

THE DEATH OF BOOTH.

A GRAPHIC ACCOUNT AS GIVEN IN "GATHS" NEW NOVEL.

The Assassin's Last Plea for a Fighting Chance—The Barn on Fire—A Face that Seemed a Battle Ground of Wounds and Spasms.

At the suggestion of John Brown his wandering powers took coherence and example, and he remembered the manner in which old Brown had met his fate, and Booth tried to be his pupil.

"Captain," said Booth, assuming a hollow, theatrical voice, "give me a living chance; withdraw your men a hundred paces from the barn and I'll come out and fight you!"

This had been John Brown's request when entrapped in his engine house, and Booth aspired to die like Brown.

He repeated the request, and thought it quite numerical that he was not accorded a little stage space to die effectively in.

"We'll waste no more time," the civil officer without spoke, in a tone of disgust. The katydid or cricket never ceased to call its resounding beads, and "pray, pray, pray."

Booth searched the heavens and the world for some intercessor, and fetched from weakness his mother's name. By that saint he asked for fifty yards and for a little more time.

Everything was refused.

"Now, then, my brave boys," he declared, in the tones of the stage again, "prepare a stretcher for me!"

"Stretchers" were the canvas biers to carry out of battle wounded men. Booth—assuming to the end—would appear to be a veteran entitled to the honors of war.

He raised his carbine, feebly resolving to kill some one or to fire it off at least, and as he stepped, on foot and crutch, toward the center of the barn, to be farthest from men's aiming, a fiction match was scratched behind him, as if his broken bones had rasped each other, and sent a cold chill up his spine.

He turned and saw the barn on fire! A lighted whip of straw, twisted by some one without, had fallen into the loose hay, and some brush piled against the outside of the barn was also afire.

The warm flame for a single instant carried the odor and crackle of his father's log cabin to his heart, and he shouted as his crutch fell from under his arm and left him helpless:

"Captain, do it quick! Now shoot me through the heart!"

The cricket ceased to sing, though everything beside came forth in the bright light, till what had been the throne of a ghost stood revealed in the blessed implements and yield of husbandry, and there were wasps flying around their nests in the roof, scenting flame, and in the litter of the floor ran rats in single file, all sly, as from a sinking ship, and one squealed as it crossed his shadow like an old witch in an incantation scene.

The plow and the harrow teeth took a ruddy gleam; some swallows in the timbers flew round and round, blinded by the fire, and the pegs for tobacco and the burning tobacco leaves grew to be ferns and scallops of gold as they hung, like gilded scenes in spectacles, around the desperate man.

He had seen fires upon the stage and helped to stamp them out, and he limped toward the greater flame near a corner; but suddenly a great tongue of fire licked him and singed him as if Cerberus at hell's door had fondled on him with a furnace tongue!

Fear seized him and he ran toward the door on misfitting bones—the door held open as by some invisible angel—and as he ran the ponderous beams and trees in the structure seemed to fall upon his skull and smash it like an egg.

Booth next felt water in his face, and two men were holding him up and searching his body and putting their fingers in his brain.

"It's here," said one, "right where he shot the president, behind the ear and on the same side, and here it comes through!"

In gaging torments he discerned before him two men in Confederate dress, all shown by the light of the burning barn, which was reflected in the honest porch he lay upon.

"Did he betray me?" sighed Booth, pointing to one of these, the officer who had brought him to the house.

He did not hear the answer, but he made it himself:

"Tell me—I thought—I did—best—rights—a country—till—I died. Kill me! Kill me!"

Herold, tied to the tree in the little flat lawn, saw them turn Booth to make him comfortable and heard him gasp and groan, and Herold shed the only tears.

Booth could not swallow, and his words were measured like dew in the honey-suckle a cup that drooped above his eyes and opened to the fire.

DOOM OF THE ANTELOPE.

The Deadly Work of the Breech Loading Carbine—Scores of Wounded Animals.

A man of the name of Potter or Porter, who is a wonderful rifle shot, persuaded three or four men to join him in the business of killing antelope for their skins. They selected this crossing place for an ambush. In the woods near the summit of the divide and about a hundred yards from the game trails Potter's assistants were stationed. Potter, who was armed with a heavy breech loading magazine rifle, concealed himself in the woods about half way down the mountain, from which point he could see the trails for a long way in both directions. His ambush was not over seventy yards from the trails.

Suppose it was in the fall. In the autumn the antelope swarm out of the park. Band after band follow their leaders over the hill. Every animal is anxious to get out of the park before the winter's Arctic like storms begin to sweep across the open highland grazing ground. When the bands had passed beyond the ambush the men opened fire on the leaders of the band, killing one here, breaking the leg of another there, and shooting others through the bowels. The herd scattered and ran down the trails in bewildered confusion. Then Porter opened fire on them. They did not know where to go. Behind them rifles cracked. Before them a rifle cracked. They hesitated. They stood still. Their comrades were falling dead among them. Others were wounded and cried aloud. They ran in circles on the hillside.

Porter fired steadily and accurately at the frightened animals. When that herd had drifted past him he refilled the empty magazine of his rifle and opened another box of cartridges and impatiently waited for another herd to cross the divide. When the party's cartridges were exhausted the men skinned the dead animals. The meat was left on the ground for wolves and other carnivorous animals to eat. Porter boasted to me that he had killed 140 antelope in one day at the trails of this crossing place. One hundred and forty killed means about 250 wounded and not secured. It means scores of animals wandering over the plains with broken legs trailing behind them, other scores with their bowels streaming ribbon like from their wounds, and catching on the sage brush as they sought to hide from wolves which they knew were on their bloody trails. I looked at Porter in silent horror as I estimated the suffering he had caused.—Frank Wilkeson in New York Sun.

Nurse—O'll have to lave yes mum. Lady—Why so Mary Ann? Nurse—Well mum the baby's gettin' in old.

Lady—I don't see what difference that makes. Nurse—Why ye see mum the baby's gittin' to be a blonde an' O'm a brunette. We don't look well together. Ye'll have to dye the baby mum or I must lave yes.—Chicago Rambler.

The California Girl. The California girl of the average type is not pretty. The main difficulty with which the women of the Pacific slope must contend is the seeming impossibility of bringing out or preserving a good complexion. The fierce winds which blow from the Pacific or from the mountains combined with a naturally dry atmosphere are enough to ruin the best of complexions in a short time.—New York World.

What Might Have Been. A fair and buxom widow, who had buried three husbands, recently went with a gentleman who in his younger years had paid her marked attention to inspect the graves of her dear departed. After contemplating them in a mournful silence she murmured to her companion: "Ah, James, you might have been in that row now if you had only had a little more courage."—St. Albans Messenger.

Congressman Lawler's Philosophy. Mr. Lawler is a philosopher. It was he who originated the famous saying worthy of Seneca's morals or "Poor Richard's Almanac." Said Mr. Lawler:

"Gentlemen, you should not get impatient with nature. All things equalize themselves—the rich man gets his ice in summer and the poor man gets his in winter."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The Dwarf Eucalyptus. Vast arid and almost rainless tracts in Australia, according to Mr. Joseph Bonisto, of Victoria, are thickly covered with a dwarf eucalyptus barely eight feet high. The stem of this shrub contains half a pint of water, which bushmen quickly obtain, yet inexperienced travelers in these regions often die of thirst.—Arkansas Traveler.

A College War Whoop. It is given out that the freshmen of the University of Pennsylvania have adopted a class yell in the words and figures that follow, to wit: "M-D-CCC-XC of P.—Bah-rah-rah!" This is undeniably magnificent, but it lacks the sturdy simplicity of the war whoop which was adopted by the gentlemen who preceded us on this continent.—New York Tribune.

National Bank Stock. According to the report of the controller of the currency there are 2,838 national banks in this country, the combined capital of which is represented by 7,000,000 shares, and said shares are in possession of 223,000 persons, more than one-half of whom own only ten shares or less apiece.—Chicago Herald.

A Long Needed Boy. A Minnesota exchange speaks of a boy whose right hand is badly deformed. It is nearly all forefinger, that member being slender, muscular, and about nine inches in length. For long and weary years the world has been waiting for such a boy as this. He could clean the lamp chimneys of an entire township.—Chicago Tribune.

A Grand Old World. The Rev. Dr. Talmage said in a late lecture: "The summary of the whole thing is that this is a grand old world, and I want to stay in it as long as I can. I would not want to get out of it at all if I did not believe that there was a grander one. This is a good enough one for me for a long time yet."

At a Bargain. Bagley—What in the world have you got there? Bailey—A dog collar. Isn't it a pretty one? Got it for 37. I tell you it's a bargain. Bagley—But you haven't got a dog, have you? Bailey—No, but I know where I can get one for 50 cents.—Tid Bits.

Proud of Her Diploma. An Indian woman took the premium on butter at the Spokane fair. She is the wife of Sultess, chief of the Coeur d'Alene Indians and is very proud of her diploma.—Chicago Herald.

General Advertisements.

WENNER & Co.,
Manufacturing and Importing
JEWELERS.

No. 92 Fort Street.

Always keep on hand a most elegant assortment of

FINE JEWELRY,

SOLID AND PLATED SILVER WARE

Ever brought to this market.

Clocks, Watches, Bracelets, Neck-

lets, Pins, Lockets, Gold Chains

and Guards, Sleeve Buttons

Studs, Etc., Etc.

And ornaments of all kinds.

Elegant Solid Silver Tea Sets.

And all kinds of silver ware suitable for presentation.

KUKUI AND SHELL JEWELRY

Made to order.

Repairing of watches and jewelry carefully attended to, and executed in the most workmanlike manner.

ENGRAVING A SPECIALTY.

Particular attention is paid to orders and job work from the other Islands.

Hawaiian Hotel

CARRIAGE CO.

Carriages at all hours, day and

night. Saddle horses, buggies, wagon-

ettes and village carts with stylish and

gentle horses to let.

Horses clipped with the Patent

Lightning Clipping Machine.

FOR SALE.

A few good Horses, 2 Phaetons,

Two Top Buggies, second-hand Har-

ness and 2 Village Carts.

PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

Ring up Telephone Number 31, or Apply

MILES & HAYLEY.

Election of Officers.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF

the stockholders of the Hawaiian Agri-

cultural Company, held January 20th, 1887,

the following officers were elected for the

ensuing year:—

President, Hon. C. R. Bishop.

Vice President, Mr. Samuel C. Allen.

Treasurer, Mr. P. C. Jones.

Secretary, Mr. J. O. Carter.

Auditor, Mr. T. May.

DIRECTORS:—Hon. C. R. Bishop, Messrs.

S. C. Allen and P. C. Jones.

J. O. CARTER,

Secretary.

Honolulu, Jan. 20, 1887.

THE ONLY PRACTICAL

English Watchmaker

On the Islands is

WM. TURNER,

No. 82 King Street.

If you want your watch well repaired, or

your clock put in order, go and see him.

FORT STREET

Bowling Alley, Shooting Gallery

—AND—

COFFEE ROOM.

Fine Physical Exercise and Shooting

Practice.

Lunches Served at All Hours of Day and Night.

For Waianae and Waialua.

The steamer "WAIMANALO" will leave

General Advertisements.

BUHACH

—The Great California—

INSECT POWDER.

The Genuine for Sale only by

Benson, Smith & Co.,

HONOLULU.

Hawaiian Bell Telephone Co.

Reduction of Rates.

COMMENCING ON THE FIRST OF

April next, the rental of all instruments

in use in the District of Kona, Oahu, will be

reduced to \$5.00 per quarter.

Persons desiring to make contracts for one

year at this rate will be furnished with forms

on application at the office of the Company.

A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed

to subscribers paying a year's rent in advance.

GODFREY BROWN,

President Hawaiian Bell Telephone Co.

Honolulu, February 21, 1887.

PHOTOGRAPHS

—OF THE—

Lava Flow of '87

—Also of—

Scenes and Objects of Interest

On the Island of Hawaii. A great variety of

Very Vivid Views.

For sale at the photograph rooms of

J. J. WILLIAMS,

Fort Street.

CEMENT.

—JUST RECEIVED—

White Bros' Portland Cement.

FULL WEIGHT.

(400 pounds.)

G.W. MACFARLANE & Co.

Election of Officers.

THE FOLLOWING PERSONS HAVE

been elected officers of the East Maui

Stock Company for the ensuing year:—

W. P. A. Brewer, President.

P. C. Jones, Secretary and Treasurer

G. J. Ross, Auditor.

J. O. Carter and G. H. Robertson,

Directors.

J. O. CARTER,

Secretary protem East Maui Stock Co.

Honolulu, February 17, 1887.

HONOLULU IRON WORKS Co.,

Steam Engines, Boilers, Sugar Mills,

Coolers, Iron, Brass and Lead Castings.

Hono. U.S. H. I.

Machinery of every description made to

order. Particular attention paid to Ship's Black-

smithing. Job work executed on the shortest

notice.

For Sale At A Bargain.

A TOP BRAKE AND SET OF HAR-

ness. All in good order. Can be seen

at A. MORGAN'S Blacksmith Shop, King

street.

W. O. SMITH. L. A. THURSTON. W. A. KINNEY.

Smith, Thurston & Kinney.

Counsellors, Attorneys and Barristers at

Law.

Fort Street, HONOLULU.

HANDY STATIONERY.

LEGAL CAP PERFECTION PADS,

HODDER'S LETTER PADS

Letter, Cap and Note Blocks of first quality paper.

Legal Cap, Letter and Note Blocks of ruled

Manilla paper, plain Manilla and Note

blocks, M. & H. form blocks

for Bills, Statements,

Wash-lists, etc.,

Or Paper PUT UP IN ANY FORM Desires

By THOS. G. THURMUS

150 FORT STREET.

ALEX. J. CARTWRIGHT,

General Agent for the Hawaiian Islands.

General Advertisements.

The Equitable Column.

Prepare for an Announcement of Supreme Importance,

FROM THE

EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF N. Y.,

IN A FEW DAYS.

Best California Leather

Sole, Insole, Harness, Skirting and Poppers.

French and American Calfskins.

Sheep Skins, Goat Skins,

Saddles and Saddle Trees

These goods are new and fresh, and will be sold at

LOWEST MARKET RATES.

M. W. McChesney & Sons

No. 42 Queen Street.

GROCERS.

No. 42 Queen St.

SUGAR! SUGAR!

In barrels, half barrels and boxes.

White Flour, Golden Gate

Flour, El Dorado, Crown Flour

Sacks Wheat, Best

Sacks Barley, Best

Sacks Corn, Best, Whole

Sacks Corn, Best, Cracked

Sacks Bran, Coarse and Fine.

Sacks Beans, White

Sacks Beans, Red

Sacks Beans, Bayou

Sacks Beans, Horse

Sacks Beans, Lim

SACKS POTATOES, BEST in GUNNIES

Cases Nuts

Cases Extra Soda Crackers

Cases Medium Bread

Cases Cracked Wheat, 10 lb. bags

Cases Corn Meal, white, 10 lb. bags

Cases Oat Meal, 10 lb. bags