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very stupid about people. I always was. Won't you stay a little, Bella, and tell me about him?"

In a dream the old maid listened to the sound of her own voice, in a dream she heard the ticking of the clock, the "Bow-wow-Bough," and the cries of the baby next door, who was teething and fractious. Ah! Bella left her half an hour after she felt as if the world was crumbling to pieces round her, as if her sad, joyless, colorless life were more than she could bear.

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Foremost among the treasures in Miss Warden's desk is a handful of dead chrysanthemums; and brightest of all days are the ones spent in the little house near Alexandria where she keeps the faithful prescription of her hospitress, varied by Mr. Jonas' reminiscences of his youth and successful middle age. It never enters into her head to imagine that such intense pleasure can be derived from a little kindness and two pennies. She is content to look on as Bella's utterly unattainable happiness, as it pleases her to read fairy tales to the weary little children of her acquaintance; both enchanted stories are beyond the reach of a peaceful life such as hers.—*Walter Powell in Home Colonist.*

JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

NEW AND INTERESTING FACTS CONCERNING HIS PURSUIT AND DEATH.

In a talk with Dr. G. G. Roy, of this city, he furnished some particulars of Booth's death not before known, and what is more these incidents were narrated by the gentleman with whom he came near to the fugitive man. Said the doctor:

On a visit to my daughter, Mrs. Dr. Wade, of Bowling Green, Caroline county, Va., last Christmas, I was permitted to listen to the story of John Wilkes Booth's death at the Garrett homestead, where Willie Booth stopped after the assassination of President Lincoln and where he was captured and died from the rifle shot of Boston Corbett. [Dread Miss H. a most intelligent and interesting talker, a teacher by profession.—Ed.] Miss H. was reluctant to give her information, and though demanding that her name should not be published, frankly answered and enlarged upon every question propounded to her, and of the veracity of her statement I have not the slight shadow of doubt.

The Garrett homestead is situated on the Rappahannock river, twenty miles South of Fredericksburg and two miles North of the village of Port Royal, on the same river. On the North side of the river, opposite the village, is a ferry landing. Willie Booth came the Sunday afternoon after the assassination. He sent Harrold across the river to Port Royal to know if there were any Confederate officers there. Learning that there were, he crossed himself and joined the crew, and were met by Lieut. Baggies and a young man, Willie Jett. It seems that Harrold was very confiding in his communications to these young men, and had told them everything, and they had so much sympathized Booth, who very severely chided Harrold for his indiscretion.

Miss H. said that about noon on Monday three men came from the main road down the lane to Mr. Richard Henry Garrett's house, where I was resting in the capacity of a nurse to a young lady invalid, and I was on my way home. These two proved to be Jett and Booth. Mr. Garrett being out on the farm, they were met by some of the ladies of the family, and Jett, speaking representatively, said they were Mr. Boyd, who had been wounded at the evacuation of Petersburg, and needed a few days' rest. They were invited to remain until Mr. Garrett reached the house, and they dismounted and were shown into the parlor. "Mr. Garrett, let me introduce you to my friend, Mr. Boyd, who was wounded at Petersburg, and whom we would like for you to take one of for three days, when we will come and take him away." Jett thus spoke and said: "But who are you?" Jett, for all accounts, was a very handsome man, and I was easily poorly prepared to do so now." Jett quickly said: "My name is Jett." Mr. Garrett said: "Are you a son of William Jett, of Essex county?" Jett said: "I am." Mr. Garrett then said: "If that is so, your father is an old friend of mine. We once did business together, and if you are his son, I don't feel willing to turn you or your friend away, whatever the law may be in relation." He then invited them into the house. Boyd, who was J. Wilkes Booth, remained. The other two (Jett and Baggies) rode off, promising to be in often to see after their friend, and on Wednesday they would call and take him away. They did come on Wednesday, and I was there and had a short conversation with him, and rode off again. A Lieut. Bainbridge was at Port Royal, and was one of the party to meet Booth.

Miss H. says: "Harrold came on Tuesday and remained with Booth. Booth was as intensely interesting talker, and as gentle and refined in his deportment as a lady. He got along very well on crutches, and was very anxious to have his boots and spurs ordered, saying it did not trouble him and he did not mind it. None of the Garrett family, up to this time, had heard of the assassination of President Lincoln. On Tuesday, the day after Booth came, two of Mr. Garrett's sons went fishing in the river, and when they returned they told of the assassination. They returned by dinner, and at the dinner table told what they had heard of the murder of the President.—Booth was present, and, Miss H. says, was as intensely interested in the news of the assassination or any change of consequence except that of great surprise, which pervaded all seated at the table. Mr. Garrett, Sr., very quickly remarked: "I hope it is not true, for it will be very bad for the South if assassinates that could befall us." Booth, up to this time silent and without emotion, a little excited, said: "Do you think that?" Mr. Garrett replied: "Yes, I do." Booth said: "I cannot believe it. I cannot believe it." Mr. Garrett said: "Well, I wish it may be false, but I have seen one of the young men who is the best heard any of the particulars of the assassination, and if there was a reward offered for the party doing it. Young Garrett replied that he had heard that $75,000 was offered for the assassin, and he thought that rather a pitiful reward for the slayer of the President.

Miss H. says that after Harrold came, he and Booth would walk and sit together, Booth always leaning on Harrold's shoulder. She noticed that they watched the main road very vigilantly, and when they would see a rider, as if there was some one passing along, they would hurry to the house, and some inside, but never was the suspicion of a single member of the family that there was a search being made for John Wilkes Booth by parties trying to get home.

On Wednesday there was a big dust in the road as if there might be bodies of troops. Booth seemed somewhat excited. Harrold came to the house and said: "Mr. Garrett, I wish you to step up to my room and get my pistol," which was hanging on the head of his bed. She went and brought it to him, and in raising his coat to buckle it second pistol was discovered. Harrold left the house, walking fast, and carrying six loaded revolvers. Jett and Baggies called the day (Wednesday) and Mr. Garrett wanted to know when they were going to take their friend Boyd away. The they promised to do that afternoon, but they did not return. Mr. Garrett said that he had talked with Booth and Harrold before they left, after which they both seemed nervous and restless.

Night approaching, Booth asked if there was any place convenient where his friend could stay in during the night. This aroused the anxiety of the family, and Mr. Garrett propounded some very critical questions suggested by this request. He said he was afraid that there was some thing wrong about them, and he had been imposed upon. Booth assured him he was mistaken. They were gentlemen, and had not done anything of which they were ashamed. He said then if they wanted to hide out, they had better go to the woods or down to the marsh. They were the class for runaways. He finally consented that they could stay in an empty tobacco-barn about fifty yards' distance from the house, and to this they repaired. Booth had tried the day before to buy the horses of Mr. Garrett, and had offered to pay any other means of cultivating a crop, they refused to sell. Their going to the barn to sleep aroused the apprehension of the two young men, who thought their only object, that they could possibly see, was to steal their horses. So they locked the tobacco-barn door, and slept in the house, and slept in Miss H., and slept in a sail in the mantelpiece of the chamber. The young men, arming themselves, secreted themselves in another outhouse, fronting the barn door, to keep watch over their horses.

It must have been that at their interview Jett told Booth and Harrold that they were in danger, for Jett knew, as will be shown, that a party of Federals were on their way to the house with Mr. Garrett's son only.

About 1 o'clock that night the party of United States troops, under command of Lieut. Dougherty, arrived at Mr. Garrett's. They did not wait for the door to be rapped, but knocked it open and entered Mr. Garrett's bedroom, where he was lying in bed. They ordered him out of bed, allowing him only to put on his pants, carried him into the yard, and fastened him to a block in his half nude condition, where he was left for an hour, to suffer the effects of this expensive and brutal treatment Mr. Garrett never recovered, it bringing on disease which brought him to a premature grave. After taking Mr. Garrett to the block, the house was searched for the objects of their pursuit, and not finding them demanded of Mr. Garrett where the men were he had been harboring. Mr. Garrett stammered so badly that it would take his several minutes to articulate a word, and this was construed into dissimulation and an excuse of much abuse and ill-treatment to Mr. Garrett. The old gentleman, not being able to tell them where the men were, one of his sons came up, said: "Father cannot talk. If you will let me talk I can but cannot talk. If you are after the two men who have been staying here, I can tell you. They are yonder in the tobacco-house in the loft, and want there of their own accord to surrender to the United States."

"They ordered young Garrett to accompany them to the tobacco-house, unlock it, and make him go up to the loft to bring Booth out. Booth said to Garrett:

"Tell them I shall never surrender to them—the word surrender is not in my vocabulary."

They then began to pile pine brush from a turnip patch near the door of the tobacco-house, threatening to burn it down with the two men in it. At this time Booth came to a crack in the house and said to the men:

"Do not burn down the barn and destroy the man's property. He is in no wise responsible or to blame for my being here.—The owner of the property has no knowledge of me at all—who I am or what I am. I will burn me alive, but I will never surrender."

Miss H. said Booth had four pistols and could have killed twenty-four of the Federals, but said to them:

"Gentlemen, I have not hurt a hair of your heads, but if you are brave men, you will give me a chance for my life. I will come out if you will give me ten steps."

This being refused, he said:

"Well, if you will give me five steps distance, and this is all the chance for my life I will ask you."

Both propositions were refused. Booth then said:

"Boys is a man up here who wants to surrender. Let him come down before you fire the barn."

Harrold then went down and surrendered to the officer in charge.

Just after this one of the men got fire to a bundle of dry hay and threw it into the barn, which was filled with tobacco and other combustible material in the loft, and it was by the light of this fire that Boston Corbett saw Booth through a crack and fired, his wavering half striking Booth just in the back of the neck, the ball ranging and coming out on the right side. Booth fell, and they supposed him dead, and they forced one of Garrett's sons to go up into the loft, then in a light blaze, and bring out the body of the man who, they supposed, was terribly burned. Booth was taken to the porch of Mr. Garrett's house, supposed to be dead, but was not. He opened his eyes, and they proposed to put a pillow under his head, but he said: "No, let me die here, just as I lie." They offered him water, but he said he was dying. A boat from Port Royal for a physician, hoping to revive him. Dr. Urquhart came, but he was too late.

After refusing the wine Miss H. dipped a towel in a bucket of water, wrung it out in fresh water, and put it to his lips. He sucked it, and opening his eyes said: "Tell my mother I died for my country and what I thought was best for it." He lived but a short time after. Miss H. said that he died, there, a lock of his jet-black hair on his marble white forehead, which Dr. Urquhart clipped off at the request of Miss H., she thinking it would be a sweet memento to some friend or relation of his, who might in time call to learn something of the last moments of the unfortunate man. John Wilkes Booth, for there she said all the firmly had learned from the soldiers that it was he, and the assassin of President Abraham Lincoln.

John Wilkes Booth died on the naked porch floor of Mr. Richard Henry Garrett, of Caroline county, Virginia. Lieut. Baker of the United States detective force, who accompanied Lieut. Dougherty, commander of the squad, wrapped the body in an old army blanket, and it was placed in an old army wagon and taken down to Port Royal on the Rappahannock river. Its disposition afterward, though for a long time, and with many is to this day, a mystery, is well known to the United States government officials.—*Alexandria Gazette.*

Miss H. informed me that young Jett betrayed the confidence reposed in him by Harrold to Port Royal, who told him and Lieut. Baggies who Booth was, and his whereabouts, and that young Jett was sent's in order to get time to inform the authorities at Washington of Booth's whereabouts. This he did by telegraphing from Milford's, a station on the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad, twenty miles south of Fredericksburg, Va., and that young Jett was well rewarded for doing him, he spent most of his time in Bowling Green, Va., paying court to his lady love. But young Jett never spent a happy day afterward. He had caused the death of his friend, and he was ever after, from the treatment received at the hands of federal soldiers; had his two sons imprisoned for a year or two, and brought pecuniary ruin upon the entire family. These things preyed upon his mind, and he became a confirmed, and he died early in a lunatic asylum, constantly muttering the prayer while in level: "Oh, Mr. Garrett, forgive me for having done you so much wrong."

Mitch says the blood spot where Booth's head lay on the porch at Mr. Garrett's has been cut out by the curious and souvenir seekers and lovers, and that a large sum was offered for the plank where the blood spot was made. The grave was a part of the lock of hair taken from Booth's head, wrapped in a piece of silk, and the lock of the hair was wrapped when clipped. She had given away nearly all of it, and said she would not dispose of any more, as she would like to keep a few hairs as a relic.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Wife—Well, Nod, what do you think Charlie wants now? He asked me to day if I wouldn't help him tease you to buy him a bicycle." Indignant Father (who once had sublimes himself)—"Hiccup. Nonsense! Hiccup. Tell him to go to the devil, go up in the attic and fall down two flights of stairs. It will be just about the same thing and will save me $100."—*Somerville Journal.*

To reason with the angry is like whispering to the deaf.