

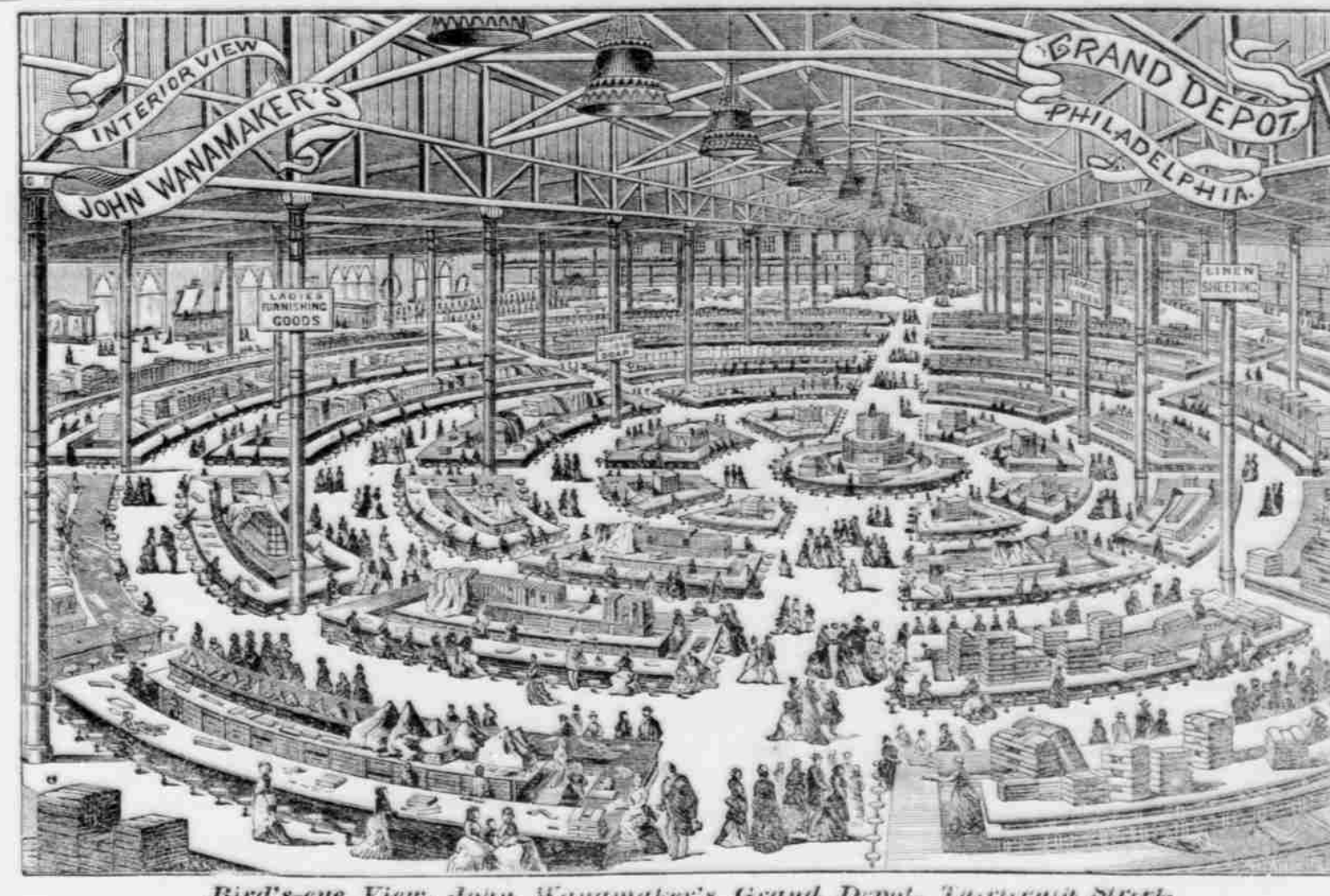
THE GRUMBLES.

He grumbles in the morning... He grumbles at his breakfast... He grumbles at his work...

A TALE OF JEALOUSY.

Alexander Hunter writes in the Occasional paper published at Fortsmouth, Va., what purports to be a true narrative of the starting events in the life of J. Wilkes Booth just previous to the assassination of President Lincoln.

plunged into the vortex and joined the whirling throng... "Mr. Lincoln came very early to the reception that night. He never liked to attend these gay gatherings, especially during the season of doubt and despair, when the very air came laden with the sulphurous smoke of the battle field.



Bird's-eye View, John Wanamaker's Grand Depot, Turwena Street, PHILADELPHIA, 1878.

THE second year of the General Dry Goods Business at the Grand Depot is just opening. It is proper to say that what was deemed an experiment, the first year, experience proves to be a success, and we now propose to greatly improve on the first plans.

arms, came now perched on his banners; and nearly every night there was a joyous gathering at our hotel, and mutual congratulations were the order of the day. Mr. Lincoln was happy then I ever saw him, and wherever he moved he was the circle of cordial friends.

never to be forgotten a day—the report came substantiated that John Wilkes Booth had been captured and was being brought back to Washington. It was told Bessie, and she came into my room in a fearful state of excitement, and the proud, haughty, self-willed Bessie seemed to have lost all control over herself.

BURNING OF MOSCOW. A MEMORABLE SCENE VIVIDLY DESCRIBED. When the French armies invaded Russia in 1812, and penetrated as far as Moscow, Count Rostopchin, the governor, thinking it more glorious to destroy the ancient capital of the Czar than to suffer it to be burned to the ground.