

WITNESS OF A FAMOUS CRIME.

Led the Orchestra on Night When Lincoln Was Assassinated.

DEATH RECALLS THE STORY.

Killing of President as Told by One of the Employees of the Washington Theatre.

New York, July 25.—William S. Withers of Wakefield, who led the orchestra of Ford's Theatre, Washington, the night of April 14, 1865, when President Lincoln was shot, is dead at his home in that place at the age of 70. Wilkes Booth stabbed him after leaping from the President's box to the stage and a detective arrested him. In the confusion of the moment many in the theatre believed Withers fired the shot that killed Lincoln. Hundreds screamed, "Kill him! Shoot him!" and he was dragged out by the mob to the stage just in time to be saved from being badly hurt. The old man vainly retained vividly a recollection of the incidents of that terrible April night. Just before his death he told the story to some friends.

"Laura Keane's company was at Ford's Theatre that night," said he. "It was Good Friday." The play was "The American Cousin," with Laura Keane as the star. "I was young and enthusiastic then and had composed a song which I called 'Honor to Our Soldiers,' Miss Keane had promised me that it should be sung between the acts, and I had engaged a quartet."

"The entrance of the Presidential party was entirely unexpected and it dashed my hopes of having my composition sung. In the party were the President, Mrs. Lincoln, the two boys, Ted and Robert, and Major Rathbone. They walked to a box on the right of the stage and about fourteen feet above its level."

"How the audience cheered, and how my orchestra crashed out 'Hail to the Chief.' I remember as distinctly as if it were today how Mr. Lincoln rose and bowed to the audience and the orchestra, with a fine smile on his big plain face. Then he withdrew modestly to a far corner of the box, where his face was shaded by a curtain. He did not sit in the front of the box. History says so, I believe, but I remember perfectly that he didn't."

BOTH DID QUEER THINGS.

"Wilkes Booth and I had a drink together before the overture. He was an erratic, spasmodic sort of a chap, who did queer things and would snap you up like anything all of a sudden, but I noticed that night that he seemed more than usually fidgety and excitable."

"What has come over Booth to-night?" I said to a member of the orchestra. He was moving down the passageway leading to the President's box, but he seemed to be watching the progress of the play. This was near the end of the first act.

"Just then Wright, the prompter, sent word to me that Miss Keane had decided it was impossible to put on my song. The arrival of the President had made her nervous, and she was afraid that something would happen to mar the play. I started for the rear of the stage to see Wright, and get him to renege with Miss Keane."

"Just inside the door leading to the point that I wished to reach the box containing the governor which controlled the gas jets of the whole building were placed. Sprangler, a scene shifter, was leaving over this box, apparently watching the play. 'Get out of my way,' I said to him."

"What business have you here?" he asked. He moved away from the box, and before he could get back at it, as he evidently intended to do, the whistle blew and he had to help make the

changes for the next scene. I went on and saw Mr. Wright. He told me the best thing that he could do was to have my son put on at the end of the last act of the play; when I knew there wouldn't be anybody there to hear it."

"On my way back to the orchestra I had stepped down one step of the stairway when a pistol shot cracked. I stopped, wheeled about, and saw a man's body whirling through the air from the President's box to the stage. Half way his foot caught in a flag, and he landed in a heap with one foot crumpled under him. He was up again in an instant, and he made for me with a dagger flashing in the gaslight."

RECOGNIZED THE ASSASSIN.

"I saw that it was Booth. His face was frightful. It was white, the skin was drawn tightly over the bones. His black eyes blazed and seemed to stand out of his head."

"Let me pass! Let me pass," he screamed, like a wild beast.

"I was stupid from surprise and terror. I stood and stared and didn't open my mouth. He crouched and leaped at me, lunging with his dagger as he sprang. The blade cut through my dress coat, waistcoat and shirt, but didn't graze the skin. 'He sprang again, leaping high in the air and struck downward at me. The point of the dagger buried itself in the back of my neck, and I fell to the floor with my face toward the rear door."

"Booth leaped over me, sprang the door wide and dashed through, slamming it after him. It was black enough outside, but the light from the stage gave me a picture out there that I never will forget. I recognized the head of old 'Peanut John,' and saw that he was holding two horses. 'The house was roaring, and the house was full of people by then. A detective collared me and dragged me to my feet. People crowded around me, shouting 'Kill him,' and 'Shoot him.'"

"What is it?" I asked the detective.

"Look," said he, holding me very tightly, and pointing toward the President's box.

A GHASTLY SCENE.

"I saw the head of the President hanging over the rail of the box. His face was very white. Mrs. Lincoln was wiping his forehead with a handkerchief, while Laura Keane stood beside her with a pitcher of water. 'Has Mr. Lincoln been shot?' I asked."

"He has," said the detective. You are under arrest."

"I told my story at the police station, where it was easy enough to prove my innocence. I assured them that it was Wilkes Booth, and that he had escaped. When the dagger was found an hour later in front of the Patent Office, I was discharged."

"It will be remembered that the scene shifter, Sprangler, afterwards confessed his share of the plot. He was to have turned out all the lights at the sound of the pistol shot. Had it not been for me, he declared, the house would have been in total darkness, and the assassin would never have been identified and would have escaped in the darkness."

"Mr. Withers' last engagement was under Augustin Daley, when 'The Geisha' was produced. Since then he has suffered from an abscess of the ear, and has lived quietly at home. He was a soldier in the Civil War, going to Ford's Theatre at the close of the fighting to lead the orchestra."

KIPLING TO A SCHOOL GIRL.

Author Replies to a Letter from Young Admirer.

Washington, July 26.—A proud little Washington girl is Nannie Peck, who wrote a letter addressed, "Rudyard Kipling, England," and not a letter in reply.

Nannie is twelve years old and a pupil at Fairmount Seminary. She is a great admirer of Kipling, and had read were outnumbering those constantly growing delight until, she noticed with alarm that those she had read were outnumbering those she had not. It occurred to her that in a little while she would have read all of Mr. Kipling's books, so she wrote the author a letter expressing this fear and asking him to please not stop writing, but to publish some more books as fast as he could.

She asked her teacher where Kipling lived, and the teacher replied, "in England." Nannie addressed her letter, "Rudyard Kipling, England," and sent it off. But Kipling wasn't in England then; he was in South Africa. The letter was forwarded to him and the other day Miss Nannie received a letter with a queer looking stamp on it which read as follows: My Dear Miss Nannie Peck—Thank

you very much for your letter. (undated) from Washington and for the nice things you write about my books. That is just the right way to write to an author. Some people have a lot of what they call "reservations" and "limitations" and "points of difference" and others uninteresting things, but I rejoice to see you haven't. I hope you will have a happy time as you grow up, and find a great many more books that interest you. Very sincerely,

RUDYARD KIPLING.

P. S. Have you read Mrs. Ewing's books, "Six to Sixteen"? If not, get them, because you will love them.

Nannie danced into the schoolroom in delight, waving the letter above her head. Since then it has been passed around to her schoolmates until it is almost worn out.

CURES COLDS IN ONE HOUR.

Many cold cures are dangerous because composed of deadening opiates. But fragrant healing Catarrhoxone cures colds in one hour and is both harmless and delightful to use. Even the worst colds, sneezing, sniffing colds with running eyes are stopped very quickly when the balsamic vapor of Catarrhoxone is inhaled. Catarrhoxone acts like a charm on colds, kills them outright, prevents their return a few hours later. For colds, catarrh and throat trouble use only Catarrhoxone. Complete outfit \$1.00; trial size 25c. at all druggists.

DRAWING FINE WIRE.

Diamond Dies Are Used, Steel Not Being Hard Enough.

Diamonds are used quite extensively as dies for drawing wire of the smallest sizes—for instance, the sizes less than, say, twenty-five one-thousandths of an inch diameter.

The hardest steel dies are not suitable for this work for the reason that the wear upon them so enlarges the die that the diameter of the wire is not uniform within the required percentage of variation at the beginning and end of a drawing. Sapphires are used sometimes for this work. Copper, silver and platinum are the metals usually drawn to the very small sizes.

With diamond dies it is practicable to draw platinum to a diameter of five ten-thousandths of an inch. An idea of the fineness of a copper wire drawn to only three one-thousandths of an inch in diameter may be gathered from the fact that in one pound of the metal there are over six miles of such wire.

The weight of the diamonds used for this work is from four to five carats, and they are mounted except as to the die. The value of these dies, which, of course, are not of the first water, varies from \$15 to \$20 a carat, and several hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds are utilized as dies in the various wire factories of this country alone.—Electrical Review.

GEOMETRY IN BATTLE.

How Marlborough Won His Great Victory at Ramillies.

The genius of Marlborough seized upon the simple fact that the arc is greater than its chord when he won his great victory at Ramillies. The French army under Villeroi was posted in an arc on a ridge of hills. Their left extended to the village of Aute Eglise and owing to the steepness of the hills and the river and marsh in front was in an almost impregnable position. Their forces swept round on the top of the ridge till they reached on the extreme right a height behind the village of Ramillies known as the Tomb of Ottomond.

Marlborough saw that this height was the key to the position. He first made a vigorous feint on Aute Eglise and so caused the French generals to hurry in person to that point. Then he moved large bodies of troops rapidly and secretly along the chord of the arc and carried the position on the French right before Villeroi had time to bring up reinforcements by the longer line of the curve.

This is easily understood when it is remembered that the chord of an arc is a straight line joining the extremities of an arc or two points in a curve.—London Standard.

THE PERFECT FOOT.

It Is Said to Be Found Only Among American Women.

"The American woman's foot is the prettiest," said the shoemaker. "It is at once slender and robust and very supple. The instep is high and beautiful—in a word, a perfect foot, charming and serviceable alike in a pink satin slipper in a ballroom or in a white rubber soled shoe on a tennis court or in a stout, hobnailed boot on the side of the Jungfrau or the Matterhorn."

"The Frenchwoman's foot comes next. It is long and slender and elegant, but weak, no good for service, very ornamental—a foot for show."

"The Spanish foot is small, and its instep is high and arched. Here, too, there is not enough strength. There is a tendency to softness and in later life to fat."

"The German foot is large, but shapely and strong. It resembles the American foot, only it is much bigger."

"The English foot is the—is the—well, it is the limit! It is long; it is bony; it has no instep; it wears its shoe over on the side. Nowhere in the world will you find a race with such ugly feet as those of the English."

Stevenson and Wallace.

Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace once found himself at a club in Edinburgh, where he fell into conversation about Russia with a youth who put forward some views in which he could not acquiesce. "Oh," said this personage, "it is all very well for you to say that you do not agree with me, but I know all about it. I have just been reviewing Wallace's 'Russia.'" "And I have just been writing it," was the natural reply. The former speaker lived to be famous. He was R. L. Stevenson.

Sorrow.

Sorrow is not an incident occurring now and then. It is the roof which is woven into the warp of life, and he who has not discerned the divine sacredness of sorrow and the profound meaning which is concealed in pain has yet to learn what life is.—F. W. Robertson.

Hypocrisy.

Hypocrisy is folly, for it is much easier, safer and pleasanter to be the thing which a man seems to appear than to keep up the appearance of being what he is not.—Lord Burleigh.

Sometimes.

Ethel—Mamma, why is the wife of a lord called "Lady?" Mamma—Because that is her title. Ethel—But can't people see that she's a lady without being told so?

Avarice.

Avarice is generally the last passion of those lives of which the first part has been squandered in pleasure and the second devoted to ambition.—Johnson.

Even an electric button won't accomplish much unless it is pushed.—Philadelphia Record.

MAILS CLOSING.

6 a.m.—For St. John, etc., St. Stephen and Charlotte Co., Carleton, Victoria and Madawaska Counties, and United States.
6.30 a.m.—Woodstock and Gibson Branch Stations.

WAY MAILS—East Side St. John River.
6.30 a.m.—For Keswick, Ridge, Southampton, etc., Mondays and Thursdays.
West Side St. John River.

6.30 a.m.—For Springhill, Kingsclear, Prince William, etc. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

7.30 a.m.—St. John River via Steamer.—For Oromocto, Sheffield, Gagetown, etc.
8.45 a.m.—St. John, etc. C. P. Railway Stations, East: Nova Scotia and P. E. Island.

10 a.m.—For St. Marys Ferry, Gibson and Marysville.

WAY MAILS.
2 p.m.—For Nashwaaksis and St. Marys Ferry, daily. Nasownorth, New Maryland, Hanwell, Lower St. Marys and Royal Road. Wednesdays and Saturdays.

3.30 p.m.—For Gibson, Marysville, Boiestown, Doaktown, Blackville, etc., Chatham and I. C. Railway Stations north and south.
4.30 p.m.—For St. Stephen, Woodstock, United States, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and North West Provinces.

4.15 p.m.—For St. John, etc., Nova Scotia and P. E. Island.
4.15 p.m.—British mail via New York. Mondays and Thursdays.

MAILS RECEIVED.

9.10 a.m.—From St. John, etc., and Nova Scotia.
From Hamtown, Royal Road, etc.

10.30 a.m.—From Nasonworth and New Maryland. Wednesdays and Saturdays.

11.30 a.m.—From Montreal, Ottawa, North West Provinces, etc., and United States.

12.15 p.m.—From I. C. Railway Stations, North Shore and Quebec.
St. John River via Steamer.

5 p.m.—From Oromocto, Sheffield, Gagetown, etc.
9.15 p.m.—From Woodstock and Gibson Branch Stations.

8.45 p.m.—From Nova Scotia and P. E. Island.

WAY MAILS.
6 p.m.—West Side River St. John.—From Meductic and Way Offices. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

9.15 p.m.—East Side River St. John.—From Woodstock and Way Offices. Tuesdays and Fridays.

5.30 p.m.—From Lower St. Marys. Wednesdays and Saturdays.
4.30 p.m.—From Nashwaaksis and St. Marys Ferry.

7.30 p.m.—From Gibson and Marysville.
10.50 p.m.—From United States.

Letters for Registration should be posted half an hour previously.

The New Anthem.

It was a new anthem, composed by the village organist, and this was its effect: The soprano started off with the very laudable though rather startling announcement, "I will wash." Straightway the alto, not to be outdone, declared she would wash. And the tenor, finding it to be the thing, warbled forth he would wash. Then the deep chested basso, as though calling up all his fortitude for the plunge, bellowed forth the stern resolve that he also would wash. Next a short interlude on the organ, strongly suggestive of the waves, after which the choir, individually and collectively, asserted the firm, unshaken resolve that they would wash. At last they solved the problem by stating that they proposed to "wash their hands in innocence."

She Left First.

Miles—Did Croakus leave a widow? Giles—No. She left him about a year before he died.

COUGH NO MORE

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