

THE SLAYER OF BOOTH.

A Man Who Knew Boston Corbett Tells of His Habits and Manners.

The writer (R. B. Hoover, in the *North American Review*) had a personal acquaintance with Boston Corbett, who avenged the death of President Lincoln in so tragic a manner on the night of April 26, 1865.

During the year 1875, while attending a soldiers' reunion of blue and gray at Caldwell, Ohio, I first met Mr. Corbett. The town was small and an immense crowd had gathered, Gen. Sherman, among others, being present. Corbett and I were assigned to the same room for the night. I found him a nervous, excitable man, always the center of attraction, with a keen, but wild, look in his eyes, and an interminable restlessness of body and limb. He was then a preacher, regularly ordained, I think. He led a prayer-meeting in the church while there. He was always well armed, in self-defense, as he explained, and his experience while at Caldwell showed that he had some reason to fear violence. He got into an exciting argument with several men one afternoon over the question as to whether Booth had really been killed at all. Hot words ensued, a rush was made toward Corbett, and in an instant the gleaming barrel of his revolver flashed in the faces of his opponents. It was with considerable difficulty that they were separated and peace restored.

Corbett claimed to those of us whom he considered his friends that he had been hounded for years by men who were high in authority in Washington at the time of the assassination, and that they caused him to lose several important positions after he went into civil life, and had refused to shake hands with him or to answer his salutation on the streets. The only reason he assigned for this was that his bullet had deprived the Washington authorities of an opportunity to make a grand display in the execution of Booth.

Be this as it may, it is certain that Corbett was always on the watch for bodily harm from some source. During the night I shared the bed with him this was exemplified. It was a close, hot night. We slept on the ground floor with the window raised. Corbett walked the floor for ten minutes after I was in bed. He would frequently clasp his hands and exclaim: "The Lord have mercy on my soul!" At last he knelt down and offered a fervent prayer, after which he placed a large revolver under his pillow and went to bed. He then told me the whole history of that dark night in Virginia. He said no words could express the resigned hatred, and yet heroic look, of Booth's face as it was lighted up by the flames of the tobacco barn in which he had taken refuge from his pursuers. To the call for surrender, Booth hurled back words of scorn and defiance, and turned his back on the troops in derision. Corbett said he could stand it no longer, and although his orders were to take Booth alive, if possible, he raised his revolver and fired. The wound in Booth's head was said to have been within half an inch of the location of Lincoln's fatal wound.

Corbett went to sleep, and I followed later on, with a restless, troubled sleep, in which I dreamed of something which made me awaken Corbett. He sat up in bed, drew out his pistol and covered me with it. I assured him it was all a dream, and he calmed down again. For several years afterward I received occasional letters from Mr. Corbett, and he finally drifted to Kansas, where, through the aid of some friends, he was appointed door-keeper of the House of Representatives during the winter of 1887. While there, his mind became seriously affected, and he suddenly appeared in the House one morning with a revolver in each hand, and attempted to kill the Speaker and others. He was promptly removed to the Insane Asylum.

Queer Ordinances.

Augusta, Ga., has so many funny things in her city ordinances that she has engaged an expert to overhaul and compile them. Some of the passages in the laws are put down as ridiculous, and others are so ambiguous as to be misleading. "It shall be the duty of all green grocers to exhibit the ears of such animals as they offer for sale to the clerk of the market" is one of them. The regulation seemed to anticipate that all sales of animals were to be to the clerk of the market. Of course this stipulation has never been complied with. Here is another: "After the votes have been counted and returns consolidated, as hereinbefore provided, the ballot boxes shall be properly sealed and deposited with the clerk of council, in whose office they shall remain for thirty days, at the expiration of which time they shall be destroyed by the mayor." However, the ballot boxes have never been destroyed, as the law stipulates. The superintendent of streets and drains has to suffer a very peculiar hardship. "It shall be the duty of said officer to remove or have removed all trash, etc., together with all dead animals from the streets, etc., to a place to be designated by the mayor and city council, and there be burned or otherwise destroyed as he may from time to time be directed." Poor fellow!

APOLLONIUS was a geometer who lived about 230 B. C., and whose work in the science has not been surpassed by the most brilliant achievements of others since. Archimedes, a contemporary of Apollonius, first described polygons in circles.

In the Gleaming.

There were a dozen or more of us sitting in Prospect Park, at Niagara Falls, in the evening, and a man whose name was understood to be Smith, together with a woman supposed to be his wife, sat on the parapet at the brink of the cataract. We were hushed and silent, awed by that mighty pour of waters for a time, and then Smith began singing "Rock of Ages" in a low, sweet voice. It was very appropriate to time and place, and a deeper feeling was stealing over us when a woman walked through the group straight to Smith, gave his plug hat a swipe with her closed umbrella that sent it ten feet away into the water, and taking his ear between her thumb and finger she calmly said.

"Come along with me!"

Without a word or the slightest resistance he followed her up the path until we could no longer see them for the darkness. Then we turned to the other woman for an explanation. She rose up, pulled her shawl around her shoulders and bowed gracefully as she backed away with the remark:

"As I am feeling somewhat indisposed, I think I will retia. Good evening, all."

Entirely Helpless to Health.

The above statement made by Mrs. S. H. Ford, wife of Gen. Ford, can be vouched for by nearly the entire population of Corunna, Mich., her home for years. She was for two years a terrible sufferer from rheumatism, being confined to her bed most of the time, her feet and limbs being so badly swollen she could scarcely move. She was induced to try a bottle of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. It helped her, and two additional bottles entirely cured her. To-day she is a well woman.

First ask your druggist; should he not keep it, we will send on receipt of price, \$1 per bottle or six for \$5.

RHEUMATIC SYRUP Co.

Jackson, Mich.

She Didn't Have 'Em.

Mr. Jason had just settled himself to read while his wife was washing the dishes after supper, when he heard a crash in the kitchen, followed by a scream.

He rushed in, stepping upon his spectacles en route, and found his better half standing on the table. "O Jiehie! A mouse! a mouse!" she screamed, as soon as she could get breath.

"Of all the idiots," said he, with withering scorn, "I think a woman is the—the—What do you want to raise such a row over nothing but a little miserable mouse for?"

"Well, I don't care," she answered. "I've seen you carry on nearly as bad yourself. Only this was a real mouse I saw."—*Terre Haute Express.*

The Spartan Virtue of Fortitude

Must be possessed in no ordinary degree by those who bear the pangs of rheumatism without complaint. We have never heard of such an individual. But why not, ere the lifelong martyrdom begins, extinguish the germ of this atrocious malady with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the efficacy of which as a preventive of the disease, as well as a means of relieving it, is well established and amply attested, during the last thirty-five years, over professional signatures? It expels from the blood those acrid principles which beget the pain and inflammation characteristic of this complaint, which, it should be recollected, is always liable to terminate life suddenly when it attacks a vital part. The Bitters also expels the virus of malaria from the system, remedies dyspepsia, kidney complaint, constipation and biliousness, quietes the nerves, and invigorates the whole physical organism.

A Confusion of Localities.

Old Mrs. Fogarty—It's a lether Oi hov from me son in Ameriky. Wud yez rade it to me, Tim Burns?

Mr. Burns (with difficulty)—He says, t' th' best av my shpellin, Mrs. Fogarty, that he's goin' t' th' islan' fer a mont'.

Mrs. Fogarty—Hivin' an' saints be praised! for Mary Ganey's Mike wor a waiter doon theyre, and it's nothin' but music an' dancin' an' shky-rockets from wan wake's ind t' th' other!—*Puck.*

Food for Consumptives.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is a most marvelous food and medicine. It heals the irritation of the throat and lungs, and gives flesh and strength quicker than any other remedy known. It is very palatable, having none of the disagreeable taste of the crude oil.

DADWIE—Where does this man Al-kali come from that desires to join our art club?—Bangle—He's from Arizona?—Dadwie—Arizona? What does he know about art, any way?—Bangle—Why, my dear boy, he told me himself he was chairman of the Hanging Committee several times in Coyote Gulch."

CASES are frequently lost in court by de fault—of the lawyer.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

THE race is not to him who doth the swiftest run. Nor the battle to the man who shoots with the longest gun.

"All the same" a long gun does count, and the tallest pole gets the persimmons. If you are not satisfied with your equipment for the race for financial success, or position in the battle of life, take our advice and write to B. E. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., and our word for it they will show you how to get a fresh start, with the best possible chance of winning some of the big prizes.

A Beautiful Picture Free.

For a 2-cent stamp (to pay postage and wrapping) we will mail a panel photograph of our popular picture, "Kissing at Seven, Seventeen and Seventy." Address the makers of the great anti-bite remedy, "Bile Beans," J. F. Smith & Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

THE dog that makes the most noise never bites. Sorry we can't say so much for the mosquito. This may not be seasonable, but it is nevertheless true.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Are any of the new-fangled compounds as good as the old-fashioned soap? Dobbins' Electric Soap has been sold every day for 24 years, and is now just as good as ever. Ask your grocer for it and take no other.

Touched a Soft Spot.

First Tramp—"Look, Tom, that is the minister's house; the window's open, and all the folks are at church, an' they don't keep no dog, so that we couldn't have a softer snap."

Second tramp (with suppressed emotion)—"The minister's house, do you say? Ah, Bill, I have been a bold, bad man, but I have never yet robbed the clergy. They are a hard-workin' lot, an' their pay is small; besides, some of the tenderest recollections of an innocent boyhood is coupled with my Sunday school (wipes away a tear). But, Bill, you haven't got the same feeling in the matter I has; an' if you've made up yer mind to enter the place, why, I'll stay outside an' keep watch, an' I'll give a whistle if I see any one comin'!"—*Life.*

No Cure No Pay.

It is a pretty severe test of any doctor's skill when the payment of his fee is made conditional upon his curing his patient. Yet after having, for many years, observed the thousands of marvelous cures effected in liver, blood, and lung diseases, by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, its manufacturers feel warranted in selling it, as they are now doing, through all druggists, the world over, under a certificate of positive guarantee that it will either benefit or cure in every case of disease for which they recommend it, if taken in time and given a fair trial, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded. Torpid liver, or "biliousness," impure blood, skin eruptions, serous sores and swellings, consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs), all yield to this wonderful medicine. It is both tonic or strength-restoring, and alterative or blood-cleansing.

CHRONIC Nasal Catarrh positively cured by Dr. Sage's Remedy. 50 cents, by druggists.

THE origin of geometry is ascribed to the Egyptians, who, having their landmarks annually washed away by inundations, in efforts to devise a plan for readily restoring them, discovered the principles of geometry.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No gripping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of Sick Headache, Constipation, Dyppepsia. Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

ONE mode of selling turquoise at Nishni is curious. A person on payment of a fixed sum is allowed to plunge his hand into a bag full of them, and to become possessor of the handful.

A Beautiful Portfolio of Paintings in Water Colors.

The manufacturers of the well-known Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil are issuing the most beautiful portfolio of eight artistic studies (birds and flowers) that has ever come under our notice. This work is worth at least \$2, but Messrs. Scott & Bowne, with their usual enterprise, have made arrangements whereby they can supply a copy by mail to any one who will write to them, enclosing 25 cents in stamps or postoffice order. This is a chance seldom offered, and all lovers of art should avail themselves of it. Mention this paper, and address Scott & Bowne, 132 and 131 South Fifth avenue, New York.

ONE would think counterfeitors would be peculiarly susceptible to new-money-ia.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

PLEASE to remember that the Pilgrim Fathers, being contract immigrants, would not be allowed to land on Plymouth Rock, or any other place in this country, under the present laws.

DON'T blame the Jews for complaining of their fare in the Wilderness. They were not used to that manna of living.

A CORD of stone, three bushels of lime, and a cubic yard of sand will lay 100 cubic feet of wall.

FIRST Atlantic cable laid 1858; needles came into use in 1845; friction matches invented 1829.

WE recommend "Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

Sick Headache

Is a very distressing affection, generally arising from stomach troubles, biliousness, and dyspepsia, and we frequently find persons of both sexes subject to periodic headaches for which they can ascribe no direct cause. But the headache is a sure indication that there is something wrong somewhere, and whatever the cause, Hostetter's Sarsaparilla is a reliable remedy for headache, and for all troubles which seem to require a corrective and regulator. It cures dyspepsia, biliousness, hysteria, tones the stomach, creates an appetite, and gives strength to the nerves.

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Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

YOUNG MEN Wanted to Learn Telegraphy. Situations furnished. Circumstances free. Address VALENTINE BEERS, Janesville, Wis.

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Are any of the new-fangled compounds as good as the old-fashioned soap? Dobbins' Electric Soap has been sold every day for 24 years, and is now just as good as ever. Ask your grocer for it and take no other.

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Pain and Inflammation, Heals the

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Senses of Taste and

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THE GREAT CONQUEROR OF PAIN.

Applied externally, instantly relieves

Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Pain in the

Chest or Sides, Headache, Toothache, or

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INFLAMMATIONS, Rheumatism, Neuralgia,

Lumbago, Sciatica, Pains in the Small

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CURES ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS,