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THIS AND THAT.

—Roman butchers are having a holiday, they having struck as a protest against the too great consumption of horse flesh in the Eternal City.

—To show the advance in methods of locomotion during her reign, it is suggested that Queen Victoria should go in a state motor carriage to St. Paul, escorted by guards on bicycles.

—Official reports show that while the number of men in the British army in 1895 was 200,681, the admissions into hospital were 199,312, or over 99 per cent. More than three-quarters of the cases were sexual diseases.

—A new fluorescent material, much superior to all those hitherto used, has been discovered by Dr. Van Melckebeke, of Antwerp. It is composed of oxyfluoride of uranium and ammonium. By his process 128 grains of crystals can be made for 87 cents.

—Three years ago a poor and lazy young man in Lawrence, Mass., married a wealthy bride, and, as a condition of the marriage, took her family name. She found him a little too wild and secured a divorce, and now he intends to resume his bachelor name.

—A spring gun was attached to the door of his pheasantry by Count de Medrono, at Mons, France, to welcome thieves with a shower of shot. The count was one day showing his birds to some guests and forgot about the spring gun. As he opened the door he received the charge in his breast and died immediately.

—In most tropical countries darkness after sundown is one of the peculiarities. In Egypt, at certain seasons of the year, the sun goes down and darkness comes on very suddenly, continuing for a space of 20 minutes or half an hour. Then, all of a sudden, the hills and sands take on a ghastly paleness, and in another moment everything begins to brighten, and it appears as if the sun is about to rise out of the west.

—Quite an historical novelty is offered in the reprint of the first Chicago directory, bearing the date of 1844, by Robert Fergus, who has lived in the city since 1839. There were not then 8,000 people within the city limits. There were 13 churches, six papers, eight public schools, and a young ladies' seminary which proposed to give "a thorough, practical education, to develop and mold the character, cultivate the manners and form correct habits." Forty-eight mails were received and made up at the post office during the week.

SOME EPITAPHS.

Grim Humor Found on Tombstones in Various Places.

The following compilation of epitaphs is quoted from Current Literature:

In the churchyard at St. John, Worcester, is an epitaph which, if brevity is the soul of wit, has high claim in that character:

"Honest John
's dead and gone."

Here are some miscellaneous grotesques:

"To all my friends I bid adieu:
A more sudden death you never knew.
As I was leading the old mare to drink
She kicked and killed me quicker'n a wink."

On an East Tennessee lady:

"She lived a life of virtue and died of cholera morbus, caused by eating green fruit, in the hope of a blessed immortality, at the early age of 21 years, 7 months and 16 days. Reader, 'Go thou and do likewise.'"

The following was composed by three Scotch friends to whom the person commemorated had left a legacy, with the hope expressed that they would honor him by some records of their regrets. The first friend composed the line which naturally opened the epitaph:

"Provost Peter Patterson was Provost of Dundee."

The second added:

"Provost Peter Patterson, here lies he."

The third could suggest no other conclusion than:

"Hallelujah! Hallelujee!"

The following must be taken as a fling at a noble profession:

"Here lies the corpse of Dr. Chard,
Who filled the half of this churchyard."

This is as bad as the unkind hint conveyed in the following, in a churchyard near Newmarket:

"Here lies the body of Sarah Sexton,
Who never did aught to vex one,
Not like the woman under the next stone."

Domestic troubles have been laid bare on the tombstone from the time of the Greeks and Romans. Here is a piece of atrocious doggerel to be seen in Selby churchyard, in Yorkshire:

"Here lies my wife, a sad slattern and a shrew:
If I said I regretted her I should lie, too."

The following, which frequently appears in collections of epitaphs, are not credited to any locality, and may be mere wandering bits of epigrammatic misogynism:

"This dear little spot is the joy of my life;
It raises my flowers and covers my wife."

"I am not grieved, my dearest life,
Sleep on—I've got another wife;
Therefore I cannot come to thee,
For I must go and live with she."

"My wife's dead, and here she lies,
No man laughs, and no man cries;
Where she's gone, or how she fares,
Nobody knows, and nobody cares."

"Here lies my poor wife, without bed or blanket,
But dead as a doornail, and God be thankit."

THE MURDER OF LINCOLN

New Light Thrown on the Terrible Tragedy of 1865.

Dr. G. W. Pope Contributes an Interesting Chapter to the History of a Famous Night — William Withers' Story.

[Special Washington Letter.]

Dr. G. W. Pope, long a well-known physician of this city, but whose name has never before been mentioned in connection with the tragedy at Ford's theater on Good Friday night, 1865, has recently been induced to make a contribution to the history of that awful night. He says:

"On that night I was hastily summoned to the residence of Hon. Ira Harris, senator from Albany, N. Y. (situated on the corner of Fifteenth and H streets, the present site of Columbia college and opposite the old Saint Matthew's church). The senator and family, including Col. Rathbone, were old friends and patients of mine. The family and servants were in great excitement and distress. Miss Clara Harris, whom Col. Rathbone subsequently married, being the only one who retained sufficient calmness to render assistance and keep order on this occasion.

"Clara Harris was a young lady of remarkable courage and presence of mind in many emergencies, as I had known. She had personally conducted or planned the removal of the dying president to the house opposite the theater, in company with Col. Rathbone and others; but the colonel, having received a dangerous wound from the assassin's dagger, fainted from loss of blood and was taken home in a carriage, Clara herself having wrapped a handkerchief tightly over the wound, after the manner of a tourniquet, which partially stanched the blood. I greatly doubt whether any of our modern society women would have been equal to such an emergency, and not have occupied the time in screaming and fainting and hampering the efforts of others.

"The colonel was lying on his bed, dress-coat, vest, and undergarment being removed, disclosing the wound. It was a deep, narrow dagger thrust, clean through the inner part of the left upper arm, close to the armpit, penetrating the biceps muscle and grazing the bone. It came within about one-third of an inch of what is called, in surgical language, the brachial artery and deep basilic vein, which lie close together at that part. Had the blade of the dagger severed those vessels, the colonel would have bled to death in about five minutes.

"Col. Rathbone was as pale as a corpse, almost exsanguined, smaller blood vessels having been severed. He was also in a high state of nervous excitement, almost amounting to delirium, and frequently exclaiming: 'The president is shot—assassinated! He will die! God in Heaven save him! What will become of our country! O, poor, poor, dear Lincoln, our beloved president! This awful crisis!' and similar ejaculations. (All the Harris family and the president were warm friends.)

"Miss Clara Harris was the only one who showed presence of mind. She supplied the water, bandages, towels, etc., and an army surgeon, who had also been summoned, assisted in sewing up the wound, and it was dressed in the usual manner. I visited the house daily, and in a short time the colonel, having recovered his strength and calmness of mind, related the following, which is still fresh in my memory as if told but yesterday.

"I was seated on the left as you front the stage, near the balustrade. Mrs. Lincoln was seated at the opposite side; the president was seated a little to my right, near the center of the box, and Clara near him. We were interested in the play: 'Our American Cousin,' Laura Keene being the principal actress. We did not see Booth enter the box. Suddenly came the pistol shot. The president did not fall from his chair, but sat unmoved, with his head bowed down on his breast.

"'Immediately after, Booth stepped swiftly out from the smoke of the explosion, which nearly filled the box, strode right between Mrs. Lincoln and myself, and placing one foot on the balustrade was about to spring out on the stage. We were all confounded and dazed for a moment by the sound of the shot and suddenness of the tragedy, but the next instant I sprang up from behind, and, clasping my arms around Booth's body, I dragged him back.'"

Col. Rathbone was a man of medium stature and rather slender build, but was possessed of great nerve power and remarkable physical strength. Booth was slightly taller, of equally slender build, but more muscular than the colonel.

"'I grasped him with all my strength, which was doubly increased by the horror of the scene, but I might as well have attempted to hold a giant. He seemed endowed with sinews of steel. The struggle continued several seconds. "Let me go or I will kill you!" gasped Booth. "No, I will not," I replied, nearly out of breath. Booth squirmed his body around, still clasped in my arms, and faced me. His countenance was like that of a demon, his hair on end, and his eyes blazed like lurid fire. Jerking his right arm free, he raised it over his head with a muttered curse. I saw the gleam of the dagger aimed at my heart. Loosing my left arm, I threw it up to fend off the blow. It descended on the arm, and the weapon, diverted from its fatal aim, struck me as you see. With a desperate effort Booth shook me off, for I still held on to him with my right hand. Then placing his foot on the balustrade, he leaped over. One of his spurs caught in the folds of the American flag that had been festooned in front of the box. Losing his balance he fell to the stage floor, breaking his leg. Springing up instantly, he hobbled to the middle of the stage, paused for a moment in front of the terror-stricken audience, and brandishing his blood-reeking dagger high over his head, shouted at the top of his voice: "Sic semper tyrannis!" Then limping rapidly toward the rear and brandishing his dagger in the faces of those who sought to oppose him, and who shrank back from his demon-like aspect, passed out, mounted his horse, and escaped.'

BOOTH IN THE BOX.

"The two most extraordinary incidents connected with the dreadful tragedy were the wonderful physical endurance and nerve power manifested by Booth, in walking over the stage and to the alley with both bones of his leg broken; and the almost hair-breadth escape of Col. Rathbone from death.

"Furthermore, had not Col. Rathbone grappled the assassin and hampered his movements, the spurs would not have caught in the flag, Booth would have leaped to the stage with safety, for he was quick, nimble, and accustomed to athletics, escaped uninjured, reached the heart of the confederacy on relays of horses, completely disguised, and probably never have been captured. No mind can foresee what might have been the result to the exasperated country in its subsequent dealings with those who fostered the rebellion.

"All through that awful night the streets resounded with the galloping of horses, beating of drums, and clamor of cavalry bugles. Such universal excitement and terror finds a fit description in Byron's magnificent 'Night Before the Battle of Waterloo.'"

William Withers, who has been traveling with one of Daly's theatrical companies during the past season, was once a member of the Marine band, having began his musical career in that organization. He was born at West Point in 1837, and held positions in several theaters in Washington in the '60's. He was bandmaster in the Twelfth New York volunteers and Sixty-second Pennsylvania, and it was at the close of the war that he was offered the position of leader of the orchestra of Ford's theater. He has been with Mr. Daly as his orchestra leader for a long time.

Mr. Withers was not only present when the tragedy occurred, but was himself twice struck by the same dagger which so nearly killed Col. Rathbone. When he was last in Washington, he said:

"I was leader of the orchestra at the time, and as the president was to witness the performance of 'Our American Cousin' I thought as befitting the occasion I would compose a song. So I did. It was entitled 'Honor to Our Soldiers,' and dedicated to

BOOTH'S MEETING WITH WITHERS.

the president. This was to be sung between two of the acts by a quartette I had engaged, and the entire company, who were to be attired in the American colors.

"As I was on my way to the theater I met John Wilkes Booth just in front of George Harry's saloon, which adjoined the theater. It was a sultry night and Booth had his overcoat over his arm. 'Good evening, Billy,' he said; 'come have something?'

"As I was leaving to enter the theater Booth remarked: 'I'll witness the performance to-night.' I noticed nothing strange about his demeanor, and subsequently saw him as I was coming out for the overture.

"Soon the president, his wife, Maj. Rathbone, and Robert and Tad entered their box. I signaled for 'Hail to the Chief,' and the audience cheered and the president turned smilingly and bowed. Then he seated himself, and with his accustomed modesty drew the curtains half across the box.

"After the first act J. P. Wright, the stage manager, sent me word he would be unable to have the special song sung at that time, but would try to have it rendered between the second and third acts. A similar message was sent me at the close of the second act, and I became somewhat exercised. I started to go upon the stage, when I saw Booth in the balcony, walking down the aisle, in the direction of the president's box. He was seemingly attentively toward the acting, for the curtain had again gone up. I encountered a scene shifter, Spangler, whose office, I afterward learned, was to turn out the lights in the theater as soon as the shot was fired. He obstructed my passage.

"'What do you want here?' he demanded. In reply I told him it was none of his business. Mr. Wright appearing, Spangler left his position on the stage alongside of the box in which was apparatus for illuminating the theater. I closed the lid of the box and sat upon it to talk to the manager, unconscious that I was spoiling the plan.

"Mr. Wright told me the song would be sung at the close of the performance, and Miss Keene had sent word to the president requesting him to stay and hear it.

"I was just about to return to the orchestra when the crack of a revolver startled me. All was quiet instantly. I saw a man jump from the president's box on to the stage. It was Booth. He ran directly toward the door leading into the alley. This course brought him right into my path. He had a dagger in his hand, and he waved it threateningly. He evidently did not recognize me, for he appeared like a maniac, his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and his hair was disheveled.

"With head down he ran toward me and cried: 'Let me pass.' He slashed at me and the knife cut through my coat, vest and underclothing. He struck again, the point of the weapon penetrating the back of my neck, and the blow brought me to the floor. I watched him make his exit into the alley, and caught sight of the horse held by 'Peanut John.'

"The commotion in the audience was something terrible. Several actors, including Harry Hawke, rushed out, and a man who proved to be a detective lifted me up and said: 'I arrest you.'

"'What's this all about?' I asked. 'I'm stabbed.' I was quickly told what was the matter. The thought flashed across my mind that Booth was the assassin.

"I was taken to the police station and my deposition was received in the presence of Mayor Wallach. That was, I believe, the first intimation that they had of the identity of the murderer. I was at the trial of the conspirators, and the second to give testimony. My wound healed in a short time."

SMITH D. FRY.

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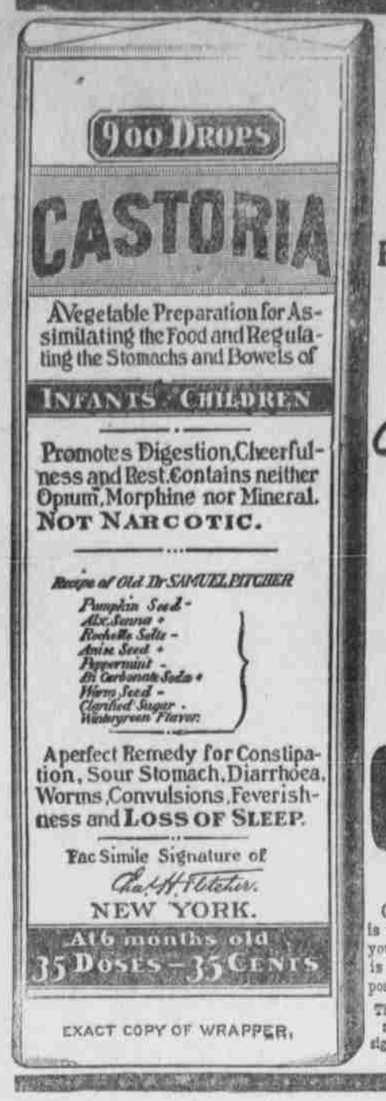
The lively optical instrument with many names, but known in England as the animatograph, is to be used to preserve for posterity living pictures of Princess Maud's wedding, the derby won by the prince of Wales, the coming jubilee of the queen, and several types of London street scenes. The celluloid films bearing the views will be inclosed in several tubes, and ought to be good for many reproductions a thousand years from now.

Chance for His Bravery Yet.

"Amy, my love, I wish we lived in the good old days when a knight could fight for his lady love."

"Why, George, dear, as for that, you haven't asked papa's consent to our engagement as yet, you know."—Forget-Me-Not.



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