"To care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans."

The National Tribune.

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THE first question which must occur to King Peter, of Servia, upon waking every morning is, "Is my head on straight?"

GEN. MCARTHUR surprised the National Encampment by an unusually good speech. He is quite as much of an orator as he is a soldier, which is saying a great deal.

THE Kansas City Star wants to know why chicken-stealing is a felony, and bribery only a misdemeanor in Missouri. The explanation would seem to be that the possible bribe-takers have the last guess over the possible chicken thieves.

D. B. HILL disapproves of Teddy Roosevelt. Well, several million men, quite as set in their opinions, have disapproved of D. B. Hill, so that up to date the odds are against the Sage of Crow's Nest.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN may understand his business, but it looks as if he was sawing off the branch upon which he sits, when he refuses to come to Ohio and speak in favor of Tom Johnson's ticket. It is hard to see how he can retain any hold upon the party after this.

NOT only San Francisco, but every town in California, turned over its keys to the veterans, and made them feel like long-absent brothers. Los Angeles, Pasadena, San Diego, Oakland, San Jose, and in fact every town in the State extended a cordial invitation to the visitors to come and enjoy their hospitality. Each of them had a large delegation of veteran guests, who were royally entertained.

How about this government by injunction? Anyway, a New Jersey lover has secured an injunction against another man, taking his sweetheart away from him, and now a Nebraska court has enjoined a man from speaking to his wife. There are limits to this thing, however. No judge would dare enjoin a woman from speaking to her husband, or from having the last word, or a girl from marrying the man she is determined to.

SEVERAL thousand Croatian peasants are in revolt against the Magyar rulers in Hungary and have grievously insulted the Hungarian flag. The Croatians are Slavs, and are looked upon by the Magyars very much as our Southern whites do the negroes. Nearly all the so-called "Hungarians" who come to this country are Slavs—Bohemians, Moravians, Slovaks, Poles, Serbs, Croats, etc.—of whom there are nearly 9,000,000 in Hungary, to 2,000,000 Germans, and 8,000,000 Magyars.

EVANGELIST John Alexander Dowie recently became a citizen of the United States, and before the ink was dry on the signature to his oath of allegiance, he announced his purpose to change the flag of the United States. He says:

"The flag is not artistic. It is awkward and unbalanced; the field of blue and the cluster of stars off in the corner are out of place. My design is much prettier, and in better taste."

He proposes to divide the flag into two parts, running the field of blue with the stars clear across the upper part parallel to the stripes.

Mr. Dowie can not employ himself any more harmlessly. The flag of the United States will remain precisely as it is, with the addition only of some more stars, long after Mr. Dowie has joined the angel throng and slept through an eternity compared to which that of the Egyptian mummies is but an afternoon nap.

THE Trans-Mississippi Congress recently in session in Seattle, was quite comprehensive in its views as to the future needs of this country. It adopted resolutions favoring statehood for Oklahoma and Indian Territory combined; a Territorial Government for Alaska; for aid to American shipping; for an International fish hatchery on the Frazer River; closer commercial relations with Canada; placing the Consular service under the Civil Service; liberal policy with regard to forestry, irrigation, public lands, and improvements of rivers and harbors; $1,000,000 for the Lewis and Clark exposition at Portland; more Trans-Mississippi representation in the Department of Commerce; a canal connecting Puget Sound and Lake Washington; more stringent pure food laws; in favor of the Isthmian Canal; of making the Hague Tribunal a court of last resort; and opposing the sale of large tracts of lands in the Philippines, and the introduction of Chinese labor. These propositions are all good, and the Congress did itself credit in its action.

The following resolution, introduced by Comrade P. H. Coney, of Kansas, was adopted by the National Encampment by acclamation:

"Resolved, That we congratulate that splendid soldier, exemplary commander and patriotic citizen, Gen. Nelson A. Miles, upon his attainment of a distinguished and honorable retirement after a matchless record as a soldier of over 42 years' service, without just criticism of his official conduct, which began as a Lieutenant in the 22d Mass., progressing by the brightest grade of heroic patriotism from Manassas to Appomattox, during the greatest of all civil wars from 1861 to 1865, and illuminating this record by his great military achievements as a successful Indian fighter, and again as a gallant and judicious military disciplinarian and organizer."

THE 37th NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT.

It is sufficient praise for the 37th National Encampment, Grand Army of the Republic, which met in San Francisco, that in membership, wisdom and dignity it was worthy of its great predecessors. It was a splendid body of representative veterans, and its proceedings highly creditable to the entire body of comrades.

Unanimously, without a dissenting voice, without discussion even, it adopted the report of the Committee on Pensions, which, with unanswerable reasoning, asked for a service pension of $12 a month to all veterans who have reached or shall hereafter reach the age of 62, and a similar allowance to their widows. There can be no doubt of this accurately voicing the wish of the great mass of the veterans, and the action of the Encampment is a long step toward speedily securing this measure of justice from Congress.

The selection of Gen. John C. Black for Commander-in-Chief has been happily received all over the country. He is a soldier of splendid record, who enlisted at the first call, rose by faithful service and gallant conduct from the ranks to the grade of Brigadier-General, was repeatedly and severely wounded, and is an orator and publicist of National reputation.

Comrade C. Mason Kinne, elected as Senior Vice Commander-in-Chief, is a prominent citizen of San Francisco, where his record in civil life has been quite worthy of that made in the army. He is a veteran in Grand Army work, and there is no more faithful and energetic worker on the Pacific Coast.

Comrade Harry C. Kessler, of Montana, elected Junior Vice Commander-in-Chief, is another good worker in the Order, a very popular comrade, and who has just finished a tour of duty in the United States service in the Philippines.

Comrade G. A. Harman, of Ohio, elected Surgeon-General, is enthusiastically vouched for by the Ohio comrades as a very capable and most deserving comrade, who has rendered many years of acceptable service to the Order.

Comrade Winfield Scott, of Arizona, elected Chaplain-in-Chief, bears a highly-honored name, and the Arizona comrades testify that he bears it most worthily.

The remembrance of the magnificent entertainment given the 24th National Encampment was a far more eloquent argument for Boston than could be made in any speech, and from the moment it was known she had invited us to again meet within her glorious gates there was no doubt that the invitation would be accepted over all others that might possibly come. Everybody in the Grand Army wants to go to Boston again, and we shall have an attendance there that will make people think that the Grand Army has renewed its youth.

Commander-in-Chief Black has emphasized the satisfaction felt with the work of the Encampment by the announcement of the comrades selected for his staff. Comrade C. A. Partridge, his Adjutant-General, has been for years the Assistant Adjutant-General of the Department of Illinois, and a better one can not be found in the United States, in or out of the Order. Comrade Chas. Burrows has been reappointed Quartermaster-General. Everybody believes his honesty and financial ability are not surpassed even by the Secretary of the Treasury, which office he would adorn. Comrade James Tanner is Judge Advocate-General. There isn't but one "Jim" Tanner in the Grand Army of the Republic, and great is his fame throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Comrade E. B. Messer, Hartley, Iowa, appointed Inspector-General, is well known among the Trans-Mississippi veterans for his activity, ability and good work.

SAN FRANCISCO HOSPITALITY.

The entertainment which San Francisco gave to the 37th National Encampment was flawlessly superb, and left nothing to be wished for. Everything that could be done for the entertainment of the veterans had been thought out beforehand, and was done promptly and with royal good will. Everybody came away delighted with the city, with the people, and with every hour of their stay by the Golden Gate. Their only regret was the likelihood of not being able to go thither again. The following resolution, written by Comrade Clark, of Iowa, and adopted by a rising vote in the Encampment, expresses the feeling of all:

"Resolved, That to the local Posts of the G. A. R., to the Woman's Relief Corps, to the Ladies of the G. A. R., to the various committees on entertainment, to the city government and the people of San Francisco, especially for their elaborate and unsurpassed decorations, as well as to the Posts, the Woman's Auxiliary societies and the people of Oakland for their generous and gracious hospitality; to the press of the city for its full, stirring and vividly illustrated accounts of our proceedings, parade and Reunion; to the railways for their generous courties and their great executive abilities in securing our comfort and safety in journeying to and from the Encampment, and to the many thousands who by individual acts of kindness have made our stay so delightful, and to the Legislature of California for its liberal appropriation, we return our enthusiastic thanks and assure them of our abiding gratitude. All these united have made the 37th National Encampment of the G. A. R. a golden milestone in the history of the Order worthy of the Golden Gate, America's western front door, and of the traditional hospitality of the great and beautiful State of California."

CHAIRMAN OF THE PENSION COMMITTEE.

Commander-in-Chief Black has opened his administration admirably by the appointment of Comrade Charles G. Burton, of Missouri, as Chairman of the G. A. R. National Committee on Pensions. Comrade Burton is not only a helpful, sympathic comrade, but he is an able lawyer, and, he with Commander-in-Chief Torrance and Comrade H. E. Taintor, of Connecticut, were the leading spirits in the probing of Commissioner Evans's administration, and successful in securing his removal. Comrade Burton went into the investigation of the Pension Bureau with the same zeal and acumen that he would throw into the examination of a knotty law case, and from the first proved entirely too much for Evans's utmost chicanery. For this the comrades owe him a world of thanks, as also for his share in the preparation of the report of the Committee presented to the last National Encampment. Under his management we shall have a satisfactory bill prepared, and every effort made to secure its passage by the coming session of Congress.

THE COMMAND OF THE ARMY.

General Orders, issued Aug. 14, establishing and prescribing the duties of the General Staff Corps endeavor to end the long struggle in regard to the actual command of the Army, and to place this upon a foundation upon which there can be no dispute. In defining the duties of the Chief of Staff, paragraph 10 says:

"10. Under the act of Feb. 14, 1903, the command of the Army of the United States rests with the Constitutional Commander-in-Chief, the President. The President will place parts of the Army, and separate armies whenever constituted, under commanders subordinate to his general command; and, in case of exigency seeming to him to require it, he may place the whole Army under a single commander subordinate to him; but in time of peace and under ordinary conditions the administration and control of the Army are effected without any second in command."

The paragraph goes on to fully explain the relations of the President and his subordinates to the command of the Army, and seems to leave no point uncovered.

"The President's command is exercised through the Secretary of War and the Chief-of-Staff. The Secretary of War is charged with carrying out the policies of the President in military affairs. He directly represents the President and is bound always to act in conformity to the President's instructions. Under the law and the decision of the Supreme Court his acts are the President's acts, and his directions and orders are the President's directions and orders.

"The Chief-of-Staff reports to the Secretary of War, acts as his military advisor, receives from him the directions and orders given in behalf of the President, and gives effect thereto in the manner hereinafter provided.

"Exceptions to this ordinary course of administration may, however, be made at any time by special direction of the President if he sees fit to call upon the Chief-of-Staff to give information or advice, or receive instructions, directly.

"Wherever in these regulations action by the President is referred to, the action of the President through the Secretary of War is included, and wherever the action of the Secretary of War is referred to, the Secretary of War is deemed to act as the representative of the President and under his directions."

That is, the President actually commands the Army and exercises that command through the Secretary of War, who in turn commands through his subordinates, who are as much under him as he is under the President.

The next section of the order proceeds to carefully define the relation of the Chief-of-Staff to the President and to the Secretary of War, saying:

"The Chief-of-Staff is detailed by the President from officers of the Army at large not below the grade of Brigadier-General. The successful performance of the duties of the position requires what the title denotes—a relation of absolute confidence and personal accord and sympathy between the Chief-of-Staff and the President, and necessarily also between the Chief-of-Staff and the Secretary of War. For this reason, without any reflection whatever upon the officer detailed, the detail will in every case cease, unless sooner terminated, on the day following the expiration of the term of office of the President by whom the detail is made; and if at any time the Chief-of-Staff considers that he can no longer sustain toward the President and the Secretary of War the relations above described, it will be his duty to apply to be relieved."

The feature of this that is unexpected is that which makes the Chief-of-Staff strictly a personal appointment, terminating with the retirement from office of the President and Secretary of War who have appointed, or rather detailed, him for the duties. The moment they go out of office he retires also and returns to his former place. This is a wide departure from the previous practice where the officer ostensibly in command of the Army was designated by the President and retained that position through the succeeding Administration, until his retirement from the Army. It has been so since the foundation of the Government, and each of the Generals who have held that position have had more or less trouble, not only with the Administration which succeeded, but even with that which appointed him.

REJECTION OF THE CANAL TREATY.

As was not unexpected, the Colombia Senate has unanimously rejected the Canal Treaty. There were several classes of opponents. First, was a small number who were hostile because of their belief that it was illegal to divest any portion of Colombia territory; next were the opponents of the present Administration who wanted to do anything to embarrass them, but the most important opposition came from those who were disinclined to see so large a sum of money as $10,000,000 pass into the hands of the little ring of politicians which is now temporarily in control. By postponing the ratification of the treaty they hoped to be in a position where they could get some of the pork themselves. There was some opposition to the treaty also from the jealousy of the other towns of the Republic, such as Barranquilla, Cartagena, Medellin, Bucaramanga, and Cucuta, each of which has a population running from 20,000 to 40,000, and is highly indisposed to see Panama built up into the preeminence which the construction of the canal will give her. Naturally Panama is deeply incensed at the rejection, and there are signs of an insurrection, which may lead to the secession of the Province and the establishment of an independent Government, which can make a treaty with the United States. The Department of Panama, which has about 300,000 population, or one-twelfth of the entire population of the Republic, compromises a large portion of the wealth, intelligence, and enterprise of the country, which has long been very restive under the domination of the ignorant and unscrupulous politicians of the interior. Panama is an almost disconnected portion of the Republic, being separated from the main part by the ranges of the Andes, and it takes many days of weary travel to reach the seat of Government from the Isthmus. Naturally Panama belongs to Central America, and has never rightly accepted union with Colombia.

So far, President Roosevelt has given no indication as to what he will do. There have been hints that a modified treaty would receive better treatment, but this has been looked upon as a bid for better terms, and more money, which will not be given. Under the Spooner bill the President is simply directed to build the canal, and if he can obtain satisfactory terms within a reasonable time for the Panama route, he is to build it there; otherwise not. He is the sole judge of what is a reasonable time and what are satisfactory terms, and very properly he is not allowing Colombia or anybody else to force his hand. He can build the canal through Nicaragua if he chooses, and this alternative is all the time open to him.

PRAISE FOR COMMISSIONER WARE.

The report of the G. A. R. National Committee on Pensions gave Commissioner Ware very deserved praise for the change in the spirit of the administration of the Pension Bureau which he has introduced, and by which the laws passed for the benefit of the veterans are given their proper effect according to the intent of Congress. The report says that a complete transformation has taken place from Evan's malversation of the laws, and that they are now being executed precisely as Congress intended they should be, and as the great body of veterans desire they should. Commissioner Ware has shown himself ready to meet every complaint and remedy every injustice as far as he was able to. This report and every praise given Commissioner Ware met the enthusiastic applause of the National Encampment, the members of which are convinced that Commissioner Ware is a true comrade who wants to do his duty fairly and squarely by his comrades.

THE REPORT OF THE PENSION COMMITTEE.

Every veteran, and friend of the veteran, will read with deep interest, as he should, the masterly report of the G. A. R. Pension Committee, which appears in another column. It is one of the very ablest papers of that kind ever presented to the National Encampment, and it is full of unanswerable logic and deep sympathy with the veterans. Its conclusions are unassailable that the time has come for a service pension bill of $12 per month for every honorably-dicharged veteran who has reached or shall reach the age of 62, and the appeal which is made for unity of action upon this all-important issue should and doubtless will have a responsive echo in the breast of every veteran and every one who pretends to be a friend of the veterans. The report should be read not only by every ex-soldier, but by every citizen in this country, and the comrades will do themselves good service in bringing it to the attention of the public generally.

THE SENIOR VICE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Comrade C. Mason Kinne, who was elected Senior Vice Commander-in-Chief, is one of the leading veterans on the Pacific Coast, and has been connected with the Grand Army since the first Post was formed there. He is a charter member of Post 1, Senior Past Post Commander in the Department of California and Nevada, and has served two terms as Commander of that Department. He is also a member of the Loyal Legion, and Past Commander of the California Commandery. He enlisted in 1861 in the California "100," which subsequently became Co. A, 2d Mass. Cav., and saw much service, having taken part in 25 battles, and was severely wounded at Waynesboro. He received a commission as Second Lieutenant, and then became Adjutant of the regiment, and was subsequently promoted to be Assistant Adjutant-General of the Regular Brigade of Cavalry of the Army of the Potomac. He has been in business in San Francisco ever since the war, and has been for many years the Assistant Manager of the Pacific Department of the Liverpool and London Globe Insurance Co. He took great interest in the California National Guards, and served in it as Major, Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel, which latter rank he now holds on the retired list.

THE CHAPLAIN-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. Winfield Scott, D. D., who was elected Chaplain-in-Chief, is a graduate of the University and Theological Seminary of Rochester, N. Y., and was Pastor of a Baptist Church in Syracuse, N. Y., when he raised a company for the 126th N. Y., of which he became Captain. This, which was one of the fighting regiments, lost 14 7-10 per cent. of its enrollment, killed on the field of battle. He was wounded at Harper's Ferry, while leading his company in a charge, and was wounded twice at Gettysburg, where he lost over 55 per cent. of his company, and where his Colonel and other officers were killed. The 125th and 126th N. Y. were consolidated, and Capt. Scott succeeded to the command of the two, and led them through the Wilderness campaign, where he was again wounded twice. He was mustered out on account of his wounds, Sept. 23, 1864.

THE NATIONAL PRESIDENT, W.R.C.

The election of Mrs. Sarah B. Winans, of Piqua, O., as National President of the W. R. C. was a foregone conclusion ever since the Convention held in Washington one year ago, and it will be welcomed by everyone of that great body of patriotic women. Mrs. Winans is a woman of the highest character and abilities, and has been a tireless worker in the ranks of the W. R. C.

WHEN the first sensational developments were made as to the existence of negro peonage in the South, The National Tribune said that white peonage had always existed in that section. This is now confirmed by the case which has come up in Alabama, where a wealthy planter and turpentine operator, named Marion Prestwood, of Troy, was brought before the United States Commissioner on the charge of holding Robert English, a white man, and his family of 10 children in peonage. The evidence showed that Prestwood got English and his family into his clutches in 1902, and upon an agreement to furnish them rations has since held them to labor by keeping them constantly in debt for a miserable supply of rations furnished them. He offered to forgive them a debt of $46 if they would work for him three years, and threatened to send them to the penitentiary if they did not. The man and his family swore that they had never been given anything like enough to eat, and their appearances supported this testimony. The Southern planters have always held the "poor white trash" a little lower than their negroes, and the war was as much freedom for this class as for the blacks.

The Massachusetts Republicans are endeavoring to induce Ex-Secretary of the Navy John D. Long to accept a nomination for Congress. Gov. Long has a fine precedent for this in the example of John Quincy Adams, who, after having been President of the United States, was elected to Congress on the Anti-Masonic ticket, and served until his death, 17 years later, doing an unexampled amount of work for his district and country during that time. Gov. Long would make a valuable member of the House of Representatives, and it is to be hoped he will accept.

Si Klegg, Shorty and their Comrades in the days "When Johnny Came Marching Home."

Boston Corbett Tells the Story of the Pursuit and Capture of Booth.

A greater contrast cannot be imagined than of the two men whom Si and Shorty found waiting for them in the dingy little parlor. On the sofa on one side of the room sat Solomon Rosenbaum as superbly arrayed as the finest tailors could do it, not a thing lacking in his personal appointments that the lavish use of money could procure, smirking, self-satisfied, greedy of gain and successful in getting it, the very type of the prosperous Jew.

On a similar sofa on the other side sat the simple, plain, enlisted man, Boston Corbett, a fanatic and enthusiast in his love of country and God. He wore the plain, simple uniform of an enlisted man in a cavalry regiment, and this was frayed and soiled by the hardest of service in the field. His rather sullen, drawn face expressed nothing but stern devotion to duty, regardless of self, as the face on the other side seemed to breed nothing but successful self-seeking and the sleek satisfaction of wealth and luxury.

But it was one of the contrasts and one of the anomalies constantly made possible by the great crucial trial of the war. Extremes meet, says the French epigram, and the extremes were meeting everywhere upon one common plane of love and devotion for the country.

THE CAPTURE OF BOOTH AND HAROLD, FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.

Startlingly unlike as the two men were, both were devoted to the country and both were ready at any time to peril, if not sacrifice their lives for it. And the opulent man of success and the poor, plain Sergeant who had no dreams of being much more than he then was, understood one another at a glance and were drawn together.

Si and Shorty greeted both gladly, but rather turned to Rosenbaum, who, however, motioned them back to Corbett, saying, "His pizness iss more important dan mine. Tend to him first. I tink he has sometings to say," and rising, walked over with them to Corbett and was introduced to the Sergeant.

"Well, boys," said Corbett, "you have seen by the papers that I did what I said I would, and carried out the Lord's design. I came to you as soon as I could, because I wanted to tell you all about it and because you are the men I think most of in all the city. You were in Andersonville with me, and I know what good and true men you are."

"Come outside, on the porch," said Si, motioning to the door. "This room is close and stuffy, and we can talk better out there."

"No," said Corbett. "It wouldn't do. Unfortunately I have become a noted character, and they are all getting to know me and follow me. If we went out there it wouldn't be long before a crowd would collect. We must stay in here."

"Well, Mr. Rosenbaum, probably you would like to go outside," said Si. "Let me call the girls down and you talk to them."

"No," said Rosenbaum decisively. "I will stay wid you. I vant much to hear vhat dis koot solcher has to say. He is the kind of man I like, and it will be a pleasure for me to listen to him."

"Sit down, Boston," said Si, drawing up chairs for them all, "and tell us what has happened."

"No, you sit down," said Corbett. "I am used to talking on my feet. I would rather stand. You know, I have had a great deal of experience as an exhorter, and I can talk better walking up and down than I can sitting still."

As the boys seated themselves Corbett began pacing back and forth along the carpet as if it were the rostrum of a little chapel and told his story in something like the intense sing-song of an exhortation at an evening meeting.

"You know, I told you how sure I felt that I had been selected to slay the President's murder. For an instant I had a shadow of a doubtt, when Lieut. Doherty was ordered out with 26 of us to take part in the funeral procession. It seemed to me that we were losing valuable time, and I must say I fretted a little. But as we came back we were met with an order from headquarters for Lieut. Doherty and 26 men to report at once at the office of Col. Baker, the Chief of Detectives, and my heart rose, for I knew that the time had come, and something within me told me that there was not the slightest doubt that we were going straight to our work.

"We got on the steamboat and went down the river about 70 miles, to Belle Plain, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, where we mounted our horses and started across the country for the Rappahannock. We rode on all night as hard as we could, and, from the inquiries made at the houses along the road, we began to feel sure that we were on the trail of the murderer. We reached Port Conway, on the Rappahannock, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, stopped and had something to eat, and fed our horses and rubbed them down.

"I ought to say that right at the head of the squad was Col. Lafayette C. Baker, Chief of Detectives, Lieut.-Col. Everett J. Conger, of Ohio, another big Secret Service man, and Lieut. L. B. Baker, a cousin of Col. Baker's. Lieut. Doherty commanded the 26 enlisted men from our regiment, the 16th N. Y. Cav."

"You had a pretty big layout of Secret Service men, I should say," interjected Shorty.

"Yes, we had the best in the service and they knew their business," returned Corbett, resuming his sing-song narrative.

"They were mighty stern and unceremonious in their manner to the people, and got to poking their revolvers in a man's face at the same time they asked him a question, but we were in a terrible hurry, and it seemed to be the very best way to get the truth in the shortest time.

There was a ferry house at Port Conway, in which two women were sitting talking. One of them was the wife of the ferryman, who was away at some place on the farm. They were quite flurried when we came up. Col. Conger told them we were after Booth, showed a photograph of him, and demanded if they had seen anything of him. The startled look they gave each other showed that they had, but denied it for all they were worth. While Conger and the others were browbeating them to make them tell the truth, the ferryman came in. He was a man, and could be handled easier. A copy of the President's proclamation and two or three pistols close to his head soon got out of him that he had taken over a party a few hours before, consisting of three rebel officers and two men in citizen's clothes, one of whom was lame and had a crutch, and who resembled a picture of Booth. He said that they had all gone on to Bowling Green, 16 miles away, where the leader of the party, whom he called Capt. Jett, was courting the daughter of the man who kept the tavern.

"It was a terrible ride over those awful Virginia roads, but before midnight we got to Bowling Green, found the tavern as it had been described, surrounded it, and the officers rushed up into the rooms, and began dragging the men out of bed and holding their revolvers to their heads as an awakening. Capt Jett and the other two were plainly scared, and feared that they were going to hang them right then and there without any further proceedings.

"Capt. Jett called the officers to one side and told them that Booth and his companions had been with them, but had stopped at the farm of a man named Garrett, about three miles from Port Royal, which was just across the river from Port Conway.

"Something told me soon after we crossed the river that we were going too far, and I was quite ready to go back, though our horses were jaded with the fearful ride over the rough roads. Capt. Jett was made to dress himself, get on his horse and pilot us back to the Garrett farm. It was one of the worst rides we ever made, because our horses were tired, and stumbled constantly over the ruts and stumps, but I was feeling a rising hope all the time that we were nearing our object.

"We reached the Garrett house between two and three o'clock in the morning, and immediately surrounded it, the officers rushing at the front door and banging upon it as though they would break it down. The old man, in his night clothes, opened the door, and the instant it was wide enough to let a hand in Cols. Conger and Baker clutched him, jerked him out on the porch, and thrusting a revolver into his face, ordered him to instantly tell where those men were, or they would kill him.

"His boy, a stripling of 16 or thereabouts, in a rebel uniform, was also caught and yanked out on the porch. The old man acknowledged that his name was Garrett, but stammered something about the men not being in the house; that they had left and gone away. The officers were so threatening to him that the boy was frightened for his father, and begged him to tell the truth, that the men were hid in the tobacco barn, about 100 yards from the house. The old man at last admitted this.

"The boy was sent in to get a candle, which was lighted, and Col. Baker, taking it in his hand, led us out to the shabby old barn, which not only had a little crop of tobacco that Garrett had raised the previous year, but a quantity of hay, thrown, Virginia fashion, almost anywhere, and this time on some furniture which had been put in the barn.

"Lieut. Doherty ordered Serg't Relman and me to deploy the men around the rear and both ends of the barn about 30 yards from it to prevent any escape, while the officers advanced toward the front. We could hear some one moving in the barn, and Col. Conger called out, 'Come out, you men in the barn there, and surrender. We have come for you.'

"'Who are you,' Booth answered from the barn. 'Are you friends or enemies?'

"It seemed that he had hopes that we were rebels.

"'It don't matter who we are,' Col. Baker answered. 'We have come for you, and we mean to have you. The barn is surrounded with 50 men armed with carbines and pistols, and you cannot get away. Come out and surrender.'

"Then they took young Garrett and made him go into the barn and tell the men there who we were, and urge them to come out and surender. The boy, though he had served in the rebel army, and been in many battles, was worse scared than he had ever been in his life, as we could plainly see by the light of the candle.

"Booth refused to listen to him, and said with an oath, '——— you, get out of here. You have betrayed us.' The boy backed out of the barn, and I called Col. Baker's attention to the fact that the candle he was carrying would let Booth see him and shoot him. He went back a little ways and set the candle down behind an old wagon bed sitting on the ground. Then they called upon Booth to surrender again.

"He answered, 'Draw off your men 100 yards and give me a chance for myself. I will fight the whole of you.'

"Col. Conger shouted back at him that he had not come there to fight him, but to take him, and that he must surrender, or the barn would be burned over his head.

"Then we heard another man say, in a frightened voice, 'Let me come out. I will surrender,' and Booth cursed him for a coward, and called out, 'Here's a man who wants to come out and surrender.'

"He could be heard making his way to the door, and was ordered to stick his hands outside, when handcuffs were slipped over his wrists, and he was jerked outside. It was then found that he had no arms, and was ordered to go back and get them. Booth said they were his arms, and he would not give them up. The man who came out proved to be Herold, who was sent to the rear out of the way, and again Booth was ordered to surrender.

"He whined out something about that not being the way to treat a cripple, and that he was a lame man and ought to have a fair chance, and again asked us draw off a little ways and let him come out and fight us.

"I expected every minute that Booth would begin firing through the cracks at some of us he could see moving around in the darkness, and by the faint light from the candle.

"Col. Conger had been gathering up some hay and straw and twisting it into a rope, which he lighted at the candle and threw in through one of the large cracks in the barn. It lit upon the bundle of hay on the furniture, which blazed up at once and the whole inside was as light as day. I could distinctively see Booth standing leaning on his crutch with his carbine in his hands apparently trying to select a crack through which he could fire and kill some of those outside. He started to raise his carbine as if to fire, when I laid my revolver across my arm, took steady aim through a big crack in the barn, drew a bead on him about as near as I could come to where the President was shot. I pulled the trigger, and as the smoke rose I saw Booth lying on the floor of the barn.

"The officers tore the door open, and rushing in with some of the men, dragged the body out of the burning building into the weeds nearby. He was apparently dead, but in a minute or two there was a movement of his hands. Somebody threw water in his face, and he came to and looked around on us and murmured something. We picked him up and carried him to the porch of the house, where he was laid on a blanket and seemed to be suffering with great pain.

"Two or three times he spoke a few words, and along towards daylight, or about the same time that the President died, his body stiffened out, his mouth closed, and he was dead.

"We wrapped the body up in a blanket, found an old ambulance, and started back for Belle Plain. We had a terrible time getting through, because the roads seemed rougher than when we first came over it, and the old ambulance broke down, and we had to get another. We finally got to the Potomac, and when we reached Washington, the body and Herold were taken over to a monitor lying out in a stream off Greenleaf's Point.

"They are saying all sorts of things about me, and a good many are blaming me for firing too soon and without orders, but I did what the Lord told me to do. I know I saved one life, and probably several, by firing when I did, because Booth would have fired the next instant if my shot had not stoped him.

"They can say what they choose, but I did what the Lord commanded me to do and what my conscience approves. So long. I must be going. I wanted to tell you this story myself, because I know you will do me justice. You have been true in worse times than this, and if you feel I did right, I am not particular what others say. Good-by, and God be with you."

"Don't go yet," pleaded Rosenbaum. "I am awful interested in you. You did just right, and I vant to show you dat I tink so. Isn't there someting I can do for you? Someting dat I can buy for you? Can't I give you this?" And he felt in his pocket and pulled out a hundred dollar bill.

Corbett looked at the money with indignant scorn.

"I want no help," he said angrily, "for doing my duty. Keep your money, or, rather, use it to relieve the poor and needy and solace the distressed. That's what money is for. I have no use for it."

"Don't be offended," Si hastened to propitiate. "Mr. Rosenbaum is all-right. He is just as loyal to the Government as we are, and he offered the money with the best intentions."

"I will believe it, Si, if you say so," said Corbett, calming down. "Let him use his money for the service of the Lord, where it will be repaid a hundredfold. Once more, good-by. I must go back to camp."

"I vant to see you again," repeated Rosenbaum. "I vant to do something for you."

"My address is the 16th N. Y. Cav.," responded Corbett, turning away. "For anything you want of me apply at regimental headquarters."

"Boys," said Rosenbaum as he left, "I am awful gladt I came and heard dat story. Vhat I came for, though, vas to invite you and your vifes to take dinner wit me at Shamberlain's to-morrow evening at 6 o'clock. I'm going to gif you de very pest dinner you ever had in your lives. Den we can talk over vhat has happened to us since last we met on de panks of the Dennessee River. Koot-by."

(To be continued.)

Interior Department Scandal.

The air has been full of charges against the conduct of the Interior Department, particularly of the Indian Bureau, and we have been confidently told that the developments would be made which would pale into insignificance the revelations in the Post Office Department. It has been alleged that 20,000 acres of land, millions of money and the interests of some 400,000 Indians are involved, with a number of prominent United States officials implicated. The author of these charges is Special Agent Brosius, of the Indians' Rights Association. There were many people willing to believe this, because Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock is not a popular man in Washington, and he has some very bitter fights on hand in his own State. The Interior Department has moved quite promptly, however, in investigating the charges, and it promises that everything shall be cleared up. In doing so, it has given the Treasury Department several very bad days. Among the charges were that some $600,000 paid for a town site was missing, and the Interior Department was able to show that it had turned this money over to the Treasury Department, but there all trace of it was lost. Finally the Treasury succeeded in finding where it had been deposited in an unexpected place by one of the many mysteries of Treasury bookkeeping. The investigation is still hot, but does not seem quite so hot as it has been.

James G. Blaine, youngest son of the great statesman, has not had a wholly creditable career so far, but it will be gratifying to the millions of admirers of the late statesman that he shows qualities worthy of his ancestry. He was playing tennis at Augusta, Me., near where a gang of linemen were stringing wires, when one of them struck a live wire and fell apparently lifeless on the cross-bars. His companions were afraid to go to his rescue, but young Blaine instantly threw down his tennis racket, climbed the 40-foot pole, and brought the lineman to the ground. Quite a crowd gathered around and loudly applauded his daring.

The Senatorial Committee and Representative Sulzer, who have been touring in Alaska, have all come back warmly in favor of some higher form of Government for the District, and the Senatorial Committee advocates a Delegate for the Territory, who is not to be elected, but appointed, from Washington, and a modified form of Territorial Government. Representative Sulzer wants the District made into a Territory at once, and given all the rights and privileges of such a Government. The Trans-Mississippi Congress passed a resolution in favor of a Territorial Government.