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FAMOUS FUNNY MEN.

Personal Gossip About Our Most Noted Humorists.

M. QUAD TO LEAVE DETROIT.

New Stories of Petroleum V. Nasby—James Whitcomb Riley's Future—A Word About Mark Twain.

DETROIT, April 20.—[Special Correspondence.]—For the past decade Detroit has been famous as the residence of the most prolific funny man in the United States. Here, surrounded by the cold breezes of two great lakes, his ears dinned by the whistles of the hundreds of mighty steamers which plunge their way past Detroit from Montreal to Duluth, he has pushed his steel stub pen into the sides of the great American public and tickled them into convulsions of laughter. Here the Farmer's Lime Kiln Club was born with him as its father, and out of his brain sprang the old negro Bijah, who will go down into literary history as one of the strongest characters of American humor. It was he who originated the terrible Mr. Bowser, and who keeps our digestions in order still, by retailing his troubles with his wife. It is he who writes all the widely copied translations from the *Arizona Kicker*, and it is he who for a dozen years and more, has been the author of nine-tenths of the humorous and pathetic articles which have given the Detroit *Free Press* a mighty circulation in the United States, in England and in Australia. This man's name, as far as the world knows him, is M. Quad. His real name is Mr. Charles Lewis, and his individuality is all the more interesting just now that he is about to leave Detroit for the wider field of New York. His last contract of five years with the Detroit *Free Press* expires in May, and he has received two offers from New York of $10,400 a year each. I am told his salary with the *Free Press* has been only $5,000 a year, and in moving he will have twice the salary, and what he cares more for, a new field.

HOW M. QUAD KEEPS OUT OF A RUT.

Mr. Lewis' greatest horror is that he may get into a rut. He has seen the other funny men of his generation rise and fall from not varying their fields and subjects, and he has learned a lesson by their example. Bob Burdette was a great man for a time, but he, to a great extent, wrote himself out. Petroleum V. Nasby's funny business practically stopped with the war, and even our own Bill Nye has but one field. M. Quad can write a story that will make your eyes water, and with the same pen on the same day he will describe a dog fight that will make you roar with laughter. When he had the Lime Kiln Club at the heighth of its popularity he dropped it for fear he would tire his readers, and I am told that he adopts all sorts of methods of life to keep himself fresh. "M. Quad," said one of the Detroit editors to me last night, "is one of the best detectives in Michigan. He knows all about the cases that come before the police here, and he has a wide knowledge of all classes of people. I went into a hat store the other day, and found him behind a counter selling hats. The hatter told me he had sold hats there for an hour and had done better than any of his clerks. He is one of the most prolific writers in the country, and he turns out from ten to twelve columns every week for the Detroit *Free Press*. The most of his matter is unsigned, but it is all widely copied. In addition to this he writes for other parties, and he has for years written the advertisements for one of our largest firms here. He does the most of his work at home, writes rapidly, and makes few corrections in his manuscript. He is a very modest, unassuming man, and the fact that he has remained in Detroit so long shows that he has not fully appreciated his value in the literary market. When I saw him a few days ago he told me he had not yet decided which of the two offers he would accept, but he had decided to take one of them. Both were $200 a week on a yearly contract, but one was from a leading New York newspaper, and the other was from a big newspaper syndicate. He is not a rich man, though he has saved money since he came to Detroit, and he is worth, I judge, something like $50,000."

HOW A STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION MADE A HUMORIST.

"Where did he come from?" I asked.

"The story of M. Quad's life is a curious one," was the reply. "He originated, I think, in Michigan, and like Petroleum V. Nasby, started as a printer. He set type for some years on a weekly paper in one of the interior Michigan towns, and saved enough to buy a weekly paper that was offered for sale in one of the back counties of Tennessee. He left Michigan and went to Cincinnati, intending to buy this paper. At Cincinnati he took the boat to go down the river. He had never been on a steamer before, and before taking passage he went up to the captain and asked him if it was safe. The captain replied that it was, and upon his assurance that there was no danger of the boat blowing up, M. Quad took his stand near the engine and watched its workings with big and fearful eyes. This was just about the close of the racing days on the Ohio and Mississippi, and shortly after the boat left it got into a race with a rival steamer. Bacon and oil were thrown into the engine, and the fires were made as hot as those of the Shadrach, Mechach and Abednego furnace, and just as the boat was passing its hated rival, the boiler exploded, and M. Quad, with the rest of the passengers, was thrown into the water. He was dragged out insensible onto the shore, but he had been so near the engine that his face was blackened, and it was some time before he was attended to, as it was thought he was a negro. He was, however, finally picked up and carried to the hospital at Cincinnati where he lay for some weeks. In the explosion he lost, I think, the money with which he intended to buy the Tennessee paper, and he worked his way back to Michigan and to his old case in the composing room. Now the editor of M. Quad's paper, like many of his kind, had a failing for drinking too much at the wrong time of the week. This prevailed to such an extent, so the story goes, that he did not have enough copy to fill his columns, and the selection of miscellany was left to M. Quad. Upon one such occasion M. Quad set up from the case the story of his experience on the Ohio. The article was headed, "How It Feels to Be Blown Up." It was full of the humor that has since made its composer so famous, and it was copied far and wide. Among the other papers which copied it was the Detroit *Free Press*, and its editor was so struck with it that he opened up a correspondence with the editor of the paper and finally offered M. Quad a place on the *Free Press* as its legislative reporter at Lansing. M. Quad took it. When the legislature adjourned he was ordered to come to Detroit to do local work. He came in to the city editor, and he, looking upon him as a green, country boy, asked him rather contemptuously what he thought he could do. M. Quad replied that he could do almost anything, but he had seen a dog fight on his way up from the depot and he thought he could make a good local out of that. The city editor replied that the *Free Press* seldom reported dog fights, but he could write it up if he wanted to and he might, perhaps, use it. M. Quad wrote it. The city editor passed it, and the *Free Press* printed it. It was copied everywhere, and it was soon seen that everything he wrote was received in like manner. He became soon the great feature of the paper. His salary was steadily increased, and for five years and more he has been receiving $100 per week. The Detroit *Free Press* will be sorry to lose him, and on the whole I suppose the question of salary is not the only one that enters into his resolution to change. The intellectual animal needs a change of diet as much as the physical animal, and the genius who would keep fresh must often seek pastures new."

PETROLEUM V. NASBY'S ESTATE.

It is strange that two of the greatest humorists of our time should live within a few miles of each other. Nasby did his work and made his fortune at Toledo, O., just a short ride from Detroit, and his wit gave the Toledo *Blade* the start which now makes it one of the most profitable newspaper properties in the country. It makes, I was told at Toledo yesterday, about $100,000 a year, and the Nasby estate is now worth about $1,000,000. This is a great increase over its condition at the time of Mr. Locke's (Nasby) death a few years ago. The great humorist had invested largely in real estate and other things during his latter years, and his property, though valuable, was covered with mortgages. It would not, it is thought, then have sold, *Blade* and all, under the hammer, for such a price as to net $200,000. Nasby thought he was the soul of his newspaper, and that with his death it would begin to decline, and that it would steadily decrease in value. He told his son, Robert Locke, this, and during his last hours, when he knew he was going to die, urged him by all means to sell as soon as possible. "The *Blade*," said he, "cannot hold its great circulation and its big profits after my decease. You must sell it and take the money and clear off these mortgages. It is worth $300,000. You can get this for it, and this will be ample to clear up everything. My estate will then be very valuable, and it will increase every year and my family will have plenty." Young Locke listened with due respect to his father. It may be that he took his sayings to heart, but nevertheless he did not sell the *Blade*. He kept on publishing it, and it has, I am told, made enough money for him to pay off all the mortgages, and to increase the value of the property so that it is now clear and worth a million.

ONE OF NASBY'S LAST JOKES.

"Petroleum V. Nasby," said a leading citizen of Toledo to me last night, "was full of fun up to the last. He joked just the same after he knew he was bound to die, and his doctor tells many stories of his wit during his last hours. At one time when calling on him for a consultation, Nasby, who was lying down and was suffering great pain, asked:

"'Well, doctor, you say there is no chance for me. I would like to know why.'

"'Your digestive powers are exhausted,' was the reply of the physician, 'and your stomach has been tampered with by indigestion until it is now entirely burnt away.'

"'Well,' replied Nasby, 'if that's the case I am mighty glad I have a vest to cover it.'"

GOSSIP ABOUT JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

The true inwardness of the bad habits which James Whitcomb Riley was accused of at the time of his trouble with Bill Nye some time ago has never been published. I spent a day or so at Indianapolis a short time ago, and the only wonder to me was that Mr. Riley was as temperate as he was. His troubles were not with Bill Nye so much as an advance agent of Indianapolis, who had a five years' contract with him, by which he was to receive one-half of all the profits of his lecture and reading tours. Riley is as simple as a child, and he made this contract, now nearly five years ago. The agent managed him for a time himself, and when the Riley-Nye combination was formed, he got to be an employe of Major Pond and managed them. If the report I hear at Indianapolis is true, he received pay for this, and in addition got on the quiet one-half of the receipts that Riley received from his work. Thus Riley was furnishing fully half the show, doing the most of the work, and getting only a small part of the profits. It is no wonder that he got gloomy under this slavery, and if he now and then took more to drown his troubles than was good for him we need not be surprised. He is, in fact, one of the best drawing cards in the lecture field today, and his receipts for going to make a single reading at Denver were, I am told, $1,000. His contract with this agent has about expired, and he will be in the lecture field on his own hook soon. Speaking of his simplicity, an Indianapolis editor says he is sure to get the wrong train in going any place, and they tell a story there of how he once took a young lady home from a party in Indianapolis, and then in order to find his own way back to his home, he had to go back to the place where the party was held, and start anew. He is, however, much loved at Indianapolis, and the people rightly call him the Robert Burns of the present generation. He is one of the greatest souls among the authors of today, and he is a genius of a very high poetic order. He has a wonderful power as a lecturer, and he can render his own poetry so as to bring tears to the eyes of his hearers, or at will, to bring the house down in convulsions of laughter. He has not the money-making sense to any extent, and though he receives good prices from the magazines for his poetry, it would be just like him to give some of his best work away to a friend who admired it. There is no snobbishness about him, and he is, in short, what his poems show him to be, a great big boy, with a soul in sympathy with the good, the true and the beautiful, and with a kindly feeling toward all that is sad and sorrowful in humanity and human kind. It goes without saying that such a man should not sell his soul for one-half of its profits to an advertising agent.

HOW IT PAYS TO MAKE JOKES.

James Whitcomb Riley's experience in money making is that of many humorists. Artemus Ward never saved anything, and the best part of his work went to the profits of others. He was as guileless as Riley, and one story of how he was fleeced, was when he took two men with him and went over the country traveling. The object of Artemus was, I believe, to "travel without an object," to drift here and there, at will, and he took these two men along as companions. They said they wanted to travel in the same way, and Artemus paid the expenses. All went well until they found themselves one night in the mountains, and here these two men robbed Artemus of the $300 or $400 he had with him, and he found that he had been deceived, and that this was their object.

Take M. Quad. He has made a good thing off of the Detroit *Free Press*, but its owners have been helped to make a fortune out of him, and the same is true of other writers. Mark Twain once told me that "The Innocents Abroad" paid him only 5 per cent. of the retail price of the book. He got a good thing out of it, for between one hundred and two hundred thousand copies were sold, but the publishers made a fortune out of it. Now Mark Twain publishes his own books, and it is he who gets the lion's share.

I hear that the Norristown *Herald* funny man has broken down, and that a fund will be raised to give him a vacation in Europe. He has had enough brains to have made a big fortune, had he known how to sell them, but he has worked on and on, at $1,000 a year until his health is broken, and his pockets are not full enough for him to select his own means of regaining it. Truly the Punchinello of the newspaper has often as sad a time as he of the stage.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Miraculous in curing rheumatism—Moore's Revealed Remedy.

LONG ON STANLEY.

Gen. Gordon's Chief of Staff Flays the Explorer.

CALLS HIM A CHARLATAN.

Says the Great American Did Not Discover Livingstone Nor the Sources of the Nile.

CAIRO, Egypt, April 6.—[Special Correspondence.]—I have been strongly urged to tell your readers what I think of Stanley. Although the request finds me greatly occupied I nevertheless hasten to comply with it. It is fitting that I should do so, since Mr. Stanley, from this city, on the eve of his departure on the burlesque and bogus Emin rescue mission, publicly impugned my motive in denouncing to this government and the world the selfish and dishonest purpose of a pseudo succor to Emin. I learned that the precipitate retreat from New York in December, 1886, concealed a bold plan on the part of the Emin relief committee and possibly the foreign office to loot Emin of his ivory and drive him from his provinces. The dispatches informed me of the design to compel Egypt to contribute to this razzia, whereupon in my capacity as an ex-official of the Egyptian army, who had by treaty with the king of Uganda annexed these coveted provinces to the khedivial crown, I caused to be published in the *Bosphore Egyptien* a letter addressed to the khedive through the Societe Khediviale de Geographie in which I denounced the real purpose of the mission, namely, to alienate the territory on the Nile basin from Egypt, and I protested against the professed contribution of £10,000 under a pretext of a succor to Emin as a palpable robbery of an already depleted Egyptian treasury. The khedive of Egypt, I felt, with an army of English occupation in the land was powerless to protest and, therefore, with my claims to recognition in the conquest of these countries, I had some right to be heard in protestation. And I was not mistaken. The letter appeared in the *Bosphore* on the 3d of February, 1887, and created no little excitement in official as well as private circles.

Mr. Stanley had scarcely arrived in Cairo when he was interviewed concerning the facts stated in my letter, and all accounts agreed that he was completely "knocked out," to use his familiar expression. The correspondent of the London *Daily News* thus reported him:

"I asked Stanley if he had seen the letter addressed to la Societe Khediviale by Colonel Long Bey, late Gordon's chief of staff. 'No, I have not,' said Stanley; 'I would not take the trouble. From what you have told me of it I attribute it to a love of notoriety, eccentricity and perhaps jealousy. Ha! ha! The idea of my going on behalf of the British government to rob Egypt of her equatorial provinces! Why, they are not worth having under the present circumstances.'"

Stanley, we are constantly reminded, is a man of great piety, and surely he must therefore have read of a "certain man named Ananias, with Sapphira his wife," whom, we are told, for some such shuffling with the truth, "fell down straightway and gave up the ghost." And yet Stanley and Assad Farran still live!

Africanus Stanley succeeded me on the lake Victoria Nyanza in 1875, where in 1874 I had preceded him, executed a treaty with King M'Tesa, navigated the hitherto unknown Nile and occupied the river up to the very door of the king's palace, where Stanley, on his arrival, was confronted by my subordinate officer, the brave but unfortunate Livant de Bellefond. Stanley's discomfiture was great, for there is but little doubt that the British flag which this singular and mysterious American had been trailing in his tramps across Africa was to be placed in Uganda. And thus Stanley was to succeed to the honors of Gordon Pacha. Foiled in this design but with the *flair* of the sensational, he turned his attention to the conversion of all Tesa to Christianity. This monstrous canard was disclosed in the recovered reports of Livant, where it appeared that the converted king subsequent to his conversion blew out the brains of one of his women in order to prove to the unsuspecting Livant that he was quite as good a shot as "Stanlee," his converter. And yet this "conversion" of King M'Tesa has been, in fact, the greatest factor in creating a fame which seems, however, to be vanishing as quickly as it came. One day the world will understand how dreadfully it has been guyed by 700 pages of "How I found Livingstone" and how great the insult to the intelligence of that good man that he could be lost in a village in which he was found, and which he had chosen as his permanent residence. All this had been the mere tam-tam of the very enterprising newspapers. On the above score it is unnecessary for me to further accentuate what I think of Stanley.

This African reporter, when in New York in the autumn of 1886, in replying to some of the reflections which I had made from time to time upon his geographical and political conduct, contemptuously referred to me "as only one of General Gordon's lieutenants. I had 300 lieutenants of my own." Stanley's lieutenants, it must be remembered, were 300 plundering wretches, who were with him in the ever suspicious battle at Bambirch and subsequent raids upon defenseless savages, which had been made to play the role of great armies in order to feed the thirst for vulgar sensation and create for the reporter the prestige of a military chieftain. Neither Cameron nor Emin, and certainly not Captains Binger and Trivier, who crossed Africa with less than a half dozen companions, make it out such a terrible thing to do as does Stanley. No traveler has been so well armed and equipped as he, and under such circumstances and with such a caravan it should have been a pleasure promenade, and it doubtless was, for the horror of the black forest with the pygmy aristocrats of fifty centuries are yet to be verified.

It is well to recall just here for the benefit of the general reader—whose pardon I respectfully beg for saying that his ignorance is, as a rule, colossal on all American subjects—(Stanley has largely profited by this fact)—it is well to recall that General Gordon entertained a different appreciation of the value of his lieutenants whom Stanley compares to his wretched Zanzibaris, I make the following extracts from a letter written by Gordon:

"Those who may be interested in geographical discoveries will remember that in 1874 Colonel Long, of the Egyptian staff, passed down the Victoria Nile from Nanyougo, where Speke was stopped, to M'roole, thus, at the risk of his life, settling the question before unsolved of the indentity of the river above Woondogani with that below M'roole. He also discovered a lake midway between these places, which he called Lake Ibrohim. Those who care to study the successive steps which built up the map of the course of the Nile will know that to Speke is due the discovery of one portion, to Baker that of another, and to Colonel Long that of another portion and of the lake alluded to."

No mention as a Nile source discoverer is made of Stanley, and certainly geographers everywhere failed to see in his assumption that the river Shimeern was the true source of Lake Victoria, any title to the coveted honor, the more so that this had never been mentioned by Speke either. Nor is it probable that the river Simliki, which he claims connects the Lake Albert with a backwater of that lake named by him the Albert Edward, will cause him to take from Baker the honor of the discovery. There remains the Ruwanzori mountain, the black forest and the pigmy aristocrats. But it is difficult to see what place these can have in the discovery of the Nile source about which Stanley in his letters was most pronounced, but of which his book trimmed down by his publisher is much less affirmative.

Mr. Hurlbut, the learned secretary of the American Geographical Society, says in a recent article on Stanley:

"The descent of the Congo is his real title of fame; in his later achievement many things have a dubious aspect. The energy and the endurance are the same, but the heroic stamp is gone. He is jealous of other explorers and praises none but subordinates and his Zanzibaris. There are implied professions of devotion to an ideal and of generous purpose, and with these utterances abounding in unworthy suggestion."

Mr. Hurlbut further says, referring to Stanley's pretentions concerning the Nile:

"Stanley concluded somewhat hastily that he had made the acquaintance of all the bays and inlets of the Victoria Nyanza. He reaffirmed his conclusions seven years later in his work about the Congo. But he discovered on his last expedition, a vast extension of the lake toward the southwest, an extension which advances the shore of the lake in that direction seventy-four miles. This fact is not to be overlooked, because it is significant of a mental habit in Stanley, viz.: exaggeration and the reporter's desire to tell a good story, which are always to be detached in his accounts of his own performances."

The horrors about the rear guard of Mr. Stanley's expedition do not seem to me to merit a place in this letter. Mr. Stanley has always displayed enormous marching power and remarkably robust health. The first time he has been placed in a position which required the exercise of his brain rather than his feet, he proved himself absolutely deficient. Heretofore commanding his wretched Zanzibaris and servants, Stanley for the first time is now called upon to command officers and gentlemen, and there is but little doubt that his incapacity to command them precipitated the demoralization at Yumbuya. It has been charged by his colleagues that his brutality set them an example and we know something about the poor wretch who was himself on the borders of the lake, whom Stanley caused to be court-martialed and condemned on the flimsy charge of circulating incendiary reports that the route to the Eastern sea was dangerous. "Take him to God!" was the blasphemous cry of this non-commissioned leader, who, without warrant, sends to death a wretched black whose only crime is that he is brave enough to be loyal to the interests of his government and to the faithful but timid Emin. This crime calls loudly for punishment.

Again Stanley boasts, as an evidence of his power, of the hanging of the man Iuma for having purloined a firearm, when an application of the rod was all that was necessary to maintain order. But with this pseudo commander he must have blood, blood, in order to prove to the world that he, Stanley, is a leader of men. The contrary to this, alas! has been shown by this reckless and unwarranted killing, the more revolting that it is done in the name of God.

Is it not time that an intelligent public should have done with this vulgar exploitation in the name of geography, humanity and—God? It has been said that Mr. Stanley at one time desired to invoke the tribunals to repair his injured honor. Why has he not insisted upon doing so? Is it because he will then be obliged to declare himself an American citizen or an English subject?

I hold that he is amenable to some tribunal, first for the unwarranted killing of the poor wretches who had manfully defended the right as they understood it, and second for having obtained £10,000 to succor a man who maintains that he never desired to be succored at all. The restitution of the money is something at least that the Egyptian government should expect, and this would be but a poor *amende* for its lost provinces and its pacha, who called himself Emin because the name signifies faithful, but who, alas! was unfaithful only because too weak to combat his adversary who, besides the £10,000 extracted from the khedive, had been furnished with £30,000 sterling ostensibly contributed by the Emin relief committee.

In the foregoing paragraphs I have endeavored to crowd within the limit which has been alloted me, some of the points which may serve the public in their conclusions, and, in this sense, I submit them as showing what I think of Stanley.

COLONEL CHARLES CHAILLE LONG,
Gordon's Chief of Staff.

Petroleum V. Nasby's Ghost.

DETROIT, Mich., April 20.—[Special Correspondence.—One of the most amusing incidents connected with Nasby occurred just after his death. It has been kept out of the newspapers up to this time, but the story is too good to lose. Nasby was a great favorite in Toledo, and when he died his funeral was a large one. There were hundreds of carriages and bushels of flowers. After the funeral the body was placed for some days prior to its final burial in a large vault in the cemetery. Now it happened that on the same day that the funeral of the great humorist took place that Toledo had another big ceremony of the same nature. The deceased in the latter case was one of the most loved society ladies of the city, and the flowers here were also numerous and beautiful. This lady was also put in the same vault with Nasby, and the floral offerings were carried out and placed in her coffin. After the ceremony was over, as often occurs in such cases, the family of the lady wanted to preserve photographs of these floral pieces, and they ordered their Irish servant to go to the vault and bring the flowers into the photograph gallery. Now Patrick Murphy, for so I will call the man for short, had a holy horror of cemeteries. He was very superstitious and he approached the vault with fear and trembling. He gradually got to the door, however, and found it open. He looked in and then gave a terrible shriek, dropped his hat and ran as if the devil was after him. He did not stop running until he came to a factory, a long distance from the cemetery. Here he was stopped by a crowd of workmen, who demanded what was the matter. All breathless he told them that Nasby had either been buried alive or that his ghost had broken off the top of his coffin, and was sitting up in it. The workmen laughed at him, and called him a fool. He persisted in his story, and they finally decided to go and see. After much persuasion they succeeded in dragging the Irishman back with them, and finally reached the door of the vault. They looked in and found that the Irishman had told the truth. The body in its grave clothes, was half out of the coffin, but it was not alone as when the man first saw it. A sculptor stood beside it, and he was taking with plaster of paris a death mask for a bust which had been ordered by the family. He had arranged the body for his work and had gone to get his tools when Patrick came on the scene and imagined he saw a ghost.

I don't wonder he was scared. Do you?

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

On balancing accounts for his quarterly settlement on the 1st instant, a postmaster of Comanche county, Kansas, found that there was one cent due to the government, which he promptly deposited with the postmaster at Wichita, who as prompty deposited it in a national bank, and notified the department, when the second assistant postmaster general notified the auditor of the treasury, who demanded a receipt from the United States treasurer, which receipt in triplicate was sent to the postmaster general, the United States treasurer and the Comanche postmaster.

RELICS OF BOOTH.

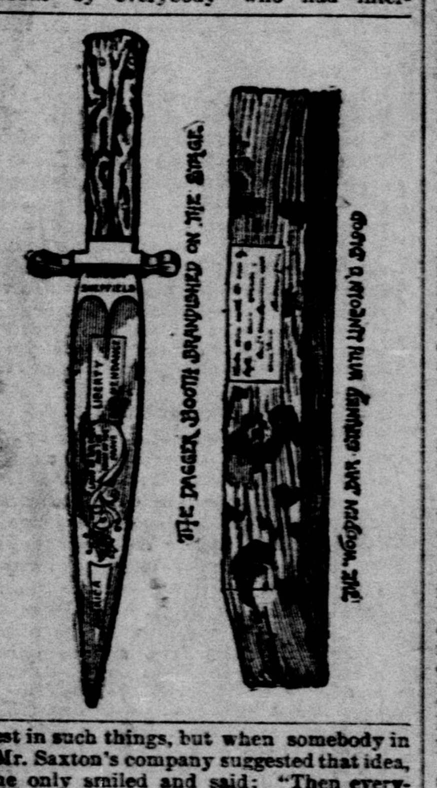
The Little Pistol That Killed Abraham Lincoln.

PRESERVED IN WAR ARCHIVES.

The Hideous Dagger Brandished on the Stage by the Assassin—Other Implements of the Murder.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 20.—[Special Correspondence].—"How many people, do you suppose, asked Mr. Saxton, a clerk in the office of the judge advocate general of the army the other day, "have ever seen the weapon with which Wilkes Booth killed President Lincoln?"

Mr. Saxton was with a party of friends, and his question rather aroused interest. Nobody could guess of course. It had been generally supposed that every relic of the Lincoln assassination had long ago been seen or written about by everybody who had interest in such things, but when somebody in Mr. Saxton's company suggested that idea, he only smiled and said: "Then everybody has been greatly fooled. I suppose the dime museums are filled with such things, and we all know that the army medical museum, which is now in Ford's old theater, has many interesting relics of those tragic days, which every visitor to Washington can see if he chooses. But the real implements of the assassination—the genuine exhibits of the trial before the military commission which hanged Booth's fellow-conspirators, are up in the judge advocate general's office as part of the record of the trial, and" (here Mr. Saxton bowed modestly) "they are in my charge."

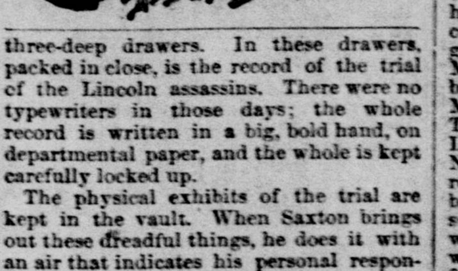


THE DAGGER BOOTH BRANDISHED ON THE STAGE. THE WOODEN BAR COVERED WITH LINCOLN'S BLOOD.

Mr. Saxton is a gray-haired man. His friends try to dub him "Major," but he won't have it, for he says: "I was never bigger than first sergeant, and I am proud of that title." Sergeant Saxton has charge of all five of the rooms in the big war department building, which contain the court-martial records. It is a bureau of the war department rarely visited, because it is not known to contain anything especially interesting. Everything connected with the assassination of President Lincoln was long ago supposed to have been distributed among the various museums and historical societies, or to have passed into private hands.

Not so; every implement, every exhibit, every physical object that figured in the dreadful deed forms a part of the military record of the trial, and as such is carefully guarded in the office of the judge advocate general. But few people ever see these. Not many know they are in existence. When Mr. Saxton asked how many in the opinion of his young friends present had ever looked at them, his answer, "About three or four people a year—friends of the secretary of war, or judge advocate general," was indeed a surprise. The exhibits in the great trial are most carefully guarded. Nobody can ever see them without permission of the secretary or the judge advocate general, and nobody can take copies of any of the written matter without express permission of the secretary himself.

It is a gruesome exhibit that Mr. Saxton has to display, when anybody comes to him with the proper authority. The room that he occupies is big and broad, with ceilings fifteen feet high. All the four walls are covered with a solid framework of pigeon-holes and drawers, numbered in a way that nobody could understand. To the left of Mr. Saxton's desk is a range of three-deep drawers. In these drawers, packed in close, is the record of the trial of the Lincoln assassins. There were no typewriters in those days; the whole record is written in a big, bold hand, on departmental paper, and the whole is kept carefully locked up.



THE DEADLY DERRINGER.

The physical exhibits of the trial are kept in the vault. When Saxton brings out these dreadful things, he does it with an air that indicates his personal responsibility. His voice is hushed; he directs his typewriters to cease work, he sends his lady stenographer out of the room, and with the most delicate touch lifts the precious relics, shows them, and it is only with evident reluctance that he allows even a favored visitor to touch them.

The first thing of importance that he has to show is the stage plan of Ford's theater—the same that was drawn by the engineering department of the army for use on the trial. It is ragged and thumbstained. Four colors indicate the positions of the various actors in the great tragedy. Every position occupied by Booth—with his line of flight—is marked in red. Where Mr. Lincoln sat in his box, and the position of the people with him—Mrs. Lincoln, Major Rathbone and Miss Harris—is marked in blue. Where Laura Keene and her chief support, Harry Hawk, stood in the second act of "Our American Cousin"—right in the center of the stage—is marked in purple, and where Booth fell upon the stage on his leap from the box and broke his leg, is indicated in green.

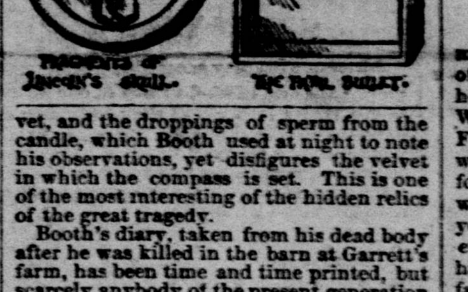
The diagram is interesting, because it was the official diagram before the court. The certificates as to its genuineness are signed in a most careless way by a young lieutenant of engineers, who probably had no idea of what a great historic document this was likely to become. When Mr. Saxton had carefully rolled this up and packed it away in its tin case, he brought forth from the vault a small box about two feet long. Across the top of the box lay what seemed to be a club—a piece of scantling about three inches wide by two inches thick. It was finger worn and full of bruises. Over one of its surfaces were huge blotches of blood stains. Mr. Saxton with almost an air of sacredness, gently lifted the billet of wood and laid it aside until he could get at the box itself. Saxton is a lecturer as well as a custodian, and he said, "I put that stick away then because I want to get at the contents of the box first, and put them all out before you." He laid the club down and fished out an old-fashioned Derringer pistol of exquisite make. Very impressively he laid that down; then out of the box came a hideous dirk and two little boxes of wood, one of them with a glass face in it, like the crystal of a watch; then a pocketbook, such as men carried thirty years ago in their breast pockets—intended for money and memoranda. In one compartment was the place for the old carte de visite, which was the pride of the early photographer.

When Mr. Saxton brought out the little Derringer he said impressively: "This is the weapon with which Mr. Lincoln was killed." Mr. Saxton allows no one to take that in his hand. It is an expensive gunpowder toy—just as they used, or had always ready to use, a quarter of a century ago. It is an expensive weapon, as those things were in those days. The short barrel is sharply rifled and studded with silver. The hammer action is two "clicks," pulled with the thumb. The hammer goes down on a percussion cap. The stock is of rosewood, beautifully carved, and the whole is artistically mounted and decorated in silver. That old type of Derringer was a wicked shooter at short range. Booth put it at President Lincoln's head, within two inches of the skull, and death quickly followed. He threw it away in the box before making his leap to the stage, and that is how the little weapon got into the hands of the government. In the butt end of the little pistol are two old-fashioned percussion caps. They are mildewed with age and worthless, but Mr. Saxton says: "These little caps are just as they were found in the butt of the pistol." When Mr. Saxton shows them he gets a sheet of glass, or pure white paper, and dumps the little caps out. No stranger is permitted to touch them.

Mr. Saxton next produced one of the little wooden pill boxes, and out of it came the leaden bullet which had caused Mr. Lincoln's death. It had originally been a round bullet, but was slightly flattened by impact with the president's skull, and it was shown just as it came from the hands of the army surgeons who had extracted it. It is precisely the size and shape of an old-fashioned oval lemon candy drop. It weighs about a quarter of an ounce. "This," said Mr. Saxton, as he took up a little steel rod with a fine point, "is the probe with which they found the bullet."

"These," continued the custodian of the sacred treasures, "are the fragments of bones taken from the wound. They are little scraps of the bony structure of Mr. Lincoln's skull." The little box containing them is lined with velvet and covered with a watch crystal, so they can be seen, but not handled.

Mr. Saxton has next to show a pocket compass, which Booth used to direct him in his flight through the Maryland swamps. Though unused now and carefully locked up, the needle still points unerringly. It is in a small leather case, lined with velvet, and the droppings of sperm from the candle, which Booth used at night to note his observations, yet disfigures the velvet in which the compass is set. This is one of the most interesting of the hidden relics of the great tragedy.



FRAGMENTS OF LINCOLN'S SKULL. THE FATAL BULLET.

Booth's diary, taken from his dead body after he was killed in the barn at Garrett's farm, has been time and time printed, but scarcely anybody of the present generation ever saw the original. Mr. Saxton has it among his treasures. It is a small leather-covered book beginning with April 16, 1865, all preceding pages having been cut out, presumably by the assassin himself. The contents of the remaining pages, which close abruptly on April 21, are simply the ravings of a crazed man in his flight after what he repeatedly terms "the great deed." The matter itself has no great interest at this late day, but the little leather covered book in itself has. Booth wrote a regular hand, effeminite in its alignment. It was of the Italian type, small and compact. On one of the small pages of his diary he could put 1,000 words. He wrote with a lead pencil, and the entries seem to be as fresh as when written. Nobody can copy those without permission of the secretary of war—a privilege accorded to but few, and few ask for it, for they are raving, wandering observations, that have little coherency, and are of no value as relating to the great conspiracy.

But there is one compartment of the little pocket diary that does contain something interesting. These are four cartes de visite of actresses famous in Booth's time for their beauty. Each picture is tinted, as was the custom in those days. Miss Effie Germon, once leading lady at Wallack's, is one. It is a fair, young face, strikingly beautiful. The hair is combed down over the temples and ears, as was the fashion thirty years ago, but the features are fresh and girlish. Miss Germon, if living, is now an old woman, and they say she is fat.

Caroline Richings, the once famous singer, is another face that figures in this historic diary. She, too, is fresh and fair. Her picture is taken in profile and from the back of her head and about her ears hangs a profusion of short and kinky curls. Brady, of New York, is the photographer of both these. The third picture, Mr. Saxton said, nobody knew who it was, but his visitor had doubts as to whether Mr. Saxton was speaking the exact truth. The picture looked like one of Olive Logan, who was once a noted actress in New York and since an authoress of repute. The visitor asked if it was she, but Mr. Saxton busied himself about something else. The lady was full of face, with great dark eyes, and on her head was arranged a lace scarf in Spanish fashion. The reticence of Mr. Saxton was afterwards explained when it became known that this was the picture of a daughter of one distinguished senator from a New England state and the wife of another now living from the same section.

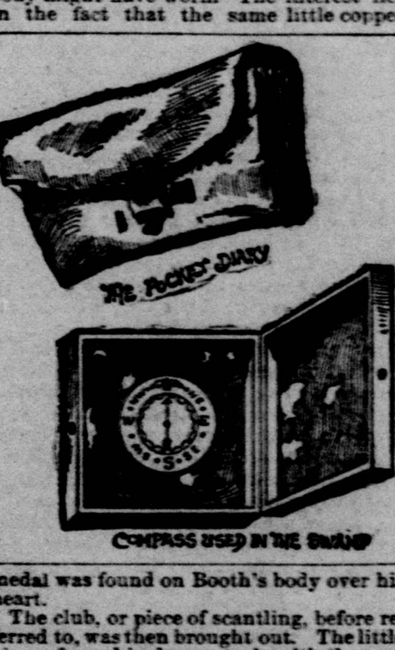
The fourth picture in the diary is that of Rose Eytinge, long since retired from the public gaze. All these women were then in the heyday of their youth and popularity, and at the very zenith of their careers. Perhaps those who are living may read with astonishment that their early portraits are being so carefully guarded by the judge advocate general of the army.

In fact so carefully does the judge advocate general guard these pictures that he will not permit them to be copied. He was closely pressed the other day to permit this, but he said: "No, you can make pictures of all the inanimate things, but I do not think it fair to make drawings of the pictures of the ladies whose portraits were found in Booth's diary. Some of them are living—all of them have friends—and I do not think it fair at this late day to give their features the publicity which you propose. One of the ladies whose face figures there you could not copy anyhow, but without reference to her I do not think that it would be fair, even to Mr. Booth's old associates on the stage, to bring their portraits into prominence." And General Lieber drew the line right there.

But he said: "Go on with your other pictures."

Then came the hideous dirk. This was the weapon that Booth brandished in his hand when he jumped upon the stage and shouted "Sic Semper Tyrannis." With it he slashed his way across the stage, striking blindly like a wild man. No matter who came in his way he went at him furiously. Dr. Withers, who was then leader of the orchestra at Ford's theater, happened to be in the wings. He heard the shot and inquiringly put his head out to find out what was the trouble. Booth rushed upon him like a hurricane, with one hand brushed him aside, and with the other made a furious drive with the dagger. Dr. Withers is yet alive, but he carries a mark on his arm, which he often shows to his friends. Even Spangler, the accomplice, stumbled across the infuriated man's path and received a stroke from the weapon. As Booth darted from the stage door of the theater and plunged for the horse in waiting he threw the knife away and it was found by the government official. It is a clean-cut blade, double-edged and with an old-fashioned silver plated hilt, the handle is of deer horn, and the blade is embellished with all sorts of inscriptions, such as "America," "Home of the Brave and Land of the Free," "Liberty and Independence," but the manufacturer's name appears as Mason, of Sheffield.

A tiny little copper medal or token, said to have been blessed by the Pope, which was found on Booth's breast at his death, is still preserved carefully. The ribbon which once held it is gone, but the medal has all the signs and insignia of the church. It is purely a church emblem which everybody might have worn. The interest lies in the fact that the same little copper medal was found on Booth's body over his heart.



THE POCKET DIARY. COMPASS USED IN THE SWAMP.

The club, or piece of scantling, before referred to, was then brought out. The little piece of wood had more to do with the conviction, sentence and final hanging of the conspirators than anything else. It was the brace of a door. It was proved that on the day before Mr. Lincoln was killed Booth and Spangler, the stage carpenter, fixed the box of the president so that the assassin could enter it at any moment. They took off the lock of the door to prevent anybody else closing it. When Booth entered the vestibule of the box he closed the door and put up the wooden bar to hold it against any incomers while he was nerving himself to his work.

That is the wooden bar that Mr. Saxton has to show. It is covered with Mr. Lincoln's blood. It has been worn by constant handling. It was that, because it was proved that he made it, which sent Stage Carpenter Spangler to the Dry Tortugas for twelve years. It came very near hanging him.

Eugene Field.

The Bookbuyer.

While he was yet a little child his mother died, and he was placed in the care of his aunt, Miss Mary French, of Amherst, Mass. At 17 years of age he entered Williams college. His father, Roswell M. Field, a distinguished lawyer of St. Louis, who is perhaps best known as of counsel for Dred Scott in the famous slavery case, was a thorough scholar. He required the young student to carry on all correspondence with him in Latin. Before the son had been long at Williams college the father died. Professor John W. Burgess, who was appointed the boy's guardian, placed him in Knox College, at Galesburg, Ill. He studied there two years, and afterward remained for some time at the University of Missouri. In 1871, having attained his majority, Mr. Field went to Europe, where he traveled for six months. He became a newspaper reporter in 1873, being employed on the St. Louis *Evening Journal*, of which he soon was made city editor. He also worked on a newspaper in St. Joseph for several months, and later became managing editor of the Kansas City *Times*. About ten years ago he went to Denver as a member of the editorial staff of the *Tribune* of that city. There within a short time his writings gave him a wide reputation. In 1883 the Chicago *Daily News* secured his services, and ever since then he has been on the staff of that newspaper, with full liberty to write what he pleases.

His capacity for work is prodigious. A pen capable of making only the finest hair strokes, when once set to traveling over a pad of paper on his knee, within two hours supplies enough of his beautiful microscopic writing to fill a long newspaper column of agate type. Usually the sheets go to the printer without a blot or erasure.

He has a beautiful library, and divides his affections between his books and his dozens of canaries. His next publication is to be a limited edition, privately printed, of his translations of Horace into English verse.

Ouida's Old Age.

Paris Letter to St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Ouida is growing old now, and her works of late lack much of the eloquence and poetic fervor that used to make them so irresistibly attractive. She cannot at present be far from 60. She never was a beauty, though in her prime she possessed her striking points; her "amber hair," of precisely the shade which she used to describe in her earliest novels, and a pair of exquisite little feet, of whose small size and perfect symmetry she was justly vain. She used to walk down the long dining-room of the Langham hotel with her golden locks hanging down her back, and with her long skirts held up in one hand so as to show off her pretty feet in the daintiest of Parisian slippers. She immortalized Mr. Sanderson, of New York, who was at the time manager of the hotel aforesaid, by making him the hero of her novel of "Tricotrin." The brilliant novelist was not often given to drawing the portrait of an American in such flattering colors. She dislikes our country people with an intensity of hatred that is altogether surprising, and never misses a chance of caricaturing them and holding them up to ridicule.

Had the Desired Effect.

Chicago Tribune.

Physician (to attendant)—The patient has reached the crisis. If something can be done now to rouse him he is saved. Otherwise there is no hope.

Attendant (to sick man)—Colonel! Colonel! Look here! See what a beautiful present a friend has sent you?

Physician—He does not seem to hear you. Try again.

Attendant—Colonel, the president of the United States is here and wishes to speak to you.

Physician—You have failed to rouse him. Try again.

Attendant—Colonel, the house is on fire! We must move you.

Physician—He does not heed you. Once more, sir. There is no time to lose.

Attendant (in despair)—Colonel, the papers say that Senator Edmunds and Carter Harrison have retired from politics.

Sick Man (sitting bolt upright in bed)—What!!!!

UNDER DARK ARCHES.

Where London Fugitives From Justice Feel Safe.

ALONG THE FAMOUS STRAND.

The Celebrated Adelphi Tombs, Where for Thirty Years Policemen Dared Not Venture.

LONDON, April 13.—[Special Correspondence.]—It would be difficult to walk along the Strand—which has been so appropriately described as the center of the universe, on a bright sunny spring day, looking about one at the various landmarks of past historic interest, without being struck by the contrast presented to the life and sunlight by the great black arch at the end of Durham street, at the entrance of which is posted a board threatening loafers and loiterers with certain legal penalties if they elect to either loaf or loiter in the immediate vicinity. The unfathomable depths of the black arch look like the capacious maw of a mysterious giant and one who, moreover, can keep his secrets and mysteries for all time. Since the building of the embankment, the arches of which form the first opening—although far from attractive—are comparatively safe, most of them having been turned into stone houses for many of the Strand wine merchants, and their apertures having been boarded up. A little gas light has been introduced, the main arteries are paved, and a system of police patrol has put a stop to the crime and vice which, at the beginning and first half of this century, found their home there. At that time a criminal flying from justice knew that he was safe if he managed to make the Adelphi dark arches, for even thirty years ago no policeman dared venture very far into them, and it is said many men and women remained in them for years, never seeing a glimpse of God's daylight. Coiners, murderers, "coney-catchers" and women of the most degraded classes made them their habitual home, and there, save for such artificial light as they provided for their own uses, the rest of the huge labyrinth of arches was in complete darkness, with the exception, of course, where they opened near the Strand, or where they abutted on the banks of the Thames. Safe from the clutches of the law the dwellers in the arches were not safe from other dangers. They were built in two stories, and at flood tide it was no unusual thing for the lower arches to become gradually, but surely, filled with water; and many a malefactor hiding from justice in the living tomb of the dark arches has, in a drunken sleep, been overtaken by the cold, clammy waters and drowned before he was sufficiently roused to make his escape to the upper tier, and as the tide went down he has been floated out on the broad bosom of Father Thames to remain another mystery of the river. These lower arches were in those days floored with mud. Crawling animalculae and river worms swarmed in them and it was with difficulty that in some the denizens were able to kindle even a few sticks, which, when lighted, filled the place with stifling smoke. In others farther away from the river smelting furnaces were successfully built and coining went on at a wholesale rate, the coins thus made being disposed of by accomplices, who gained access to the vaults by the houses in the Adelphi, which were later found to be in communication with the vaults. Indeed, even now the upper arches serve as cellars to the houses in Adelphi terrace.

Many a poor creature, "tired of life" and seeking quiet in the river, has found her way drifting down the stream into one or other of these arches, and her cold, dead body has been found lying in the mud at the entrance to one of these by the Thames boatmen. It was a sight such as this which inspired Hood to write that most pathetic poem, "The Bridge of Sighs," and it was an Adelphi arch which he had in his mind when he wrote:

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world.

How many such there were who alive had to seek the shelter of the arches knowing none other—nobody knows. The great dark arches keep the secrets of the past which are known only to them and perhaps to their neighbor the deep black river.

Even so late as eight years ago many cases of death from cold and destitution took place in the arches. Tramps and vagrants seeking a night's lodging were sometimes frozen to death, but the police patrol now prevents their secreting themselves within them, and the new police regulations ordering homeless vagrants to be "charged," ensures them—as comparisons go—a preferable lodging for that night, at least, and, as I said before, the arches have been now turned to practical account and one of them, a London mission, holds a service three times a week.

The brick and mortar history of the arches is curious. They were built in 1770 by the Adam Brothers, the well-known firm of court architects whose works and offices were there situated. There were four brothers in the firm, John, Robert, James and William, and streets leading from Adelphi terrace bear their respective Christian name, while a fifth, Adam street, has immortalized their patronymic. Their *raison d'etre* was set forth in a petition to parliament by the brothers Adam who laid stress on the encroachments of the river on both banks at that point and craved permission to build an embankment which would protect their own property. I wonder what folks of that time would have said could they have foreseen the stretch of solid ground which now lies between the arches and the highest point to which Father Thames is allowed to reach. Truly the fact that the Adelphi arches had once to protect houses from the advances of the river brings before us very vividly what must have been the condition of London when embankments were unheard of and the river was allowed to work its watery will.

The work proposed by the brothers Adam was put forward by them as being for the public good quite as much as for their own, inasmuch as the navigation of the river was said to be excessively dangerous at that point. Craft going up or down stream, in endeavoring to avoid the Scylla of a mud bank on the Surrey side, not infrequently fouled a sand bank Charybdis near the Middlesex shore. Then as now, however, any public undertaking was sure to tread upon the metaphorical corns of some persons whose rights were supposed to be infringed. In this case the corporation of the city of London came to the front and flourished in the face of the enterprising architects a charter of King Henry VII., which professed to grant to the city the soil-bed of the river from Staines to the mouth of the Medway. The city fathers, or rather their predecessors, had, however, been rather more keen after charters than was absolutely necessary, for it appeared that Charles II. also granted them a charter in which the bed of the river was specially