a moment, with the now familiar cane and mustache feature. "If not too busy," again taking position on the stool, half sitting, with one foot on the floor. "Always busy, never busy," replied the writer, taking a seat near the stool with his feet cocked on the desk: "Fire away." Again, quite deliberately climbing from the stool the stranger drew near, with such peculiar expression on his countenance that the writer involuntarily arose and squared himself face to face with his questioner. The stranger stepped back a very brief pace as if to give his gestures play. Then closely eyeing as if to rivet attention, and with index finger as close as courtesy warranted, with dramatic pantomine: "Before leaving El Reno—I came from there—I was directed by Mr. Hensley to call on you, the same by Mr. Eyler (probably Ehler) as I came through Hennessey." "Very kind in my friends," the writer interposed, "but what's the drive——?" "Exactly," as the stranger readjusted himself ssquare face to face, preceding with slow yet decisive index-finger gestures and dramatic head accompaniments. "It is a story, the—story—of my life!" with strong emphasis on the last three words. "A story (pause) that

will startle—that will make the very world set up and take notice." For a moment there was a mutual eyeing, he seemingly to note the impression he had made; on the writer's part more in a puzzle as to what it all meant. After a moment's suspense, the stranger began a to-and-fro meditative pace with cane and mustache accompaniment. "My friend," said the writer, "from what I have seen of you——" The stranger turned abruptly, and in a tone of surprise suppressed inquiry: "You have seen me before?" "I surely have." The stranger took a half sitting posture on the stool closely eyeing the writer and with seeming unconsciousness of it, slowly twisting at his mustache. "But just when and under what circumstances—didn't I meet you in Topeka once?" continued the writer, meeting the starry gaze of the stranger, who, with a downward glance: "Possibly," then resuming his recent attitude, "I have—I think I have been there." The stranger had descended from his perch on the stool, and began a meditative to-and-fro as he replied without looking up: "I—HAVE been there." "As I said," continued the writer, as the stranger seated on one corner of the desk, one foot resting on the floor as he side-faced to the writer. "If you will permit me," once more continued the writer, "from what I have seen of you, and I need not go back of this meeting, right here, and from your manner, your bearing and language—everything, I should judge you capable of writing your own story." "Possibly—probably—that is so," returned the stranger as he stepped from the desk and leaned back with both hands resting on the stool behind him. "But it wouldn't be me," quickly shifting the drift and again assuming the former position on the desk corner. "How would it seem to you to be yourself, and yet not you? No matter what you write, or say, or do, whatever your achievements, how high your ambition may reach—it is not you——" Getting from the desk, and facing the writer, with strong index-finger, "NOT YOU!" Turning with the last words and slowly pacing, in a fairly pathetic undertone, semi-solus: "Not me." In a sort of rambling way that comported with his mind, evidently, the stranger alternated with the stool position, and uneasily to-and-froing, cane and mustache fingering, and talking in a fragmentary way as bits of his story were brought out, mixed with inquiries seemingly to test the writer's familiarity with Washington life, and the Potomac country.

Classing the stranger as more than an ordinary man—dramatic reader past the meridian of use; or a one-time knight of the footlights, now too tedious to be entertaining, yet too noble for slight, the writer made casual notes

merely out of respect, being frequently admonished with: "Now, just a minute, I'm not quite ready for that." Finally I asked the stranger's name. With an intimation that more about him would be pleasing. "I advertise as a painter." "Scenic?" "No—well, I guess I could paint a scene—with a brush, but——" and he started as if to leave. "There's a job in this town, if you care for one. A brand new building——" Without waiting for further details, the stranger replied, "Thanks, my friend; however, I will not oppose looking over your new structure." We started. When about midway of the street, Scott's opera house was pointed out, with the remark: "You see, this little town is on the may—even has a theatre of her own. "Rather small place for a the-a-tre." Here the stress on the "a" was as had been the case on two other occasions. "The proprietor wants a set of scenery, and——" "Many—numerous thanks," came as an emphatic interpose, as he placed one hand on the writer's shoulder—the same thrilling touch as that in the Topeka incident. "I would not think for a moment of such a job; the the-a-tre has all the reverse of charms for me." To avoid further embarrassing the stranger, the writer remarked that the weather was quite enjoyable for January. "Enjoyable no doubt to those capable of enjoyment," returned the stranger. Just then on facing east the evening sun cast long shadows in front. "The days are growing shorter," said the writer as he glanced at the shadows. "Yes, and as the days grow shorter, the shadows lengther." said the stranger as he swiped along the shadows with his cane. "Did you ever chase a shadow?" casually enquired the writer. After a moment's pause in seeming reflection the stranger replied as a slight sigh escaped: "They have chased me—are ever chasing me." Slow in semi-solus: "Shadows of the past." Then with a sudden shift as if to recover: "Shadows of the past wouldn't be a bad title for—say—a story, eh?" To which the writer remarked in half query: "Why not 'Lights and Shadows?'" The stranger prodded with his cane a moment, then in drawn words and serious tone: "Suppose there were no lights?" To which: "Without lights there would be no shadows—haven't you ever had lights flit athwart your path?" The stranger gave a nervous twirl of the cane and a twist at his mustache: "Very seldom and far between, one—to say how long ago would be to give away my age. The other—no matter. Like the one of boyhood days, it was fairly dazzling, but only a flicker, a transitory beam that lured a moment with promise; then—merged with the shadows."

On returning to the office before entering, the stranger made as if to leave, but was persuaded not to be in a rush.

"Oh, no," he casually returned, he assuming a pose against the stool while the writer resumed a seat at the desk and began indifferently fumbling at a bunch of pencilings. Just then as the writer lifted his hand a sudden whiff of wind blew a few sheets of manuscript in pencil from the desk to the floor. The stranger was quick to arrest the flying pages, and handing them over remarked: "Brain, I presume, of— black lead." Receiving the pages with due thanks: "No—simply jottings of little thoughts as they come up to file away," handing the stranger a few pages which he read to himself with growing interest as he pantomimed. "You, too, must have bowed at the shrine where beauty awakens love. I think I discover elements of histrionic flights. Were you ever on the stage?" He was informed to the contrary except in an amateur way. Just then the writer arose and began rubbing and shaking his right leg to stimulate circulation. "Rheumatic?" inquired the stranger. "No—merely an uneasy feeling caused by a rupture sustained during the rebellion." "Ah, I see." Then "I notice it is the right limb," as he advanced his left foot and lifted the pants leg an inch or so as if to indicate that he, too, wore a scar.

As if quoting: "Ah, what have we here?" Holding the pencilings up before him: "Never ask for a kiss, and you'll never be refused one." Glancing at the writer: "And never get one." To which the writer replied: "That will be up to you." After a moment in seeming attempt to parry words: "But as purchased squeeze of the hand never reaches beyond the wrist, so purchased kisses die on the lips." The writer taking a side-glance at the stranger: "Who said anything about purchasing? Just take it. Stolen kisses are sweetest, any way." Another moment in a parry study: "But it is only the mutual kiss of love that binds heart to heart." Then casually giving his mustache a twist and his cane a twirl as he took a pace or two. "However, you have taught me a lesson. But, I fear me, my friend, the lesson comes too late." Half in solus: "If I had only thought of that back there—not so very long ago." Long breath as he twirls cane. "What might have been." Once more he scanned the pencilings until his eyes rested on something which seemingly interested him, if not giving worry. After a careful scanning: "Every Caesar has his Brutus." Turning to the writer and somewhat nervously tapping the pencilings with fore-finger: "Why —why did you write that?" knitting his brows. Then as if to cover any lapse: "But not every Caesar hath his Anthony to bury him and—to praise him with covet censure." At this point the stranger seems to have first noticed a vased calla recently presented by a friend: "You

seem to be somewhat esthetic as well as—er—romantic. With your permission," as he takes the vase from the top of the desk and gently strokes the bloom: "Ah," holding up a tribute to the calla written on a card he first reads a few lines, with pantomimes, then seemingly involuntarily reads audibly:

"O, Calla—Love's emblematic flower,
Fair blush on white, a brief alluring dower.
And yet while beauty lingers on thy bloom,
How sweet, how delicious thy perfume,
O, Calla! Transient as thy folds so fair,
Is love that lures, then seals us in despair!
A moment holding in thy bewitching spell,
Like love that halts ,then bids abrupt farewell.
O, Calla, frail—how soon thy beauties fade;
And fall like hether-down from summer glade!
Thy charms though brief—a momentary lure.
And yet how sweet the moments they endure!
Like love that halts, then bids abrupt farewell.
Still memory holds on lips thy chrismed kiss."

The writer never thought much of the tribute, but as rendered by this stranger it seemed great. There was emphasis, in gesture and tone the most highly eloquent and dramatic of anything the writer was ever privileged to hear or observe. Possibly to some extent from the fact it touched that vain spot all possess to some degree.

On returning the pencilings the stranger stood a moment as if to mark any impression his "eloquence" may have made, asked the time of day. On being cited to an office clock, Hoyt's "Hole in the Ground" was brought into requisition with a cute twinkle: "Mr. agent, is your clock right?" Again as if to note impressions. "I see you have changed garments under the spout—" said the writer, "and as usual, got soaked." With this he remarked that perhaps it was so late the story might be postponed and inquired if the writer would be in Enid soon. On being informed that he often went there: "Come Saturday and we can go more into details." "All right," replied the writer, scarcely expecting to do so. "You can locate me by inquiry at the Watrus Drug Store—I am not much on the street." At this, he took the writer warmly by both hands, and looking him straight in the eye in the manner that was a cross between affection, regret at parting, and a sounding of thoughts. "You need not walk," said the writer, reaching into his pockets to bring forth car fare. "No offense, I assure you, and I accept your kindly suggestion for the deed, but I have plenty of funds—enough, at least, and to pay you well for what I am sure you will undertake to do. There are so many things

money cannot buy," as he gave a warm grasp of hands; "such as that friendship I am more than persuaded I shall find in you." Still holding hands, but turning as if choking back some bitter emotion—"Good-bye." Then facing the writer, and with a firm hand-grasp, in a tone of confidence: "You are a man; you have enjoyed the best in life, yet tasted of its bitterest dregs—no—not the bitterest—only perhaps that slight potion all men taste. A man—I may trust you with—but there has been no secret—as yet revealed. Remember Saturday; and once again—good—no; au revoir." After a warm grasp, he let go hands, and headed for the station.

Before closing the chapter one other incident is brought up. It was only a week or so since that Col. James Duffey, who was a police official at El Reno, when George stopped there, but who is now employed at the state capitol, exhibited a photograph to the Historia scribe with the remark: "Gaze on that and tell me if you ever saw it before"—this without the least hint as to who it was. "I surely have," replied the writer as he glanced at the face," Col. Duffy still holding the photo in his hand. "That is the man who called on me at Waukomis in January, 1903, and who a week later committed suicide under the name of David E. George—J. Wilkes Booth." "You are mistaken," said Col. Duffy, assuming a super-positive attitude. "John Wilkes Booth was killed at the Garrett home in Virginia, April 25, 1865, by one Boston Corbitt. I am sure of this because David E. George, while in a 'spiritually' talkative mood told me so himself—in El Reno —only a short time before committing suicide. George said he knew J. Wilkes Booth was dead, 'because,' said he in a dramatic way, 'the next day after he was killed, the body was taken down the river to a lone island twenty-seven miles from Washington and secretly buried there.'" David E. George might have added that "I know that John Wilkes Booth is dead, because the body was taken to Washington City and secretly buried in a room in front of the navy building near the old jail, and a piece of artillery drawn over the place to obliterate it. Further because the body was taken down the Potomac ten miles from Washington, and weighted with stones and sunk. Also, because the body was taken to a secluded spot between the Garrett farm and the Potomac and placed in a pit and consumed by quick lime; because the body was taken to Washington City and secretly buried in the yard of the old penitentiary, from whence it was subsequently exhumed and given to the Booth family and buried in Green Mount Cemetery, Baltimore, where a marble marks

the head of the mound (unnamed, however.) I know that John Wilkes Booth is dead because the doorkeeper at Ford's theatre, who was an intimatet of Booth's and who assisted in the Green Mount ceremonies, declared it was NOT the body of J. Wilkes Booth. As still more invincible proof that J. Wilkes Booth was the man killed at the Garrett home the fact may be cited that the government, so secure in its convictions decided not to submit the body for identification; nor was a single cent of the vast reward ever paid. Further—the body was quick-limed, drowned, buried—variously at various places and curiously enough by different agencies at one and the same time; so let it go at that. He is dead, dead, dead! numerously dead." After quoting "George," Col. Duffy handed the photo over, with: "Now look at the back of the card." On the back was found inscribed the names, "J. Wilkes Booth," taken at a spiritual seance in New York, 1894, by the mother of the DuPonts, famous the world over as powder manufacturers.

A friend of Historia states that during a conversation only a few days ago, Mrs. Anstein of El Reno, at whose hotel Booth (under name of George) stopped for many months, declared her belief that George and Booth were the same. She said she was quite well acquainted with him, and recalls many things which now more than at the time, convince her. At one time, she says, when he was slightly under the influence of liquor, some one gravely offended him, at which the offender was dramatically invited to pass on or be passed on, which he reluctantly did, and passed on, muttering an implied or construed threat. "That man has no business fooling with me," said the irate Booth (or George), turning to Mrs. Anstein, side-gesturing toward the retreating offender. "He don't know who he is fooling with—I killed a thousand times better man than him—he mustn't fool with me." Then calming, Booth said to Mrs. Anstein in a confidential tone: "Can you keep a secret?" At which Mrs. Anstein replied in a careless way, "Did you ever know a woman to keep a secret?" Booth bit at his under lip as he turned away. "I sincerely believe George, as we knew him, had at that moment in mind telling me his secret," said Mrs. Anstein.

The fourth and last time the writer saw Booth was at Enid, at Pennyman's northeast corner of the public square. He was standing with his back to the inner wall, his head slightly bent forward, and his voice once so resonant with charming melody, gave out no sound. Gray was dusting through the brows, the mustache and long wavy hair, the artificial dyes used in keeping them in raven hue gradually fading away. The starry lustre of once captivating

eyes was sealed under closed lids. The hands were white and sinewy, folded listless across the breast. The face was a trifle swollen, over it a faint pallor of wraith, and yet a delicate smile of ineffable sweetness as one in pleasant dreams. It was death. That voice which once so thrilled and charmed, gesturing with eloquence fairly sublime, and held captives in its miraculous power, whether in Taming the Shrew, or in soliloquies over the browless Yorick, my kingdom for a horse, or over his Desdemonia smothered in a pillow of jealous rage. Never again; forever hushed. And as Undertaken Pennyman closed the hinged lid over the ashy face, the old thought came—"Verily the way of the transgresser is hard." One so young, so ripe in beauteous treasure, the world in readiness to prone before his mild sweet will, backed by ancestral glory the future unfolding a promise of kindly worth and benefaction. But he loved his southland too well and not wisely. At this phychic time of dreadful consequence, "a bloom doomed in the budding," by one impetous rash act, ill-judged and bound in a spirit of revenge, or misconceived duty, matters not. Condemned a wanderer, to face an unforgiving world, shunning familiar haunts and loved people, under the ban of remorse, in the shadow of dread and mortal fear. "Myself, and yet—another!" A pent-up life of hateful suspense, longing for some ear to listen to his story which he dares not lisp lest treachery lurk in the wake of false friendship; but the time of dissolution nears. On a couch of excruciable pain, in last mortal anguish, struggling with remorse, eternity in view, the gates ajar, as entering the dark arcanum where no mortal poinard may ever pierce—he dares. But the story, although there is still material for a large volume, is already too long, much more so than was intended. Besides, it seems needless to tamper further with public patience in recital of the confessions made in the cypress shades. The revelation to Mrs. (Rev.) Harper, to Mrs. Simmons, to Mrs. Bears, and others of his most intimate and trusted acquaintances. These with affidavits may be found in El Reno, Enid and outside publication of date of the final climax, in January, 1903. Those who followed the event will readily recall these things. Hence, let the gates close behind the departed soul—forever shut out from the mortal whirl; forever to wander in mystery land where spirits reft of dissoluble mould revel in cypress bowers in blissful harmony with sweet-tuned choristers, or tread to sounds discordant among spectral forms ever in the shadow of disconsolate gloom.

ENDING OF THE TRAIL

According to promise the writer visited Enid the following Saturday and made inquiry at the Watrus Drug Store for Mr. George, but he had not shown up as yet, it being then near time for the north-bound train. The writer, not deeming the matter of immediate importance told Mr. Watrus he would be back the next Saturday; but before that day came, George had passed beyond the pale of interviews. The sad sequel will be approached through reference to the story of Booth's visit at Waukomis as published in Historia of October issue, 1919, giving a brief account of the suicide of John Wilkes Booth under the assumed name of David E. George, at Enid, January 12, 1903. The purpose was not to go into details of the tragedy of 1865—merely a brief of Booth's itinerary in Oklahoma. But the edition was soon exhausted with so many requests for extra copies coming from every quarter of the known world that it was decided to reproduce the brief with such additions and preludes gathered from stray notes taken at the time of Booth's visit at Waukomis, which have since been found, and from refreshed memories of what took place during the visit. Also from the stray pages sent by an Enid friend who wrote that they were from a book published by one Finis L. Bates, of Memphis, Tennessee, soon after the suicide at Enid. It appears that on reading telegrams announcing the suicide and the mystery in which it was wrapped, Mr. Bates came to Enid to find out if it was an old Texas friend whom he had known at Glen Rose Mills and at Granberry, as John St. Helen during the seventies, and bringing with him a tintype of his friend taken by a traveling photographer at Glen Rose Mills in 1878. On comparing the tintype with the embalmed George there was no doubt whatever that the cadavar was that of John St. Helen. Besides what is gathered from the stray notes and recalled from incidents of the booth visit at Waukomis, Historia takes more or less license with the stray leaves sent from Enid, especially portions in which the confession made by St. Helen to Mr. Bates at Granberry in 1878 when Booth, or St. Helen had given up to die. Death-bed confession to Mrs. Rev. Harper of El Reno in 1902, and letter from Gen. Dana, Gen. Lew Wallace, and various other persons throughout the country.

Among other papers found on George one was in his bosom requesting that Finis L. Bates of Memphis, Tenn., be telegraphed to come immediately and identify the body as that of John Wilkes Booth. (Letter lost). Arriving at Enid he met undertaker Pennyman, and on showing him a tintype of Booth taken at Glen Rose Mills in 1877 Mr. Pennyman was overwhelmed, fairly dumfounded. "We need

no picture to identify this man in your presence. He is the man." Bates was then given a view of the embalmed cadavar, and although he had not seen his client St. Helen for several years he at once recognized it as his old Texas friend, to whom the confession was made. On examination of the body every distinguishing mark of Booth was found —the embrasure where the shin had been fractured, the stiff and curved forefinger in which Booth invariably carried a small rattan cane to cover the defect; the slight scar and droop of one eye brow. On opening the trunk were found wigs, paints, cosmetics, and other theatrical trappings. The hair and mustache had evidently been kept well dyed, for after death they began gradually to crawl out from under the dye, giving the hair and the mustache a steel gray hue.

Although Mrs. Harper's statement is quite long, but it is so interesting and pointed that it is given at length—that is her first statement, her second simply corroborating.

"Mr. George, if that was his name, resided in the Territory for a number of years, and always seemed well supplied with money, the source no one knew except himself. This money came in regular remittances. My acquaintance with him led me to believe he was a different person from what he represented himself—David E. George, the painter. He was eccentric and although claiming to be a house-painter, he did no work. (Painted at one house, but made a very mess of it). He was possessed of the highest degree of intelligence, always maintained the bearing of a gentleman of culture and refinement; in conversation was fluent, polished and captivating, discussing subjects of the greatest moment with familiarity and ease. He had few associates and was gloomy except he would brighten up occasionally, sing snatches of stage songs and repeat Shakespeare in an admirable manner. Frequently answered questions by quoting from some great author. At one time the young people of El Reno put on a play, and one of the cast being ill, Mr. George filled the place to the admiration and entertainment of all present. When surprise was expressed at his superb interpretation on the stage he replied that he had taken some part in drama when a young man. He told different stories regarding his people. One time he said his father was a doctor and that he and a brother were the only children; then his mother had married again and had three children (half brothers to him) living in the Indian Territory. Then again he seemed lonely and declared that he had no relatives in the world. He was not only mysterious, but erratic, quick-tempered and excitable at times. He said he was never married. He seemed con-

stantly under a cloud as though something in the past was pressing him. Seemed pleased to have people understand he was in trouble and appreciated sympathy. He remained with the Simmons family three months and treated every one with greatest kindness and consideration. Never do I remember his referring to the history of his life or that he was other than David E. George until the time he thought he was going to die—about the middle of April, 1902. He had gone up town, returning soon after where he entered the room where Mrs. Simmons, Mrs. Beers and myself were seated. He made some casual remark about the fine weather for the time of year then went to his room. In the course of about fifteen minutes he called for us and said:

"I feel as though I were going to be very sick," and asked me to get a mirror. For some time as he lay on the bed he gazed at himself in the glass. Mrs. Beers said she could see the pupils of his eyes dilate and believed he had taken morphine. Being uneasy, I got him a cup of coffee and insisted until he drank it, but when I mentioned sending for a doctor he raised himself up in a dramatic and peculiar manner and voice while holding the mirror before him: "Stay, woman, stay! This messenger of death is my guest, and I desire to see the curtain of death fall upon the last tragic act of mine." With a passionate utterance that brought tears to our eyes. As I turned to hide my emotion he called to me stating that he had something to tell me. "I am going to die in a few minutes, and I don't believe you would do anything to injure me. Did it ever occur to you that I am anything but an ordinary painter? I killed the best man that ever lived." I asked him who it was and he answered: "Abraham Lincoln." I could not believe it, simply thinking he was out of his head and asked: "Who was Abraham Lincoln?" "Is it possible you are so ignorant as not to know?" he asked. Then took a pencil and paper and wrote in a peculiar but legible hand the name, "Abraham Lincoln."

"Don't doubt it," he said, "I am John Wilkes Booth, I am dying now. I feel cold as if death's icy hand had me in its clutch closing my life as a forfeit for my deed."

He told me he was well off; and seemed to be perfectly rational; knew me and where he was, and I really thought in fact he was dying, when he exacted a pledge that I would keep his secret until he was dead,—adding that if any one should find out now that he was John Wilkes Booth they would take him out and hang him, and the people who loved him so well would despise him. He told me that people in official life hated Lincoln and were implicated in his assassination. He said the haunt of being detected constantly preyed on him and was something awful

and that his life was miserable. He said that Mrs. Surratt was innocent and the thought that he was responsible for her death as well as that of others stalked ever before him like ghosts that would not down. He said he was devoted to acting but had to give it up because of his rash deed, and the thought that he had to run away from the stage when he loved the life of acting so well, made him restless and ill-tempered. He said he had plenty of money but had to play the roll of a workman to keep his mind occupied.

In the meantime Doctor Arnold arrived and as a result of his skillful treatment the patient recovered. After this he was very solicitious for weeks and questioned me as to what he had told when sick unto death. I answered that he had told me nothing of importance, but he seemed to know better. One day while I was looking at a picture of Lincoln he asked the reason to which I replied that I always admired Lincoln.

"Is that the only reason you have for looking at it?" he asked, regarding me with a fierce look. As a peculiar expression came over his face, his eyes flashed and he turned pale and walked away.

"One peculiar feature of Mr. George, or Booth, was that one eye brow was somewhat higher than the other. I have noticed him limp slightly, but he said it was rheumatism. That the man had a past, we all knew, but what his secret was remains unknown except in so far as he may have told be truthfully."

On the evening of January 13 I was startled and surprised to read in the Enid News of the suicide of David E. George of El Reno, with whom I first became acquainted in March, 1900, in El Reno at the home of Mr. Simmons. Mr. Harper went down in the morning of the 14th and recognized him and told the embalmers of a confession made by David E. George to myself. I went to the morgue with Mr. Harper on the 15th and recognized the corpse of David E. George as the man who had confessed to me in El Reno that he was John Wilkes Booth, and as brevity has been enjoined on me I will simply re-affirm my former statements made in detail by David E. George to me at El Reno, about the middle of April, 1900. Signed by Mrs. R. G. Harper before A. A. Stratford, notary public.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

The suicide made three wills under the name of David E. George. The first of these was executed at El Reno June 17, 1902, in which he bequeaths "To my friend Anna K. Smith, of El Reno, Oklahoma, "all my property, both real and personal, of whatever kind and description." Another paragraph recites: "Having special faith and confi-

dence in George E. Smith, of El Reno, Oklahoma Territory, I hereby designate him executor of this, my last will and testament to serve without bond." Witnesses: Frank Anstine and W. T. Beeks. Here follows the usual jurat of witnesses.

Another "last will and testament" is of such importance that it is given in full:

I, David E. George of the County of Garfield and Territory of Oklahoma, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do make, publish and declare this to be my last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by me made.

1st. I give, devise and bequeath to my nephew Willy George, if living, the seven hundred acre tract of land which I made proof upon before the Dawes Commission about four years ago, which tract of land is located in a body in the Chickasaw Nation, I. T., about ten miles southeast of Marietta, I. T., and within two miles of the Delaware Crossing of Red River. The intention of this gift, devise, and bequest is to give to my said nephew all of said tract of land, but in the event that I am not granted by the Government the whole of said tract then my said nephew shall have all of said tract so granted by the Government to me. I further provide that in the event that my said nephew is not alive then I give, devise and bequeath all of said tract of land or so much thereof as may be granted to me by the Government to the Sisters of Charity of Dallas, Texas.

2nd. I give and bequeath to my friend Isaac Bernstein, all money that may be collected from the life insurance policy I hold of $3000.00 in the Knights of Pythias Lodge No. 70 of Dallas, Texas, or any other Knights of Pythias organization or lodge, also my watch, trunk and all my wearing apparel.

3rd. I give and bequeath to my friend George E. Smith late of El Reno, O. T. all money that may be collected from my life insurance policy of $2500.00 in the New York Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York—after he shall pay from the proceeds of said insurance all my just debts, expenses of my last illness and all funeral expenses.

4th. I give and devise and bequeath to my friend S. S. Dumont the sum of one hundred dollars.

5th. I give and bequeath to my friend L. N. Houston the sum of one hundred and one note signed by J. W. Simmons for $350.00, note dated at El Reno, O. T. July 3, 1902 and which matures two years from said date.

6th. I give, devise and bequeath all my other property not otherwise disposed of both real, personal and mixed, whatsoever and wheresoever the same may be to the Roman Catholic Church of El Reno, Oklahoma.

7th. Imposing special confidence in the integrity and ability of my friend L. N. Houston I request that he be appointed executor of my estate and that he be not required to give bond.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this 31st day of December, 1902.

DAVID E. GEORGE.

Signed, published and declared by the said David E. George to be his last will and testament in the presence of us who at his request and in his presence and in the presence of each other have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses thereto, this the day and date above written.

R. B. BROWN, Post Office, Enid, O. T.
CHAS. S. EVANS, Post Office, Enid, O. T.
CHARLES O. WOOD, Post Office, Enid, O. T.

Filed this 16th day of January, 1903, in my office.
M. C. GARBER, Probate Judge.

(No. 1)

In Record of Wills, Page 46-45
Enid, Oklahoma, Jan. 13, 1902.

I am informed that I made a will a few days ago and I am indistinct of having done so.

I hereby recall every letter, syllable and word of my will that I may have signed at Enid.

I owe Jack Bernstein about ten dollars but he has my watch in pawn for the amount.

D. E. GEORGE.

In reference to certain lands in the Chickasaw Nation variously bequeathed by Booth in his will, in reply to inquiry Mr. Clark Wasson, superintendent of the Five Civilized Tribes, writes under date of Muskogee, July 27: "You are informed that the names of David E. George and Willy George do not appear upon any of the approved rolls of the Chickasaw Nation. Prior to approval of the Choctaw-Chickasaw agreement of July 1, 1902, ratified by the Choctaws and Chickasaws September 25, 1902, all of the lands in those two nations were held by the members thereof in common, etc. You are further advised that the first allotment of land to enrolled citizens and freedmen of the Chickasaw Nation was not made until April 10, 1903."

Replying to inquiry, F. S. M. Clement, superior of the Sisters of Charity at Dallas, Texas, states that nothing was known there whatever of this man (David E. George), etc. "We do not think we are the Sisters interested." The writer is then referred to the Sisters of Charity of St. Paul's Hospital, Dallas.

WHAT THE HAND REVEALED

Bently Sage, the eminent palmist, made a special trip to Enid to examine the hand of the notorious character, with the following reading as a result:

"I discover this hand to be of the spatulate type, from which I learn that the subject was emotional, erratic and governed almost entirely by inspiration. Persons who have this hand are controlled by impulse and are carried to extremes by the impressions of the instant. They are what science might term impractical. Of bright purpose and brilliant promise, they almost invariably fail to materialize their ideas. They are etherial and poetic. Their hopes are rarely fulfilled and they are not only a disappointment to themselves, but they disappoint their friends by their failure to accomplish the real and material things of useful and practical life.

"This subject was no exception. His intellect was keen and wide awake and took in the details and peculiarities of everything he saw, but he lacked the faculty of applying his mind toward the execution of his ideas. Like all those of a spatulate type, his vivid reason was the admiration of his associates, because of his effervescent enthusiasm and optimism, but he never came down to earth from the heights of imagination, and remained pleasure-loving, jovial and incomprehensible, was subject to moods of melancholy and morbidness. These latter characteristics, however, belong to those of the spatulate type. It is the non-fruition of hope to which this moodiness is due in the spatulate hand. It is the sensitive hand that is easily repulsed, especially is this true of this individual hand. He was repelled by a gross nature, but still he had a large faculty for friendship and a strong desire for intellectual and genial friendship.

"Let it be understood that the foregoing is a study of the whole hand, which, owing to its peculiar class, being that of the spatulate, is weak in many respects. In order to correctly understand thoroughly the balance of this disquisition it will be necessary to take the hand in subdivisions and describe each division.

"I will begin with the thumb, which is of unusual length. All thumbs show the possession of or lack of leadership, will power, control, integrity, reasoning, planning, logic and stability.

"In this thumb I find a man of unbending nature, one who is set in his opinions and ideas, and one whom facts impress strongly, but who did not analyze them carefully, generally depending on observation and the acts of others. At the base of the thumb is the mount of Venus—Venus was the mother of Love—Venus indicates the desires of life

acting upon the line of heart. His mount being full and broad at the base, indicates the emotional and sentimental. The mount of Jupiter at the base of the index finger shows pride, ambition and self-esteem. This man had great ambition and great aspirations. He was sensitive to a fault, and the crosses and triangles found upon this mount indicate that his ambitions were never realized. His life was materially affected by disappointments and hopes that were never realized. At the base of the second finger is the mount of Saturn, which indicates the talents and gifts of the individual. His would have been literature, music, art and imitating. Being full of inspiration he could have developed the talents of art and imitating which, together with an entertaining disposition and gestures that were smooth and appropriate, he possessed the faculty of making every moment pleasant to those in his society. He was a man of elegance and charm.

"The mount of Apollo, located at the base of the ring finger, indicates the success of past, present and future, and in this particular case I find the mount to be undeveloped, showing that he had not reached the height of his ambitions, and showing that he had lived under many heavy strains, due to past failures and excitements.

"The mount of Mercury at the base of the little finger indicates the domestic nature of the individual. This man was loyal to true companionship, but he could love but one.

"The line of heart at the base of the fingers, starting at the index finger, signifies marvelous powers of the occult and spiritual intuitions. It also indicates honor, wisdom and tender devotion, and in this case proves one worthy of nature's divinest gifts. His head line turns quickly downward across the line of destiny into the regions of harmony, imitation and romance, showing him to be of a sentimental and impractical nature. The line of life indicated around the base of the thumb, which is clear and well defined, shows he would have lived to reach a ripe old age under favorable circumstances. In the illustration of this hand is shown many fine lines spraying downward from the life line, which denotes loss of vitality and mental force. And the end of the line turning upward to the region of vitality is a fatal sign with serious reverses in health. From the location and broken line of the face he appears to have been a person during his life who had a great deal of trouble and went through many trying experiences, and who could not rely upon friends for help, but who had to shape his own career.

"The most interesting element in the study of palmistry is that of dates at which important events in the life of the individual have taken place, or may be expected to take

place. And in the reading of this hand, to go into all of the events of his past life would take more than three pages of this paper, for under favorable conditions he would have lived to a ripe old age."

DEFENSE ON THE STAND

Here it was well to bring further evidence as to the identity of the Enid suicide in verification of the idea that he was as he claimed in his dying words to the landlady where he roomed; that his right name was John Wilkes Booth; that it was he who killed President Lincoln, etc. As before stated a weak point of Booth's was an inclination to moody and despondent spells, especially when attached by disease or recovering from the effects of too heavy spells at the jug, and on such occasions he invariably gave up to die, and manifested strong indications that he would seek the cup of bane to end it all. And invariably when under these spells he seemed to pine for some one on whose confidence and secrecy he could depend—some soul cmpanion that he might unbosom pent-up longings to give to the world what was hidden beneath his ever-restless bosom, feeling that in death would be his surest balm for the wearied and worn wounds of conscience; but he always waited to the point where he considered there was no chance of recovery, and then, and only then, would he made a confidant of someone, invariably exaclty a solemn pledge of secrecy until his spirit should take its dark pilgrimage to the unknown.

City Editor Brown of the El Reno Democrat on being shown the Texas tintype declared that he knew nothing whatever of David E. George, (being a new-comer); but these are pictures of John Wilkes Booth. Mr. Brown said he was personally and well acquainted with John Wilkes Booth both on and off the stage. I considered him as the greatest actor of his day in America and never missed an opportunity of seeing him—after in Baltimore, New York and Washington City where I was connected with the federal army. I remember seeing him on the street in Washington City only a short time before the tragedy. I also know others of the Booth family and can not be mistaken about these pictures. (The tintype and the one sent by Dana.) He says he was in Washington at the time the body claimed to be Booth was brought in, and owing to the secrecy and mysterious way of handling that body after it reached there created a belief quite general in the federal army that th body was not that of Booth.

Mr. U. S. Brown subsequently ran a paper at Cashion, a small station between Kingfisher and Guthrie, and served

one term in the Oklahoma legislature. The writer was intimately acquainted with him and has often heard him speak of his acquaintance with prominent members of the stage, especially with John Wilkes Booth. He had no hesitancy in declaring that in his opinion Booth was never killed; in fact, Mr. Brown declared, he was almost sure the man going under the name of George was Booth. "If not," remarked Mr. Brown to the writer while witnessing a performance at the Overholser—between acts—"it need never again be said that the Lord never made two things exactly alike." Mr. Brown went from here to Wisconsin where he died a few years ago.

Every important daily in the Missouri Valley including St. Louis, and two of the leading dailies of New York, had representatives on the ground at Enid, and not one of them that did not practically declare that the suicide could be none other than Booth. One of these dailies—the St. Louis Republic, stated editorially that there had always been a mystery surrounding the Booth matter; that there had always been serious doubt as to the party killed at the Garrett home, especially the suspicious secrecy of the department and the fact that no one was given an opportunity to examine the body when thousands could have readily identified it, were it really the body of Booth. There could be but one explanation: That the public was at such fever heat that it was deemed best to satisfy that public spirit, and that after pronouncing the body as that of Booth the Washington authorities seemed determined to keep up the delusion rather than acknowledge the weakness of its investigation.

The Enid Wave of January 22, 1903, while expressing doubt as to the suicide being Booth admits that "The evidence of Mrs. Harper as to the fact that George confessed to her in El Reno at the time he expected to die that he was none other than J. Wilkes Booth, together with the striking likeness to the assassin and the demeanor of the man in producing parts of Shakespeare's plays and songs around the saloons lends a possibility to the case. Besides, it is well-known that the government was never quite sure of the death of Booth * * * The most remarkable circumstance surrounding the dead man, as leading to his identification as Booth is the fact that his right leg was broken just above the ankle. Then again comes the remarkable likeness to Booth as given in Grant's memorial. With these links come others, such as the fact that Booth was born in 1839 and was twenty-six years of age when the national tragedy occurred, and would be 63 now if still living, which is the exact age of George as shown by papers

* * * Mrs. Harper, the wife of the Methodist minister firmly believes that the suicide is Booth, and there are numerous others about here who believe the same thing on account of comparisons and peculiarities of the dead man.

And here is another from H. M. Allen, editor of Harper's Weekly, who declares in a letter of January 22, 1898, he hasn't the slightest doubt that the rumor that John Wilkes Booth "is still alive" (1898), that frequently reached Edwin Booth, the actor, and brother of John Wilkes Booth.

In 1892 the Atlanta Constitution contained an account of the Booth matter in which the claim was made that after the tragedy he made his escape to New Orleans where he sailed for the Holy Land, remaining abroad for several years. That on returning he took up a residence in Mississippi where he then—1892—lived. This statement so far as Booth being in Mississippi goes to corroborate the statement of * * * who declares he met him there about that time.

Soon after the appearance of the Booth article Historia received a newspaper clipping containing a statement from a Mrs. Chapman who says her husband was with the Booth pursuing force, and that he always claimed Booth had been killed. While Historia has no record of any one named Chapman with the Booth pursuing force it is not unlikely that such a person was among the thousands who took part in the memorable chase. It isn't likely however that Mr. Chapman saw the man killed at the Garrett home, otherwise some record would show the fact. He was probably among others. Nor does Mrs. Chapman claim that her husband had ever seen Booth alive, hence would not have recognized him dead.

Now that Mayor Ryan of Enid declares that the suicide David E. George was not Booth and assigns as his reason that "Geosge had grey eyes," it will be in order for some one else to also declare that the suicide was not Booth and assign as his reason that George had red hair.

J. F. Pennick writing from Detroit, Michigan, under date of March 8, 1921, says while at the public library in that city he noticed a little magazine called Historia to which his attention was especially attracted by a portrait on the front page. He at once recognized it although he says it had been a quarter of a century since he looked into the fact of "John Wilkes Booth." "I read in that

paper your account of the suicide at Enid," says Pennick, "which I must confess fairly startled me; for I had believed to that moment that Booth had been killed at the Garrett home soon after the assassination. I have a photo of Booth handed me by the great actor in person only a few months before his rash act, in 1865, and except the picture produced by you shows a little more trace of time you could scarcely tell them apart. I was so wrapped up in your account that I asked privilege of retaining the copy of Historia, but the librarian refused to let it go out. I wrote enclosing stamp for an extra copy which I received and have kept, reading and rereading your account until I am persuaded you have the matter pretty well under control. I would send the photo I have were I not afraid of losing it in the mails; for I wouldn't lose it for any sum. However, if you desire I can have a copy made and send you for comparison." A subsequent request was made for Mr. Pennick to send his copy but we failed to receive a response, yet the letter was not returned, the envelope containing return card.—Editor Historia.

Levi Thrailkell with whom the Enid suicide crossed the plains was absolutely positive as to identification. He said when camped on the South Platte some two hundred and fifty miles out from Nebraska City he received a visit from a number of distinguished gentlemen connected with the Union Pacific survey, including General Augur who had come from the Laramie country to meet the Union Pacific contingent among who were Lieut. Wheelan and Dr. Terry. I made a search for Jesse to aid in entertaining the visitors, but he was not in camp, nor did he appear until next morning after the visitors had left, and then with his blankets, having slept under a clump of bushes, as he said. I expressed regret that he was not present to meet the distinguished visitors. He made various inquiries such as—if they were government officers, if they seemed on the trail of any one, etc. On being assured that they were all in a way government officers but were simply out there on Union Pacific survey matters and as guards over track and survey crews, the Indians being sullen at that time. "I should liked so much if you could have met these gentlemen, especially General Augur—" At the mention of Augur Jesse drew a short breath with, to himself with knit brows —"Augur!" then recovering: "Thanks, I don't care to be "bored," with evident aim to play on the name. He said he detested government "hounds" as he called them, especially in uniform. On being asked why, he simply shrugged his shollder, with—"Why does a Jew detest a grunting pig?" looking me straight in the eye. He seemed anxious

to know if our course lay in the direction of the Augur headquartres, he being then in command of the Wyoming department. I informed him that while our course lay in the direction we would not probably pass within several miles of the government contingent. From this on, Jesse Smith seemed like a different man—as if anxious and distressed over something—thought but little of then, but now recalled quite well. As before stated, he left us before reaching Salt Lake without a solitary "good-bye" or drawing a penny of his wage."

Mr. Terry McComas under St. Louis date of November 2, 1919, says: "Passing through Muskogee in your state on my way from Colorado to this city I ran across a copy of a small publication at the Melton Hotel in which was a story about Booth with a small picture of him. This picture called to mind an incident of my trip from the states to Colorado. Along about the first of July, 1876, I camped near a goodly stream skirting a mountain (the Bosque, I think), in northwestern Texas. Not a great way was a water wheel grist mill and small store in which was kept a few groceries, tobacco and whiskey, I making purchase of the latter two items. I found in charge of the shack a very striking figure who seemed to take life easy, a Mexican parter waiting on custmers. I was importuned to remain over until after the 4th of July as there was to be some sort of celebration there, some noted western border general, whose name I cannot now recall was to be the orator. I remained and was surprised at the dramatic way in which the storekeeper presided as toastmaster. On seeing the picture in the small publication referred to the face of the Texan came up vividly. If I ever heard the name of the Texan it has escaped my memory. I intended writing you before leaving Muskogee but failed to do so. I am making my home here on Franklin Street, and would appreciate a copy of your paper and also the next one and will be glad to remit."

Dr. H. W. Gay declares that he knew Booth in 1857; that while a prisoner of war at Fort Donaldson in 1865 he was shocked to learn of the tragedy at Washington, and more so that his old actor friend Booth was charged with the deed. "Though but a boy when I first knew him," says Dr. Gay, "in appearance he was one of the most accomplished young men I have ever come in contact with. All who knew him well became captivated by him. He was one of the most hospitable, genial souls to be met, and in company was always quoting Shakespeare or some other classic poet. I read the account of his capture and death at the Garrett home, and never doubted until 1869

when I was living in what is now Tate county, Mississippi. One evening near dark a young man rapped at my door and assked permission to be taken in for the night; that he was one of the ku klux klan ran out of Arkansas by Powell Clayton's militia. I soon recognized this man," says Dr. Gay, "as an erratic fellow. During his stay at my honse he told me that John Wilkes Booth was not killed at the Garrett home as generally believed, but made his escape, spending a short time in Mexico with Maximillian's army, but soon got into trouble and his life was only saved by his being a Catholic. He also told me the manner of Booth's escape after the assassination, of his mazeppa ride from the Ford theatre to the east Potomac bridge, his permission to proceed on giving the password, his trail via Surrattsville, Bryantown, etc. Here follows the precise routes given in the Booth confession in Texas, and later as traced on the wall map in Waukomis.

There are among questions intricate in connection with the Booth matter. It may be recalled that when Booth was dragged from the darky Lewis' wagon after crossing the Potomac he lost his large pocketbook in which were a photo of Agnes Booth, a few personal letters and a check for three hundred pounds on a Canadian bank; that being closely pressed by pursuers Booth asked the man Ruddy to recross the river and if possible find the old darky and secure the pocketbook and bring it to the Garrett farm after he and Herold had been to Bowling Green to secure a shoe for Booth's lame foot and other supplies which would not be earlier than two days from that date. Meantime it will also be recalled Booth had given Ruddy a check for three hundred pounds on a Canadian bank in consideration of services in finding safe escort to within Mosby's lines near Bowling Green. On the body of the man killed was found various papers, a check for three hundred pounds on a Canadian bank, a photo of Agnes Booth and a couple of personal letters addressed to Booth. The finding of these items on the dead body would in the absence of contrary proof lead to no other conclusion than it was Booth. This was given at the time as a reason why no further evidence was deemed necessary, probably why the body was not exhibited for identification unless—rumors of other reasons though undercurrent at the time were more than rumors.

Speaking of the Enid suicide, the El Reno Democrat, then edited by Hon. Tom Hensley, at present a member of the Oklahoma state senate, says in edition of June 3, 1903: "From the evidence at hand there is no doubt the man who died in Enid last January and who was supposed by some to be John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln,

was really the man, he being identified by many who knew Booth before and during the war and since. After the death of the man certain papers were found on him led to the opinion that he was the fugitive assassin," etc.

The Perry Republican under date of June 5, 1903, said in regard to the Booth case, "It is now fully developed that the man who committed suicide at Enid was none other than John Wilkes Booth. Junius Brutus Booth, nephew of John Wilkes Booth, identifies the picture of David E. George as that of his uncle John Wilkes Booth.

"It has always been known by the Booth family that John Wilkes was alive and they have been in constant communication with him ever since the tragedy of 1865. This knowledge is what prompted the nephew and the brother, Edwin, as well as other members of the family to make certain remarks about the supposed grave of John Wilkes. They well knew that the body in the grave was not that of John Wilkes. From the time of Booth's supposed capture in 1865 until January of this year J. Wilkes Booth has been in almost constant touch with his friends. Being an actor, and also being secluded in the wilds of Texas and the Indian Territory, and through the anxious efforts of relatives and friends to preserve his life it has been an easy matter for him to conceal his identity. In this he has been as smooth as was his disguise as an old colored man moving. There are no records in the Federal archives which go to show any direct or positive proof of the death of Booth.

"At the time of the suicide of George in Enid and his claim to be none other than John Wilkes Booth, the Republican expressed belief in the confession of the man. All the facts in the case point to the truthfulness of his death-bed statement."

S. S. Dumont, proprietor, and B. B. Brown, clerk of the Grand Avenue, made oath that they knew the suicide who on the 3rd day of December, 1902, and the 13th day of January, 1903, registered at their hotel as David E. George, that a tintype picture shown by F. L. Bates was in every way a perfect likeness in every feature of the suicide. This oath was subscribed before Guy S. Manott, notary public.

From the St. Louis Post Dispatch under Enid date of June 3, 1903: "Junius Booth, the nephew and actor, identifies from photographs, etc., the man, David E. George, as his uncle, John Wilkes Booth."

Enid Wave of January 27, 1903: "David E. George, a wealthy resident of the Territory, who committed suicide here, announced himself on his death-bed to be John Wilkes

Booth. He said he had successfully eluded the officers after the shooting and since had remained incogniti. His statement caused a sensation. Physicians examined the body and stated the man to be the age Booth would be at this time, and announced that his leg was broken in the same place and in the same manner as that of Booth after jumping from the president's box at Ford's theatre. All the time George has received regular remittances of money from unknown sources, and telegrams arriving yesterday and today ask that the body be held for identification. It is claimed that one telegram came from the address of George E. Smith, Colfax, Iowa, the same as the mysterious money remittances. Mr. Smith on arrival commanded that no other person be allowed to view the remains, and promised to return for the body later. Mr. Smith was asked if George had ever confessed any of his life's history to him, to which he answered: 'Well yes, to some extent. He had a past of which I do not care to speak at present. * * * He may be Booth.'"

Same publication of January 21, 1903: "The Wave's force has been searching closely for data and evidence to sustain or obliterate the report that the remains lying in the Enid morgue under the name of David E. George could possibly be John Wilkes Booth. * * * The Wave is still of the opinion that the possibility of the dead man being all that is mortal of John Wilkes Booth remains in doubt, but it must be admitted that the evidence goes to show that if George was not Booth he was his double, which in connection with his voluntary confession to Mrs. Harper makes the case interesting and worthy the attention of the attorney general's department of the United States.

The December, 1901, number of the Medical Monthly Journal was devoted almost exclusively to the consideration of the assassins of presidents of the United States and of European potentates. In that pamphlet was printed a portrait of Booth with a write-up as to his character, a physical and anotomical description. It said the forehead was kephalonard, the ears excessively and abnormally developed inclined to the satanic type; the eyes were small, sunken and unevenly placed; the nose was normal; the facial bone and jaw were arrested in development, and there was a partial V-shaped dental arch; the lower jaw was well-developed.

"Yesterday the editor, in company with Dr. McElreth visited the corpse and compared it with the above description of Booth, and we must acknowledge that the dead man shows all the marks credited to Booth in every particular. The satanic ear is not much larger than the ordinary

ear, but the lower lobe clings close to the side of the head instead of projecting outward like the ordinary ear. The eyebrows of the dead man are not mates in appearance, which fits the description." (It may be remarked in this connection that every measurement as taken of the Enid suicide exactly fits the measurements of Booth as given in Geant's Memoirs.)

On reading accounts of the suicide at Enid, Col. M. W. Donnelly, one of the best known newspaper men in the west wrote: "I am strongly inclined to believe that the man who committed suicide is John Wilkes Booth. In 1883 I met George although I never knew his name and don't know whether he went under that name or not. He impressed me. I had seen Edwin Booth and had some knowledge of the appearance of the Booth family." Here, Mr. Donnelly says he some time later took editorial charge of the Fort Worth Gazette and had forgotten all about meeting George or whoever it was at Village Mills until one night while in the Pickwick hotel bar-room with Gen. Pike, there on legal business, Major Michie of LaGrange, Tenn., Capt. Powell, then mayor of Fort Worth, and Lon Scurlock of the Cleburne paper. Capt. Day of the firm of Day & Maas was behind the bar. Mr. Donnelly here gives the story of the young man coming in at which Gen. Pike threw up his hands with: "My God! John Wilkes Booth!" and became so excited that he had to be assisted to his room. Mr. Donnelly refers to Temple Houston agreeing to make search for the stranger, substantially as related elsewhere in this volume: "I never saw Booth, but have seen pictures of him and am convinced that the Enid suicide was him. I am also convinced that the venerable author of 'Every Year' believed it was Booth."

One of the highest compliments ever paid John Wilkes Booth was by Secretary John Hay the eminent statesman and poet who as last as the first part of 1890 wrote in part that he "was a young man of twenty-six, strikingly handsome, with a pale olive face, dark eyes, and that ease and grace of manner which came to him by right from his theatrical ancestry." Then in regard to the escape: "Booth in his flight gained the navy bridge (East Potomac) in a few minutes and was allowed to pass the guards, and shortly afterward Herrold came on the bridge and was allowed to pass; a moment later the owner of the horse rode by Herrold came up in pursuit of his animal, and he, the only honest man of the three, was turned back by the guards. If Booth had been in health there is no reason why he should not have remained at large a long while. He might even have made his escape to some foreign country. * * *

It is easy to hide among sympathizing people; many a union soldier escaping from prison walked hundreds of miles through the enemy's country, relying only upon the friendship of negroes. Booth from the time he crossed the navy yard bridge received the assistance of a large number of friends. With such devoted assistance he might have wandered a long way. * * * From the nature of things he might have escaped."

Col. Edwin Levan of Monteray, Mexico, wrote a story in which he declared that a man whom he believed to be Booth, but giving his name as J. J. Marr, roomed with him during the winter of 1868 in Lexington, Ky.; and he openly told the man that he believed him to be Booth, which met no denial; but shortly after "Marr" left Lexington, where he had held out as a lawyer, but did no practice. Levan says that he subsequently learned that "Marr" settled in Village Mills, Texas, and from there went to Glen Rose Mills in Hood county, Texas.

What power influenced Gen. Augur to call off the guards about Washington the fatal night of April 14, 1865? What superior influence was brought to bear on General Grant to have him suddenly leave Washington that same evening after it had been arranged he should occupy a box with Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln at the Ford? Who furnished Booth and Herrold with the pass word that let them cross the bridge? Why were they permitted to pass at so late an hur when, as John Hay puts it, "the only honest man of the three" was not permitted to pass. Could Booth or Herrold either of them or both have accomplished these things? Of courses not. Then— It is said a fool can ask questions a wise man cannot answer.

KNEW BOOTH IN WASHINGTON

Among the many citizens of Enid who were there in 1903, one of them seems to have been specially interested in George. This is George Fairgrieves, at present a drayman. His mother was in Ford's theatre when the tragedy occurred, saw Booth make the famous leap as he held a dagger aloft and cried "sis semper tyranus." In 1903 when the saloon was a popular resort for night-idlers of Enid, young Fairgrieves usually held an evening chair at either Blondie's Hot Dog or the Whitehouse, both on the west side of the square, faro being "without limit" at each. Here George spent an occasional night, but seldom took a hand in any of the games except when he should notice some unsophisticated fellow at the table to be fleeced by the gang. On such occasions George would get into the game, evidently for the sole purpose of making a killing

so as to save the young unsophistic; usually taking the pot and handing the young tenderfoot back his losings with an admonition: "Young man, beware of the other man's game." The night before the suicide young Fairgrieves, Andy Morrison, Lee Boyd and a few others were present where George was pretty well in his cups. On one of his friends advising him that he would best go to his room, George tipped his glass with a pleasing smile,

This my last token of esteem!
This the final of a fruitless dream.
Then drink once more from the spirit glass!
For this the ending! No more! Alas!
The tides are here and we must sever—
Again to mingle greetings never!
No more—"tis our last drink together!"
Like chaff we're drifting here and hither,
We go, we go—we know not whither:
Drifting! Drifting down fate's river.

No more we'll meet in reckless pleasure!
No more we'll tread to revel's measure!
So here! Our souls more sadly pressed—
One more drink—to lend the spirit rest.
Yet drink no draft of parting pain;
That parting greet with merry frain.
For here our social tares shall wither
To drift as lightened blows of hether,
As on we go! We go—we know not whither,
Drifting! Drifting down fate's river.

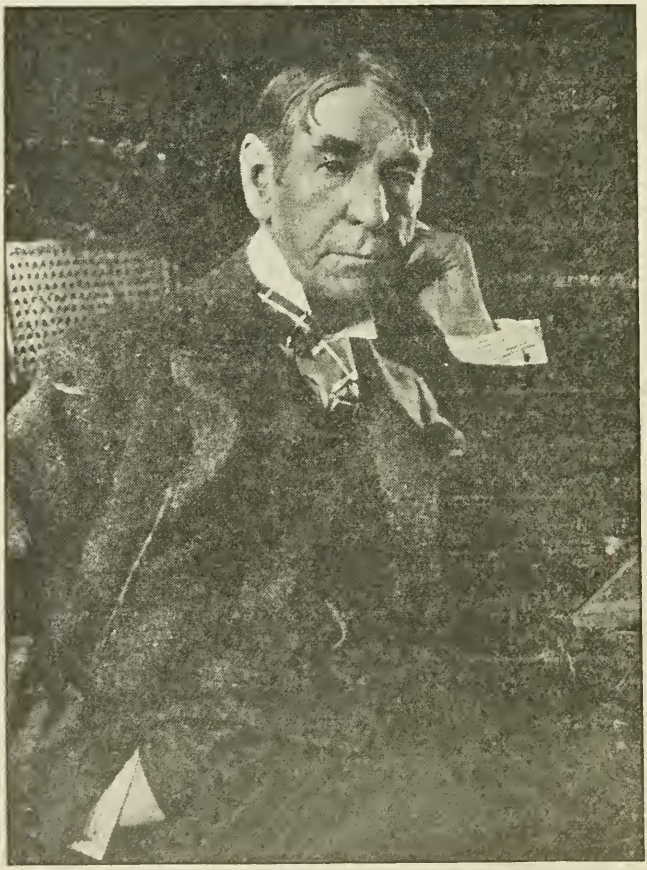
There was an eloquence that fairly thrilled and a pathos that would have stirred us all to greater depths had we even suspected that the lines were from deeper than the lips. It was the last I saw of poor Gerge until I saw him at the morgue. Poor old chum—David E. George as we knew him. He was always so kindly disposed, a commoner though always immaculate in dress and deportment. He seemed to me like some rich, refined idler whose time hung havy and who was trying to forget something. He was a consumate elocutionist, quoting classic authors with a readiness that made him a captivating guest. I shall never forget the kindly admonitions which fell from his lips, and to them I feel that I owe much. As to his being Booth, of course I do not know, except I can't believe he would have said he was on a dying couch without it being so. Besides, an Irish chum of mine told me right after the suicide that he, my Irish friend, knew Booth when he was a young man; knew the marks that would be found on the suicide if indeed he was Booth. My Irish friend insisted on my accompanying him to the morgue, and there

every mark, including the scar over one eyebrow was found Lee Boyd, at present the veteran telegraph operator of the exactly as my friend had described. Mr. Fairgrieves says Rock Island, Enid, who was also at the Ford Theatre the night in question and could no doubt recall the scene "at parting." The lines were penned by the author of this volume a number of years previous, but had never been published. The only way George could have gotten hold of them, the writer thinks—they must have been among the pencilings handed him during his Waukomis visit. And one of the greatest assets of a dramatic artist is his faculty of committing to memory. One reading at any number of lines can be repeated at will.

SAW LINCOLN SHOT.

William J. Ferguson was a call boy at the Ford, and had been given occasional minor parts on the stage. On the night of the tragedy he had the part of Lieutenant Vernon, the Mid-Shipman, in place of Courtland Hess who was unable to take the assignment. Young Ferguson, then only 16, had a "hair breadth escape" from being either strung up or sent to Dry Tortugus. He was well acquainted with Booth and sometimes looked after his horse. On this night he was requested to hold the animal, which it seems had two deformities—blind in one eye, and "wouldn't stand hitched." But on this occasion young Ferguson was too much occupied "on the ship" and Ned Spangler, a scene shifter was requisitioned as hoss-holder; but his duties were such on the stage that he turned the reins over to Joe Burroughs, a bill carrier and general handy about the theatre. The latter escaped being sent up or swinging with the other "conspirators" from the fact that he did not receive the reins directly from Booth, but from Spangler who was sent to Dry Tortugus for the "crime." Besides, the lad was knocked down by Booth as he mounted, presumably to keep him from raising a cry. Mr. Ferguson is so far as the writer can learn, one of the only three living stage characters who were with Our American Cousins. Since that day he has developed into one of the foremost actors on the American stage, and is still in that line, though transferred mostly to the screen. He also makes contributions to various magazines, one of his articles appearing in the American Magazine of August, 1920, under the title of "I Saw Lincoln Shot!" This is the most complete and authentic account yet given—he being the only person who saw Booth almost continuously from the moment he entered the theatre until landing on his horse after the fatal shot. The portrait in this volume illustrated the American Magazine story.

I was standing in the front entrance just off the stage, says Mr. Ferguson, when Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, accompanied by Major H. R. Rathbone and Miss Clara Harris were



in the balcony box to the right and directly in front of me about thirty feet away. At my side was Miss Laura Keene, and I was just on the eve of "speaking my piece" following a soloquy by Harry Hawk as "Asa Trenchard." The second scene of the third act had been reached, when suddenly a shot rang out close to where the President was sit-

ting in a rocking chair hidden from the audience by drapery and the wooden walls which shut off his balcony box. There was a puff of smoke. The President's head sagged forward. The same instant Booth sprang to the front of the box, grasping the rail with his right hand, a bowie in the left. From the balcony box to the stage is a direct drop of twelve feet. As Booth was in the act of springing over, Major Rathbone rushed forward and grabbed him by the coat tail, but his hold was broken as Booth lunged back and gave a vicious thrust, inflicting an ugly gash in the Major's left arm. In vaulting over the rail Booth's spur caught in the drapery, at which he made an ariel whirl and fell in a lump on the stage. Almost instantly however, he was on his feet, and rushed across the front of the stage toward the entrance where Miss Keene and I were standing. Dimly I recognized that the President had been shot, and I knew that Booth, with whom I was well acquainted, and with whom I talked only a few hours previous, had done the deed. His olive complexion, and his handsome oval face was blanched to a deathly white. His black eyes blazing, his lips drawn firmly against his teeth as he panted in pain from his fractured leg, in another moment he had run between Miss Keene and myself, pushing us apart and back against the walls of the entrance. I felt the hot breath on my cheek as he shoved me with his left hand, the knife flashing before my eyes. Back of the wings was a narrow passage which led to a door in the rear wall entering into an alley. Miss Jenney Gourtney, one of the players and William Withers, leader of the orchestra, were in the passage and blocked the path of escape, but as he rushed down this passage, Withers turned in surprise at the commotion and received a slash in his coat. By this time I had partially recovered from my daze and followed Booth as far as the angle in the wall when he dashed through the rear door, leaving it open behind him. Little Jonny Burroughs who was holding Booth's horse was shoved to the ground (Burroughs says he was knocked down and given a swift kick) as Booth sprung into the saddle and dashed off under spur. Not to exceed forty seconds elapsed between the firing of the shot and flight.

RODDY MAKES HIS INITIAL BOW

One of the most important bits of information touching the escape of Booth comes from Mr. W. P. Carneal, postmaster of Lent, near the Garrett farm. Here the first mention of the name Roddy is made, except in the Booth confession."Bill Rollins and a man named Roddy crossed the river with Booth and Herold." Mr. Carneal encloses the only statement ever made by any member of the Garrett household which will through this volume be given publicity for the first time. The statement is from William Garrett, eldest son, who was an "eye witness" as well as an "ear witness" to the Garrett home affair from first to last.

One evening a while before dark, says Garrett, a couple of men on horseback and in Confederate uniforms came to our place, having with them another young man who had no uniform but had a sore leg. They wanted the crippled young man taken in until arrangements could be made to get him a place of safety. At first father didn't want to do it, but the Confederate officers said they would see that he got into no trouble, so the young man was taken in and the two calvarymen paced off to keep picket and give warning if any federals came up, so the crippled man told us. He stayed in the kitchen that night where brother Jack and I sleep. The next evening when the crippled man was in the front yard on the grass the two cavalrymen came up as fast as they could, said something about they must get to the woods, so one of them took the crippled man on the horse and they started toward the heavy woods this side of the Port. One of the cavalrymen started toward Bowling Green. They were in such a hurry that they didn't say goodbye or if they would come back. That night brother Jack and I kept awake much of the time thinking the men might come back, and father told us not to let any more strangers stay there. Awhile before day when it was as dark as charcoal outside I heard some one tap on the back door. I crawled out of bed without making any fuss because I didn't want to wake father and mother who were asleep up stairs. So I opened the door but it was so dark

I could only see that there were two of them and one was larger and seemingly older by his voice, but the younger one done most of the talking. He said they had come a long ways on foot and was going to some court house but was too tired to go any farther without rest, and they wanted a place to stay. I told them father didn't want to let any strangers stay there, but if they would be careful and not wake the folks they could stay awhile. They said as they might want to leave at any moment they would prefer some outhouse or crib, so they could go there without disturbing the "old folks" as they called them. I told Jack to not for anything wake father and mother and the men would be gone so they needn't know they had stayed there. So I showed the strangers to the crib. It was so dark you could not see your hand before you, but I knew the place so well I found the crib door and let them go in where there was hay and cornstalk blades for them to rest on. I stopped around awhile to see that they didn't take the horses as they had none. Pretty soon I heard a noise at the house and hurried there where a lot of men in Union uniforms and one of them an officer had the door open demanding that a light be lit and "that damn'd quick," he said. Just then I heard mother raise the upstairs window and ask who was there and what they wanted. "No matter who we are—we want a light." Then I heard father coming down stairs and he lit a candle and when he went to the ooor another officer came up and said "you have some one in here and we want him." Father tried to tell the new officer that there had been a man there but he wouldn't let him. "We are not going to listen to any of your excuses," said the officer, "where is he." Then father told him they had gone. "Gone where?" said the officer, and father told him to the woods. Then brother Jack began ransacking the house to see if the crippled man had come back. But the officer grabbed father and pulled him on the porch and called for a rope and said he would swing him to one of the sycamore limbs. I then told them not to harm father and I would tell them. "Father is scared. He don't know," I said. I was grabbed by the arm like all savage and I saw I had to tell them something, so I told them, "they went to the crib. I'll show you where they are." One of the officers took the candle and we went to the crib, but it was dark as could be in there and not a sound. Pretty soon there was a rustle in the fodder and the officer said I must go in and tell the man in there to give up his arms and surrender. I didn't want to go but he said I must, and he called to the man in there that he would send me in for the arms and he must surrender. Just then there was whispering, showing that there was

more than one in there. One of them said to the other he could "go and be damned; I don't want you here any way." As soon as I got in the man inside snatched up something I thought was a gun and told me to get out, that I had given him a cold deck, or something, and I rushed back to the door and told them the men in there were armed to the teeth and would shoot me. I was let out and the officer again called for surrender or there would be a bonfire and a shooting match. But one of the men in the crib said: "There is a damned young fellow in here who wants to give himself up. As for me—I want time to study." The officer told him he could have just two minutes. Then one of the men inside told the other to "go, you damned coward! I don't know you! You have betrayed me and I don't want you to stay." and, continues the statement, "He kept cursing him to the last." About this time some one set fire to some hay and poked it through a crack and almost as if it was a powder house the whole inside of the crib was ablaze, and for the first time the men inside could be seen, although they could see those outside. One of the men at once began "running" from one side to the other looking for a way to get out or a crack to pop any one who got in the way. The door was broke open and one of the men grabbed the young man and piled on top of him and was dragging him out when some one shot through a crack and the other man inside bounded toward the door and fell on his face. In an instant one of the officers was on him and his clothes was afire. The young man was taken outside and tied to a tree, and the other man was taken out before he burned and carried to the porch and put on some planks with an old coat and a pillow for his head. "Who was it got shot?" asked the young man who had given up. "You know well enough who it was," answered the officer. "No, I do not know who it was." "Yes, you do," said the officer. "You know it is Booth." "No, I tell you, I don't know it was Booth," said the young man. "He told me his name was Boyd." (This corroborates a statement made by Captain Dougherty with the addition that: "Herold told me afterward that he met this man by accident about midnight after the tragedy; that they crossed the Potomac at Mathias Point together." Captain Dougherty further mentions the home of Dr. Stewart as one of the stopping places of the fugitives.)

The statement was signed by William Garrett in the presence of Postmaster Carneal.

Now, who were "they" so often referred to?

Captain Jett whose word seemed a pledge not only to the pursuers, but also to the government, he being a witness in the conspiracy court to identify Herold, states that after parting with Booth, Herold and Roddy at the ferry—Booth and the two lieutenants headed for Garrett's. He next saw Herold the following day in Bowling Green where he remained until after supper when he started on foot for Garrett's. "And that was the last I saw of him," says the Captain, "until next morning as he was dragged from a barn as a prisoner; and I then recognized him as the party I saw with Booth while crossing the river," and who I saw in Bowling Green the next day." Did the captors point to the stretcher and ask: "Is that the party with whom you saw this young man at the ferry?" They did not. Captain Jett had pledged to tell nothing but the truth, and like most southern young men, that word was considered inviolate. Suppose the Captain had been asked to identify the dead man and he had said: "No. That is not the man." Blewey! Up goes glimmering every gleam of promise so near fulfillment. Glory turned loose to mingle with nil. And that "mount of laureat lustre." Leastwise, Captain Jett was saved the embarrassment of having to choose between his pledge to the pursurers and his pledge to see the crippled man to a safe harbor.

And referring to the arrest of Captain Jett at Bowling Green. The first demand was that he reveal the whereabouts of the parties he had helped cross the river. This was embellished by the polish on Conger's gun. "He is on the road to Port Royal," replied the Captain. Then as if to anticipate any embarrassing query such as "how do you know?" he side-stepped. "I thought you were from Richmond, but if you came by the Garrett farm you may have passed him off." Was the Captain merely stalling; or did he in fact know? May it not be that while either Ruggles

or Bainbridge were escorting Booth to the woods the other was headed for Bowling Green to post the Captain, which could easily have been done by one on a swift horse before the arrest of Captain Jett.

In summing up the statement of young Garrett it may seem somewhat significent that he nowhere uses the word "cripple"; nor of any tumbling and lunging and hobbling about either out or within the crib; no act or word that so much as suggests a "cripple". No. As soon as the fire started, the victim began "running" from first one side to the other. Even the little item of a crutch, let alone two of them, is not mentioned. Before him arose no plume of honors; no glint of gold, all hinging upon whether the man captured was Booth "dead or alive." The sympathies of the young man were all on the side of the southland, and naturally if he had any incentive it would be to throw the pursuers off the track and stop the hunt by identifying the man on the porch as Booth. Young Garrett did hear somethings. For instance he heard the older man in the crib tell the other to "Go, you damned coward!" and "he kept cursing him to the last." Does this sound like Booth to who many think that smacked of the vulgar or profane was abomniable? In fact that was a family trait in the Booth household. Doesn't it sound more like a river man—a Roby, or a Boyd, for instance? "You have betrayed me." Does that sound like Booth in branding as a damned coward one who had stood faithfully by him through thick and thin. Who had staked all—honor, position—his very life, having just then abandoned safety within the Confederate lines in order to be at the side of his greatest of all friends—his god-father, as it were? Such expressions, such suspicions might not seem so far-fetched coming from a comparative stranger who could easily imagine that he had been inveigled into the jaws of death to make vicarious sacrifice that a bosom friend might escape.

Before closing reference to Mr. Carneal's letter: Every effort to secure trace of any one named Roddy or Boyd has been disappointing. In answer to innumerable letters to old-timers within a wide radius of Ports Royal and Conway and Mathias Point, has invariably resulted in replies that "Never heard of any one going by either of these names." The name of Roddy is unknown, unmentioned until receipt of the letter from Mr. Carneal. Now, where did that mysterious name "Roddy" come from—how did it reach the ear of the immediate Garrett household? It could not have come from the Booth confession; for that had not been given to the public. Booth could not have gotten it from the Garrett's; for this is the first time any statement from any member of the Garrett house has ever been given to the

public. As to the other conjurable name—Boyd. In an early day an adventurer named Boyd—first name may have been Rodney—settled on a ranch in the then wilderness of Virginia at a point some miles below Mathias where Booth, Herold and Boyd crossed the Potomac. But he has long since dropped from earth and his name from memory. That these two names should be so wholly unknown among old-timers would indicate that both of these characters—if indeed they were not one and the same, must have dropped out as suddenly and mysteriously as they dropped in. Again—where could young Garrett have gotten it unless it was dropped by one of the "two strangers" either before or after entering the crib? For further question let the distant cavers answer.

Now, honor bright—who among all those giving statements concerning the killing at the Garrett home was in better shape than was young Garrett; with no incentive save to give acts and words as they are remembered by him without varnish or evasion. Before him no vision of honor or profit loomed; certainly without ambition to "see his name in print," else he would not have waited so long. No incentive of the most precious of all rewards—consciousness of having done a duty to receive that acclaim—"well done, thou good and faithful." On the other hand here was a company of brave and daring men as ever donned a uniform, as loyal to duty, to their country as any men on earth, not a fibre in the make-up of one of them that wasn't of pure metal; not an impulse that needed either hope of honors or reward to stimulate to deeds of heroism, of valor. That fabulous rewards were in waiting, that honors were sure to those who should avenge the death of America's most beloved, however high heaped the golded bushel, as a stimulous this could have entered only unconsciously. Nor should be held lightly the long and arduous search through heat and all kinds of inclement weather, fatigued to the verge of exhaustion. Vigilant in watch, "with little to eat and less sleep," so worn-out that some of them "dropped from their horses to rest a spell on the wayside sands." Their only conscious stimulous the song of victory almost in hearing, the crown of honors fairly within grasp, and the patriotic acclaim of a grateful people, their toil and sweating all at an end. Yet take account: What confusion, what a heterogenious conglomerate scramble of disorder, every man a general, discipline lost in the dense of that "darkest hour before day." In the enemy's country where for aught they knew numbers untold were in ambush. At least one desperate man with his life at stake and armed to the teeth, in that crib where he could pick off those outside by the candle light while he was

invisible to them. Stillness vieing in its awe with the hush of death; no sound, scarcely breathing save now and then a low murmur, a rustle of the hay beneath the shuffling feet cautiously feeling a way for some chance to take a "leap in the dark," perhaps take a shot at any one who should happen in range. Indeed, what scope for imagination as these tired and gaulded men circled cautiously about, one dodging here, another in there, each for self, every whisper of the winds, every rustle of the forest leaves coming up like kelpy voices from the caverns of unfathomable. Ordinarily, testimony given in harmony and exactness by several witnesses et literatum and in situation tends to strengthen; but the reverse in this case. That all the various "eye witnesses" on the government side, amid such anxiety and confusion in dense darkness as wraiths of nights pipe low whisperings add dismal to the weird, should tell their stories in such exact harmony—smacks rather of the conned and coached, under legal skill.

A QUESTION OF IDENTITY

"Yes, but didn't Booth's brother and John Ford, one of his most intimate friends, identify the body buried at Green Mound Cemetery as John Wilkes Booth?" Of course they did. Up to that time there was a growing belief that seemed fast becoming universal that Booth was not killed at the Garrett home. Thousands of vigilant eyes were on the watch, thousands of man-hunters were ready with vulture greed to pounce upon him if still alive; some for the reputed fabulous rewards, some for the "honor," some because they liked the smell of human blood. Suppose that body had not been identified as that of Booths? What was more natural than that the family and his immediate friends would say to the world: "Call off your sleuths for Booth is dead." There were at least two "eye-witnesses" whose consciences were too tender for trusting; that might if they didn't think it was Booth, say so—Clara Morris and Blanche Chapman, both of whom had been on the stage with Booth. To these the injunction "After you have seen put your fingers to your lips and keep mum." And they did even as enjoined, except that Clara Morris simply shook her head, with: "Poor unfortunate John Wilkes Booth; so kind, so full of hope and promise. Of course I can not condone his rash act; but it wasn't him; it was the spirit of those higher up, of influence and of baser designs who knew his dauntless courage, his fidelity to any trust imposed on him." And again shaking her head "these are the real assassins. Booth was but the instrument in their hands."

SEEMS UNTHINKABLE

In the opinion of the writer one of the weak points in the Texas confession is where Booth makes the direct charge that he received his first impulse to other than kidnap the President only a few hours before the fatal shot, from a party named. For details, see page 19. It may be that he got his first idea of killing at the conference stated in the confession. In fact, there is a preponderence of evidence that up to that time kidnapping was the only thing ever hinted by Booth to his co-conspirators or any one else, not even to his closest confident. As to the conference referred to, that is not among the unthinkables, for it is in evidence that only a short time before the hour designated, the private secretary of the party referred to delivered him a card on which appeared: "Don't want to disturb you. Are you at home?" Signed J. Wilks Booth in his recognized hand-writing. But what transpired, the purpose and results of that conference, if indeed it was more than a mere friendly call—that is something different. Such a meeting should not be construed as strange, for it may be noted that Booth's great versatility, his entertaining ways and attractive personality insured him access to the best of homes and gave him companionship with the elite including the most eminent union statesmen regardless of the well-known sympathies of him with the South. Even Union army officers were not averse to mix in with the clever artist and mingle toasts over the bar, not infrequently until tongues took on strange activity, a condition not so much under the ban of censure then as in later years. And in such condition, men were liable to say strange things, do strange things—which would not for a moment have found utterance or action in sober moments. It is not always true that persons do and say only the things they think when sober. More often quite the contrary. Disease is but a branch or element in nature which invariably seeks way of least resistance. Intoxication is a disease and nature-like seeks way of least resistance in its attacks on the faculties of the patient, stilling first the weakest or easiest to resist and then the next, and so on until the weaker faculties have been "put to sleep" giving the pre predominating one full sway. If that trends to music, the patient wants to sing; if combatativeness he wants to fight; if amativeness he wants to fondle over you, etc. It may be possible that "drink of strong brandy" referred to in the confession with others "before and after" got in its work of "putting to sleep" the conservative faculties and the very words said to have given Booth his first notion of killing may have been uttered—words that in sober moments would have choked.

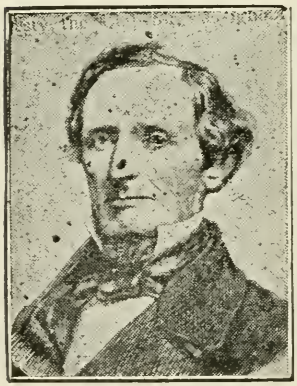
Booth was in no sense trivial but very much matter of fact, taking everything seriously; hence took these maudlings to heart as if really meant and acted upon the irreverent hint.

It was an open secret if not more that the most perfect amity did not exist between Mr. Lincoln and the Vice-President, which is indexed by a single incident: One day as Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were walking down Pennsylvania Avenue the Vice-President was noticed some distance behind coming in the same direction. "Why is that fellow forever following me?" remarked Mr. Lincoln with a frown. Many of the most eminent statesmen of the Union side had no use for the vice-president, partically, perhaps, because he was a southern man, but probably most out of partizanship on behalf of the chief executive. This feeling found emphatic expression through impeachment proceedings wherein the vote of either Senator Ross of Kassas or Trumbull of Illinois, both republicans, would have hurled the new president from his chair in humility and disgrace. And so strong was that feeling toward the president that the two republicans who refused to vote "guilty," signed their death-warrant. It may be pertinent to here state that Mr. Lincoln also had his enemies—not confined to southern people, but many of the big fellows of his own side had no use for him politically—those who expected to reap a great harvest by despoilation of the conquered states, felt that Lincoln would prove a Gibralter between them and that spoilation. They feared him because of the wonderful hold he had on the people—in fact no ruler was more beloved and revered by the subjects of any country. That these profiteering adventurers would go to the length of counternancing any rash measures in getting him out of the way is scarcely believable; but that he was in their road is more than open secret. Again, his hold upon the affections of the people was a source of jealousy that was more than casually observed. That there were "enemies within the ranks" was hinted by a number whose statements in regard to the difficulties with which the government had to contend in its pursuit of the fugitives were given.

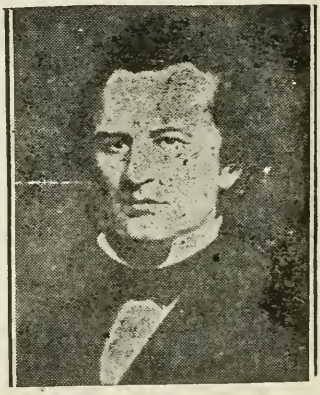
Now as to the change which Booth claimed "came over the spirit of his dreams," that soon after the mystic hour of the last conference at the Kirkwood on the evening of the tragedy, Booth sent for his co-conspirators to meet him at the Herndon, where for the first time the first hint of killing was given; that the attempt to kidnap on March 18 had failed, and Richmond now being under Federal control making the plot to kidnap impossible, he decided to change the plan to that of killing the President. This suggestion seems to have come to Azterodt and Payne like a thunder

clap from a clear sky. After a round at the bar of bane as if to clear away the fog, these co-conspirators, each put in a flat veto—they had agreed to aid in capture but not to kill. "All right," said Booth. "I will do the job alone, but I want you to have one more, and perhaps, last drink together." Payne declined, but Azterodt—was never known by his closest friends to decline. Meantime young Payne, then only eighteen years old, sought a quiet corner to himself. Now, this poor devil of a George A. Azterodt was only a common boat-maker of Port Tobacco by which name he was generally known, considered harmless as he was worthless. He had three distinct yet blending characteristics—inordinate cowardice, inordinate boasting when full to a certan degree, of what all he wasn't afraid to do; and of an inordinate tasts for squirrel whisky, and of never letting up when once on the tank wagon until too full for utterance, let alone action. Another round at this bar and Azterodt was at the boasting point; but nevertheless, when Booth said to him : "I have decided that you shall take care of the Vice-President," the spirit of bravo gave way to its opponent and there was another flat "No, siree. No killin' for me, and I jist won't do it." But when told that he would be hung anyway, Aterrodt manifested that he could stand one more "last drink together." After which Booth took leave, while Azterodt proceeded to fortify himself by staggering out and, to use his own words, "wanered over the city taking a fresh drink at every corner and between." He then gave his routing—from the Herndon to the Kirkwood just long enough to take one more; thence to "Oyster Bay," where, it appears he was at the time the fatal shot was fired—many blocks from the scene; "thence to the Union; thence to the Kimmel; thence to the stock yards where I hoped to get a bunk with my friend Brisco, but failed. I then went back to the Kimmel and tumbled in about two o'clock in the morning." Being dead broke, he left without paying the bill and carried the key to stave off discovery of his absence. At Georgetown he pawned his pistol for ten dollars and went out to stay with his cousin in Montgomery county, some miles out. There he busied himself doing chores and working in the garden with no attempt at hiding or of avoiding being seen. He was there arrested on the 19th by Provost McPhail and Wells to whom, on pledge of reprieve, he made a full breast of his part in the plot from start to finish. He was hung, however, along with Mrs. Surratt, Payne and Herold. There being no substantial evidence against Dr. Mudd except that he dressed a wounded man's leg, and scarcely a particle of evidence against Sam Arnold, Ed Spangler, except that he was shoving scenes on the stage when the shot was fired, and Mike McLaughlin,

except that he had been seen in company with Booth as thousands of others had, they were let off with terms "at hard labor at Dry Tortugus." John H. Surratt was somewhere in Canada about that time, but subsequently returned and gave himself up, receiving a term in prison.



Jefferson Davis



Andrew Johnson

Of course, the adroit and resourceful lawyer might take the circumstances of Booth's card, the fact that the vice-president was in his room punctually at about half-past four and kept close to it until some time after the fatal hour, leaving it but once, about time for 7 o'clock lunch and a nightcap—putting this and that together, including the personal interest at stake as well as the supposed safety of the south from spoilation the adroit lawyer might weave quite a web. Also, that the universal reputation of Azterodt as an inordinate coward when in physical condition, and an inordinate bravado when too full to act, he would be just such an instrument one would assign a job he didn't want done, and feel sure it would not be done. That is order to still suspicion then rife to some extent, the gate-post must be marked to make it appear the party was slated as one of the victims instead of being one of the conspirators. That Booth well-knowing the superb fitness of Azterodt as a gate-marker with loud letters, and that he could be relied upon to tank to the paralizing point in the shortest possible time, the assignment to "take care of the

vice-president " was left to him. Powell alias Payne—he kept his own counsel, but meantime the fires of patriotism from his standpoint were burning. The blood of two brothers killed by the "yankees" was still crying out: "Revenge! Revenge!" From the tryst he made his way and bided the time he deemed as the propitious moment, and then the story of his attack on Secretary Seward is too thoroughly known in history to need repeating here.

A PRESUMPTION ON THE CRUELITY OF MAN

The solemn trudge on the way from Bowling Green to the Garrett farm was described as a gloomy and fatiguing one of darkness and stifling dust—moonless and starless; so dark that although the road was the main traveled thoroughfare from Bowling Green to the Rappahannock, it was so dark the horses were given the rein to follow the trail as best they could. So dark that one of the party had to get off his horse and "feel his way" to the gate of the lane leading to the house. In fact, so dark the party didn't know they were near the gate until they "were up against it." It was that "darkest hour before day" when the party arrived in front of the house. It was so dark that the outlines of the crib-prison could scarcely be traced except under search-light of a lone candle which Col. Baker held in his hand. So dark that when Herold got out he whispered to Baker to "put out the candle or he'll see to shoot you by it." Dark, pitchy darkness when the dying man was carried to the house, and a single candle was the only ray of light. There is no evidence that the usual invitation for "friends to pass by and view the deceased," was extended. Instead, Capt. Dougherty says, he immediately sewed the dead body up in a blanket, which, "as soon as light enough to see" was dumped into a wagon and trundled to the wharf to be put aboard boat for Washington City. Another thing worth repeating: Not one of those at the capture had ever seen Booth except Conger, who at one time got a glimpse of him while bowing to a curtain call at the Ford when it was crowded to its utmost capacity. And even then it was not Booth the citizen, but a bewigged, powered, bewhiskered stage-made character in costume of antique ages; Vissar crowned, pomp and strut of ancient knighthood. In fact in disguise as complete as stage-art could conceive. To claim that the body Dougherty sewed up in a blanket was in any way a protype of the stage-made character of centuries back is too preposterous for consideration. The facts are: they supposed they "had him treed." The trappings found on the body of the victim, it was but natural to take it for granted that it was Booth. And right

here note: It was brought out as a port of the evidence against Herold that at least a portion of these same trappings was found in Herold's coat pockets at the Kirkwood next day after the tragedy. Might it not be reasoned that Herold had taken charge of the other Booth belongings—more secured from the Darky Lucas' wagon and while in the crib, before surrendering, he decided to shift them into the pockets of the man who he said was a stranger to him, so these incriminating trappings might not be found on his person? Besides, except the bill of exchange that might not have been found on any desperate man: knife, pair of pistols, belt, holster, cartridges, pipe and carbine.

They were expecting to see Booth, and that expectancy became father of the decision that it was Booth. But it was not Booth Conger saw through star-dimmed eyes by the faint flicker of a lone candle as he looked down into the distorted face of agonizing death, a ghostly visage grimed and sooted, seered and singed, reddened eyes in dying glare half closed, and brows furrowed with that dread siege of awful suspense, hair singed, blood-clotted and disheveled, the last words gurgling up through a clogging throat—those sweetest of all words "Tell Mother—" the blue lips quivering and the body writhing beneath the weight of chains that bound it on the rack of excruciable torture. To identify such a picture of limp inanimate clay in citizen garb from a mere glimpse of an ancient agile king in costume no human being had ever worn for centuries, seems unthinkable. Such evidence would be discredited in any court between that great highest tribunnal where love and mercy rules, and the lowest court of hades where sightless eyes glance from grim sockets, and phosphorescent shades in appearance sway before the rushing gusts of burning furies as souls a sultry penance fry for sins born of the flesh.

*It was stated that every heart heaved with compassion and every eye was dimmed with tears—not of condonement, but of pity at the gruesome scene of a mortal body in the last throes of pains at parting with its immortal soul-companion of over half a century, the last throb of expiring hopes, all dreams of fancied "honors" vanished.

If indeed that was Booth's body taken to Baltimore for re-interment the noted dramatic artist must also have been up in the "black art," for did it not while down in that dark grave in the old jail shift the blanket in which Dougherty sewed it up for a prince-albert and other presentable togs? And did not that boot which Dr. Mudd took from the wounded leg perform the "feet" of being on exhibition at the Smithsonian Institute and at the same moment "come off with the foot" at the Baltimore morgue? Veri-

ly for, "ways that are dark" and tricks that would make old Loki as a toad seem common-place, that jail bird was peculiar.

THE RAPPAHANNOCK FERRY

Captain Willie S. Jett belonged to the Ninth Va. cavalry, Mosby's command, and had just been appointed Confederate commissary agent and was on his way from Fauquier to headquarters in Caroline county. At Bowling Green he was joined by Lieuts. A. M. Bainbridge and R. B. Ruggles, also of Mosby's command. At the Rappahannock ferry near Port Conway, and owned by Bill Dawson but operated by a man named Jim Thornton, they were met by Herold, who first gave his name as Boyd, and saying his brother had been wounded in a skirmish near Petersburg and wanted to be taken across the lines. On being told that his, Jett's party, had not just then the facilities, Herold gave his right name and begged that his "bother" be taken to some safe place until arrangements to get within Mosby's lines could be made. Just then a man dragged out of an old wagon and it was noticed he had a crutch. Herold then in an excited tone stated: "We are the assassins of the President." Then pointing: "Yonder is John Wlkes Booth who shot the President." Booth then hobbled up and was introduced. Another man came up and was introduced as (the real) Boyd.

Jett says he left the others on the boat and rode to Port Royal where he hoped to find a place for the "wounded Confederae," as he was to represent Booth. After a number of unsucessful efforts, Jett called at the home of Capt. Catlipt, but he was out of the city. Jett then returned to the boat and they all crossed the river, Booth on Ruggles' horse.

On noticing that his new friends wore Confederate uniforms Booth asked as to their command at which Ruggles replied that they belonged to Mosby's command. On being asked as to where he belonged, Booth replied that he was a member of A. P. Hill's Corps. Jett says he noticed the letters "J. W. B." on Booth's hand.

After landing, Booth had a hasty talk with the man giving his name as Boyd, when the latter started to recross the river. Jett says that after directing Herold and his companion to go to the home of a Mrs. Clark not far out from Bowling Gree, he went to that City. Next day Herold and the other party reached Bowling Green, remaining until evening when they left for the Garrett home where they expected to find Booth. That was the last Jett saw of either of them until as a prisoner he

saw Herold, also as a prisoner, at the Garrett home. As he left the ferry, Jett says Ruggles and Bainbridge as per arrangements started with Booth for the Garrett home about three and a half miles out on the Bowling Green road. (Jett's arrest at Bowling Green given on another page.)

Miss Dora C. Jett of Fredericksburg is a daughter of the late J. B. Jett, who for a number of years presided as judge at Stafford, Va., but subsequently resigned and went to St. Paul, Minn., where he died several years ago. In a letter, Miss Jett says that although Captain Jett resided in the same Westmoreland county, relationship between the two families was never established.

The writer had the pleasure of meeting Judge Jett in company with Col. Lawson who had Confederate command at the Battle of Fredericksburg, but then returning from the unveiling of the Lee monument at Richmond which the writer also witnessed. He found both of these gentlemen courteous and companionable, and above all, taking the defeat of their southland philosophically, ready to bury all prejudices and take those who contended against them by the hand once more in a spirit of brotherhood.

DO DREAMS SOMETIMES COME TRUE?

The writer had been busy from just after supper until a late hour of the night wading through the day's accumualtion of letters mosting in reply to inquiries concerning the Booth matter. Finally after the last of the bulk had been glanced over he fell into a brief dose in which Old Somner began grinding out "In reply to yours" by fits and starts of waking and again dropping into the vista of Mr. Som. About the only "reply to yours" due but not yet received was a letter addressed to "Mr. Pittman, Fishhook Bend, Miss." However, as he had subsequently discovered that there was no postoffice at Fishhook Bend, he scarcely expected his letter so directed would ever reach its destination. But try all he could to dismiss the whole Booth matter with its replying "to yours," the ghost would not down, but kept stalking like an intruding shadow in his dreams. Finally one came—a real fairly well arranged epistle for one from dreamland. It was, as seen in that dream letter on coarse print paper in pencil, rather shaky hand, and slightly disconnected by the fits and starts of a moment's rousing from the dream spell, to be taken up when the spell again came on. This dream letter went on to say that the writer of it had "received yours, and in reply," etc. To quote by filling in to make connection com-

plete, "I got the letter which I suppose was meant for me, but was not surprised except as to how you came to single me out. Only a short time ago I saw a paper in which was a picture that called up a long time ago when I saw the same face though not a mere paper one. My father was named Walter Pittman, but ususlly called "Pitt," and when he died and left me a little tad just beginning to toddle his brother took me down to the river where he lived in a hole in the bank and had some canoes and a log raft taking people across when the river was too full to ford. I only had one playmate of near my size, a little colored river boy, and we had heaps of fun in its way. I would sit "Mose" on a hill of sand and throw mud balls at him, never failing to hit him square between the eyes when he would tumble on his back, then sit up again as if on springs, shake his head and roll his eyes and smile as he waited for another blow. He did the throwing a couple of times but hit me only once, and then I didn't set up again like I was on springs, but waited for him to shake the life into me. One evening two men came to the river on horseback. One of them had on a grey uniform and had all kinds of guns and revolvers and belted knives until he looked like an arsenal on horseback. He was a grim looking fellow silent as a sphynx. The other had on a rather slouched black hat and a cloak that gathered at the throat and when he got off of the horse it reached almost to the sand. He was such a fine looking young man with keen black eyes, black silky hair and mustache, just such a face as the one in that paper. He took a step or so toward me and walked as if he had a sore foot; then he reached out and took my hand in his and it was white and velvety as a woman's, and his voice was so mild and kind that I wasn't afraid. After wiping my face he gathered me up and gave me the first kiss I ever had after my mother died and that was when I was too young to remember. Then he asked if there was any place around where he could get some whisky. But before I could speak, father came up from the bank as wet as though he had been bathing with his clothes on, but he just gave a shake of his body and was as dry as the stranger seemed to be. Father told him that the only way to get any whisky was to catch a fish that had been baited with the stuff and squeeze it out. At this the stranger smiled and replied: "For the love of—show me the fish!" Just then he reached way down into a pocket in his cloak as if he was going to pull something out. "What, have you got arms on you," father asked with an air of astonishment. The stranger jerked both hands from under the cloak and swinging them in the air: "Do I look as if I had no arms?" One hand was

empty, but in the other was a big cane. Then came a deep shadow over his face and as he put his arms under the cloak and settled back on his feet holding the cloak so that the folds lapped in front, as he fairly pierced father through with searching eyes. Just then a long fish started to climb a stake that stood a ways out from the shore to which a canoe was fastened. Quick as a flash the stranger raised one hand still under the cloak and said excitedly: "There's the fish! Just see how straight I can shoot without "arms." Bang! and the fish fell over into the canoe. "My God!" exclaimed the stranger. What have I done?" With this he made a lunge for the canoe and gathered me up in his arms and began smothing back my hair. Turning to father who was in grins over the joke and with imploring hand: "Before my maker I thought it was a fish!" Just then there was a sharp report followed by a slowly dying rumble like the echo of a cannon against the far hillsides. A sudden crash. And the writer rose to a sitting posture in the bed and began rubbing his eyes to be sure he was alive, and if so, awake, when there was another slight clap accompanied by a faint flash, and he could see the rain drops strike the window pane, but soon the sky was clear. The writer refuses to admit that he believes in dreams, and yet he never awoke from a pleasant one without feeling more at ease than if it had been of the horror kind. Believe or not in dreams, that dream letter like the ghost of night referred to would not down. It kept intruding with its weird story on flat coarse print paper written with a fiat hand, from somewhere. Although not expecting a reply to the Pittman letter the writer confesses to disappointment at not finding one on his return to the office. However, a later mail brought a number of "answers," and among them to the writer's surprise, one was postmarked—not at Fishhook Bend, but "From Walter Pittmann, Beula, Miss." On reading the letter which to the writer's confusement rather than surprise, it was on coarse print paper and in pencil. After stating that the letter had found its way to Beula and referring to having seen a paper in a law office at Meridian sometime before with a picture of Booth in it, etc., it went on to state circumstances when he was a lad; but the substance of this real letter is no nearly a verbatum duplicate of the dream one, except it takes up the thread where the dream letter dropped it, to give it would amount practically to duplicating. After referring to the two strangers minus the fish and little Mose episodes, the real letter was the stranger cross the river, where after taking (then) young Pittman jr. in his arms and squeezing him till, the letter states, "my breath was about gone," he asked to be directed to a boat house which father had told

him before crossing was moored a mile or so above and where he might be able to get some whisky and find lodging. He said he didn't care for the lodging, only a place to rest awhile as he had a long way before him. He bade father and me goodbye, and that is the last we ever saw of him. Next evening, one of the young women who "clerked" at the river house, who was known as "Happy Kate," a really handsome and modest young woman for one in that position in that place, came down to our dugout and asked if a young man who crossed the river the night before had been back. "What kind of a looking fellow was he?" asked father. "There are so many people who come this way." In a fit of ecstacy, Kate declared that he was "the handsomest man I ever saw in all my life!" Father began teasing her about her handsomest—love-at-sight beauty when she buried her face in her hands and began crying. Father being one of the most tender hearted men, couldn't stand "a woman's tears," so he sought to make amends. "He was not like so many other men who come to the river," said Kate. "Such a beautiful face, such beautiful eyes and hair, so polite to every one; and while there he never said one vulgar or profane word. And he told such lovely stories and quoted poetry so that although it was nearly morning when he left we could have had him remain always. He drank only a little, stating that he must keep his head or—he didn't say what. And when he smoother back my hair and told me I was too good a young woman to always live such a life, his hands were so soft and white. I told him I had no other life open, and he asked if I had a father or a mother. And on speaking the word "mother" tears crept over his face and he turned away to hide them. I told him I had neither and asked if he had any father or mother. "I have—a mother," as he choked back emotion, "but—she is—" "Dead?" I involuntarily uttered. "Well —not to me, but—I—I am to her." and he dropped his head into my lap for a moment as he fairly sobbed. But he soon brushed up and again smoothing back my hair: "Poor little one. And you have nobody to care for you? Well, you can not say that hereafter." He seemed so earnest and kind, I could have embraced and showered him with—kisses, which I know he would have shunned. I then told him I had an uncle John somewhere among the Indians with some kind of a store. His last name was either Boke or Drake. I told him I used to get letters from him but it had been so long I had forgotten where they were from." "An uncle!" half to himself, "indeed." Then he arose: "And so you have an uncle among the Indians?" I nodded "Yes, or did have." "Strange," he said. "I may run across him." I then asked him if he was going to the Indian coun-

try and he replied that he was headed that way "to bury myself among the wildest tribes I can find until I am rested, and then—" "And—" before I could finish: "To Old Mexico where the hounds of the law can never reach me." By this time it was light enough to see to travel and he after bidding all the rest goodbye and—" Kate blushed. "My God!" Kate fairly wailed. "He said he would maybe find my uncle and I am sure he meant that he would then take me away from this place of—" After consoling Kate with a few words of cheer and hope father remarked; "Foolish girl. To go wild over a strange man simply because he is handsome." With this Kate threw her arms wildly in the air. "No, no, not on that account. No, no. He was a man, a real man! I would follow him to the end of the world. Yes, and sell my very soul to pay my way." With this poor now unfortunate Kate, with her face buried in her apron, started in the direction of the river house where she never arrived, and that is the last she was ever seen, in that section at least. Some of the river house people thought she had drowned herself as she had often threatened to do. Others, that she had made for the Indian country to find her uncle, and—her hastily formed "idol of clay."

Father, as I called Uncle Walter, said he had seen Booth a number of times, both on and off the stage. Rode with him on a boat from Vicksburg to New Orleans, and got well acquainted with him. He had also seen his brother Edwin many times. "And," my father Walter says, "I am as sure as can be that the young lame stranger was John Wilkes Booth."

Father often related another circumstance some thirty years previous when two strangers rode up to where he was shacking at this same Fishhook Bend, and only one of them wanted to cross, the other intending to return to Tennessee. The one who crossed proved to be the newly-elected governor of Tennessee (Gen. Sam Houston), who said he was going to visit the Cherokees for a vacation, and possibly might later be heard from farther south.

QUERKS AND QUEER QUEERIES

A farmer planted a mellon seed on his own land; the vine crept through a crack in a partition fence and a mellon grew on another man's land. Who was entitled to the mellon? A duck once laid an egg and a hen hatched it. Which was the mother? A man once owned a boat which he tied to a wharf with a straw rope. Another man's bull went on the boat and ate the rope. The boat was stove to

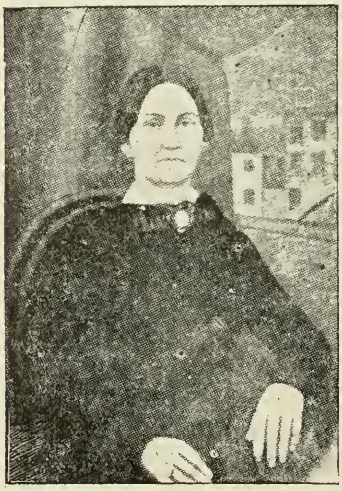
flinders and the bull killed. Should the man who owned the boat pay for the bull, or the man who owned the bull pay of the boat? How old was Ann? After you have disposed of these problems satisfactorily, tackle the question as to who was killed at the Garrett home in Virginia, and what became of the body. If Dana tells the truth, it was buried in the navy yard and a battery of artillery drawn over it to obliverate the grave. If Col Woodward tells the truth, it was taken down the Potomac and burned in quick lime. If Lew Wallace tells the truth, it was buried in a room of the old jail and subsequently taken up and reburied in Green Mound Cemetry, Baltimore. If Col. W. P. Wood, who was superintendent of the old jail and should have known just who was buried in there, and where, tells the truth, he and three others took the body up and buried it in the Potomac. Now, who in thunder was it buried in Green Mound Cemetery?

As to the man killed at the Garrett home, it may be recalled that at the great conspiracy trial? Messrs Dana, Conger and Corbett each testified that the man in the crib was heard to say to young Herold, "Get out of here you damned coward, I don't know you—you have betrayed me. I don't want you in here." Also that after Herold had surrendered he wanted to know who had been shot in the crib. "You know who is was," said Lieut. Baker. "No, I do not," replied Herold. "Yes you do—you know it was Booth.." To this young Herold declared: "I tell you I do not know it was Booth. I didn't know the man in there, except that he told me his name was Boyd; and I never saw him until several miles out on the night of the flight when he overtook me and rode with us to Mathias Point, where we crossed the river. (Boyd Hole is a point on the Potomac near Mathias Point.) Thake this and the thousand and one other circumstances, including the statement that the government had no direct or positive proof that the man killed at the Garret home was Booth, and the preponderance of evidence that Booth was a live physical entity years later, is it not reasonable to believe that the man killed at the Garrett home was Roddy or whoever it was came in from Bowling Green with Herold just before the arrival of the pursuing party near two o'clock in the morning? Of course it's up to you jurymen to say whether or not Boston Corbett is guilty of—not killing "a man" but of killing John Wilkes Booth.

Unless you are par with the conspiracy trial judges who were thene to convict rather than try, your verdict can be but one way—"not guilty of killing the particular man named in the charge."

A STAIN THAT WILL NEVER WASH OUT

MRS. MARY E. SURRATT, Whose sentence of death by a tribunal organized to convict was a travesty on justice; whose execution pales to insignificance the execueion of Caville who was an admitted spy using her cloak as a nurse under employment by the German governmetn to aid ally prisoners to escape; whereas, there wasn't sufficient evidence of anything criminal proven against Mrs. Surratt to have sent her to a work-house twenty-four hours. She was the mother of John H. Surratt admittedly in the secret service of the Confederacy, and who stopped with his mother when passing thru the national capital on his trips between Canada and the Confederate capital. Booth had visited the Surratt home a couple of times to see the son John H. He had stopped at many, many other hotels and rooming houses, not only a couple of times but often. Payne had stopped at her rooming house two nights having been introduced to her and the daughter Emma as a young Baptist preacher, by one Heightman, who was a regular roomer there, and who paid for young Payne's room. The evidence was undisputed that both Mrs. Surratt and her daughter when Payne gave another name on the second night, forbade Heightman bringing him there again. Azterodt stayed only one night at the Surrat rooming house and that, too, at the instance of this same Heightman. Mrs Surratt and the daughter didn't like his appearance and forbade him ever coming into her house again, and he never did. There was not one scintility of proof that Mrs. Surratt took any part in or knew of any of the plots, not even to kidnap, that would weigh with any unprejudiced jury, except that given by this same disreputable Heightman who said that she wanted him to ask her lessor Lloyd at Surrattville to get some things ready which was said to be a carbine and



knife left there to be secreted until called for, etc. This was the extent of the "incriminating evidence." All by a witness who subsequently boasted that he was under the employ of the Confederate government to hatch plots and confer with Confederates in Canada and notify the Confederate government of results. At the same time under pay of the Federal governmnt to give it first sight and knowledge of such information. But the killing of the nation's idol, the one greatest of all loved characters had set the Northern heart ablaze for atonement; and like the ancient god who demanded his nurse of blood it must be the blood of innocence. That national craving for blood must be satisfied, and it proved not the policy to draw it from the main arteries.

Hamilton Roby, Roddy or Boyd.

During a brief visit in Oklahoma City Dr. Lawrence True Wilson, traveling for the Methodist denomination in prohibition work, the writer was highly entertained. Incidentally the doctor is preparing an Epworth lecture on the escape of Booth. During the conversation Mr. Wilson said he at one time had an intimate friend—Sam Colona, who when in Washington City put up with a cousin by the same name. While taking a boat at Princess Ann, Maryland, for a trip to Mexico, Mr. Colona says he noticed a man who had just "walked the plank" ahead of him; a fine looking gentleman, exquisitely dressed, long wavy raven hair, keen black eyes and mustache. "There," says Colona, "I saw some one who I was sure would be a fine companion, so on landing on the boat I inquired of the stranger if he thought it would leave on time. "Sure—you will be the last to board." Noticing that I was in uniform, he inquired if I had yet secured a statesroom, at which I replied I had not; that I was a soldier and used to hard knocks and would sleep on the chairs." After eyeing me a moment and working at his mustache as he twirled a small cane: "You will do no such thing. Yonder is my statesroom and you shall occupy a bunk in there with me." Of course, the offer was accepted and together we traveled until landing at Vera Cruz. And let me say I found the man who after I told him my name was Sam Colona, said his name—"or will be" —he added, "John St. Helen." We secured a job in a box factory at Vera Cruz, I on the outside and he an inside clerical position. "I finally got tired of Mexico," says Mr. Colona, "and told St. Helen that I was going back to God's country and he must go with me; that I could muster enough to set us up in "business." But St. Helen demurred. "No, my best of friends, when we part we will

never see each other again. I dare not tell you why, for if you knew it would make your hair stand on end." With this he shifted the conversation. In a few days after I told St. Helen that I was going and he could at least go as far as the boat with me. We started, but when in about half a mile of the wharf St. Helen stopped and remarked as he extended his hand: "If you must go, I suppose it means our parting and it may as well be right now. I might find some one at the river I don't want to see." After a few desultary remarks he said: "Well, my dear friend—but before we finally part I am constrained to unbosom myself, feeling that I can trust you with—a secret," as he reached over and fairly whispered. Again shaking my hand fervently: "Good-bye, my best of friends, but—" squaring face to fame: "I am John Wilkes Booth, and now you know something no one else on this earth knows except myself. Please—do—give no hint that may start the blood-hounds on my track." With this John St. Helen and I parted.

Claimed Booth Was Her Father.

On being questioned as to what he knew about a handsome young blondine roaming around claiming that John Wilkes Booth was her father. "I know only this," replied Mr. Wilson: "Some two years ago, among numerous daily visitors to the house where Lincoln died was an exceedingly beautiful young woman—a pronounced brunette with large dreamy black eyes and wavy silken hair who asked if she could be shown a picture of John Wilkes Booth. One was brought from an adjoining room which the young woman scanned a moment and then pressed it passionately to her bosom, at which the housekeeper left the room in disgust as she declared that any one would press the photo of Booth to her bosom. Presently however she returned only to find the young woman in a histeria of sobs. This softened the housekeeper's heart and she placed an arm about the girl and told her not to cry. "If you only knew the circumstances," said the young woman as she looked up piteously pleading: "John Wilkes Booth was my own father". Then returning the photo after one more tear-dimmed glance and pressing it to her bosom, she thanked the kind hostess and took leave, first saying that she lived in El Reno, Oklahoma, to where she would return in the course of a few days.

It seems that when the Kiowa-Comanche country was opened in 1901 "George" drew a lucky number and secured a claim near Hydro adjoining one secured by a buxom widow who had drifted in from Texas to take a number

in the land lottery. "George" was seen to visit the little slab home of the aforesaid buxom and on one or two occasions they visited El Reno—on the same day. Nosey ones declared they could see a family resemblance and were bold enough to inquire of "George" if the woman was a relative. "Excuse me," he added, introducing the woman, "This is Miss St. Helen, a—no, not exactly—my sister." Subsequently he admitted that the woman was no relation, that he merely introduced her as a josh, etc. This set Madam Rumpus a going and it was soon whispered that "George" and the buxomite had been married by a Hydro justice. And soon after the suicide in 1903 the woman gave birth to a girl whom she had christened St. Helen, and soon as mother and daughter were able to travel they lit out ostensible for Texas, and were ever after lost from the sight of Oklahomans. If still living, the girl born in 1903 would have been a trifle beyond the teens at the time Mr. Wilson alleges the pretended daughter of Booth visited Washington. However, one thing seems evident: If either "George" or Booth ever had a handsome young brunette daughter with laughing eyes and raven hair, she never debutted into either El Reno or Enid's social circles of Four Hundred.

Fully conscious of the risk taken in giving so much concerning the personal of John Wilkes Booth, especially that which seems favorable, the temptation to add just one more brand to the risk is too strong for resistence. It is the beautiful tribute paid the unfortunate actor by that most loveable and purest of all actresses that ever graced the American stage—Clara Morris as she was called, although her real name was Clara Morrison, the last syllable being lost when she gave her name to the stage salary clerk on her first appearance before the footlights. Clara Morris, born in a humble sparcely furnished room in Canada on a St. Patrick's night when the brown of earth and tree and bud had cloaked in a smother of fleecy down

which softened into rain. The night was drizzly and the berg was a scene of disorder and the blood of Erin mingled —the orange with the green as the parade went on. A clap of thunder and as arion pierced the mists, there was an infant cry in that humble room, and soon the coming woman wonder of American purity on the American stage gave her first test of lung power. Her father was described as a "large handsome Canadian with a broad smile." A moral pervert who abandoned the coming mother and haunted her from place to place until she was after years of hiding from him relieved at announcement that he was dead. But here was wealth in poverty's guise—a wealth of energy, of a mother's effection, a daughter's undying love and devotion. From the lower round to the highest forged Clara Morris until the very stars were in reach. In her beautifully written Life on the Stage, one section or period is devoted to her association with the Booths. In glancing back over two crowded and busy seasons, she says, one figure stands out with such clearness and beauty that I can not resist the impulse to speak of him, rather than of my own inconsequential self. In his case so far as my personal knowledge goes there was nothing derogatory to dignity or to manhood in being called beautiful, for he was that bud of splendid promise blasted in the core before its full triumphant blooming—known to the world as a madman—but to the profession as "that unhappy boy," John Wilkes Booth. He was so young, so bright, so gay, so kind. Of course there are two or more different persons in every one's skin, yet when we remember that actors are not generally in the habit of showing their brightest, their best side to the company at rehearsal, we cannot help feeling both respect and liking for the one who does." Miss Morris here gives an account of the sword bout between McCollom and Booth wherein the latter showed such coolness in the very shadow of death as the life blood seemed to flow in a torrent down his cheek from an ill-advised thrust from McCollom's sword. How the wounded man forgot his own pains to sooth the tortured mind of the one who had wrought the wound. Self lost in anxiety for his companion—visible index to Booth's love of human kind and readiness to sacrifice and sink self that other might be relieved. Of how, although fairly exhausted from the loss of blood, the actor insisted on finishing the bout in true fighting skill until the last stroke fell as demanded in the lines. "Why, old fellow," he said to the grieving companion, "You look as if you had lost the blood." And so with light words he sought to set the unfortunate man at ease, and though he must have suffered much mortification as well as pain from the eye that in spite of all endeavors

would blacken, he never made a sign. He was like his great elder brother, rather lacking in height, but his head and throat and the manner of its rising from the shoulders, were truly beautiful. His coloring was unusual, the ivory pallor of his skin, the inky blackness of his densely thick hair, the heavy lids of his glowing eyes, were all oriental, and they gave a touch of mystery to his face when it fell into gravity; but there was generally a flash of white teeth behind his silky mustache, and a laugh in his eyes.

One thing I shall never help admiring him for. When a man has placed a clean and honest name in his wife's care for life, about the most stupidly wicked use she can make of it is as a signatory to a burst of amatory flatteries, addressed to an unknown actor, who will despise her for her trouble. Some women may shrivel as though they were attacked with "peach-leaf curl," when they hear how these silly letters are sometimes passed about and laughed at. "No gentleman would so betray a confidence." Of course not. But once when I made that remark to an actor who was then flaunting the food his vanity fed upon, he roughly answered: "And no lady would so address an unknown man. She cast away her right to respectful consideration when she thrust that letter in the box." That was brutal. But there are those who think like him this very day, and, oh, foolish tamperers with fire, who act like him.

Now it is scarcely exaggeration to say that the sex was in love with John Booth, the name of Wilkes then but seldom used. At depot restaurants those fiercely unwilling maiden-slammers and coffee pot shooters made to him swift and gentle offerings of hot steak, hot coffee, hot biscuits, crowding around him like doves around a grain basket,—leaving other travelers to wait on themselves or go without refreshments. At the hotels, maids had been known to enter his room and tear asunder the already made up bed, that the "turn-over" might be broader by a thread or two, and both pillows stand perfectly at a proper angle. At the theatre—good heavens, as the Clyte turns upon their stalks to follow the beloved sun, so old or young, our faces smiling turned to him. Yes, old or young, for the little daughter of the manager who played but the Duke of York came to the theatre each day, each night of the engagement arrayed in her best gowns, and turned on him fevered eyes that might well have served for Juliet. The manager's wife, whose sternly aggressive virtue no one could doubt or question, with the air of art waved and fluffed her hair, and softened thus her too hard line of brow, and let her keen black eyes fill with friendly sparkles for us all—yet, 'twas because of him. And when the old

woman made to threaten him with her finger, and he caught her lifted hand and uncovering her bonnie head stooped and kissed it, then came the wanton blood to her cheek as if she had been a girl again.

His letters, then, from flirtatious women! and alas, girls, you may well believe were legion. A cloud used to gather upon his face at sight of them. I have of course no faintest idea that he lived the godly righteous and sober life that is enjoined upon us all, but I do remember with respect that this idolized man when the letters were many and the rehearsal was on, would carefully cut off every signature and utterly destroy them, then pile the unread letters up, and, I do not know what their final end was, but he remarked with knit brows as he caught me watching him at his work one morning: "They," pointing to the pile of mutilated letters, "they are harmless, now, little one, their sting lies in the tail." And when a certain free and easy actor, laughingly picked up a very elegantly written note and said: "I can read it, can't I, now the signature is gone?" He answered shortly: "The woman's folly is no excuse for your knavery. Lay that letter down, please."

I played the Player-Queen to my great joy, and in the Marble Heart I was one of the group of three statues in the first act. We were supposed to represent Lais, Asphasia and Prhryne, and when we read the cast, I glanced at the other girls (we were not strikingly handsome) and remarked gravely, "Well, it's a comfort to know that we look so like the three beautiful Grecians."

A laugh at our backs brought us suddenly around to face Booth who said to me: "You satirical little wretch, how do you come to know these Grecian ladies? Perhaps you have the advantage of them of being beautiful within."

"I wish it would strike outward, then," I answered. "You know it's always best to have things come to the surface,"

"I know some very precious things are hidden from common sight, and I know, too, you caught my meaning in the first place. Good night." And he left us

Another touch of that superb nature cropped out when the three were going under inspection for position. It happened that one of the trio had immaculate limbs, another passable attractive arms; but the third, she had limbs that resembles more a pair of broomsticks. When Mr. Booth came in his Greek garments and had examined numbers one and two, as he gently lifted the drapery of number three, there was an involuntary smirch of the mouth as though he had just tasted a lemon; but with his wonted diplomacy he hastily lowered the drapery and remarked.

"I believe I'll advance you to be the stately and wise Asphasia." The central figure wore her drapery hanging straight down to her feet, hence the "advance" and consequent concealment of the unlovely limbs. It was quickly and kindly done, for the girl was not only spared mortification, but in the word "advance" she saw a compliment and was happy accordingly. Then my turn came; my arms were placed about Asphasia, my head bent and turned and twisted, my right hand curved upon my breast, so that the forefinger touched my chin. I felt that I was a personified simper, but I kept silent and patient until the arrangement of my draperies began—then I squirmed anxiously.

"Take care! Take care," he cautioned, "You will sway the others if you move." But in spite of the risk of my marble make-up, I faintly groaned: "Oh, dear, must I be like that?"

Regardless of the pins in the corner of his mouth he burst into laughter, and taking a photograph from the bosom of his Greek shirt, he said: "I expected a protest from you, Miss, so I came prepared; don't move your head but just look at this."

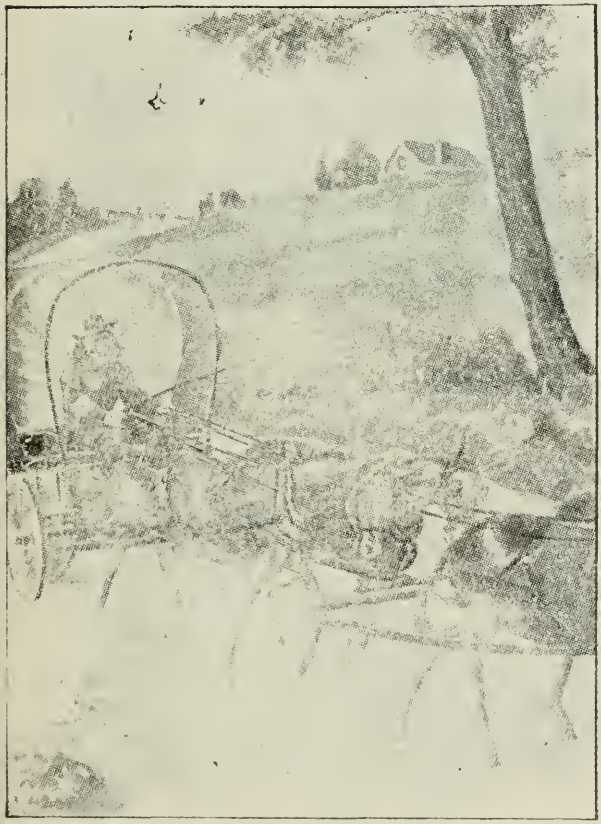
He held the picture of a group of statuary up before me: "This is you on the right. It's not so dreadful, now, is it?" And I cautiously murmured that if I wasn't any worse than that I wouldn't mind.

Next morning I saw Mr. Booth running out of the theatre on his way to the telegraph office at the corner, and right in the middle of the walk starring about him, stood a child—a small roamer of the stony streets, who had evidently gotten far beyond his native ward to arouse misgivings as to his personal safety, and at the very moment he stopped to consider matters Mr. Booth dashed out at the stage door and added to his bewilderment by capsizing him completely.

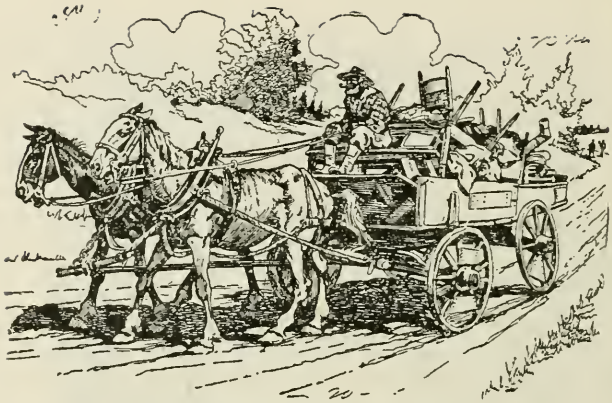
"O, good Lord, baby, are you hurt?" exclaimed Mr. Booth, pausing instantly to pick up the dirty, tousseled small heap and stood it on its bandy legs again. "Don't cry, little chap," and the aforesaid little chap not only ceased to cry but gave a damp grimy smile, at which the actor bent toward him quickly, but paused, took out his handkerchief and first carefully wiping the dirty little nose and mouth, stooped and kissed him heartily, put some change in each freckled paw and continued his run to the telegraph office. He knew no witness to the act. To kiss a pretty clean child under the approving eye of mamma might mean nothing but politeness, but surely it required the prompting of a warm and tender heart to make a young and thoughtless man feel for and caress such a dirty forlorn bit of babyhood as that.

DR. JECKLE AND MR. HYDE

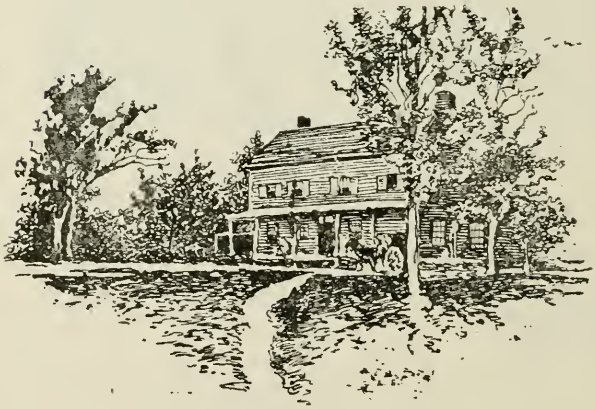
Of course there are always two sides to every question and this is not an exception. You will find a number of the best and most reliable citizens of El Reno who will tell you that they were intimately acquainted with George the painter, sometimes called crazy George because he was supposed to be more or less daffy. That they knew him to their financial sorrow, for he was a consummate beggar, living from hand to mouth on what he could beg or borrow and on garbage from the back alley dumps. He was in short an intolerable saloon bum and loafer, with scarcely intelligence enough to mix paint or spread it. Ragged and uncouth to a disgusting degree, a veritable male Fanchon except that the soil of ages mingled with the wear of his grimed wardrobe. His shirt had been once white, but he had no change, slept in them, until an expert could not have told whether they had been made of muslin or old army blankets, filthy and repulsive in every way. Illiterate, the idea of his being able to quote a passage in Shakespeare too silly to mention. He received a small stipend at stated times and this was invariably hipothecated over and over before it came. His face was occasionally "clipped" but never shaven and his hair was a mass of strubly coarse bristles. As to any woman on earth becoming stuck on such a miserable misfit would be laughable were it not ridiculous. This is the picture of George the painter as drawn by such observers as Meyer, one of El Reno's leading real estate men, by Mr. J. W. Baldwin, and others. The late Bob Forest so painted him in poetic metre. He bothered Bob to the limit of endurance about his stipend being delayed. But there were two painters in El Reno sailing under the name of George. This was one of them. He was not George the cultured gentleman, of such manly grace and stage bearing who had Shakespeare and other classic authors on his tongue's end. This was not the painter George who put up at the best places and had access to the most fashionable circles, whose clothes were of the finest cloth and latest pattern, who was a very Beau Brummel in dress, almost painfully clean and tidy. This was not the painter who committed suicide at Enid under the name of David E. George. But the painter George of whom the El Reno gentleman referred to speak quite knowingly. The painter George of their acquaintance was the prototype of the figure they drew in every particular. But instead of putting up at elite places he occupied an old abandoned thresher's cook-shed in a back alley on a back street. Here he slept and ate his garbage —Crazy George Thrower who died at the Canadian county poor farm a year or so ago.



Booth crossing plains as "Jessie Smith."



Darky Lucas, with Booth Secreted.



THE SUMMER HOME OF DR. STEWART.
Near Where Was Obtained the Old Negro and His Wagon to Haul Booth to the Rappahannock River.

"I presume I was as well acquainted with the man known as David E. George as any one in El Reno," said Ex-Chief Wm. D. Robar of El Reno to the writer some weeks ago. "I saw him almost daily, being then chief of police. Those who picture him as being either uncouth or ignorant, of being a saloon bum or of dressing shabily, surely have the wrong painter in mind; for there was another character doing odd paint jobs who went by the name of George, and he would exactly measure up to the picture as drawn with bum habits." Here Chief Robar told the story of George Thrower who died at the poor farm a year or so ago. David E. George was immaculate in dress and was the personification of politeness and kindly manner. During all the time I knew him I never saw him overly excited but once. He and John Sames, brother of Mrs. Simmons with whom he roomed, had taken a few drinks when Sames, who was inclined to get quarrelsome when in his cups, started up some kind of an argument, winding up with hitting George on the back of the head when he wasn't looking. At this George became terribly excited and this grew to a rage. He said he had done nothing to offend, and that only a coward would attack a man from behind. With this George started to the house for a gun. His temper was such that I was afraid something serious might happen, so I sought out Sames and warned him that he was playing with fire. "That man is liable to pop you over on sight," I told Sames, "and the best thing you can do is to keep under cover until I can quiet the matter. Pretty soon I saw George emerge from the hotel with an ominous survey up and down the street. I leisurely walked over and sought to calm him, in which I succeeded to an extent that he gave me his gun, remarking that if it were not that the sister had been so kind to him he would make the brother eat dirt. Thus ended the matter and the two were soon friendly once more. George told me that he didn't think he was either brave or cowardly; that he had passed through many thrilling and sometimes dangerous scenes but always managed to keep his head. He said one time while painting a house in Texas he saw a lot of cowboys come tearing through the streets.

"I was at the very top of the roof astride the comb when: Bang! Whiz! one of the cowboys had taken a shot at me and the bullet came so close I could almost taste it. Scared? Well, I should say so! How I ever got down from the roof has always remained a mystery; but I managed to do so somehow without breaking my neck. All I remember after that frightful "Whiz," is I found myself sitting on the edge of the porch below wondering what was in the wind. I went into the building which was vacant—

except in one corner was a carbine with just one load in it. I gathered the gun and took a secluded position at one end of the porch. Just then I caught a glimpse of the same cowboy who had been so familiar with me while I was hugging the room, a crack rang out and that cowboy fell from the saddle, and was pickel up plugged through and through. To this day no one but myself knows who fired that shot except that you now know." Chief Robar says if George had ever been married or had a daughter he would certainly have known it, "for," says he, "I flatter myself that George trusted me with fullest confidence, and I am sure he would have let me know something about it."

WHYFORE THESE WILLS?

The question may be asked: "If the Enid suicide was not George, why did he make a series of wills in that name?" And now this question—Why not? He was yet alive. For half a century he hod been "leaping from crag to crag" like the sweet valkyre, fleeing from a merciless pursuer. Big rewards for his capture "dead or alive" were still in waiting, should he be discovered, and of those who held his secret, at least five persons, three of them were—women, mind you! Women!

Of course those acquainted with the excellent women, of their great probity and exemplary daily life know that not one of them that would not suffer death on the rack rather than break such a pledge. But as to "George"—his acquaintance with them had been comparatively brief; and besides, his natural distrust of every one—of the whole world, it is quite different.

One of these five confidents had in effect betrayed him by notifying the government that he was still alive. Of this it is more than likely "George" knew, and may have speculated: Suppose the department instead of saying it would be of no interest to know that Booth had not been killed, it had said the reverse? Why was the department at Washington queried, not only once, but twice? And may not the knowledge that these queries had been made have had something to do with "J hn St. Helen" suddenly leaving Texas for parts not confided to any one, not even to his supposed closest friend and confidant. That principal woman in whom he had confided was even now in Enid. "George" knew that the lure of gold outweighed all other considerations. The glittering hoard of the Niebellungs! For this has honor, virtue, life itself been staked. Some no doubt there were immune from the tempting lure; but who? This other man? These three women with a double incentive—they were of the north where the very name of Booth was held in execration. For one or both incentives

might one of these throw confidence to the winds and put the vulture hounds of hate, the adventurer, the devotee of gold, the man-hunter who gloates in the game—on his track? Even though holding pledge as sacred, might not the vessel leak? Something must be done to keep up the delusion of the name by which he is known in that region. But what? He had jumped from post to pillar, assuming first one name and then another. He had resorted to every resource at his command. The idea of making a will intruded; not a private will under lock and seal, but a public will open for inspection by the public. In fact he called in double the number of witnesses required, and they of the most prominent men of the city. But still the spectre would not down. At every turn was met some one who had known Booth before the tragedy. In fact Enid seemed a very mecca for such.

Levi Thrailkell, with whom Booth crossed the plains lived in Enid. A very asylum of Booth-knowers. And conceive of what spooks, what apparitions an imagination like that of the forensic, poetic Booth might conjure—one constantly chased by "shadows of the past." Every mysterious glance, imperious tone and manner voices a search for the secret within from the sign without. Every foreward query a covet trap for his ensnarement.

The evident purpose of the will served more than one. It set the reporter quizzing. In fact, the ink was scarcely dry on the signatures until he was pulled to one side by a United Press correspondent, who in a sort of imperious tone and manner voices: "Is your name George? Is that your signature?" pointing to the name George. "I wrote it," was the laconic evasion. He sought companinship in the flowing bowl, and the name of it was legion, omnipresent in that day, in that town. This but etherialized the substance and gave wings to fancy and stimulance to imagination until sunshine resolved into darkness. Stars of the night were but vigil eyes from arial towers searching for the beast in the hidden lair. Before him, behind him and on either side of him stalked phantom guards armed and bearing clanking chains. Above his pillow grinning fauvettes hovered in suitings of firery red, horns and spiked tails, dinning his ears with sepulchral groans and taunting mimics. It was the parting of the ways. Next morning he went to the Watrus Drug Store and purchased several grains of strychnine for the purpose, so he stated, of "killing a dead hound." He has scarcely reached the walk until like a nemesis of the dark that same United Press correspondent collared him and with reportorial gall sought a poison story from him. This again set the imagination on a rapid whirl. However shaky may have been his determination, it now become a thing of steel. Returning he

asked the proprietor, Eugene Watrus, for another dose of strychnine—ten grains, failing to mention that he had had made a purchase from the clerk, who had just been relieved for breakfast. This time he said he wanted to kill a pestiferous cat. Mr. Watrus tried to persuade him to use something else, and explained to him the awful agony that poison involved. At first the suggestion of agony seemed to have effect and "George" started as if to leave, but returned and in a sort of careless indifferent way said he guessed he would take the strychnine "What's a few pangs? They won't last long. I'll shake the poison to the cat and take chances." In less than an hour "George" was discovered in his room writhing in all the agonies Mr. Watrus had described. In a moment of less pangs—the forerunner of the end, he motioned for the physician to put his ear close to his lips, and in faint whispers: "I am John Wilkes Booth. In my bosom you will find a request to telegraph .....*.....*.....Bates—" The sentence unfinished. The spirit of John Wilkes Booth took its way into the mysterious unknown. The request referred to was that Finis L. Bates of Memphis, Tenn., be telegraphed to come at once that he might identify the body as John Wilkes Booth.

Eugene Watrus, was and is still one of the foremost citizens and business men of the city. His people have honored him twice by an election to the State Senate, in which he served with exceptional credit. In spaking of the suiside, Senator Wtrous said had he known of the purchased from his clerk, Frank Corey, he certainly would not have let the man have the second dose.

BATES THE PIONEER BOOTH FAMILY

Soon after the appearance of Historia, October, 1919 issue, the editor was told that one Finis L. Bates, an attorney at Memphis, Tenn., had gotten out a book on the Booth matter. A copy of Historia was at once sent to Mr. Bates followed by a letter requesting a copy of the book with offer to remit for same. Not hearing anything from the matter for a number of months a second letter was sent in which it was stated that the writer had since run across additional notes taken during the Waukomis visit and recalled a number of incidents in addition to those contained in Historia, and that the same were at his, Mr. Bates', service should he desire them. This letter met the same silence as did the first and the matter was dropped so far as attempting to get action upon Mr. Bates was concerned. Meantime, however, brief notes and clippings kept coming in, some of the latter without indication as to the source. One clipping was from the Boston Globe of Decem-

ber 12, 1897. Another (from Hon. Rollin Britton of Kansas City) containing clippings of Mrs. Chapman's statement. One from a Fredericksburg, Va., firm with a few names from whom information might be secured. One from the Baltimore American containing a public statement from those attending the ceremonies in burying the body supposed to be Booth's in Green Mound Cemetery, Baltimore, including a statement from the proprietor of Ford's theatre and his doorkeeper. (See subsequent statement from Mr. Maxey practically counter to the first.) A most valuable asset came from Enid which included a few stray leaves from the Bates book and a number of portraits and views evidently contained in the same volume, and a manuscript (typewritten) volume by Hon. Edmond Franz. All these were preserved with a possible view of future utilization. Thus until something over a year ago when a young man came here in search of material for a second edition of the Bates book and said he had been directed to call on the writer for any additional data he might have. He said Mr. Bates had received Historia and the letters referred to, and he, the young man herein, supposed their receipt had been acknowledged. He was furnished all the additional data availabel from this end, with a pledge that he would see that a copy of Mr. Bates' book would be sent at once and one of the new edition as soon as printed. But nothing further was heard from either the young man or Bates, nor was any copy of the book received. However, the writer began research for additional material, writing to every one from whom any information might be secured, including departments at Washington. The result was that sufficient material was collected to induce the writer to get out a book on his own account, making good use of the clippings, brief notes, stray leaves referred to, and interviews with numerous persons of El Reno, Hennessey, Enid and Oklahoma City. With his volume completed the matter was put in type. After the appearance of Historia, issue of July, 1922, containing an advance section of the book, Mr. W. J. Moore of Oklahoma City having read the same brought in one of the Bates books which he had secured while visiting in Memphis. He says that he and Mr. Bates were old neighbors and close friends back in Tennessee: that while on a visit there two years ago he was privileged to see the cadavar of Booth which, it seems, was shipped to Bates soon after Pennyman, the Enid undertaker, moved to Indiana.

There are but few substantial matters in the Bates volume not contained in this volume. However, there are some with which license is taken in the way of a sort of adendum. In the Bates book considerable space is taken

up with a review of the life and character of Lincoln and of the Booths which is such universal historic note that it will be omitted in this volume; except to say that the unfortunate John Wilkes Booth came from histrionic stock on his father'ss side. The elder Booth—grandfather of the subject, was probably the most renowned Hamlet the stage has ever produced. John Wilkes' father was Junius Booth the eldest, famous in his day as a tragedian. Two brothers —Junius Brutus and Edwin were exceptionals on the stage. Another brother was Sidney Booth. Other relatives included Dr. Booth, Creston Clarke, a noted Hamlet of the 90's; Sister, Asia, who had two daughters—Dollie Clarke Morgan of New York and Advienne Clarke of Brighton, England. Agnez Booth was generally accredited as a sister of John Wilkes, but such was not the case. She was a Scandinavian young woman of great charm and possessed of stage talent. After securing a divorce from her husband, named Perry, she married Junius Booth, brother of John Wilkes, a son being born, Junius Brutus Booth, Jr. On his mother's side, the great-grand-father was John Wilkes, the eminent British reformer, which as Lord Mayor of London conveyed the right of suffrage to the common people. He was noted as the most unhandsome man in all Europe, but through that uncouth exterior shone a soul so full of the sunlight of human sympathy and love that gave halo to the face and form. Mrs. John Wilkes, on the other hand, was renowned for her exquisite beauty. It was from this pair of opposites originated the saying: "Beauty and the Beast." The associtates of Booth numbered among them the most eminent actors of the day, and some of them yet stand out as pre-eminents of histrionic favor— McCullum, Joe Jefferson in such plays as the "Marble Heart," Hamlet, etc. Clara Morris, the subsequent famous nun of charity and love, as Generieve in the Two Orphans. Charles W. Bishop, Blanche Chapman in Why Smith Left Home. But the list would prove tedious.

Mr. Bates certainly handled his subject with wonderful tact, displaying a faculty for getting at the bottom of things. Throughout the volume creeps unmistakable evidences of pains-taking and perseverance, and genius in selection and sequential arrangement, with clever arguments and criticisms. Notwithstanding Mr. Bates ignored all correspondence and at least intended favors from the writer, it is deemed but just to pay this compliment to the conceded pioneer of systematic effort to unravel the Booth mysstery. Indeed his stray leaves aided much in the preparation of this volume and saved the author much time and correspondence. There is one item in the Bates volume, however, that is somewhat susceptible of criticism. After

having his client and friend "John St. Helen" aver on a supposed death-bed that the first time any idea of killing the president entered his brain was only a few hours before its consummation; then Mr. Bates digs up an inscription written fully a year previous to that time (1865) in which the life of the president is threatened, and the inscription declared to be in Booth's handwriting. Thus, unwittingly, perhaps, rather than intentionally, discrediting that portion of his client and friend's confesssion. Another criticism lies in the fact that after accepting this confession under a solemn pledge of secrecy until the author of it should be dead and beyond the possible pale of vengeance, Mr. Bates, his client and friend still alive, deliberately notifies the department at Washington through inquiring whether or not information that Booth was not killed at the Garrett home but was at that time (1898) still alive. Notwithstanding Judge Advocate John P. Simonton wrote (as an individual) that while he had no direct or positive proof that the man killed at the Garrett home was Booth any information to the contrary would be of no interest. Mr. Bates continued to press the matter by a second letter to the department, receiving from Judge Advocate General G. Norman Lieber practically the same reply, and diplomatically suggesting that the matter there end. The query might not be altogether impertinent: Suppose the department had expressed desire to receive Mr. Bates' proffered proof that Booth still lived. What then? Did Mr. Bates have in mind the violation of his pledge of secrecy? Of commercializing the secret by turning his client and friend who had placed such confidence in him, over to the avenging hand of mercenary man-hunters? The charitable conclusion may be that Mr. Bates merely chose this manner of seeming betrayal for the purpose of drawing from the government what it knew in the premises. Yet it would seem that Mr. Bates, being a lawyer, might have adopted a less hazardous way, such as simply calling upon the department for what evidence it had, etc. But after all, the writer prefers to concede to Mr. Bates only the most serious and conscientious motives, with no thought of betrayal of his client and friend for commercial or any other reason.

BOOTH AS AN EVANGELIST?

During the 90's Mr. W. H. Holmes of Oklahoma City was at the head of an opera company, he doing high tenor and his wife sopranno. In either 1892 or 1893 he and the madam were at Atlanta, Ga., and attended and sang in the choir at a revival then under full blaze directed by an itinerant evangelist calling himself David Armstrong and who

CROSSED THE PLAINS WITH BOOTH

Through courtesy of the son—Finis, this volume contains a family grouping of Levi Thrailkell with whom the Enid suicide crossed the plainss as a teamster in 1867 or 1868. Mr. Thrailkell was a native of Holt county, Mo., an

Family Group of Tevi Thrailkell

early-day merchant at Caldwell, Kansas. Moved to the Strip in 1893 and secured a homestead adjoining Enid. He was a confederate during the late war between the States. Died at Enid three years ago. The son with his little family reside in Enid, but are preparing to move to the western part of Oklahoma. The grouping takes in Mr. and Mrs. Thrailkell, daughter Ruth (Hope), son Finis and wife, Mabel (Bussard), an extremely beautiful Oklahoma product, likely in face and figure and capable of throwing a movie smile that would make one of Mary Pickford's supremest efforts look like a mere stage grin. Mr| Finis Thrailkell and his wife are very devoted and take great pleasure in their home and their little "sister" also shown in the grouping.

STOOD ON THE BRIDGE AT MIDNIGHT

Sergeant Cobb was a witness in the conspiracy court and identified Herold as one of the parties who crossed the bridge. No possible blame attaches to the two sergeants for permitting the refugees to cross; for they were in possession of the pass word; nor were they to blame for refusing to permit "the only honest man of the three" to cross, as he did not have the pass-word, and when this was given the sergeants had no alternative. The same is true as to the third party whom Secretary Hays designated as the "only honest man of the three," because he had neither the pass word nor the key, and these two young men were under orders and would have been liable to punishment for disobeying instructions had they passed the "only honest man of the three." They were there to obey orders and not as aliens to pass on midnight men's morals; and their subsequent record shows that they were true soldiers to the core.

Sergeant Silas T. Cobb who with Sergeant F. A. Demond raised the gate to let Booth and Herold cross the Potomac after the tragedy was a star witness in the conspiracy trial? The password used was from a station known as "T B," about five miles out from Surrattsville, and the road leading thereto is known as the "T B Road." The party not permitted to cross referred to by Secretary Hay as "the only honest man of three," was John Fletcher in charge of the livery stables owned by N. A. Naylor, relative of Harold, where Booth kept his horse. Fletch had hired a roan horse to Herold who agreed to return it not later than ten o'clock that night (of the tragedy) but who instead made his get-away on the said roan. Young Herold was evidently a trifle pressed for the long green as he tried hard to jew Fletcher down a dollar, but the Shylock liveryman insisted on his pound of flesh and said—"five plunks or no horse."

According to various statements by eminent men Booth was buried in as many places as the proverbial cat. By Dana in the navy yard where a battery of artillery was drawn over the sepulcher to obliterate where it was. According to Lew Wallace, Judge Advocate who tried Herrold and the other conspirators, the body of Booth was buried in a room of the old jail in the penitentiary where it laid for several years—until exhumed and sent to Baltimore. According to Woodward it was taken seven miles down

the Potomac and sunk in the river. According to another the body was transferred from the John S. Ide to a boat and taken to an island twenty-seven miles from Washington and there buried. Still another had a hole dug on a sand bar and the body burned with quick lime. And, mind you, each and every one of these undertakers was positive, speaking from personal knowledge. And, too, it may seem a trifle strange when you reflect that the body of the Garrett home victim was not exposed to view for the purpose of identification when there were thousands who could have done so and forever put to rest any doubt.

STATESMAN AND PATRIOT JUST THE SAME

Lew Wallace, then being the only living member of the military court which tried and convicted Herrold, Mrs. Surratt, and others, wrote under date of January 25, 1898, that to his "certain knowledge" the body of John Wilkes Booth was buried in a room of the old penitentiary prison; that after a time at the request of friends, the remains were taken up and transferred to Baltimore when they now lie "under a handsome marble monument erected to his memory," etc.

Lew Wallace was not extremely warm-blooded. Smouldering, calculating eye, coarse visage and hair which in his younger days was worn to his shoulders; crisp, of iron nerve, playful conscience and strong convictions easily changed. The first political speech the writer ever heard was by Lew Wallace who was (1852) democratic candidate for the Indiana state senate, Crawfordsville district, against Dr. Fry; while Dan Voorhies, even then in his youth known as the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash," was democratic candidate for the lower house against Tom Wilson. Hand written posters had been tacked on school house doors and a few other public places announcing that on the coming Saturday night "The Honorable Lew Wallace" would speak at the Sugar Creek school house, about four miles out from Crawfordsville; that "Hon. Dan Voorhies" would also speak. That evening Brother Dan and the writer strided one of father's horses, Dan in front, and hiked off to hear our first political speech. The little log school house was crowded to the roof. Wallace was the first speaker, and ascending the platform proceeded to shuck his kid gloves and toss his hat to one side. With his left hand he clutched a staff which reached from the platform to the under side of the clapboard roof. One flight only is recalled. Giving his head a jerk to sling his long hair behind his ears, which fete he frequently performed, he raised his eyes to heaven and his good right hand up toward the flag that floated at

the staff top. "I would rather sink and go down to the lowest depths under that glorious old banner of liberty," pressing forward with his toes at the word liberty, "than to float the highest tide on the rotten, damnable"—last word really damnable,—"leaky old craft of black abolitionism." The last word with a pompous jerking under the chin. The Tall Sycamore followed and received the greatest ovation, both before, during and after.

This speech is recalled more vividly perhaps on account of it being the first the writer had ever heard, and from a little campaign jingle current: Hark from the tomb, a doleful sound, mine ears attend the cry—Tom Wilson now is under ground, and so is Doctor Fry. Alas, alas, that this should be, their hopes so soon to fade; big tears upon their cheeks I see, and groans the air pervade.

Now comes into the limelight another version. It is from William P. Wood of Washington City, who died in 1898. At the time of the assassination Wood was in the detective service of the government and was in Cincinnati when the fatal shot was fired. On receipt of a special wire by Secertary Stanton he hastened to Washington. In speaking of the burial of the body of Booth, Wood says it was taken from the steamer John S. Ide at the wharf in Washington, April 27, 1865; that it was then taken from the steamer by Capt. Baker and his nephew, Lieut. Baker of the N. Y. 71st Volunteers, and transferred to a boat and taken down the Potomac and to an island 27 miles out from Washington and buried there.

There are numerous mysteries surrounding the whole Booth affair. For instance of the several hundred thousand dollars reward not one cent of it was ever claimed much less paid. Again, there were thousands in Washington City who knew Booth and who could have readily identified him; but for some reason none were permitted to see the body except just one person—Gen. Dana who never saw Booth alive. Still again. It will be recalled that one of the main identifying features of Booth when taken up from the old penitentiary or jail prison for reburial in the cemetery at Baltimore was that when the boot was attempted to be withdrawn from the right foot the leg came off with it. Whereas it is of record that Booth wore no boot on the injured leg; that Dr. Mudd had removed it and at the very time when this was accepted as testimony that the exhumed body was that of Booth the identical boot was on exhibition in the National Museum in Washington City.

HERALD'S SISTER

Miss Cassie Ferguson writes from Baltimore that not long since among a lot of old papers secured at the American office for "reading matter" and carpet underwear, was a copy of a paper called Historia, in which "I notice you are getting up a book about the Booth escape. I was awfully interested in it, because my uncle was a near neighbor to the Herolds who you mention. He says theywere mighty clever good people, kind and best of neighbors. In an old scrap book I found some pictures and one of them I send you as you may want to use it. This is one of David Herold's sisters, the youngest, I believe, who, uncle says died from grief soon after her brother was hung. Isn't it terrible that a mother, and sister must be the ones to suffer just because some one has led their boy or brother astray? For my uncle says Davy wasn't a vicious boy, only sort of frivolous and confiding. The family was always afraid some one would lead him into trouble and his folks into sorrow. And this is what was done to poor Davy Herold. My uncle Calement has an office in Washington and spends most of his time there. If you want him to and will write I am sure he will be glad to write you something about Booth who he always said was never captured."

BOOTH AS A FENCER

In 1906—possibly a year or so later—while talking with Charley Scouten, an old Kansas friend then living in El Reno, a member of the Knights, in regalia, came up and made a few good natured passes at me with his sword. "This reminds me," said Charley of a little incident at the depot five or six years ago. A couple of lieutenants from the fort were on the platform waiting for a south-bound train and were putting in time at sword parrying. Among the lookers-on was a fine looking fellow who had been hanging around El Reno for a few years, known to some extent as "the Bard of Avon," owing to the eloquence he was able to throw into passages from Shakespeare and other classics. He became interested almost to excitement and kept dodging about interferring as an umpire trying to keep tab on the plays. "Maybe you'd like a bite at

this, old chap," said one of the soldiers in a rather aggravated tone. For a moment the "bard" looked daggers, and snapped out: "Old chap!" but soon recovered and without further word reached for the sword held by the other soldier who readily turned it over. The "bard" gave the sword a cursory survey including metal-test bend. Then with left hand behind him and sworn in the right he began with a few fancy flourishes and in an instant was in tiercing position, with: "Come after it—YOUNG chap, good and hard; for that's the way I'm going after you." But few passes until the lieutenant was fairly "under the ropes." With a look of vengeance he raised his sword as if to make a down plunge at his rival; but in an instant—snap! and the lieutenant's sword was in two parts. Withoua a word the "bard" stabbed his sword into the platform boards and leant on his hands resting on the sword hilt, as he gave his mustache a twist and looked his antagonist square in the eye with a sort of humorous twinkle. After a moment thus he straightened up as if to draw the sword from its board fastenings, with: "Perhaps—YOUNG chap, we had better change swords. It would be about the even thing—" But just then another snap! and there were two woulded swords each broken in about the middle. "Well, providence was always considered a gentleman of equity," as he examined the shared sword. "We are now on equal footing," as he squared as if to continue the contest. "No! Thanks! I've had my lesson and will never call you an 'old' chap again. You're the real game and can wear the belt." "Well, so be it; but suppose we step over the way and have our friend here," patting Scouten on the shoulder, "find something to make us forget it." But just then the train pulled in and the two uniforms with sharded swords got aboard for some point west—perhaps Fort Sill. Just then Abe Rhoades who owned the largest bar in El Reno, joined, and Scouten started to repeat the depot scene. "No need," said Abe. "I was there, and as soon as the challenge was accepted I knew what would happen. The citizen was the man George who killed himself at Enid. I had seen him do a few stunts before. He told me once that he came near becoming a "spirit" as he said, by fooling with a sword." (In this connection it may be noted that Booth wore a scar and one eye slightly dropped from a wound gotten during a stage bout with McCullom.)

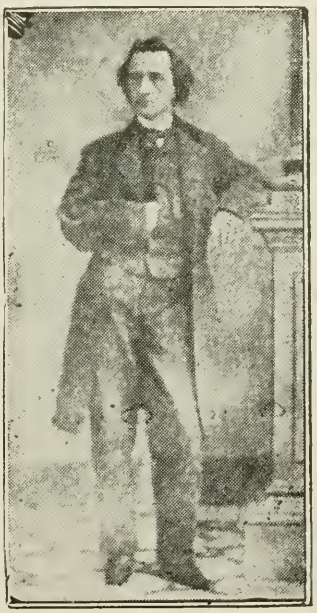
ROBY'S BROTHER STILL LIVING

A brother of Hamilton Roby sometimes referred to as Roddy, Rowdy, or Boyd, is still living some thirty miles out from Washington not far from Laurel, Md. This brother recalls quite vividly the Garrett farm tragedy wherein all trace of his brother Hamilton was lost—"Who possibly paid vicarious sacrifice." The writer not knowing the brother's popstoffice address has been unable to get in direct touch with him. Mr. Jed Bliss of Bowling Green was cited to and a letter was sent him, but it seems he was absent and after about despairing of ever getting a reply, Mr. Bliss writes from New Orleans: "Your letter after chasing me about—to Mobile, then forwarded here is at last to hand. I regret that I can not recall the post office of the gentleman to whom you refer, but may be able to do so when I reach home, not before the last of October. I only know that he is a brother of Hamilton Roby who is said to have been the party who with Jim Thornton was at the time working on Captain Sam Cox's farm out a ways from Mathias Point and who in company with the Captain's brother-in-law, Gib Jones, secreted Booth in a thicket and carried grub to him until other arrangements could be made. He is said to have gone by a number of aliases for some unknown reason and never without arms—an intelligent fellow, but frightfululy profane. Roby is also supposed to be the party with whom Booth negotiated for safe escort to Mosby's camp, giving him a check on a Canadian bank for pay. Sorry I did not get the paper you say you sent—Historia, but presume I will get it on my return."

While looking up days in Enid for this volume Hon. Edmond Franz, one of the large property owners of Garfield county, presented a typewritten article which he prepared and read before the literary club of that city a year or so ago, made up exclusively of the George suicide. This manuscript contains from 12,000 to 15,000 words and would make quite a volume. It is exhausive data of the tragedy until the suicide at Enid. But there is nothing in it that has not been secured through other sources, save a few expressions from Enid people and a number of conclusions by the author—these being logical and decidedly pointed. Mr. Franz could well afford to have his little volume gotten out in book form, and it would need scarcely and "editing" being so cleverly and ingeniously written and arranged.

ACTOR PAYS COMPLIMENTS TO THE BOOTHS

Through the courtesy of Hon. George Horace Larimer, editor of that excellent American magazine, printed with exceptional editorial genius and discretion, the Saturday Evening Post, a copy of the issue of August 20, 1920, has been received. This number was specially desired on account of an article written by Mr. Jefferson Winter, a well-known actor, wherein the Booth family forms the principle text. While John Wilkes Booth and others of the family receive considerate attention, the greater part of the article, making several pages of the Post, is confined to the stage and domestic career of Edwin Booth. It is one of the finest sketches ever penned by any member of the histronic profession—a real reminiscent eulogy, fairly sublime from first curtain to final climax. No more excellent tribute was ever pair to any member of the footlight craft, and it betrays a gift in words, selection and painting and in happy arrangement seldom possessed by the actor. While Mr. Winter was at the time of the great sad tragedy lying on the parlor floor on his back dressed in a diaper and sucking Edwin Booth's thumb cotic," he has evidently made vast research, and being himself one of the most eminent actors on the American stage has put him in touch of every avenue that leads to and from the footlights, and therefore gives to his reminiscences added interest. In this sketch the now nationally known tragedian has contributed a real gem to the literary pages of histronic character. The story is well-balanced with portraits of Edwin Booth. One of these in his favor it a bust pose in which he has often "set" for a profile; another shows him seated, with his little daughter Edwina at his side standing with one arm affectionately around her father's shoulder, her right had clasped in his left, both looking out—she with such bewitching sweetness and he in



that dear solemn calm yet with a usual sunlit smile fairly ineffable. This picture was taken in 1864; "with Elsie Leslie, the Original Little Lord Fontelroy," in 1889. The third represents Mr. Booth seated with his little son between his knees looking up with filial pride and evidently drinking in some lesson of noble promptings. The last is a standing figure as shown in this item.

A MISTAKEN NOTION PREVAILS

A statement is frequently made—one to the writer as late as the present year October (1922) that every person who ever attempted the life of any of our Presidents was a Catholic. Some of these statements are the result of ignorance—inexcusable ignorance, but most of them are made through downright and milicious intent by those who know better. Two attempts were made on the life of Jackson, in both cases by parties of his own politics and religious faith. Lawrence was an English Congregationalist and a supporter of Jackson for the presidency. Booth who shot President Lincoln was a Catholic. Azterodt's shrine was the saloon bar, his god the demijohn, in whose worship he was so persistent and continuous that the Quaker received little of his attention. Payne—(Powell) poor ill-environed was born in Alabama, taken to Georgia and thence to Live Oaks, Fla, where the father, Rev. George W. Powell, was pastor of the Baptist church at the time of the tragedy.

Mrs. Surratt adhered to the Catholic faith, but as she nor any of the other "conspirators" had anything to do with the killing of President Lincoln they can be consistently passed. Guitteau was a Presbyterian member of the Oneida Colony and stumped his state for the man he killed. Golcos' father was an Ohio town marshal and a Methodist. The son was a member of the Young Men's Republican club, etc. The fact is, neither race, politics nor religious faith had anything whatever to do with the matter.

An effort was made to get the name of the party prosecuted at Tyler, Texas, in 1877-8, for selling liquor at Glen Rose Mills without a license when in fact "St. Helen" was the real offender; but Deputy U. S. District Clerk Geo. C. Burruss writes that every vestige of the records were destroyed by fire that same year.

A TOUCH OF ROMANCE

Theatre-goers of Oklahoma City who were here during the season of 1900-1 will doubtless recall among the dramatic troops playing this circuit, the Charley Stater company starring Miss Varsey as leading woman and her husband, Walter Frain, doin gmale leads. Miss Varsey was a young woman of remarkable beauty, of matchless grace, and possessed of the most immaculate charms—a happy compromise between the brunette and blonde types, long flowing hair, thrilling bust, large lustrous eyes. She was not only clever as an actress, but also did acrobatic turns which added the heroic to the romantic. While making headquarters at El Reno one of her greatest admirers was a man of perhaps forty-five, though so well preserved he might have been taken for much younger. He was about five foot eight, weighing perhaps 170 pounds, of rather slender build, inclined to gaze down slightly when in conversation except at times when his keen black eyes would lock the listener square in the eye-to-eye with significant searching. His hair was jet black, rather silky and inclined to wave at the bottom, near the shoulders. In conversation he was the perfection of suavity and good breeding, every evidence of a man of high culture and polish, melodious voice full of sweet flowing, and withal a most magnetic personality. He, in fact, became desperately infatuated with the beautiful Miss Varsey, and undertook to write a drama with her as the leading lady and himself as main support. During an engagement at the Overholser in Oklahoma City the fond amour came in with the company, but kept almost painfully aloof from any of the members, even his dear charmer except at rehearsals of the part she was to take. He registered at the Grand Avenue hotel under the single name—"Devoli," and was understood as being from Milan, Italy, although betraying not the least trace of Italian in either manner or language, except that he was of the Italian brunette cast, commanded the dialect fairly well and possessed the proverbial pleasing polish of the elite of Roman. Except at lunch hour and at rehearsals where but a very few select were admitted he kept close to his room, his bosom companion being one Johnny Hermitage of which he seemed fond, although during his stay here he did not let his "liquid chum" get the best of him. This was David E. George when at El Reno where he had resided for two or three years—the same unfortunate man who committed suicide at Enid in January, 1903. The writer has made strenuous effort to get a line of the play referred to which was to be staged as "Shadows of the Past:" but without avail except a few situations and skeletin lines on this tenor:

Parlor. Devoli dis. slowly pacing as he carefully twirls a small cane in one hand and twists at his black imperials with the other; now and then a pause and solus lines.

"Ah, me Lady Fine! Me Lady Fine! And such eyes! So large and glowing—gems that ravish with their lustre. Orbs that give to the luminary of day but a pale radiance." Sits astride chair with face buried in hands, resting on chair back a moment. Rouses, rubs eyes, long sigh. "Ah well! Me Lady Fine! If only she were here now!" Rises. "Yes, if she were but here! Me Lady Fine! To lead from under these—shadows of the past. Me Lady Fine!" Dramatic ecstacy.

She, entering: Did'st call, Mosenior Devoli?"

He with good-humored smile and cavalier courtesy. "Me Lady Fine! Senior is quite sufficient; hence—"

Pete enters, stops, looks wise. "Ye'p, Subfisicant," Crossing: "D—d—drap de—devil"- scampers off with coon snicker as Devoli casts withering glance.

Then to her: "Did'st call? Yes! To thee! To thee, me Lady Fine!" Takes her hands: "I called to the skies. An angel came! Thee! Thee!" As if to take license she finger to lips in caution. He: "Your pardon! A thousand pardons! Not for kingdoms and crowns—" Sudden: "Porter! Porter! Some wine! Some wine!" Taps table with cane impatient.

She: "Art not feeling well, Senior?"

He: "Yes—No! It is here! It is here!" Head-heart. As if slightly dizzy: "The blinds. The—Porter! The blinds!"

She dextrously turns curtains aside, windows up. "See! How beautiful shines the evening sun."

He, recovered: "Yes; but how dim compared with thine own superior orbs! Me Lady Fine!" Takes her hands passionately.

She shifts to arm-in-arm: "To the garden, Senior."

He: "Yes! To the garden—anywhere away from these—shadows—of the past."

She, diplomatically unarming: "Out there in the open where there are no shadows. Where all is light. Beneath the elms where all is shade."

He as they start off arm-in-arm: "To the garden! To the elm shades! To the end of the world with thee, me lady—"

The drama is said to have been ingeniously laid around one whose past is a continuous haunt, forever in the "Shadows of the Past." The plot is set with poetic gems, classic and thrilling climax. Flowing in a harmonious blend of lights with—"Shadows of the past" which the life of the subject is intended to portray.

WHAT DR. ZIEMANN REMEMBERS

Dr. Chas. Ziemann of Oklahoma City says that during the late fall of 1900 or early winter of 1901 he saw Miss Varsey, leading woman in the Stater Company who were playing at the Overholser, in one of her emotional roles, and as he remembers her she was a woman of wonderful charm and beauty, absolutely superb in her redition of the part; in fact a young actress of strikingly fascinating personality. One afternoon while at the Times-Journal office he met as he first supposed, one of her leading male supports, but who proved to be quite another character. The stranger also possessed rare personality and bearing. He was dressed in a Prince Albert and rather broad-brimmed Stetson and wore an immaculate tie. His hair was of silky texture worn to reach the shoulder, and inclined to wave a trifle. He was a type that impressed to an extent that on passing out I made bold to introduce myself at which he handed me a small card on which was printed some name I have forgotten, representative of a dramatic publication the name of which I have also forgotten. You are just the individual I'm looking for,' I remarked, says the doctor. The stranger gave a peculiar glance then "Well?" as if "The hell you are" to use the doctor's trite expression. Glancing at the card: "I see you represent a dramatic paper." Another "Well," when I continued. "I think I could furnish you a pretty good item." This seemed to unwrikle hasty brows, and the stranger at once seemed more at ease. "I would be pleased to look over your—item." With this he took me very lightly by one shoulder with: "Let's step over to my room and we will investigate what you have." At the entrance to the bar of the Grand Avenue I suggested that we might 'lubricate' as I called it, before proceeding. But the stranger in a diplomatic way excused himself, remarking that while he was in no wise 'averse to the elixir' he seldom ventured to a bar, but suggested that he would wait until I 'lubricated' which I declined with the

remark that I was neither in particular need nor desire. On ascending to the second, which was the top floor, I was led down the hallway to the extreme east end of the building where the door was swung open with a motion for me to proceed, proffering a chair while he took a sitting posture on the table corner. Then with, "If you will excuse me," he took from a drawer in the dresser a flask of beaded fury and from the mantle a tumbler, remarking as he poured, "I will introduce you to—" drawing the cork which he held in his mouth as he decantered—"my bosom companion, Mr. John Hermitage." Handing me the tumbler he took quite a stiff pull at the flask then placed it back in its moorage. Here I drew out the card he had given me; but he reached for it and wrote in bold pencil-hand on the reverse side: "David E. George" and pointing to the new inscription handed the card back. "You see," he said, "I am able to support more than one name, even at the same time and in the same place; but that is the name I go by at El Reno where I make headquarters." Seating on the bed facing me he explained that he had but one chair as he seldom entertained, then looking me square in the eye: "And so you are a play-writer. Well," with a humorous shrug of shoulder, "I never meet a play-writer without calling to mind"—rising and pantoming dramatically—"how the aspiring youth who fired the Ephesian dome outlived the fool who built it."

Then shifting his seat on the bed he related a scene. where boquets were being showered on the actor in an emotional role amid encores that fairly deafened, some one ambled across the stage. "Who is that?" whispered a gentleman in the bald-head row to his seat companion. "O, that's only the damfool who wrote the play." Quite encouraging," I ventured; "but then I'm only a novice with a long way ahead of me in which to reform. "Just to show you," said George as he excused himself and drew a roll of hieroglyphoid manuscript from the stand drawer, "that I, too, am a fit subject for the foolkiller." Straightening up: "It is only in skeleton and it isn't likely any one but myself could get much out of it," as he unrolled as if to read. "If you think you can stand it—"Anticipating I interposed: "Sure I should like to hear it." After scanning over a page or so to himself as if to get the thread, with a few pantomies, he read aloud in a truely dramatic tone, with equally dramatic gestures and flighly poses. But it has been so long ago I don't remember any of it, except I now recall something about shadows and "My Lady Fine," or something like that. I remember distinctly he of a sudden got excited and yelled for the porter to bring some wine. The writer here exhibited the scene reputed to have been a part of the Booth contemplated play at which the doctor

grew fairly excited with interest. "That sounds very much like it; and since you have mentioned it, I am now quite sure the title was as you have—"Shadows of the Past." This, says the the doctor is the last he saw of George except a glimpse of him and some woman as they entered the opera house sometime in the forenoon "to rehearse," as he supposed. "O, yes," added the doctor, I remember that George said he was writing the play for, as he put it, "the most charming little stage-witch that ever captivated an audience. Loving? Well, so far as my experience has been—more lovable than loving." I may also add that I handed George a few advanced pages of my effort to tempt the fool-killer which he read with occasional gestures, then handing the pages back, merely remarking that they were really clever, and if the plot was a trifle less local might be worked into a success."

BOOTH VISITS THE EL RENO THEATRE

Mr. Chas. W. Stater whose dramatic company with Miss Jessie Varsey as leading woman and Walter Frain as male support was among those playing this circuit which included Enid, Kingfisher, El Reno, Oklahoma and Guthrie, with headquarters at El Reno, writes from Long Beach, California, that he was personally and well acquainted with the man going under the name of David E. George at El Reno; that he remembers the many pleasant evenings they spent together. He says one of George's characteristics was an inordinate appetite for baked duck, and "he and myself frequently went duck hunting and whenever we failed to bring down any game, George could be depended on *.....*.....*.....*.....We had baked duck just the same. George told me that Booth was not killed at the Garrett home, as was generally supposed," writes Mr. Stater, "and more than once told me how he got away. He also said that Booth visited my show almost every night and sat in the roost and paid my show the highest compliment. I never knew that he was Booth until after the suicide; then I knew my friend David E. George was in fact Booth. You are on the right track Mr. Campbell. George told me many things, but it has been so long ago that much he told me has been forgotten. As to the play you mention, I know but little except from hearsay but am inclined to think you have hold of the right string if you can only follow it to the end. Now, friend Campbell, I do not care for notority in this connection. You are the first soul I have mentionel the matter to, not even to any of my own family."

On arriving in Oklahoma City a few days ago to visit his son Gordon who is in the law practice in Oklahoma City, on being shown a scene and a few lines of the reput-

remark that I was neither in particular need nor desire. On ascending to the second, which was the top floor, I was led down the hallway to the extreme east end of the building where the door was swung open with a motion for me to proceed, proffering a chair while he took a sitting posture on the table corner. Then with, "If you will excuse me," he took from a drawer in the dresser a flask of beaded fury and from the mantle a tumbler, remarking as he poured, "I will introduce you to—" drawing the cork which he held in his mouth as he decantered—"my bosom companion, Mr. John Hermitage." Handing me the tumbler he took quite a stiff pull at the flask then placed it back in its moorage. Here I drew out the card he had given me; but he reached for it and wrote in bold pencil-hand on the reverse side: "David E. George" and pointing to the new inscription handed the card back. "You see," he said, "I am able to support more than one name, even at the same time and in the same place; but that is the name I go by at El Reno where I make headquarters." Seating on the bed facing me he explained that he had but one chair as he seldom entertained, then looking me square in the eye: "And so you are a play-writer. Well," with a humorous shrug of shoulder, "I never meet a play-writer without calling to mind"—rising and pantoming dramatically—"how the aspiring youth who fired the Ephesian dome outlived the fool who built it."

Then shifting his seat on the bed he related a scene. where boquets were being showered on the actor in an emotional role amid encores that fairly deafened, some one ambled across the stage. "Who is that?" whispered a gentleman in the bald-head row to his seat companion. "O, that's only the damfool who wrote the play." Quite encouraging," I ventured; "but then I'm only a novice with a long way ahead of me in which to reform. "Just to show you," said George as he excused himself and drew a roll of hieroglyphoid manuscript from the stand drawer, "that I, too, am a fit subject for the foolkiller." Straightening up: "It is only in skeleton and it isn't likely any one but myself could get much out of it," as he unrolled as if to read. "If you think you can stand it—"Anticipating I interposed: "Sure I should like to hear it." After scanning over a page or so to himself as if to get the thread, with a few pantomies, he read aloud in a truely dramatic tone, with equally dramatic gestures and flighly poses. But it has been so long ago I don't remember any of it, except I now recall something about shadows and "My Lady Fine," or something like that. I remember distinctly he of a sudden got excited and yelled for the porter to bring some wine. The writer here exhibited the scene reputed to have been a part of the Booth contemplated play at which the doctor

grew fairly excited with interest. "That sounds very much like it; and since you have mentioned it, I am now quite sure the title was as you have—"Shadows of the Past." This, says the the doctor is the last he saw of George except a glimpse of him and some woman as they entered the opera house sometime in the forenoon "to rehearse," as he supposed. "O, yes," added the doctor, I remember that George said he was writing the play for, as he put it, "the most charming little stage-witch that ever captivated an audience. Loving? Well, so far as my experience has been—more lovable than loving." I may also add that I handed George a few advanced pages of my effort to tempt the fool-killer which he read with occasional gestures, then handing the pages back, merely remarking that they were really clever, and if the plot was a trifle less local might be worked into a success."

BOOTH VISITS THE EL RENO THEATRE

Mr. Chas. W. Stater whose dramatic company with Miss Jessie Varsey as leading woman and Walter Frain as male support was among those playing this circuit which included Enid, Kingfisher, El Reno, Oklahoma and Guthrie, with headquarters at El Reno, writes from Long Beach, California, that he was personally and well acquainted with the man going under the name of David E. George at El Reno; that he remembers the many pleasant evenings they spent together. He says one of George's characteristics was an inordinate appetite for baked duck, and "he and myself frequently went duck hunting and whenever we failed to bring down any game, George could be depended on *.....*.....*.....*.....We had baked duck just the same. George told me that Booth was not killed at the Garrett home, as was generally supposed," writes Mr. Stater, "and more than once told me how he got away. He also said that Booth visited my show almost every night and sat in the roost and paid my show the highest compliment. I never knew that he was Booth until after the suicide; then I knew my friend David E. George was in fact Booth. You are on the right track Mr. Campbell. George told me many things, but it has been so long ago that much he told me has been forgotten. As to the play you mention, I know but little except from hearsay but am inclined to think you have hold of the right string if you can only follow it to the end. Now, friend Campbell, I do not care for notority in this connection. You are the first soul I have mentionel the matter to, not even to any of my own family."

On arriving in Oklahoma City a few days ago to visit his son Gordon who is in the law practice in Oklahoma City, on being shown a scene and a few lines of the reput-

ed Booth play, he ejaculated: "I declare, I had not thought of that play for nearly twenty years, but now recall the situation and every line as you have it. I recall another scene where a large spaniel makes a bound as if to feast on lady fingers and sweet meats, at which the heroine betrays fright: 'Wouldst take fright at so frail a thing, my Lady Fine, with charms to soothe the savage breast. Nay, nay, If Sir Bowser should touch thine velvet hands 'twould be but to caress them.' With this the animal makes a threatening demonstration toward Devoli who simply proffers his hat. Sir Bowser, as Devoli addresses him, takes a glance at the proffered hat, then starts a retreat, but stops when Devoli snaps his finger and gives a whistle. 'Sir Bowser, said he, 'wouldst be rude in the presence of my Lady Fine?' indicating toward his Bowsership. 'Allow me,' making a courtsy and waving with hat as if he were introducing some nobleman to a queen. Then pats Sir Bowser on the head and indicates toward the heroine at which Sir Bowser sits on his hinders with outstretched paw. Turning to the heroine, 'why, my Lady Fine, I am pleased to be your protector, but you need none. Sir Bowser's ivories would sink back in the gums should he press thine hands urgently,' etc.

Mrs. Elliott Alton who with her (late) husband did the poster billing for all the shows making Oklahoma City says she was well acquainted with Miss Jessie Varsey, leading woman in the Stater Company which had headquarters at El Reno, and had Oklahoma City on its routing card; that she was one of the most lovable characters she ever met, beautiful as a Venus, and acceptionally clever as an actress. Medium height and passionate bust, large eyes and a wealth of flowing hair—a happy compromise between the brunette and blonde—just such a personaliy as would be liable to appeal to a man of "George's" taste and temperament. Mrs. Alton recalls a gentleman who was here to get estimates on printing and posting for a play he said he was writing with a view of having Miss Varsey as leading cuaracter, himself as lead support. The gentleman referred to said in an off-hand way that he was known as George. As Mrs. Alton remembers it he gave the title of his proposed as —"I can't really remember," she says, "but there was something about shadows in it." As to the brief scene and few lines given herein, she says she has a dim recollection of having witnessed one of the scenes during a rehearsel; and on being shown this scene, she says she rather thinks they are about right; in fact she now recalls the situation and at least a part of the dialogue.

"DON'T MENTION NAME PLEASE"

In securing material for a story like this many snags are run against such as the person who gives information only on pledge of name being withheld. Next to the evidence of "an eye witness" this sort is valueless only as corroborating. The "eye witness" is universally introduced where there is no substantial foundation. War books are full of statements by these vendetta characters of straw, and there are always a few fools who take it as "evidence." For instance, a middle-aged woman of El Reno states that she was well acquainted with Miss Jesse Varsey, the young actress for whom "Shadows of the Past" was written. She was also more or less acquainted with the mysterious author of the drama. In fact, had often accompanied Miss Varsey to the theatre, and one one occasion had she and her "gentleman friend" at her home for tea. She said Miss Varsey became confidential at one time, saying she had gotten a fearful secret from George; that he was not the person he pretended to be, after which he, George, seemed leary, insistently cautioning strict confidence. She said after getting this secret she, too, became suspicious, or rather afraid of the man. He was too realistic, especially in one scene where he is supposed to go into a jealous rage. Miss Varsey said she became so alarmed at what might happen that she declared the matter off so far as she was concerned. And the El Reno "eye witness" said this was no doubt the reason Miss Varsey left the city abruptly and unaccompanied, buying a ticket to Chickasha, but really intending to go on to Dallas; that it was evident the estrangement had somehting to do with George going to Dallas sometime afterward where he took violently ill and placed himself under treatment at St. Joseph's Hospital there. In fact, said the "eye witness" the man George seemed a different person, grew gloomy and despondent with endeavor to "drown his grief in the bowl of bane."

RELATED TO BOOTH, BUT—

An elderly gentleman residing in a goodly town not far from El Reno admitted he was a relative of John Wilkes Booth, but wouldn't have his people know it for anything. He said he had met the man George at El Reno face to fact often but not a word was ever exchanged with him. "On one occasion," he said, "I noticed George eyeing me closely, and if he had been observant he would have noticed I was eyeing him with equal scrutiny. Presently he approached and a moment looked me square in the eye; then reaching my hand gave it a warm grasp,

turning his face slightly away. Then with a tender look he lisped, scarcely audible, "You are—" He again turned his face slightly ascant as a tear trinkled down one cheek and his lips quivered. He gave my hand a firm grip and walked away. I was sure but not certain, he was a second-cousin with whom I had romped in our boy-hood days; and I am equally sure but not certain he recognized me. That was the last I ever saw of him until next day after the suicide, when I visited the corpse in the morgue, but I was too much overcome to more than glimpse, then take a first train for home. Like the El Reno woman, the name must under no circumstances be used. This condition, of course, side-tracks the statements of booth as worthless. and they are only given here to illustrate what one has to contend with in gathering material for a volume like this. Mr. Bates could no doubt have given much more in his book had he resorted to the "eye witness" or the "by all means never reveal my name," which he seems not to have done except in the case of some one who furnished the statement that many families by the name of Roddy resided near Port Royal, etc., which made the statement practically worthless. though no doubt legitimately secured from a legitimate source.

Mr. J. N. Roberts, young attorney of Oklahoma City, says he resided in Hennessey at the time David E. George was there and knew him intimately; that he and his brother were associated together in the painting business and took small contracts for various jobs. He says George was a peculiar fellow, rather close-mouthed except when tanked up, a condition not few nor far between. On these occasions he would grow quite glib, and among other things would recite sketches from Shakespeare and other classic authors; and often say things about himself which seemed to worry him when sobered, sometimes endeavoring to laugh them off as jokes. On one occasion while under a dope-spell in Apache expecting to die, he made a confession to one of the prominent citizens that he was no common painter, nor was his true name George, but J. Wilkes Booth. On getting over the death-fever he denied the confession vehemently, that it was simply dope-jokes, etc. Mr. Roberts also remembers that George took part in a play being staged by the young people of El Reno, but is unable at this date to give the name of the play or the part George took. Mr. Roberts also remembers something about a play George was writing for a Miss Varsey of the Stater Company, and had often spoken to him about the play which he claimed he was preparing for "a little Venus," as he styled her, with whom he gave strong indica-

tions of being enrapt. The name of this play Mr. Roberts has also forgotten, but is inclined to think "Shadows of the Past" which had been suggested was the name—at least there was "shadows" somewhere tangled up with either the play or the plot and possibly both. "From all I can gather," says Mr. Roberts, "and recalling so many peculiar characteristics of George and occasional remarks dropped not thought much of at the time but recalled after the suicide, I verily believe that George was in reality what he said he was when he supposed he was dying—John Wilkes Booth."

In a more recent interview with Mrs. Anstein she said to the writer that she was with Mrs. Rev. Harper in company with Mrs. Beers and Mrs. Simmons at the time Booth made his confession. "I now believe he intended making a confession to me, but grew suspicious over the suggestion I made when asked if I could keep a secret. I replied in such a careless way. 'Why, I'm a woman.' Further, his fear may have been no less on account of the manner in which I answered when he wanted to know if I was a northern or a southern woman, to which I more inadvertantly than intentionally replied in a sort of pickwickian evasion, yet in a way that in all probability left an impression that I was not only a northern woman, but a prejudiced partisan woman of the north."

This calls up a circumstance related by Mrs. Anstine: George just returned from painting a house at Lochridge, a station on the Fort Smith & Western between El Reno and Guthrie, and was a trifle browned and fagged. He had started for his room when an elderly man and woman came in accompanied by a young woman in her late teens —a niece who made her home with them. It seems that while on the painting job George got acquainted with the family, including the niece, who lived near, and, as was his habit, he made himself agreeable especially with the niece whom he petted and flattered on her rustic beauty, what an excellent wife she would make, and how unfortunate he had been not to meet her before becoming so hopelessly old, and joshing on that line which with him was only stage play, but which seems to hav ebeen taken seriously by the niece if not on the part of her uncle and aunt, who no doubt concluded from his apparel and generous display of banknotes that George must have wads of lucre and was only doing odd jobs for recreation, and that they might as well have a bit of his surplus. On entering the hotel the old gentleman said with more or less commanding that he had come to see "the man who did the painting at

Lochridge." At this, George, who had not gotten out of hearing came in and was at once pounced on rough shod by the uncle while the niece stood back timid and fairly tearful. "You damn scoundrel," was the first volley. "You petted and made love to my niece, sir! Yes, and you promised indirectly if not in downright words to make her your wife! And now, damn you—you came away and never so much as left the poor girl a line. You've got the dough to gallant around and wear tailor clothes and make love to innocent young girls, and you must at once make good, either with my niece or come across with some of your pile, if you don't by God I'll—" By this time George's temper was up, and with eyes that fairly flashed fire. "You can't blackmail me for a cent, you onry—vagabond, I once killed a much better man than you, and there's the door! Take a hint or by the gods I'll—" with a double emphasis on the "I'll." It is not thought, says Mrs. Anstine, that the old people and the niece let any grass grow under their feet on the homeward track. The matter was never again brought up by George, nor did the old farmer ever again visit the Anstine.

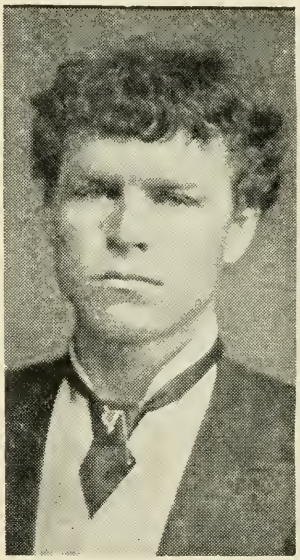
Mrs. Annette Blackburn Ehler of Hennessey, where "George" stopped for several months prior to going to El Reno writes that she was well acquainted with him, she being at that time editor of the Press-Democrat which George visited quite often. "I am firmly convinced that "George" was J. Wilkes Booth," she says. Mrs. Blackburn later became the wife of Mr. William Ehler, one of the pioneer merchants of Hennessey, and was one of those who recommended that "George" call of the writer, then conducting the Waukomis Hornet as one capable of writing his "George's" life-story, and that he could trust the writer t keep inviolate any thing told him in confidence. Mrs. Ehler is a life-member of the Oklahoma Historical Society and a leader in the social and women's political life of Kingfisher county.

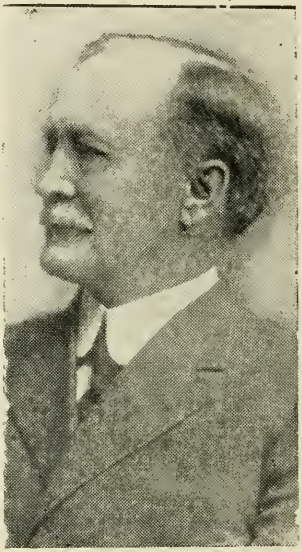
Hon. Dan W. Peery of Carnegie, Oklahoma, was well acquainted with the El Reno man of mystery, and indeed grew chummy with him to an extent that he bet ten dollars with him one time on the Democratic ticket and—lost. "I knew he was no common man," said Mr. Peery, "the very essence of politeness and culture, kindly natured, versatile and extremely well posted on all important subjects—an inveterate Shakespearean juggler who could quote almost the entire works of the "Bard of Avon." Mr. Peery says that George intimated that he was a brother of Senator George of Mississippi, which he took for granted until ap-

pearance of the Historia article some years ago. In this connection the writer has made diligent search and does not find that the late Senator George ever had a "Wandering Willie" brother or any other relative, remote or near, by the name of David.

Ex-editor Maxey of the Kremlin Journal claims to have been in the Ford theatre the night of the tragedy of 1865, and there saw Booth leap from the stage. He declares, however, that the Enid suicide was not Booth. This, although he never saw Booth but that brief moment when the Ford was a confusion, and did not see George at all. Squire F. E. Hills of Enid was in Washington when the body of the man supposed to be Booth was brought in. Mayor Ryan who embalmed George says the body was not that of Booth and gives a remarkable reason: That the suicide had GREY EYES; although every one else with whom the writer talked who claimed to have known George —either at Enid, Hennessey, or El Reno say without reserve that George had black eyes. Mr. McKonkay, of the Enid Art Shop was a photographer at Enid in 1903 and made photos of George. He also knew him well while residing at Hennessey. Knew him as David E. George who claimed to have come there from Texas; that he was a painter and he, Mr. McKonkay, was dealing in paint materials. He says George did no painting except on little jobs, and that proved that he knew nothing about the business. He says George was a hail fellow with some, but rather choice in his associates, seemed pleased to have friends whom he could implicitely trust, was a classical fellow, with evident stage leanings. He said George was often broke, being extremely profligate when he had funds. He owed the landlord at Hennessey a vast sum of lodging and board at one time, but finally paid every penny. He seemed to receive regular remittances from Texas, from somewhere in Iowa and often from Canada.

What unseen hand—what unknown force inspired so many o write of Booth about the same time—1898? The writer had a few hours lay-over at a station on the Blue Valley railroad in Kansas, during May, 1877—long before mental and wireless telegraphy became certain, a pile of lumber being the only evidence that it was a station. To kill time he did a lot of penciling on "scratch-paper", one sentence running. "And this message came sounding through the hollow chambers of the air?" So with the still voice of 1898. Was it the spirit of Booth whispering "through the hollow chambers of the air," to be unconsciously picked up by the susceptible ear?





Tom Powell, Mayor of Fort Worth when Pike fainted on seeing Booth; Temple Houston who was at the Pickwick bar when Pike fainted.

Houston was a son of the noted Gen. Sam Houston, first and only President of the Texas Republic. Temple moved to Oklahoma on the opening of the country in 1889 and went into the law practice at Woodward where his widow is now postmistress. An altercation with Al Jennings resulted in the killing of Jennings young brother, although not by Houston, but by a friend who took up the fight. This killing is claimed was more or less responsible for Jennings becoming an outlaw and serving time in the federal prison at Columbus, Ohio. Being pardoned by Roosevelt he returned home and at once dived into politics, being democratic nominee for prosecution attorney of Oklahoma County; then came near being nominated for governor on that ticket. Jennings' "Beating Back" in book and on the movie screen has given him a prominence seldom gained by one who ever served a term as an outlaw, his movie having been on the screen in almost every country of the civilized world. As a side-line Jennings is also doing evangel work.

BOOTH'S "GOD-FATHER" RECOGNIZES PHOTO

Probably no man on the American stage was more competent to pass on the identity of Booth than was Joe Jefferson, the eminent actor, who, on being shown a copy of a photo with no intimation except that it was taken in 1877, and the subject was known as John St. Helen, exclaimed after scanning the picture: "Well, I must confess you have me in a corner in asking who that likeness reminds me of," said Mr. Jefferson. "It is not only the likeness of John Wilkes Booth, but is his real picture, although there is a trace of care and a sprinkle of years added since last I saw him, only a short time before the tragedy. Can it be possible?" as he placed his fingers to his cheek in a semi-thinking mood. "I had been led to believe that Booth was killed at the Garrett home, although many have doubted it. But—well, if that isn't a picture of John Wilkes Booth—it IS!" as he handed back the photo. Mr. Jefferson was a sort of god-father to Booth, having taught the young aspiring Maryland farm-boy his A B C's on the stage taking him under his wing at the age of seventeen and grooming him until he became a close second.

On the same being shown Junius Booth, Jr., also without a hint other than it was the picture of St. Helen he declared it to be a picture of his uncle, John Wilkes Booth. "And I am positively not mistaken."

TOO COMMON TO BE CURIOUS

To be singular or curious, a thing must be out of the ordinary, which this is not: That so far as the writer's knowledge runs not a solitary member of the legal fraternity was ever hauled up and tried for "conspiracy" to either kidnap or kill the president, although hundreds, yes—thousands of that profession were openly and flagrantly known to have aided with means and counsel in these alleged conspiracies, and their names well-known to the Union authorities, and just where they could be found any hour of the

day or night. One of these immunists went so far as to make a public offer over his own signature through the Selma Dispatch that for a certain sum he wound undertake to kill President Lincoln, one-half down and the other half on completion of the job. This was C. N. Baylee, of Canawa, Alabama. Why such manifest and distinguished immunity to a special class except on the theory that most of the prosecutors and trial judges had at some time or another been members of that profession and as the lawyer whispered in the ear of the jurymen that "we of the profesh must stand together," or an idea to that import. What is true of the legal profession is equally true of the soldiery, not one of who wore an official stripe was e ver hauled up much less strung up on cinspiracy charges.

AS ANOTHER INSTANCE

As other cases in point may be mentioned Captain Jett and Lieutenants Bainbridge and Ruggles whose aid in Booth's escape was admitted and openly avowed. They were not only permitted to go free but were never so much as arrested (except in case of Jett, and then only to insure his services as escort to the hiding place of Booth) but were on closing of the war actually accepted into full fellowship in the north as well as in the south—scarcely subjected to criticism. And yet it is questionable if there is a living soul today who regrets that these men were given a chance to show to the world that their valor in war was fully equalled by their good citizenship in civic life, in the enjoyment of peace and comfort, no wreaths of mourning in their household or doling plooms from the family roof on account of that vengeant, if not mercinary spirit which sent so many not thus favored into ignorinous exile or the city prepared for dead criminals, their families to go forth with the brand of infamy, shunned as outcasts from society. That Jeff Davis, General Lee and the great army of those who fought to dismember the government were permitted to go free and live out their allotted time in pleasant pursuits as honored citizens held by all sections in highest esteem, even to the extent of having vast monuments erected over their mounds.

A RETURN TO BOSTON CORBETT

Boston Corbett was born in England but came to America upon arriving at young manhood. His real first name was William, but as Boston was the first landing place he took the name of that town and was never after known by any other, although regular stipends came to him from England in his old name. He married and after his wife died went to Baltimore and became extremely pious. So much so that on meeting a couple of women of the street one night he beseeched them to change their life and live right. He reached his room in a very shiver of excited passion and then and there determined to place himself beyond the pale of such temptation, he drew from the dresser drawer a razor and—his beard was always of a snowy texture and his voice rather feminine. He was an enthusiastic Union man and entered the service, enlisting under the name of Boston Corbett. He proved so earnest and fearless that he was placed second in command of the Booth pursuing party. About the time the Booth rumor epidemic broke out—1898, he drifted west to Kansas where he at once became a hero as the supposed avenger of the death of the nation's greatest idol. He was chosen sergeant-at-arms of the senate where he created a wild sensation by arming with a brace of big revolvers and adjourning both houses of the legislature. He became so violent that he was locked up. Judge George A. Huron of Topeka was appointed guardian to receive his pension and look after him. He was sent to the hospital but escaped and could never be definitely located thereafter, so Judge Huron writes. He could be heard of being first in this place and that, but like the proverbial katydid, was always somewhere else. Like the El Reno George, there were two of him and like the said El Reno painter they differed widely in appearance and manner. Boston was of small stature, slightly effeminate, whereas the other was a large coarse featured and mannered individual. The latter at one time lived near Medford, Oklahoma. When Boston Corbett's pension had accumulated to the amount of about twelve hundred dollars, Corbett No. 2 put in an appearance and claimed that he was Boston Corbett and made affidavits in order to secure the pension. But he was so crude that he was soon landed in the Atlanta federal prison, being convicted in the U. S. Court at San Angels, Texas, of attempting to defraud the government. This spurious "Boston" went under the name of John at places and William at others.

THE MAN WHO THREW PIKE INTO A FIT

The following was written under Fort Worth date of October 21, 1919, nearly three years ago, but got misplaced and was not found until after the page preceding had been printed. It is signed by Jos. (or Jas.) Smith:

Mr. Editor: While at the Pickwick hotel a short time ago I saw a paper with a small picture in it which took me back a good many years—the middle 80's. I and Betsey (my wife) were in Fort Worth and stopped at the Pickwick. Along towards evening just as Tom Powell and I came from the bar room a number of others went in, and in a few minutes two men came out with another man between them, too drunk (as I then supposed) to get out alone. He was pale and shaking all over, and I afterwards learned he had been frightened by seeing someone who he thought was dead. We lived eight miles west, and when some three miles out a man was noticed under a large post oak by the side of the road. When I drove by he hailed me and asked if I had some whisky. I told him I did not, and then he asked if there was any place around where he could stay all night. At that time houses were scarce in these parts. I told him if he could put up with being crowded he could stay at my house. He thanked me and got in but insisted on sitting behind the seat on the edge of the wagon box. When we got home he seemed nervous and so shaky I gave him a pint flask full of good-stuff whisky and he measured down about two-thirds of the flask, but when I shook my head he kept raising his thumb until about one-third way down when I nodded that he could have that much. "Why, you said you didn't have any whisky, but if this isn't whisky—well—" He took another mere taste and handed the flask to me with thanks. He was such a handsome and uncommon young man that I couldn't help wondering who he could be out in this wild sandy country afoot and alone. I asked him where he was from and he said it would be easier to tell where he was not from. I then asked where he was going and he said it would be still easier to tell where he was from. Concluding he didn't care to talk of himself I did not ask him any more questions. After his drink he became cheerful and talkative and after supper kept us up very late telling funny stories and getting off poetry and such, sometimes in a drama way that was very interesting. Next morning he looked so dry that I gave him a small bit from the flask for which he was profuse with thanking me, and I told him he could take the flask with him. He wanted to pay, but I told him we in Texas never let any one sleep out of doors if we knew it, nor be hungry and never thought of taking anything. After

shaking hands with me and Betsey he gathered up our little Tommy and almost smothered him with kisses as he squeezed him to his bosom, and I feel sure he had tears in his eyes. Betsey and I have often talked of the fine strange young man, and when we saw your paper we both declared it was a picture of the young man who had rode out and stayed at our house back there in the 80's.

Bill Liddle was at the Pickwick the same night and could no doubt give you more about it than I can. He lives at either Waco or Wichita Falls, and you might try both places to be sure.

(Mr. Liddle was written, and in reply said he remembered the circumstances related. He says he and Mayor Powell had just taken a nip at the bar and were passing through the hotel lobby when they met a number of men going in. One was the editor of the paper, another was old General Houston's boy, and one was evidently from Cleburne. There were a couple of others, both strangers to me. Just as we stepped into the hotel a young man came in at the front door which was open, and after looking about as he twisted at his mustache and played with a small cane in the other hand he leisurely went into the bar room. In a few minutes two men came through the door with another man between them. He was white as a ghost and seemed in a state of complete collapse. Mr. Powell told me the man was the distinguished General Pike and that he had fainted on seeing a dead friend appear at the bar. Mr. Liddle gave a number of references of old-times at Fort Worth and other near points.

"I SAW LINCOLN SHOT" ADENDOM

See Page 66.

I rushed back to the entrance, and looking across to the President's box saw Mrs. Lincoln standing and wringing her hands and crying hysterically, while the Major was leaning over the end of the box, the sleeves of his blue uniform red with blood as he shouted: "Stop him! Stop that man!"

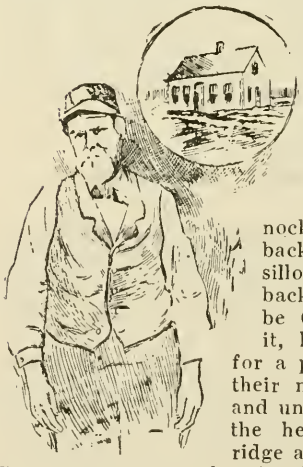
"I am going to the President's box," said Miss Keene. On entering we found a doctor and a couple of others there making hasty examination of the wound. The President was unconscious, his position unchanged. I could see the wound, a small blue spot behind the right ear, not bleeding. His face normally a parchment-like hue, was now dead white. Mr. Lincoln was not moaning, not even breathing heavily—practically still as if dead. Lying on the floor was the pistol—a single barrel Derringer with large bore.

Miss Keene bent over Mrs. Lincoln trying to quiet her.

The gowns of both bespattered with blood from Rathbone's wound.

Mr. Ferguson here describes the scene at the house where the president was taken. He wholly discredits the old gag about Booth crying "Sic semper tyranus" as he touched the stage. He was more bent on a get-away. In the course of an hour or so, Mr. Ferguson wrung down the Ford Theatre curtain never to rise again. The government purchased the building and converted it into a museum.

Here follows a review and numberless reminiscenses, one being the meeting a number of actors in a room near the Ford, among them John Wilkes Booth who occupied a jovial nonchalant recline on the bed. Three months later Mr. Ferguson saw in that same room on that same bed, the dying President—Abraham Lincoln. The entire story and incidents as given by Mr. Ferguson would make several pages, every line of interest.



Referring back to Booth's Texas confession wherein he states that Lieutenants Bainbridge and Ruggles stood guard near the Garrett home to warn him in case of approaching danger, finds full corroboration in the statement of various government witnesses including General David D. Dana who declaues that while in pursuit of the fugitives he saw on a ridge after crossing the Rappahannock two cavalrymen on horseback whose outlines formed in sillouhette against the evening background. Believing them to be Confederates, but not sure of it, he challenged the cavalrymen for a parley, but instead, "they bent their necks to their horses' wethers and under spur soon disappeared into the heavy underwood between the ridge and the Rappahannock." Here, General Dana says he abandoned the chase.

Notwithstanding the confession of St. Helen, Mr. Bates some way connected it with the Herrolds and that though I was not personally acquainted with him, although I saw

him a number of times in his younger days, and recall numerous allusions to his family resemblance to the Booths,

According to request from Gen. Dana, Mr. Bates sent a copy of the Texas tintype with no intimation as to who it was supposed to represent. In due time Gen. Dana returned the picture, stating:

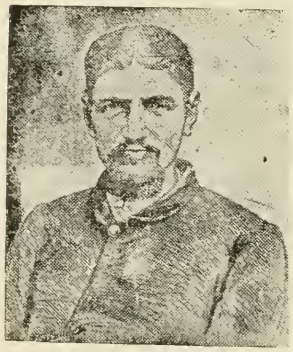
"Your favor of January 8 just to hand, and I must say I was surprised at the turn things took, for I expected the likeness of, or that it would have at least some of the features of that man Herrold you wrote me about, but it seems it was Booth instead. Can this be J. B. Booth, brother of John Wilkes? Will it be asking too much of you to send me a copy of the confession which you have? I would like to have it for my own satisfaction," etc.

A letter with an Upper Zion, Va. postmark, starts out with the assertion that "the people of this section take no stock in the George confession. The record shows that he was killed at the Garrett home, and that ought to settle it," etc. What record? There was no inquest, no verdict of any sort as to who was killed at the Garrett home. Nor is there any record of any authenticated identification. Not a line of record anywhere, not even in the war department. Nothing but the newspaper accounts sent out by space-writers and novelists of the Stanard Baker imagination. True, there was evidence brought out at the conspiracy trial tending to show that John Wilkes Booth was killed at the Garrett home; but this is simply extraneous evidence brought out to incriminate certain alleged conspirators on trial, for entirely another alleged offense—the killing of the President. Booth was not in that court, either in person or by counsel and therefore there were no cross-questions. Every witness had his say without let or hindrance. Yes, Mr. P. M.—what record? The letter cites to numerous persons who it says might be able to furnish information desired, all of whom were written, but so far not a reply has been received. Besides, this letter was unsigned without even a hint as to the author. The only reason it is accredited to the postmaster is: He was the only person written to at that postoffice. The letter does not even say "yours received," "in reply to yours," or any other intimation as to authorship.

"Your friend at Upper Zion, further writes Mr. Gibbs, is evidently in error as to Captain Jett dying in an insane asylum; for it is well known that he lived a number of useful years after the conflict and finally died

in the Williamsburg hospital from the effects of a wound. And speaking of the Captain: He was an exceptionally bright young man with a frank open countenance that was at once as assurance that he was true to any trust imposed on him, mild, yet firm and active. Another thing was his pronounced resemblance to the Booths, especially to Edwin; so much so that many believed he must have been in some degree related to that household." But vast inquiry and research fails to reveal any such relationship.

One thing seems clear—that if the prosecution is no more certain as to who was killed at the Garrett home than it is of what became of the body, it is surely not overly certain about anything; not enough to warrant paying any of the rewards still available. Even Boston Corbett who was second in command and who was not only at the killing, but actually did the killing, admitted that he had never seen Booth, but only supposed at the time, that it was him. But, shucks! What's the use? There are so many like the old gentleman who on seeing the picture of a giraffe on a circus poster declared he just knew "there haint no sich animal." And even when shown a real live one under the tent he toddled off shaking his head: "I don't care. I jist know there haint no sich animal."

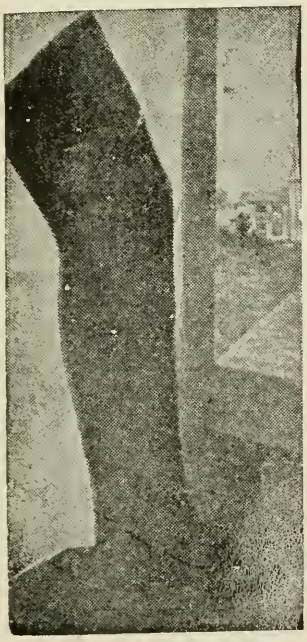


Still you are not satisfied with the evidence contained in this volume? You must be like a circus "razor-back" the writer once ran across. Several years ago one of the circus characters of the west was J. T. Johnson who started out with a "Big New York" tent and would up with an Uncle Tom sheet, a two-piece band, a goat, his daughter Molly and a couple of "tent men" known to circusdom as "razor-backs." While in Atchison one of Johnson's razor-backs came down the street hatless and shirtless, liable to arrest for wearing a September morn garb, had not the dust of ages so begrimed the fellow that no one could have sworn whether he had a shirt on or not. Walking up to Johnson he said: "J. T., I gotta have seventy-five cents." "J. T. gave his Captain Kid mustache a jerk, and piercing

the razor-back through with his fiery glance: "Seventy-five cents? Why, what the hell's the matter with you? Don't you get to hear the band play, and don't you get to lead the goat in the parade? And don't you get to see my Molly walk the slack wire? What more do you want? The earth?"

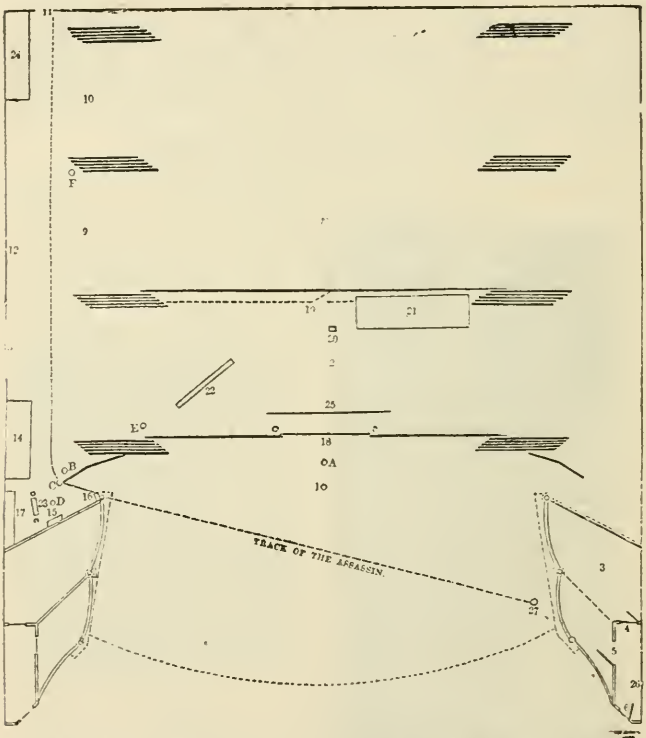
TRICK OF THE BLACK HAND

As a further evidence that Booth had the black art down at a whif and ancanting finger-flip, just look upon this migratory boot which was through one of those whifs and finger flips endowed with a sort of omnipresence like the redoubtable Booth — on exhibition in the Smithsonian Institution and at the Baltimore morgue at the same moment. Not only that, but the proud spirit down in that dark vault "revolted" at the idea of appearing in select company among old Baltimore chums with only one boot, commanded its presents for the bootless foot. But then it was a "rented" boot at which the proud spirit also revolted, and with another whif and finger snap, behold! the "rent" disappeared.



This "feet" coupled with the calling from the tailorshop that dress suit for the Baltimore party and the gift of omni-presence so manifest may account for the various "resting places" the remains have found during the corps corporial ceremonies, of his katydid and mysterous—now here, now there appearance and disappearance in the flesh the past half century.

Miss Jennie F. Allensworth, postmistress and general merchant at Rollins Forks, Va., writes that Mrs. E. M. Baker, daughter of Will Rollins who owned the boat on which Booth crossed the Potomac lives at Boague, Va., but it is too late to get action on Mrs. Baker.



Number required on stage during performance: Actors, 19; scene shifters, 4; carpenters, 2; gas man, property man, promoter, 3. Total, 29.

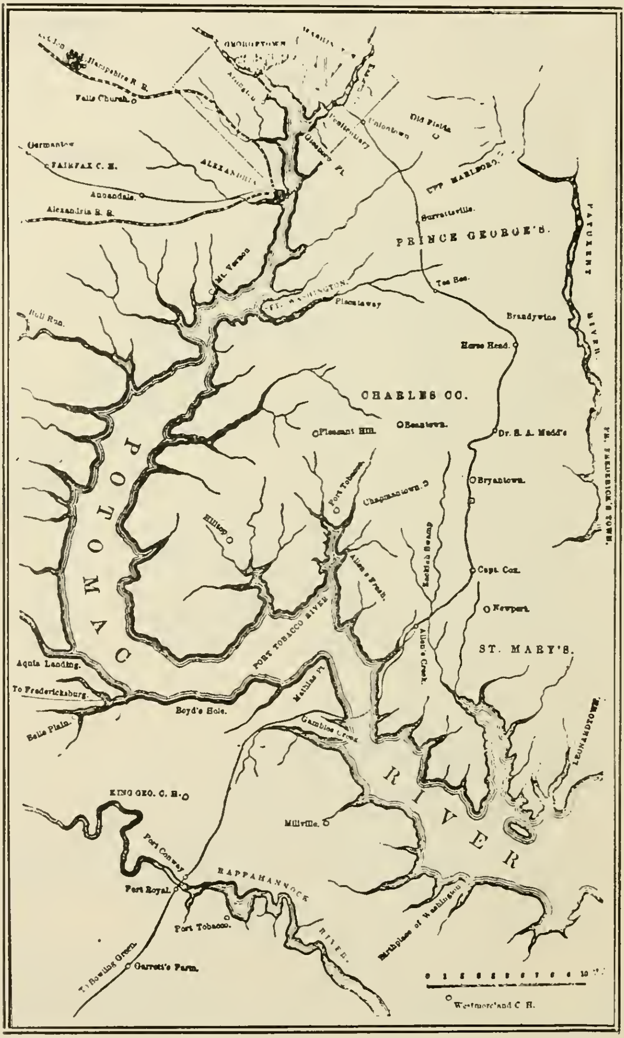
Disposition on stage at time of tragedy.

A Harry Hawk as Trenchard
B Miss Laura Keene, leading
C Wm. T. Ferguson, Vernon
D Gas man
E Stage manager Wright
F. Wm. Withers, Jr., Orch.

General Chart.

3-4 President's box
4-5 Doors to President's box
6-10 Passage entrances
11 Back door to back alley
12 Door to dressing rooms
15 Governor to gas light
16 Prompter's desk
18 Center door to scenes
19 Fence with gate
20 Martin house
21 Set dairy 3x13x13
22 Bench
23 Table and (2) Chairs
26 Hole in wall to hold door

ILLUSTRATIONS



Falls Church
Germantown
FAIRFAX C. H.
Annandale
Alexandria R. R.
ALEXANDRIA
Uniontown
Old Fields
UPP. MARLBORO.
Surrattsville
PRINCE GEORGE'S.
Mt. Vernon
FT. WASHINGTON.
Piscataway
Tee Bee.
Bull Run.
Brandywine
Horse Head.
PATUXENT RIVER.
CHARLES CO.
Pleasant Hill
Beantown.
Dr. S. A. Mudd's
POTOMAC
Bryantown.
Port Tobacco
Chapmanstown.
Hilltop
Allen's Fresh.
Capt. Cox.
Newport
PORT TOBACCO RIVER
Allen's Creek.
ST. MARY'S.
Aquia Landing.
To Fredericksburg.
Boyd's Hole.
Mathias Pt.
Belle Plain.
Gambles Creek
RIVER
LEONARDTOWN.
KING GEO. C. H.
Millville.
Port Conway
RAPPAHANNOCK RIVER.
Port Royal.
Port Tobacco.
Birthplace of Washington
To Bowling Green.
Garrett's Farm.
Westmoreland C. H.

NOMENCLATURE IN THIS VOLUME

(*) denotes deceased. No state name indicates Oklahoma. (**) indicates receipt of valued information, to all of whom acknowledgment is hereby extended.

Allen, C. A., merchant and P. M. at Balty, Va.
Allen, H. M., reference to Booth in Harper's Weekly.
Alton, Mrs. Elliott, Oklahoma City, knew Miss Varsey.
Anstine, Mrs. Frank, at Booth's El Reno confession.
*Anstine, Frank, witness to George's El Reno will.
Admire, Miss Mina, in Kingfisher local cast, 1893.
*Augur, C. C., in command at Washington in 1865.
*Arnold, Samuel, sent to Dry Tortugas as conspirator.
*Azterodt, Geo. A., hanged as conspirator.
*Baker, Col. L. C., with pursuing party at Garrett's.
*Baker, Lt. L. B., with pursuing party at Garrett's.
Baker, Ray Stanard, writes of pursuit and capture.
Baker, Mrs. E. M., daughter of Will Rollins.
*Bainbridge, Lt. A. M., Conf., aids Booth in escape.
Bainbridge, Gen. Dan S., father of the Lieutenant.
Bainbridge, Ben, brother of Lieut. A. M.
Beeks, W. T., witness to George's El Reno will.
Beers, Mrs. Wm., at Booth's El Reno Confession.
Bates, Finis L., Receives St. Helen's confession.
*Bell, Col., hanged by government as Confederate spy.
Billingsley, A. P., postmaster at Port Conway.
Bishop, Chas. B., actor, at Baltimore obsequies.
"Boyd", Roddy alias, crosses river with Booth.
*Booths—J. Wilkes, Edwin, Agnes, Junius Jr., St.
Britton, Hon. Rollin J., Attorney, Kansas City, Mo.**
Bronson, Edgar S., El Reno American, Sec. Press Assn.
Brown, B. B., witness to George's Enid will.
*Brown, Hon. U. S., El Reno Democrat, knew Booth
*Browning, W. A., private secretary to Vice President.
Burrus, A. C., U. S. Dist. Court Clerk, Tyler, Texas.**
*Burroughs, Johnny, held Booth's horse.
Camden, Guy, in Kingfisher local cast, 1893.
Carleton, Chas., directs "Nevada" at Kingfisher, 1893.
Carneal, Postmaster at Lent, Va., near Garrett farm.**
Chapman, Mrs., Kansas City, husband at Garrett's.**
*Chapman, Miss Blanche, on stage with Booth in 60's.
*Cobb, Sergeant Silas T., at bridge when Booth crossed.
*Conger, Everton B., with pursuing party at Garrett's.
Connelley, Wm. E., Kansas Historical Society.**
Cox, Captain, cared for Booth near Mathias Point, Va.
*Courtney, Miss Jennie, in "Our American Cousins."
Davis, Adj. Robt. J., War Department.
*Davis, Jefferson, president Southern Confederacy.

Davis, Lt. Ben J., Signal Corps photographer.
*DeMond, Sergeant Fred. A., at bridge when Booth crossed. (See family group.)
*Dougherty, Capt. Ed. P., in command at Garrett's.
Donnelley, M. W., saw Booth when Pike fainted.
Duffey, Col. James, Oklahoma City, has George photo.
Dumond, S. S., proprietor Enid hotel, place of suicide.
Ehler, Mrs. Annette Blackburn, Hennessey, knew Booth.
Ely, Sims, clerk executive dept., Washington City.**
Eakins, E. A., Enid.**
Evans, Chas. S., witness to George's Enid will.
Fairgrieve, Frank, Enid, mother saw Booth at Ford's.
Ferguson, Miss Cussa, Baltimore.
Ferguson, Wm. T., actor writes—"Saw Lincoln Shot."
*Fletcher, John, in charge of livery stable.
Fitzhugh, Hon. St. George R., Fredericksburg, Va.**
*Gay, Dr. H. W., saw Marr (Booth) in Miss., 1869.
Garber, Judge Milton, Enid, prob. Booth will.
*Garrett, William, saw Roddy at Garrett's home.
Gillstrap, Harry, sec. to Emanuel Herrick, M. C.**
*George, David E., (Booth), suicides at Enid.
*George, Willy, devisee in will—unknown.
Gore, Hon. Thomas P. writes of Miss Georges.**
Grant, Gen. U. S. billed to be with President.
Harper, Mrs. Rev. Jake, Booth conf.
*Hays, Sec. State John, writes tribute to Booth.
*Harris, Miss Clara, in box with President.
Hensley, Senator Tom, El Reno, knew Booth.**
Hensley, Frank, El Reno Peoples Press.**
Hill, Capt. A. P., Enid, saw Booth in Washington.
Hilliard, Capt. Edwin, helped sink Booth body.
*Herold, David E., hung as Booth accomplice.
Holmes, Prof. W. H., Oklahoma City, saw Booth in Ga.
Holloway, Judge Wm. T., Port Royal.
*Houston, Temple, saw Booth when Pike fainted.
Houston, L. N., Enid, executor George will.
Huron, Judge George H., Corbett guard.
Jefferson, Joe, actor, recognized tintype.
Jett, Capt. Willie S., aided Booth in Escape.
*Jett, Judge J. B., Minn., no relation to Capt. Jett.
Jett, Miss Dora, daughter of J. B., Fredericksburg, Va.
Juley, Peter A., photographer N. Y. Hist. Society.**
*Keene, Miss Laura, in "Our American Cousins."
Levan, Capt. Edwin, saw Booth in Ky. and Mexico.
Lane, Harry, actor, Equity Association, N. Y.**
Liddle, Bill, Waco, Tex., Saw Pike Faint.
*Lieber, G. Norman, Judge Advocate.

*Lincoln, Abraham, assassinated by Booth.
Locke, Hon. Victor, Jr., Ind. Attorney, Muskogee.**
Lorimer, George Horace, Sat. Eve. Post.**
Lubbe, Lt. Albert J., U. S. Signal Corps.**
*Maas, Capt., at Pickwick Bar. when Pine fainted.
Madsen, Chris, U. S. Marshal, Guthrie.**
*McLoughlin, Michael, sent to Tortugas as conspirator.
Meigs, Captain, in Ft. Worth when Pike fainted.
McComas, Terry, saw St. Helen (Booth) in Texas, 1876.
Musgrove, Asst. P. M. Clyde, El Reso.
*McPhail, Provost to whom Azterodt surrendered.
Mize, Miss, in Kingfisher local cast, 1893.
Moore, Col. W. J., Oklahoma City Booth cadavar.
*Morris, Clara, Booth's Genevieve—was at Baltimore.
Moxey, Basel, Ford doorkeeper, Baltimore.
Munsen, F. G., clerk adj. department, Washington.**
*Naylor, N. A., owned livery where Booth kept horse.
Nichols, N. B., editor El Reno American.**
*O'Brannon, Dr. A. D., accompanied Booth on escape.
Parker, Henrietta, in Kingfisher local cast 1893.
*Payne (alias for Powell), Lewis, hung as conspirator.
Pennick, F. W., Detroit, Mich., has photo of Booth.**
Pennyman, Enid, undertaker who embalmed Booth.
*Pike, Gen. Albert, fainted on seeing Booth, 1884.
Powell, Hon. Tom T., mayor of Ft. Worth in 1884.
*Powell, Rev. Jos. W., Live Oaks, Fla., father of Lewis.
Pittman, Walter, Buela, Miss.**
*Rathbone, Maj. N. R., in president's box.
"Roddy" or "Boyd", crossed river with Booth.
Rollins, Bill, Rappahanock.
Ross, J. S., in Kingfisher local cast 1893.
Rowe, C. R., city editor Lance-Star, Fredericksburg.**
Robar, Ex-chief Wm. D., El Reno.**
Roby, Hamilton, (Roddy or Boyd).
Sage, Professor Beatty, Enid, reads Booth's hand.
Secane, Lt. Col. A. G., Signal Corps, Washington.
*Scurlock, L. C., at Pickwick bar when Pike fainted.
Scott, Major Hugh, U. S. Veterans Bureau.**
*Simmons, Mrs. J. W., at Booth's El Reno confession.
Smith, Anna K., devisee in George's El Reno will.
Smith, Geo. E. (Prog), special friend of Booth.
Smith, Wm. C., book dealer, Cincinnati.**
*Spangler, Ned, Ford scene man, sent to Tortugas.
Spangler, Dr., in Kingfisher local cast 1893.
St. Clemens, F. S., Superior Sisters at Dallas, Texas.**
St. Helen, John, (Booth's Texas alias), 1872-84.
*Stanton, Edwin M., Secretary State, 1865.
Stater, Chas. W., Los Angeles, knew Booth in El Reno.

Stater, Gordon, Atty. Oklahoma City, son of Chas. W.
Stratford, A. A., notary in George's Enid will.
Steuart, Henry L., Oklahoma City, in re Booth will.
Sturgis, Hon. Henry J., Enid Atty. in George affair.
Stewart, H. B., city editor Baltimore American.**
*Surratt, Mrs. Mary E., hung as conspirator.
*Surratt, John H., conspiracy suspect.
*Taylor, Gen. J. H., with Booth at Glenrose Mills.
*Thomas, Gen. Geo. H., Oklahoma City.
Thomas, Geo. H., Jr., France in 1909.
*Thomas, Conf. Gen. Henry George, McAlester.
*Thomas, Conf. Gen. Wm. L., sought by Mrs. Walton.
*Thomas, Heck, Lawton, nephew of Henry G. Thomas.
*Thornton, Jim, rowed Booth and Herold across river.
*Thrailkell, Levi, with whom Booth crossed plains.
Thrailkell, Finis (See family group).
Todd, Lee, knew Booth in Enid.
Thrower, (Crazy) George, El Reno.
Varsey, Miss Jessie, for whom Booth wrote play.
*Voorhies, Dan W., statesman in 1865.
*Wallace, Gen. Lew, in conspiracy trial.
Wall, A. J., New York Historical Society.**
Walton, Mrs. Louisa, writes from Beverly, N. J.
Wasson, Hon. Clark, Ind. Supt., Muskogee.
*Weightsman, Lewis J., witness in conspiracy trial.
*Wells, Provost to whom Azterodt made confession.
Weaver, Hon. Claude, postmaster at Oklahoma City.**
White, Miss Marion C., Cavendish, Vt.**
Wilson, Lawrence True, Washington City.
Winter, Jefferson, actor, on Booth reminiscence.
Wood, Chas. O., witness to George Enid will.
Wood, Capt. A. W., helped bury one of Booth's bodies.
*Wood, Col. Wm. P., helped sink Booth's body.
Woodward, Major, helped burn Booth in quick lime.
*Woolard, Col., Maryland detective.

ERRATA:—In a few places "Rutledge" should read "Ruggles". Green "Mount" should read "Mound". But the most annoying error will be found on page ___ in the last two words in an item about Mayor Ryan, which should read "read Hare," instead of "red hair." This last error was marked in proof, but not corrected; again in the revise, but not corrected, and then in page proof, but still not corrected.