

STORY OF LAST WITNESS

The Greatest Tragedy Again Under Discussion.

IS SURE BOOTH WAS SHOT

Mr. D. Eldridge Monroe Who Was a Member of the Guard of Charles County MD. Organized to Hunt Down the Slayer of Abraham Lincoln --Probably the Only Witness Left.

"The recent revival of the discussion of the question whether or not J. Wilkes Booth was shot and killed in a barn in Virginia by Corbet," says Mr. D. Eldridge Monroe, the well-known lawyer, "brings to my mind a number of after events in connection with the great tragedy of the assassination of Lincoln and in which events I was a participant. I have never had a doubt that Booth was killed.

"I was a member of the Guard of Charles County, Maryland, organized to hunt down and capture the slayer of the President. On the last day of our service we were at a point on the Maryland shore of the Potomac, nearly opposite Smith's Point, on the Virginia shore. An officer from one of the United States gunboats, then at anchor in the Potomac, was rowed ashore to ascertain who we were. When informed of our object he told us that we could disband, as Booth had been shot and killed and his body was then on a boat, which he pointed out, ready to be taken to Washington. He offered to take any of the officers of our command who so desired to view Booth's body. None of them went. We all accepted the officer's statement as true, and, as we had been three days and nights almost continuously in the saddle and were tired and sleepy, we immediately proceeded homeward. Capt. P. H. Muschette, who was in command of the provost guard and who now resides in Baltimore, will verify these statements.

"I do not know of any witness in the famous Lincoln conspiracy trial now living except myself. I think it probable I am the only one. The incidents of the trial are as clear in my memory as though it had taken place yesterday. One of them taught me a lesson I have never forgotten. Gen. Ewing, the senior counsel for the defence, notified me one morning that he would call me as a witness that afternoon. The court about midday took a recess. I understood for an hour. I went leisurely from the Arsenal to Anacostia, where I kept my horses, and as leisurely returned to the Arsenal.

"As I was entering the building where the trial was held the guard stopped me. I told him I was a witness. He said the court had adjourned and asked me my name. I gave it to him. 'They have called you several times this afternoon,' he replied, 'and I think there is an order out for your arrest.' I confess I felt rather uneasy. A short while afterward I learned as a fact that there was an order out for my arrest. I went to a quiet out-of-the-way hotel, secured a room and remained there till morning.

"I went early in the morning to the Arsenal and, on his arrival, explained the matter to Gen. Ewing. He took me to Judge Advocate General Holt, who had the order for my arrest rescinded.

"After I had given my evidence Provost Marshal Hartranft, afterward Governor of Pennsylvania, jokingly said to me: 'Young man, we ought not to allow you any witness fees; you gave us too much trouble yesterday.' I told him I was not particular about getting witness fees. 'Well,' he answered, 'there is one thing you will have to get and that is an order for your horses.' They had not found me, but they found my horses and put them under guard. I got both an order for the release of my horses and for witness fees also. I was young then, but I do not think I have since been late at any time in attending a court where my presence was required."—Baltimore Sun.

**Some Precocious Young Ladies.**  
Washington seems to be producing some curious specimens of precocious young girls of late. A fifteen-year-old girl of Spokane stole the contents of her grandfather's purse to buy a trousseau for her coming marriage—save the mark! A girl of thirteen at Whatcom threatened to kill herself because her parents objected to her engagement to a boy of sixteen. Then she went out into the woods and fired two shots in the air to make her parents believe that she had carried out her threat while she walked to a neighboring town and secured work. We shall hear of children in the kindergarten eloping before long. In fact, a truant officer who went after a fourteen year old girl found her married and busy in the kitchen.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

**Radium's Heat.**  
Prof. Rutherford publishes a note in Nature describing recent experiments to test the question as to whether the heat emission of radium is connected with its radio-activity. He states that it is closely connected with it; that emanated radium gives off but 30 per cent. of its normal heat output; that the emanation contains the remaining 70 per cent. and that as the latter loses this, the original radium mass regains its heating power. He holds that these results support the disintegration hypothesis regarding the source of radium's energy, and weaken the theory of an outside source of energy.

A VERY WET CITY.  
New Orleans Has to Be Pumped Dry After Every Rain.

The city of New Orleans, like most of the land at each side of the Mississippi River in the alluvial country, lies considerably below the high water line of the Mississippi River. The whole city would be inundated by the river occasionally if it were not protected by a levee along the river front. The city is also protected by levees running at right angles to the river, one above the city and one below it, and also by a levee along the shore of Lake Pontchartrain and by levees along the banks of the various canals which reach from that lake into the territory of the municipality.

New Orleans is so near the mouth of the river that the land upon which the city is built is not only lower than the high water stage of the river, but is in part lower than the level of the Gulf of Mexico and of the various lakes in the vicinity of the city. Therefore, there is no natural drainage for the land inclosed by the levees surrounding the town. The rain water that falls upon this area has to be pumped, so as to force it into Lake Pontchartrain or Lake Borgne. The city itself covers a large area, although the major portion of its area is not built up as a city. The part at present chiefly occupied by buildings consists of a strip a mile or so wide along the bank of the river.

This area is the subject of rainfalls, the greatest of which for many years has been about 7-12 inches within twenty-four hours, which is equivalent to a cube of water 870 feet long wide and deep. Of course, such a rain occurs only at very rare intervals. In 1894, before work on the new drainage system was commenced, records were kept of the amount of rainfall each year, and these records have been continued until the present time. During the month of July, 1894, 325,739,830 cubic feet of water were drained away from about half the total area included in the drainage plan. This discharge for one month is equivalent to a cube of water 685 feet on each edge, or to a lake ten miles long, 600 feet wide and ten feet deep, or to a canal eighty miles long forty feet wide and twenty feet deep.—Engineering Magazine.

Egg Led to Wedding.

"On this day, the day of our wedding, I shall eat nothing but eggs, for it was through an egg that I won my wife," said George Malcolm, of Cleveland, as he ordered a dinner which consisted of eggs in every style and description known to the chef of a Chicago hotel.

"I have said that it was because of an egg that I first found the woman who has become my wife," he continued, with a glance at Mrs. Malcolm, "and I will tell you how it occurred. Just one year ago I arrived in Chicago and registered at the Wellington Hotel, while making a pleasure trip in the lake regions. The first thing that I ordered was an egg, and on receiving it I found in dainty pencilled lines on the shell, 'Rose Edmond, Aberdeen, Ohio.' I wrote to her the following night, and to-day she is my wife," he added. "That is why I am so partial to eggs. Can anybody blame me?"

Mrs. Malcolm admitted that she had written her name upon the egg, but said she little thought at the time it would win her a husband. "It was while packing eggs to be sent to Chicago," she said, "that I thought it would be fun to write my name on one of them and see if I would ever hear from where it was sent."—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

The Queen's Lace Handkerchief.

In the time of Queen Donna Maria Segunda there was a particularly beautiful royal infanta at court, who, however, entirely spoiled her beauty by her overbearing pride toward all those beneath her. At the court ball a young English naval officer found himself by a mistake dancing within the royal lancers, into which set he had wandered heedlessly in the intricacies of the dance. The infanta promptly espied him, and her wrath knew no bounds, especially as she immediately realized that in a few seconds she would actually have to touch his hand in the grande chaine—the hand of a nobody! a mere naval officer!

Quick as thought, on the young man, approaching her, instead of her royal fingers she held out to him the hem of her lace handkerchief with a look of infinite disdain. He saw and understood both the look and the action, and calmly and smilingly daintily wiped the tip of his nose with the bit of lace, and gracefully returned it to the astounded princess!—Kansas City Independent.

Automobile on the Frontier.

Santa Fe is rich with history, and the road on to Las Vegas is rich with color and beautiful landscape. The wild green on every side is cut with clean white streams full of trout for the angler. The little Mexican adobe village of San Jose, which has scarcely changed in a century, nestles in the heart of this country.

When we went through San Jose I began to understand over again and in a new way Mark Twain's "Adventures of a Connecticut Yankee." The whole of King Arthur's court on bicycles could not have started the stir we created in that single automobile. We went through the place like the wind, the machine snorting, whistle tooting, while the poor inhabitants huddled into frightened groups out of reach. We were a kind of first thunder-storm to them.—Outing.

THE OSTRICH'S WISHBONE

Strange Relic Found in the Den of a Showman.

ONE CHRISTMAS DINNER

Told by the Old Circus Man—A Striking Event in the Giant's Life Recalled by a Singular Souvenir.

"That?" said the old circus man, following the eye of his visitor, which had rested upon something hanging on the wall of the old showman's den, "Why, that's an ostrich's wishbone, a souvenir of the great giant. It came out of an ostrich that we baked one year for the giant's Christmas dinner.

"You see, an ordinary ten, twelve, fifteen-pound turkey would be to the giant about the same as a quail would be to us, he was so big; and every winter we used to scour the country 'round about the town where the show made its winter quarters for a twenty-five pound turkey so as to have a bird that would come somewhere near to being in proportion with him, for the great giant's Christmas dinner. Of course, even such a turkey used to look like a pigeon beside him, and one winter, when we were talking over the giant's coming Christmas dinner the old man says, 'By gracious let's give the giant this year, for once in his life, anyhow something like; let's give him a baked ostrich.'

"That, of course, you understand, meant a very costly dinner. Now, when these great birds are raised in this country, I suppose you can buy good-sized ostriches for somewhere about a couple of hundred dollars apiece, but the ostrich we had, at that time, cost us \$750 a pair. But we had had that year a phenomenally good season, with the great giant easily our greatest attraction, and there was never anything too good for the giant, anyway, and so when the subject came up the old man says, like that:

"Let's give him, this year, an ostrich," and he did.

"There wasn't any trouble at all about cooking the bird. We had a big brick oven, that we'd built ourselves to bake bread in, and we baked the ostrich in that, without the slightest difficulty, and beautifully baked it turned out, too; the chief cook himself, of course, looking after the cooking of it.

"It took two men to bring the baked ostrich in, at that Christmas dinner, and the two men walking down the room with it, on a great wooden platter, keeping step all the way, was certainly a sight to see; and when they had set this great bird, nicely browned, down on the table in front of the giant, and you had looked from it to him, and from him to it, why, you felt that it was worth the money; that this, as the old man had set out to have it, was for once, anyway, really something like.

"Great as the old man was in planning on a great scale, he never forgot or neglected the details; he hadn't provided a baked ostrich for the giant's dinner and then left the great man to try to carve this great bird with an ordinary carving knife and fork. No; he had provided him for this occasion with a carving knife having a blade longer and wider in a sabre blade, and a fork to match. And this carving knife and fork the giant picked up and proceeded to carve with, just as if they'd been of ordinary size, which, of course, they really was to him.

"The giant was as generous as he was great, and it never occurred to him but what others could eat as much as he did. He carved off a second joint of the ostrich and sent it around to the old man, on one of the platters that the cook had sent in to use for plates.

"No, no," says the old man, when he sees that second joint coming. 'You keep that yourself. Don't rob yourself.'

"But the giant wouldn't listen to him; he insisted on the old man keeping it. And he would have sent me the other second joint, but I told him I'd rather have a drumstick.

"That drumstick, you know, had more meat on it than a good-sized ham, so that there would have been, even if I had liked it, a good deal more of it than I wanted anyway. But, say! While it may not be, as they say in the Congress debates, exactly germane to the subject, I'd like to say, just personally to you, that if I had money enough so that I could afford to buy pretty much anything I wanted to eat I never should spend very much of it on baked ostrich. That I had at the giant's dinner was the first I ever eat—I don't think I should miss it much if I never had any more.

"But the giant? Well, the great giant actually seemed to like it—he ate away on it as if he did, anyway—and in the course of time, in carving, when he came to the wishbone and carved that out he held it up and smiled. He didn't do this because it was so big, which it wasn't, in fact, to him, but just as every carver does when he comes to the wishbone—everybody holds up the wishbone; but the rest of us smiled a little over its size, when we saw it as you see it there now on the wall;—a wishbone with arms two feet long.

"After dinner the giant hung the ostrich's wishbone on a harness peg in the hall to dry, and a week later, one day, he asked me to break it with him and wish. And we two pulled on that wishbone till we pulled it

pooty near straight and then never cracked it; you'd thought it was made of a combination of steel and gutta-percha. And then the giant hung it up on the harness peg again, to dry some more, and there it hung till we were to take the road again, in the spring, and then the giant gave it to me and I've had the big wishbone around somewhere, ever since, and just come across it again to-day."

NOT INSANE.

The Curious Case Related of Henry Wicks.

Medico-legal authorities have lately been much interested in the case of one Henry Wicks, a Wisconsin farmer, who lived near La Crosse. In 1882, while in a drunken frenzy, he tried to kill himself and was sent to an asylum as a suicidal maniac. A year later his wife secured a divorce and married again. Last week a jury of physicians reported to the court that Wicks was quite sane, and one of the physicians went so far as to say that he doubted that Wicks had ever been insane. But this same jury found that Wicks had become so embittered against his wife and children that he threatened to kill them once he was at liberty. He has no delusions concerning the contemplated act. He knows that it would be a crime, and appreciates the consequences. He is willing to assume the responsibility for the death of those who, he is convinced, have done him such a great wrong. On this account, the physicians, although declaring him quite sane—mentally and morally responsible for his acts—refuse to recommend his release. They hold that to do so would be to open the door to murder and the court agrees with them. So it stands that Wicks, sane after twenty-one years of confinement as a madman, must spend the rest of his life in an asylum, unless some way can be found to ward against all possibility of his doing murder.

A Robin in Extremis.

Do birds commit suicide? It would seem from circumstantial evidence that they do. This morning while passing a large sycamore tree in the State University grounds, I happened by some chance to look up into the tree, and there I saw a robin about twenty feet from the ground hanging to a string by the neck. Each end of the string was wrapped around limbs about eighteen inches apart, and the middle was wound around the robin's neck, so that it was hanging about midway between the two limbs. I at first thought it was dead, but while looking at it, I saw its wings move, when I rushed into one of the buildings, got a ladder and soon had it rescued.

Its life was nearly gone, but after a little while it revived and flew away. A partly built nest in the tree would indicate that it was carrying a string to put in with its building material, and in some way became entangled in the string with the above result.—Forest and Stream.

Chicago Imports Her Valets.

Employment agencies in Chicago say they have but little call for valets. There are a good many men in Chicago who have such luxuries as valets, but according to the managers of the employment agencies these valets are all imported either from abroad or down east.

The native-born Chicago valet, or even one supplied by a Chicago agency, would be regarded as an imitation article. The good valet, like the good accent, is only acquired abroad.

The valet most in demand is the English one, and masters like it best if they can pick him for themselves in his native heath. Part of the joy of having a valet is saying: "Faithful fellow, that. Picked him up myself in England. Used to be valet for Lord Tuppenny. Very glad, though, of a chance to go with me. You couldn't tempt him away."—Chicago Tribune.

Strength of Mushrooms.

A curious instance of the wonderful force exerted by growing vegetation is related in the Gardeners' Magazine. This force seems all the more remarkable when exerted by light and unsubstantial mushrooms, but does not appear so extraordinary when caused by the expansion of a hard-wood tree. A few weeks ago some half-hardy annuals were sown in a frame just cleared of a winter crop in the gardens of Kelsey Park, Beckenham, and the lights closed to hasten germination. Some days afterwards signs of cracking were observed in the brick work, and gradually a block weighing in the aggregate one and one-half hundredweight was pushed out of position. After cutting out several bricks a mass of mushrooms was found, three pounds three ounces in weight, growing in the centre of the wall. The mycelium had run freely in the mortar and on the inner face of the bricks.

States and Statesmen.

Henry Watterson says: "The ideal statesman can only exist in the ideal State." Would it not be more to the point to say that the ideal State can exist only through the force and power of ideal statesmen?—Kansas City Star (Ind.).

Cards were invented in France about the year 1390, to amuse Charles VI., during the intervals of a melancholy disorder, which finally brought him to his grave.

The English gold coin, the guinea, was so called from the fact that it was made from gold brought from the coast of Guinea in 1673. It was then worth thirty shillings.

Appendicitis Talk.

Consul General Guenther reports to the State Department, from statements contained in German papers, that appendicitis, or inflammation of the vermiform appendix, has assumed the character of becoming more and more a fashionable disease. Surgery has achieved great triumphs in this sphere, and has cured innumerable cases of the disease. The French Surgeon Roux, however, has asked the question, "Is appendicitis over if one carries his appendix in his pocket?" and his answer was not entirely affirmative.

From the statements of Dr. Frederick Treves, one of the foremost authorities and physician of King Edward, similar doubts appear. According to the experiences of this great expert, failures may occur, which he treats in two groups. On the one hand, the operation may only result in relief or an incomplete cure; on the other hand, complications are to be feared which do not depend upon the surgical intervention. Only the surgeon is concerned to study the details of the deductions of Dr. Treves in order to more fully learn of the eventual dangers which may follow an operation. For the patients, it must be stated that an operation remains the pre-eminent remedy, if not the only one, from which a complete cure is to be expected.

Dr. Pond, of Liverpool, has advanced a new theory with reference to the origin of appendicitis and other disturbances of the digestive organs, in "The Lancet." He calls attention to the fact that such ailments can often be attributed to antimonial poisoning, and the source of the antimony taken up by man is said to be the rubber rings which are frequently used to close all sorts of bottles. Dr. Pond has established the fact that such rings consist of almost one-third their weight of antimony. The antimony is not only dissolved by the mineral waters, containing alkalies and organic acids, but these rubber rings, as daily observation shows, soon become brittle, and some of the compound falls into the contents of the vessels.

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Sources of Typhoid

In view of the present prevalence of typhoid fever in many large cities and other localities, the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service has had published an advance statement of the discussion on typhoid at the recent annual conference of State and Territorial health authorities. The publication shows clearly how widespread is the danger from this disease, and that the methods of infection are startlingly numerous.

In the popular belief, impure drinking water is the chief source of typhoid, but the discussion at the conference showed convincingly that personal contact was the source of a great majority of the cases. One of the danger sources is from sea food. The lobster industry of the Maine coast, whence several hundred barrels of lobsters are sent out daily, after being kept in floating traps, originates much typhoid. Many of these floating traps are close to mouths of sewers. Infected houses, bedding, clothing, eating utensils and the like are considered largely responsible in all epidemics.

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