RELICS OF A TRAGEDY.

The Weapon with Which President Lincoln was Shot.

DAGGER USED BY WILKES BOOTH.

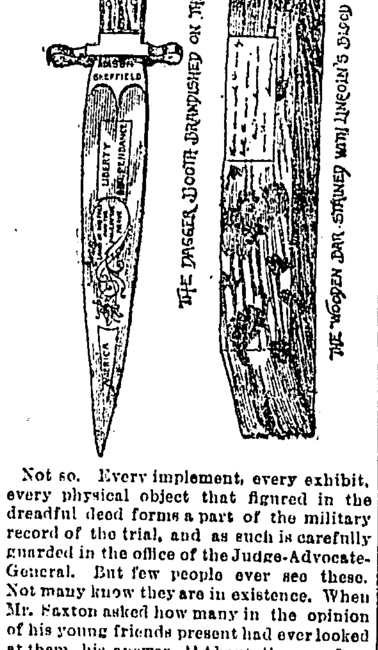
Implements of the Great Murder Carefully Preserved in the Archives of the War Department at Washington—Sad Reminders of the Great Crime That Robbed a Nation of Its Head.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE WORLD.]

WASHINGTON, April 24.—"How many people, do you suppose," asked Mr. Saxton, a clerk in the office of the Judge-Advocate-General of the Army the other day, "have ever seen the weapon with which Wilkes Booth killed President Lincoln?"

Mr. Saxton was with a party of friends, and his question rather aroused interest. Nobody could guess, of course. It had been generally supposed that every relic of the Lincoln assassination had long ago been seen or written about by everybody who had interest in such things, but when somebody in Mr. Saxton's company suggested that idea, he only smiled and said: "Then everybody has been greatly fooled. I suppose the dime museums are filled which such things, and we all know that the Army Medical Museum, which is now in Ford's old theatre, has many interesting relics of those tragic days, which every visitor to Washington can see if he chooses. But the real implements of the assassination—the genuine exhibits of the trial before the military commission which hanged Booth's fellow-conspirators—are up in the Judge-Advocate-General's office, as part of the record of the trial, and (here Mr. Saxton bowed modestly), they are in my charge."

Mr. Saxton is a gray-haired man. His friends try to dub him "Major," but he won't have it, for he says: "I was never bigger than First Sergeant, and I am proud of that title." Sergt. Saxton has charge of all five of the rooms in the big War Department building which contain the court-martial records. It is a bureau of the War Department rarely visited, because it is not known to contain anything especially interesting. Everything connected with the assassination of President Lincoln was long ago supposed to have been distributed among the various museums and historical societies or to have passed into private hands.



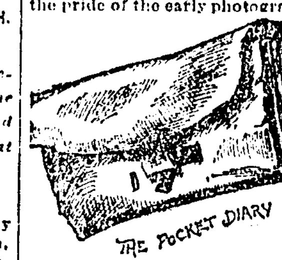
Not so. Every implement, every exhibit, every physical object that figured in the dreadful deed forms a part of the military record of the trial, and as such is carefully guarded in the office of the Judge-Advocate-General. But few people ever see these. Not many know they are in existence. When Mr. Saxton asked how many in the opinion of his young friends present had ever looked at them, his answer, "About three or four people a year, friends of the Secretary of War or Judge-Advocate-General," was indeed a surprise. The exhibits in the great trial are most carefully guarded. Nobody can ever see them without permission of the Secretary or the Judge-Advocate-General, and nobody can take copies of any of the written matter without express permission of the Secretary himself.

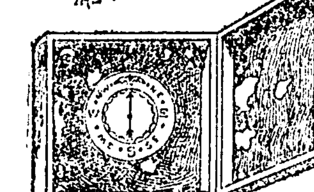
It is a gruesome exhibit that Mr. Saxton has to display when anybody comes to him with the proper authority. The room that he occupies is big and broad, with ceilings fifteen feet high. All the four walls are covered with a solid framework of pigeon-holes and drawers, numbered in a way that nobody could understand. To the left of Mr. Saxton's desk is a range of three-deep drawers. In these drawers, packed in close, is the record of the trial of the Lincoln assassins. There were no typewriters in those days; the whole record is written in a big, bold hand on departmental paper, and the whole is kept carefully locked up.

The physical exhibits of the trial are kept in the vault. When Saxton brings out these dreadful things he does it with an air that indicates his personal responsibility. His voice is hushed; he directs his typewriters to cease work; he sends his lady stenographer out of the room, and with the most delicate touch lifts the precious relics, shows them, and it is only with evident reluctance that he allows even a favored visitor to touch them.

The first thing of importance that he has to show is the stage plan of Ford's Theatre—the same that was drawn by the engineering department of the army for use on the trial. It is ragged and thumb-stained. Four colors indicate the positions of the various actors in the great tragedy. Every position occupied by Booth—with his line of flight—is marked in red. Where Mr. Lincoln sat in his box, and the position of the people with him—Mrs. Lincoln, Major Rathbone and Miss Harris—is marked in blue. Where Laura Keene and her chief support, Harry Hawk, stood in the second act of "Our American Cousin," right in the centre of the stage, is marked in purple, and where Booth fell upon the stage on his leap from the box and broke his leg is indicated in green.

This diagram is interesting because it was the official diagram before the Court. The certificates as to its genuineness are signed in the most care'ess way by a young lieutenant of engineers who probably had no idea of what a great historic document this was likely to become. When Mr. Saxton had carefully rolled this up and packed it away in its tin case he brought forth from the vaults a small box, about two feet long. Across the top of the box lay what seemed to be a club—a piece of scantling about 3 inches wide by 2 inches thick. It was finger-worn and full of bruises. Over one of its surfaces were huge blotches of blood-stains. Mr. Saxton, with almost an air of sacredness, gently lifted this billet of wood and laid it aside until he could get at the box itself. Saxton is a lecturer as well as a custodian, and he said, "I put that stick away then because I want to get at the contents of the box first and put them all out before you." He laid the club down and fished out an old-fashioned Derringer pistol of exquisite make. Very impressively he laid that down; then out of the box came a hideous dirk and two little boxes of wood, one of them with a glass face in it, like the crystal of a watch; then a pocketbook, such as men carried thirty years ago in their breast pockets, intended for money and memoranda. In one compartment was the place for the old carte de visite, which was the pride of the early photographer.





COMPASS USED IN THE SWAMP

When Mr. Saxton brought out the little Derringer he said impressively: "This is the weapon with which Mr. Lincoln was killed." Mr. Saxton allows no one to take that in his hand. It is an expensive gunpowder toy—just as they used, or had always ready to use, a quarter of a century ago. It is an expensive weapon, as those things were in those days. The short barrel is sharply rifled and studded with silver. The hammer action is two "clicks," pulled with the thumb. The hammer goes down on a percussion cap. The stock is of rosewood, beautifully carved, and the whole is artistically mounted and decorated in silver. That old type of Derringer was a wicked shooter at short range. Booth put it at President Lincoln's head, within two inches of the skull, and death quickly followed. He threw it away in the box before making his leap to the stage, and that is how the little weapon got into the hands of the Government. In the butt of the little pistol are two old-fashioned percussion caps. They are mildewed with age and worthless, but Mr. Saxton says: "Those little caps are just as they were found in the butt of the pistol." When Mr. Saxton shows them he gets a sheet of glass, or pure white paper, and dumps the little caps out. No stranger is permitted to touch them.

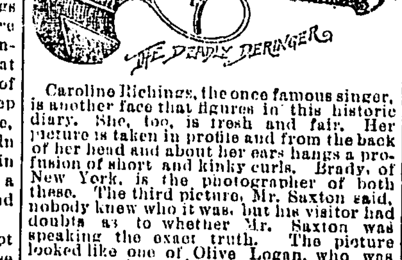
Mr. Saxton next produced one of the little wooden pill boxes, and out of it came the leaden bullet which had caused Mr. Lincoln's death. It had originally been a round bullet, but was slightly flattened by impact with the President's skull, and it was shown just as it came from the hands of the army surgeons who had extracted it. It is precisely the size and shape of an old-fashioned oval lemon candy drop. It weighs about a quarter of an ounce. "This," said Mr. Saxton, as he took up a little steel rod with a fine point, "is the probe with which they found the bullet.

"These," continued the custodian of the sacred treasures, "are the fragments of bones taken from the wound. They are little scraps of the bony structure of Mr. Lincoln's skull." The little box containing them is lined with velvet and covered with a watch crystal, so they can be seen, but not handled.

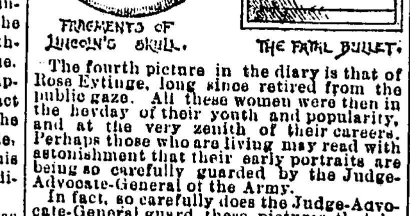
Mr. Saxton has next to show a pocket compass, which Booth used to direct him in his flight through the Maryland swamps. Though unused now and carefully locked up the needle still points unerringly. It is in a small leather case, lined with velvet, and the droppings of sperm from the candle which Booth used at night to note his observations yet disfigures the velvet in which the compass is set. This is one of the most interesting of the hidden relics of the great tragedy.

Booth's diary, taken from his dead body after he was killed in the barn at Garrett's farm, has been time and again printed, but scarcely anybody of the present generation ever saw the original. Mr. Saxton has it among his treasures. It is a small leather-covered book beginning with April 16, 1865, all preceding pages having been cut out, presumably by the assassin himself. The contents of the remaining pages, which close abruptly on April 21, are simply the ravings of a crazed man in his flight, after what he repeatedly terms "the great deed." The matter itself has no great interest at this late day, but the little leather-covered book in itself has. Booth wrote a regular hand, effeminate in its alignment. It was of the Italian type, small and compact. On one of the small pages of his diary he could put 1,000 words. He wrote with a lead pencil, and the entries seem as fresh as when written. Nobody can copy those without permission of the Secretary of War—a privilege accorded to but few, and few ask for it, for they are raving, wandering observations, that have little coherency, and are of no value as relating to the great conspiracy.

But there is one compartment of the little pocket diary that does contain something interesting—these are four cartes de visite of actresses famous in Booth's time for their beauty. Each picture is tinted, as was the custom in those days. Miss Effie Germon, once leading lady at Wallack's, is one. It is a fair young face, strikingly beautiful. The hair is combed down over the temples and ears, as was the fashion thirty years ago, but the features are fresh and girlish. Miss Germon, if living, is now an old woman, and they say she is fat.



Caroline Richings, the once famous singer, is another face that figures in this historic diary. She, too, is fresh and fair. Her picture is taken in profile and from the back of her head and about her ears hangs a profusion of short and kinky curls. Brady, of New York, is the photographer of both these. The third picture, Mr. Saxton said, nobody knew who it was, but his visitor had doubts as to whether Mr. Saxton was speaking the exact truth. The picture looked like one of Olive Logan, who was once a noted actress in New York and since an authoress of repute. The visitor asked if it were she, but Mr. Saxton busied himself about something else. The lady was full of face, with great dark eyes and on her head was arranged a lace scarf in Spanish fashion. The reticence of Mr. Saxton was afterwards explained when it became known that this was the picture of a daughter of one distinguished Senator from a New England State and the wife of another now living from the same section.



The fourth picture in the diary is that of Rose Eytinge, long since retired from the public gaze. All these women were then in the heyday of their youth and popularity, and at the very zenith of their careers. Perhaps those who are living may read with astonishment that their early portraits are being so carefully guarded by the Judge-Advocate-General of the Army.

In fact, so carefully does the Judge-Advocate-General guard these pictures that he will not permit them to be copied. He was closely pressed the other day to permit this, but he said: "No, you can make pictures of all the inanimate things, but I do not think it fair to make drawings of the pictures of the ladies whose portraits were found in Booth's diary. Some of them are living—all of them have friends—and I do not think it fair at this late day to give their features the publicity which you propose. One of the ladies whose face figures there you could not copy anyhow, but without reference to her I do not think that it would be fair, even to Mr. Booth's old associates on the stage, to bring their portraits into prominence." And Gen. Lieber drew the line right there.

But he said: "Go on with your other pictures."

Then came the hideous dirk. This was the weapon that Booth brandished in his hand when he jumped upon the stage and shouted "Sic Semper Tyrannis." With it he slashed his way across the stage, striking blindly like a wild man. No matter who came in his way he went at him furiously. Dr. Withers, who was then leader of the orchestra at Ford's Theatre, happened to be in the wings. He heard the shot and inquiringly put his head out to find out what was the trouble. Booth rushed upon him like a hurricane, with one hand brushed him aside and with the other made a furious drive with the dagger. Dr. Withers is yet alive, but he carries a mark on his arm, which he often shows to his friends. Even Spangler, the accomplice, stumbled across the infuriated man's path and received a stroke from the weapon. As Booth darted from the stage door of the theatre and plunged for the horse in waiting he threw the knife away and it was found by the Government official. It is a clean-cut blade, double-edged and with an old-fashioned, silver-plated hilt, the handle is of deer-horn, and the blade is embellished with all sorts of inscriptions, such as "America," "Home of the brave and land of the free," "Liberty and Independence," but the manufacturer's name appears as Mason, of Sheffield.

A tiny little copper medal or token, said to have been blessed by the Pope, which was found on Booth's breast at his death, is still preserved carefully. The ribbon which once held it is gone, but the medal has all the signs and insignia of the church. It is purely a church emblem which everybody might have worn. The interest lies in the fact that the same little copper medal was found on Booth's body, over his heart.

The club, or piece of scantling before referred to, was then brought out. The little piece of wood had more to do with the conviction, sentence and final hanging of the conspirators than anything else. It was the brace of a door. It was proved that on the day before Mr. Lincoln was killed Booth and Spangler, the stage carpenter, fixed the box of the President so that the assassin could enter it at any moment. They took off the lock of the door to prevent anybody else closing it. When Booth entered the vestibule of the box he closed the door and put up the wooden bar to hold it against any incomers while he was nerving himself to his work.

That is the wooden bar that Mr. Saxton has to show. It is covered with Mr. Lincoln's blood. It has been worn by constant handling. It was that, because it was proved that he made it, which sent Stage Carpenter Spangler to the Dry Tortugas for twelve years. It came very near hanging him.

POINTS ABOUT HOUSE-BREAKING.

An Indiana Man's Interesting Interview with a Clever Burglar.

[From the Indianapolis Journal.]

Some time ago the house of Henry Kahn, 325 Home avenue, was entered by burglars. Mr. Kahn, lying in bed, with a bull's-eye flashing in his face, fired two shots at the visitors, who left the premises without carrying anything with them. "I read in the papers of the capture of a gang of burglars," remarked Mr. Kahn, "and concluded to pay a visit to the jail and see if my burglars were there. Jailer Emmett received me graciously, and a boy behind the bars took me among the prisoners. In one of the cells a little game of cards was going on, in which the participants seemed deeply interested. A fine-looking man was near by, watching it. The boy whispered me that was Horton, the burglar, the man I was looking for.

"Do you think you ever saw me before?" I asked him.

"I don't remember," was the answer.

"I live on Home avenue," I suggested.

"Oh," said he, with some appearance of interest. "Your name is Kahn. Yes, I paid you a visit the other evening."

"You left rather suddenly."

"Oh, no; we left quite leisurely. There was no hurry. You see we were somewhat mistaken about your place. We had been told that we might pick up $5,000 or $6,000 in good stuff—jewelry, and, perhaps, some money. It was worth going after and taking some unusual chances to get."

Mr. Kahn explained to the reporter that the commonplace, business-like manner of the burglar was incomparable and altogether fascinating. He asked him how they went about the job.

"In the first place," said Horton, "I stationed a man at the door of your sleeping room, and that man never left the door from the time we entered the house until we went away. One man was stationed below and another across the street—four of us, you see. I did the looking through the house. I first went into the room where a lady and a little girl were sleeping, but didn't arouse them. Then I took a look at the servant girl, but didn't wake her. When I came in the hall again the man at your door said he had heard a whispering inside and that there had been a signal from the outside man that somebody in the house was up. When I was told this I went to your door and lay down and listened. I lay there fifteen minutes, but didn't hear anything. I finally decided to go into your room. I had looked over the house and thought the valuables must be in your room, as they were not elsewhere. I turned the knob, put in the light and then you fired."

Mr. Kahn asked why he didn't leave then and not wait for a second shot.

"Oh," said the burglar coolly, "I had no occasion for leaving. We felt perfectly secure. I sat down in the hall thinking you might come out. I had two guns heavier than yours, and I hesitated for some time whether or not to give you a sling any way."

Mr. Kahn remarked to him that if he had come into the room he might not have had everything his own way.

"I beg your pardon," said the burglar, "neither myself nor any expert burglar with a dark lantern need have any fears from pistol shots. The lantern properly flashed in one's face disturbs one so he doesn't know where he is shooting. I was in no danger, and you were. I only left because I thought it best to avoid serious trouble, and so when you fired your second shot we went away."

Mr. Kahn remarked that a man of his courage and appearance—a fine-looking man, with good address, who could make a success at almost anything—ought to be in some other business.

"Oh," said the burglar, "I have always been a successful business man. I was a lawyer for some time, with a good practice, but I became involved in a little affair that withdrew me from practice. Then I took up burglary. It is a fascinating profession, and in it I have had my full share of success." He said this with his face turned squarely towards the questioner. He has a high forehead, a sincere and honest expression of countenance, blue eyes, wavy, iron-gray hair and fine physique. He is about forty-five years old. Horton then went on to give advice as to the way in which people should act when called upon by burglars. "Make a noise," he said; "as much noise as possible when you can. Don't try to catch a burglar. A burglar who knows his business is never taken while at work—always after the job is done and he is trying to conceal or dispose of the swag."

During the conversation he said that he alone had gone through the rate of E. Rauh, of South Pennsylvania street. He was told that he had overlooked "a sleeper," something of value he might easily have taken—in this case diamond earrings worth $700 that were in an envelope that he had thrown aside with other papers.

"I beg your pardon," said the burglar. "I was at the job three hours. I didn't overlook anything. I went through everything with great care, and there was no such 'sleeper' as you mention. I didn't want to destroy the papers that would have done me no good and would have given Mr. Rauh unnecessary trouble. I take pride in my profession and do my work thoroughly. I am pretty sure I didn't overlook anything in that job."

A Story of a Ballet Girl.

[From the Chicago News.]

The talk that is going on about the marriage of Ward McAllister's nephew with a ballet girl recalls an interesting incident in the life of Joseph Jefferson, the comedian. When Jefferson returned from his triumphal engagement in London a number of New York swells determined to honor the actor who had made so great a stir in England; accordingly a splendid dinner was given to Jefferson, and all the conspicuous representatives of Gotham swelldom were there. It befell that on the very morning of the day when this great banquet was served Jefferson's son, Tom, married a very pretty and estimable girl who had been a member of one of the spectacular ballets. So, during the banquet, one of the guests (a very swell personage!) referred to a newspaper item in which Tom's prospective wedding was mentioned.

"Yes, it is true," said Mr. Jefferson, "Tom was married to-day."

"But it is not true, I suppose, that he married a ballet girl?" inquired the aristocratic person.

"Yes, it is true," answered Mr. Jefferson, laconically.

"Ah, I did not suppose you would allow your son to marry a ballet girl," said the other.

"And why not?" asked Mr. Jefferson. "His mother was a ballet girl!"

The aristocratic party lapsed into a vociferous silence at once.

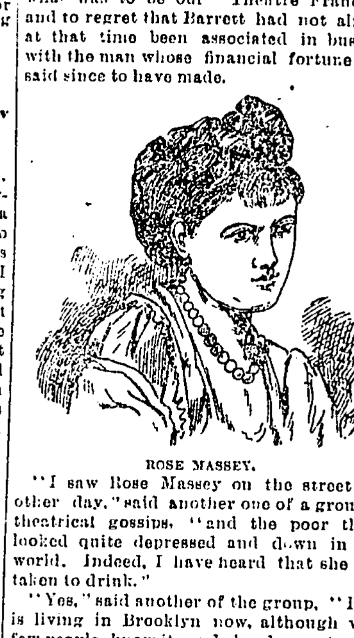
ONCE WERE FAVORITES.

Living Actresses Whose Charm Is Only a Memory.

RETIREMENT INTO MATRIMONY.

An Anecdote of Rose Massey—The Wonderful Cast of "Our American Cousin" in Paris in 1867—Mrs. J. H. Allen and Mrs. Josephine Shaw—Ione Burke and Agnes Ethel.

It has often been said that the actor has his honors as he goes, while the writer, the painter and the sculptor work for posterity. True or not, the saying is brought to mind when one hears such a veteran actor, manager and playwright as Harry Watkins lament that the actor's is "an awful profession to grow old in," and declare that the brainiest of his brethren is forgotten in five years. The sale last week of the building at Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue, in which was Booth's Theatre, reminded many a New Yorker of to-day that he had forgotten there ever was a theatre there. So speedily had even so important an event in life in this city, as the attempted establishment by the greatest actor of a theatre worthy of his name and fame, sunk out of sight in the river of metropolitan life. Many an old timer was heard to bemoan the fact that the rich men of New York had allowed Edwin Booth to give up what was to be our "Théâtre Francais," and to regret that Barrett had not already at that time been associated in business with the man whose financial fortune he is said since to have made.



ROSE MASSEY.

"I saw Rose Massey on the street the other day," said another one of a group of theatrical gossips, "and the poor thing looked quite depressed and down in the world. Indeed, I have heard that she has taken to drink."

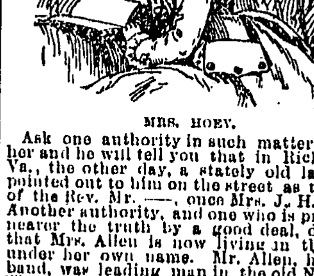
"Yes," said another of the group, "Rose is living in Brooklyn now, although very few people know it, and she does not seem to have kept many of her old friends."

Now, a third member of the group happened to know that the Rose Massey referred to, once a beautiful and popular actress in this city, and widely known throughout the country, is dead, and has been dead for seven years, for he attended her funeral on the 23d of July, 1883. There could not be a more striking illustration of the truth of that apprehension which even the most brilliant and popular stage favorites seem to have, that unless they die at the zenith of their popularity they are in danger of being "out of mind" when "once out of sight." For with one's mind seriously fixed on the subject, it is easy enough to remember that Rose Massey has not played here for ten or fifteen years. It requires no special effort of the memory in fact to go back to the 1st of February, 1869, when she opened at Wood's Museum in the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," or the after days when she was at Wallack's Theatre and a popular favorite. Young men still short of thirty remember her distinctly, but the very fact of her transition to another world, in which there is no evidence of the existence of theatres, had been by this group of self-appointed critics, the very guardians of her profession, as it were, forgotten for seven years.

AGNES ETHEL.

There is no more interesting relic, by the way, of Rose Massey's professional career than a playbill belonging to Mr. J. E. Fries, now in this city, which contains the cast in Paris on the 8th of July, 1867, of "Our American Cousin." It is astonishing and worthy of historical record that on that occasion Sothern as Dundreary was supported by John T. Raymond as Asa Trenchard and by Henry Irving as Abel Murcott, while Rose Massey played the part of Mary Meredith.

Of those one-time favorites, the glamor of whose good looks and the charm of whose clever acting are now lost to the majority of theatre-goers, there is none who seem to be better worth mentioning just here than Mrs. J. H. Allen, a pretty woman and a pleasing actress, who played leading juveniles at Wallack's Theatre fifteen or twenty years ago. Mrs. Allen was for years in Wallack's old company, and reappeared in the seventies in the "Pleasure of the Old." It is believed that in her day, here and elsewhere in this country, she had as many admirers as any leading woman has had since. But how many people remember or now or have ever known whether she is dead or alive?



MRS. HOEY.

Ask one authority in such matters about her and he will tell you that in Richmond, Va., the other day, a stately old lady was pointed out to him on the street as the wife of the Rev. Mr. ——, once Mrs. J. H. Allen. Another authority, and one who is probably nearer the truth by a good deal, declares that Mrs. Allen is now living in this city under her own name. Mr. Allen, her husband, was leading man in the old National Theatre in Chatham street, what is now Cowperthwait's store. He played "Heroic Hearts" at that time and was the beau ideal of the east side. His wife was for years under Mrs. Josephine Shaw—Josephine Russell that was, now Mrs. John Hoey—and was not only pretty but decidedly talented.

In fact, in thinking over some half-dozen or more of these pets of theatre-goers of a generation ago, whose very existence now seems to be forgotten, and yet all of whom herein mentioned except the first are alive, it seems impossible to resist the conclusion that it is the women who are forgotten, however great their charm and brilliant their intellect and acquirements, because the men stick to the stage as long as they can, while women wander away into matrimony and the paths of private life.

Ione Burke, who is now Mrs. Hurlock, was popular as a child actress as well as in her maturer years. She was for a long time a favorite at Wallack's Theatre. Ione Burke was a stepdaughter of Charles Burke, her own mother being Mrs. Sutherland, his second wife, and it was her stepfather's name that she adopted. She was quite popular here as recently as when Charles Keane and wife played their last engagement at what was then Wallack's and is now the Star Theatre, and was in their support. She was a pretty woman and had a great many admirers, some of whom are yet reminiscent of their heart-breaking emotions when, in 1874, she suddenly left the theatre between two days and went to England, where she has since lived. She is said to have become the wife of a dashing young English officer who saw her first from the auditorium of Wallack's Theatre, into which he dropped casually one evening while passing through New York. There were other stories romantic enough explanatory of her "mysterious disappearance," and people who were at the theatre the last night she played there said nobody in the company had an inkling of her intentions. Her admirers here do not even know her present name, but she is said to reside near Brighton. Ione Burke was related to Joseph Jefferson, and began acting early in the seventies.

IONE BURKE IN "COLLEEN BAWN."

When one remembers Sardou's delightful play of "Agnes," which is not necessarily often, one is reminded easily enough of Agnes Ethel, for whom Sardou wrote the play that was named after her, and in which she starred successfully through the country. Now that she is a rich widow, the relict of an influential member of the influential family of Tracy, in Northern New York, it is not likely that she has any desire to return to the stage; at all events, theatre-goers of the new generation have to be reminded of her existence. Yet she was a pupil of Matilda Heron, a handsome and vivacious actress. She made her first appearance on the stage at Jerome's private theatre in this city as Camille on Oct. 10, 1868. Her theatrical friends lost sight of her on her marriage to Mr. Tracy, the dispute over whose will, when he died several years ago, leaving a very handsome property, is readily recalled. Some of them say she has remarried and gone to live abroad. She was the original Frou Frou and Fernande in Daly's Twenty-fourth Street Theatre.

The very fact that they retire into private life to become the wives of eminent citizens who have paid them the high compliment of asking their hands is one of the most delightful incidents attending the semi-oblivion into which some professional stars of a generation since have willingly fallen. Mrs. John Hoey—everybody knows who her husband is—may be seen driving through the Park any afternoon behind a magnificent pair of horses, every inch the queen of—the drawing-room and home, not the stage. As Josephine Shaw and afterwards as Mrs. Russell, she was known and admired of all the theatre-goers here. The years that have rolled by since she retired from the stage in 1865 make Mrs. Hoey's professional career a part of professional history. Her friendships and interests are now as different as possible from what they were then.

MRS. J. H. ALLEN.

Mrs. Hoey's place at Wallack's Theatre was taken when she retired by the beautiful Madelaine Henriques. She had been brought out by Mrs. Hoey. It is said that when she took her leave of the stage, April 20, 1867, in the part of Peg Woffington, at Wallack's, there were plenty of tears shed and many genuine regrets expressed. But the young theatre-goers know nothing about her. The older ones know that as Mrs. Louis J. Jennings she is and has been for years leading the life of a London matron of the most admirable sort. She and this brilliant journalist were married on May 26 of that year, and both she and Mrs. Hoey are said to illustrate thoroughly the truth of the proposition that some brilliant and successful actresses do succeed as wives and mothers as well as when upon the stage. Mr. and Mrs. Jennings have any number of children, their friends say, and live very happily together. It was on Dec. 3, 1860, in Wallack's old theatre, at Broome street and Broadway, that Madelaine Henriques made her début in the play of "The Model Hypocrite."

Mrs. Barney Williams, who is now living quietly in New York City, was one of the first comediennes to make a hit in the Yankee character. When she as "The Yankee Girl" and Barney Williams as "The Irish Boy" joined their hands and fortunes, they made a great combination naturally. For a generation they were toasted and made much of at the Chatham Theatre and afterwards at the French Theatre, their acting,

MADELINE HENRIQUES.

singing and dancing taking the town by storm. To the young man, however, who drops in at the Bijou or more deliberately goes to Palmer's, or takes his sweetheart to the Broadway or Madison Square theatres, the name of Barney Williams has only a vague historical suggestiveness. He doesn't remember, of course, that Barney Williams began his first starring tour in 1845, or that Mrs. Barney Williams, Joseph Jefferson and Harry Watkins are the only ones left of that company. Mrs. Williams was born Maria Pray and afterwards as Mrs. Mestayer became a member of the corps de ballet at the Chatham Theatre. Nov. 20, 1850, she became the wife of Barney Williams, who in private life was Barney Flaherty, and it is said that not until his marriage to her did he begin to make his way in the world.

Mrs. Mary Gladstone, who was a favorite here some years ago, in Sardou's "Patrie" and other standard plays, is seen now and then on West Twenty-third street. How many of those who have admired her know even of her existence?

How many people know that Jean Davenport, who was once an undoubted favorite in the theatre, is now living in Washington as Mrs. Gen. Lander? How many hearts treasure up her noble and unselfish work in the hospitals during the war? She starred the country for years, and is said to have been one of the best all-round actresses we had.

Jane Coombs, who was afterwards Mrs. Brown, even now appears occasionally on the stage in the West; there was a time when her appearances were subjects of wide attention. It was at the benefit of Edwin Forrest in 1855-56 that she made her début at the Broadway Theatre in this city as Pauline to Forrest's Claude Melnotte. She first appeared in Philadelphia, Jan. 26, 1856, as Juliet, at the Walnut Street Theatre, and was married to Mr. F. A. Brown in August, 1864. Jane Coombs was a pupil of Clara Fisher Maeder, and was seen at her best, perhaps, in such parts as Lady Teazle and Lady Constance.

It would scarcely be fair perhaps to think of Emily Soldene or Ada Dyas or Sara Jewett as one time stage favorites, but how often do we hear anything of them now? How many of the acquaintances of Mrs. James G. Hackett, the wife of the great "Fallstaff," who knew her in her retirement now on East Thirty-fifth street in this city, remember the thrilling performances of "Medea" that she used to give?

IN THE WILD LAND NORTH.

Haunts of Coot and Hern Beyond the Spuyten Duyvil.

IMPROVEMENT'S FORWARD MARCH.

The Passing of Nature and the Coming of Man Stayed on the West Side for a Decade by a Half-Inch Advertisement—Good-By to the Last of Old New York and Welcome to the New.

There are a few—a very few—New Yorkers who have read the chronicles of this colony, preserved in the delightful Littlepage Manuscripts, and lived for an hour in the New York of a century or more ago. They have travelled with Corny, under escort, across the Harlem Plains, where men in Winter had "lost their lives and their way;" wandered with him and his sweetheart through the "lilac bordered lane," now Park Row, "that led to the Bowery," and stood under "the great oak opposite the Delancey country house" (on the corner of Delancey street), to watch the passing of the old Patroon, "who had breakfasted earlier than usual at Kingsbridge that he might reach the city before nightfall."

With Corny, they have wondered at the extravagance of the man who, living "so far out of town as the last house on King (now Liberty) street," should want a country house, and why, wanting one, he should "build so far away in the solitude" (West Seventy-second street) as Mr. Mordaunt did. But very few even of these have dreamed that in the New York of to-day they might find square mile after square mile as wild and romantic, as full of adventure and enjoyment now, as the chronicler himself found it, and that Corny could take them to-day to many a haunt of coot and hern that would show no sign of change, where the same wood-nymph or dryad would peer at them from the same bushes, and the same robin that defied his old Queen's arm would still defy a Marlin breechloader (pattern 1889).

The development of the city on the east side left on the west to the lover of wood and field—until the extension of the Gilbert Elevated to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street and of the cable road beyond Carmansville destroyed it—that pleasure in the pathless woods which many seek and few find. But all search is vain now on Manhattan Island, and to find it one must cross Central Bridge and hire a guide, unless, knowing the way, he leaves the Harlem train at Melrose and strikes west and north along "oak openings."

EAST OF FOURTH AVENUE.

East of Fourth avenue, from Cooper Institute to Woodlawn, the city is laid out and built or building. There are wastes and vacant squares; there are large expanses of unshaven and neglected meadow-land, with now and then a mournful clump of trees; but heaps of brick, piles of lumber, treeless and houseless streets and avenues meeting in geometric lines, show that the city has come and nature has moved, leaving her old home unswept of the worthless waste and débris which the new tenant has not yet cleared away. To the west, above One Hundred and Fifty-sixth street, omitting the narrow fringe along the line of railroad between that and Central avenue, and between Central avenue and the river, all is different. Here you are in the country of the imagination, not the country of Putnam or Sullivan County. The outward semblance is the same. The roads, shaded on either side by great oaks and elms, wind around the natural levels of the hills; small lanes with open gates invite the straggler to homes that, half concealed amid the groves and hedges, tempt curiosity and pique the imagination like folds of billowy lace on throats en pompadour; rock, hill and scaur are all the same. But enter any of these houses and you find that it has every modern improvement, from gas to steam heat—everything except elevators, which are not needed where one has elbow room. Yonder to the west are the towers of High Bridge; along the ridge runs the Croton main, and miles away, hidden under the bluffs, are the unsightly reservoirs that furnish light. As you come out in the dusk, along every lane and road twinkle street-lamps unnoticed in the daylight beside the trees. You wonder if, indeed, it is not the garden of Proserpine.

This is the country which he who has never lived outside of the Seventh Ward dreams about sleeping and longs for waking; which he has never seen and thinks is many a hundred miles away, for of the—

> land of wells and gardens, where,
> All up and down the rich red loam, the steers
> Strain their strong shoulders in the creaking yoke—

he knows nothing; nothing of its hard water granted as grudgingly for washing as if it were Johannisberger and used for drinking as sparingly as if it were absinthe; nothing of its lamps whose one filling and of its candles whose one end must last a week; nothing of—— But why repeat the long list of disillusions which once burned the iron into our souls? Leave him to his dreams. What he longs for is real, not imaginary, although not where he thinks. He has but to reach out his hand to touch it, and he knows it not. His eyes are fixed afar on the delectable mountains of Orange and the foothills of the Hudson.

THE OLD MORRIS MANOR.

Twelve years ago the old Morris manor, lying west of the Harlem Railroad, which for half a century had been split up among about fifty well-known New Yorkers for country residences, began to show the effects of the northern emigration following the completion of the Elevated roads and the local service on the Harlem. The jingle of the guinea on the east side grew louder and louder, until it was heard in many an ear on the west that would not dream of acknowledging it. Owners began building for a block westward, and here and there among the lanes small detached houses began to appear. Suddenly building stopped. All signs of mis-named "improvement" vanished, and for ten years all that territory between Fordham and the Harlem, known locally as "West Morrisania," was shunned by the strong, while the weak shivered at the mere mention of the name. It was Voodoo. One man did it, and he did it with a half-inch advertisement. No man ever before or ever will again write an advertisement that will produce such a result.

It was the year when the great malarial wave rolled down on us from the Bald Eagle's home in Westchester County, as the stench rolled down from the Chinese shop described by Besant in "So They Were Married." It crossed the Bronx at West Farms, piled up at Fairmount and split on the hill's crown, one section rolling southwest over West Morrisania and down on the Spuyten Duyvil, while the other, deflected westward, filled Washington Heights with mourners.

Bonner, in West Morrisania, was astounded and disgusted at the dread visitation, but he was also mad, and when Bonner is mad he does not run. He fights—even a mist rising up from all the land. His home on Morris avenue, the old lane bordered with elms planted by Robert Morris, that once led from the manor house to the high road, had on three sides wide verandas for living in the open during the Summer, and here, within bowshot of Gabe Case's, Mr. Bonner's friends gathered in the evenings to drink his cold well water, swap yarns, and wait for the moonlight before driving home. But suddenly Malaria, in her white shroud, appeared and said: "No, Godiva rides in Coventry, and you must keep within, door shut and windows barred, after the sun goes down." Not one of his stable boys could override that veto; not even an unanimous vote of his family and friends; and Bonner, impatient and disgusted, advertised his place as for sale at any price, guaranteeing it as malarial, and that the buyer would have no bargain. Every newspaper in the United States republished this extraordinary revival of Washingtonianism, unique in the history of real estate speculation, with comments that made even the good Mr. Childs emulous, and for weeks, in default of better, it was a topic of conversation in every town and hamlet. The *Ledger*, in all its previous years of its existence, had never had so much advertising as this gave it, without cost, and when Mr. Isador Strauss became the owner of the estate there were many who believed that Mr. Bonner's real honesty was the best personal policy.

But it chloroformed West Morrisania. The next year the Bald Eagle went to Albany and the malaria disappeared, it is to be hoped never to come again. It had been visitation, not indigetation, for the sandy, well-drained region of the hills between Yonkers and Manhattan is free from all suspicion of it, and almost the only part of the city that is. But no one would go there to live—even rent free. The "Voodoo" was on it. When the owners of the mansions went to Europe they had to hire families to live in them. Three square miles of the loveliest section of the city—the great manor grant that had been the pride and care of generations of hard-up and land-poor Morrisses—was as dead to the world of struggle and speculators as if it had been bounded by a cordon of yellow flags. Those were days when the wise man, from his leafy covert along the ridges, looked down upon the millionaires driving their teams along Central avenue, and envied them not. They could not understand the various language which was his heritage, and he was wealthier than they. His riches took wings, but only to come back again increased.

THE BAN DISAPPEARED.

Last year the ban disappeared as suddenly as it had fallen. A large number of the estates had been split into small fragments by death and had passed by sale into the hands of those who had forgotten Bonner or did not care for old wives' tales. Building began again after an interruption of ten years, and about one hundred dwellings were completed during the past Winter within the half-mile south and east of the Driving Park. They rent for $25 to $30 per month, in inverse proportion to their charm and desirability, for the dearest are those nearest the Melrose station, within sound at night of the trains, and the cheaper are those "in the woods," where the dweller is in the parks and Nature without grease paint knocks at the kitchen door. It will only be a matter of a year or two more when this section will meet the fate of the east side, for every day now the sound of the woodman's axe is heard and men go about the roads with theodilites and chains marking maps with streets and avenues that are not wanted, and destroying field and forest to make parade grounds like Tompkins Square. Its surface transit brings this whole section nearer the City Hall than Harlem, with its aerial stilts, and already it has become the promised land of those beyond the River. The fringe of the oriental wave is breaking on Morris and the pioneers are on Mott avenue.

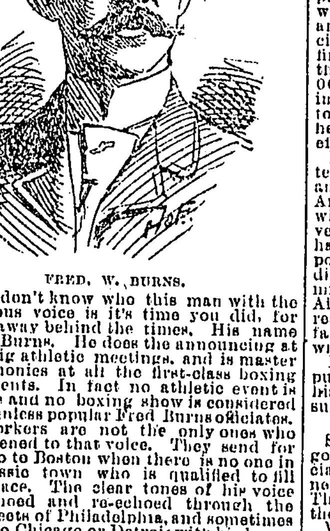
Take, then, thy book quickly, invoke the spirit of Cornelius without fear of Satan's toe, and when the thickets rustle with small life of creeping things pleased at the Spring-time, wander through the glades east and west of Central avenue, walk under the doomed cathedral trees of sinuous Sheridan avenue, and bid farewell to the nesting songs of the birds that fill the woods on either side the back country road that runs north from the Driving Park gate. Next year you will seek them and in vain. The builder and the perambulator, the picnic party and the ice-cream peddler will mark the passing of nature and the coming of man.

SPORTING CELEBRITIES.

Fred W. Burns, Whose Shouting Qualities Are Far Famed.

Visit the Berkeley Oval on Memorial Day while the intercollegiate, or "Mott Haven," games are going on, and you will see out on the green field in front of you a young man, his hat in one hand, his programme and a lemon in another, who will tell you with a voice remarkable for its strength and clearness the results of the contests you are witnessing. And, if you are a man, journey over to Brooklyn some night when a boxing tournament is to be held. Just before the show begins the same young man whom you saw at the Intercollegiate games will push his way through the crowd to the stage. Resting his arms on the ropes of the ring, he will deliver with that marvellous voice of his a short, stereotyped speech, which runs somewhat as follows:

"Now, then, gentlemen, you'll have to keep quiet. If there is any shouting the Captain of Police will stop the show. You kids in the gallery want to behave yourselves or you'll get put out."



FRED. W. BURNS.

If you don't know who this man with the marvellous voice is it's time you did, for you are away behind the times. His name is Fred Burns. He does the announcing at all the big athletic meetings, and is master of ceremonies at all the first-class boxing tournaments. In fact no athletic event is complete and no boxing show is considered perfect unless popular Fred Burns officiates.

New Yorkers are not the only ones who have listened to that voice. They send for him to go to Boston when there is no one in that classic town who is qualified to fill Fred's place. The clear tones of his voice have echoed and re-echoed through the quiet streets of Philadelphia, and sometimes he goes to Chicago or Detroit with his bang, lemon, smile and voice. He used to be an athlete, and even now can give anybody of his weight in the country a good race at the game of throwing the 12-pound hammer from a standstill. He was born in Brooklyn July 7, 1860, and at an early age developed a taste for outdoor sports. During the Winter of 1886 he was unable to compete on account of rheumatism, and one day was doing some very loud shouting, when Malcolm W. Ford, the athlete, was struck with the power of his voice and at once suggested that Burns try his hand at announcing. Fred has a number of prizes for jumping, hurdling, pole-vaulting, shot-putting and hammer-throwing. He is something of a singer, too, and for several years was connected with the Brooklyn Amateur Opera Company. He is a member of the Varuna Boat Club, of Brooklyn, and is one of the best known and most popular men connected with athletics in this country.

A Sign of Spring.

A PAIR OF SUSPENDERS.

Spring Cane Grasp.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

Society young men hold their canes in the middle with the head down and about a foot and a half in front of them.

The Weasel Record.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

A weasel at Schartelsville killed sixty chickens in one round.

LITTLE INVENTIONS PAY.

Some Bright Ideas That Have Made Millions.

STRANGE FREAKS OF INVENTORS.

Dime Savings Banks—How This Little Invention Has Sold Upon the Street—A Shoemaker Made Rich by Rubber Balls—The Sheet-Iron Cat That Always Whipped.

In reply to the question, "What is a patent?" the Yankee inventor once said: "It is the right to sue somebody," and the answer really embodies the most comprehensive definition of the word that could be found. The Patent Office annually issues about twenty-four thousand patents, and it is safe to say that out of them not less than half that number of lawsuits are evolved.

The great building at Washington could supply a fund of humor, of pathos, of romance and of tragedy which might well furnish the novelists of the world with plots for a lifetime.

As a rule the little inventions—that is those which seemed really insignificant—have brought forth the greatest fortunes.

The man who invented the tin-rattle for babies retired with $1,000,000 to the good.

The return-ball, which consisted of an ordinary rubber or wooden ball to which was attached a long elastic cord, was invented by a shoemaker in New York. It met with universal favor and the man who originated the idea found that it profited him to the extent of $50,000 per annum. It is said by those who are supposed to know that he never secured a patent of the device, but instead bought up all the rubber-balls in the market, attached to them the elastic cords and reaped his fortune while others were hustling around to find enough rubber with which to compete for the prize.

THE BOTTLE STOPPER.

The wire bottle-stopper is a very simple contrivance and yet it has earned an immense fortune. It was invented and patented by a man named Charles Quilfelt, who subsequently sold it for $1,000 to one Carl Hnter.

In the mean time a man named Putnam had invented another design of the same thing, which was the detachable wire over the top of the cork. In some way one infringed upon the other and a lawsuit was begun. But the parties got together, consolidated their interests and coined money.

One of the remarkable "simple" inventions is the cotton-tie. Formerly all cotton bales were tied with rope, but there were many objections to that process which hundreds of men sought to overcome, and at last one by the name of Cooms invented what was known as the "arrow-head" tie for an iron strap. The contrivance was so simple that cotton-men, far and near, quietly took their old pants from the closet hooks and kicked them around their rooms because they had not thought of the device themselves. The tie went into immediate use, thousands of "improvements" were patented, and millions of the straps were sold until millions of dollars were realized. The man who at present controls the patent and the numerous assignments connected therewith, made to him by the various inventors of improvements, has purchased the famous Navarro Flats in Fifty-seventh street, and is the possessor of a large fortune besides.

Everybody remembers the "Fifteen-Puzzle." Fifteen little blocks were placed in a square box, which was made to hold sixteen. The sixteenth space was left vacant, and block "fifteen" was placed between blocks "thirteen" and "fourteen." The problem was to arrange them in order without removing a block from the box. The idea was originated by a cripple, and from it he is said to have amassed a large fortune. The puzzle went everywhere—in the homes of the rich and poor alike.

"Pharaoh's Serpent" was the invention of a Brooklyn man. It consisted of a little pill, to which a lighted match was touched, when a snake crawled forth and writhed and twisted after a most serpentine and fascinating fashion. The pills sold like wildfire—which, indeed, they were—and brought the inventor between $50,000 and $100,000. But it also cost him his life. In working upon an "improvement" in his laboratory he inhaled the fumes of the chemicals he was using and died from the poisonous effects produced upon him.

Mr. Munn, of the *Scientific American*, tells many interesting stories about patents and inventors, for all the world—*i. e.*, the American world—goes to him or to his paper with ideas upon which he is expected to venture the fortune which his publication has brought him. He says the gimlet-pointed screw has brought more wealth to different men than many silver and gold mines of the West. A man named Walter Aiken was the first to think of it and he realized a handsome fortune. Aiken's father, by the way, invented a saw-set which brought him $100,000 or more.

It was a Yankee who first thought of putting copper tips on children's shoes, and his check became good for magnificent sums.

YEARS ELAPSE SOMETIMES.

Sometimes many years elapse before the good qualities of an invention are appreciated. The patent upon roller-skates had nearly expired before it realized any profit. Then somebody started a rink, and so made the skate inventor worth a million dollars.

Who has not seen the "Dancing Jim Crow"? Who would believe that it was worth $75,000 a year to its inventor? Yet it is true.

One of the largest fortunes ever realized from a patent was made by the man who conceived the idea of putting emery powder on cloth, and the inverted glass bell to hang over gas burners proved to be a veritable lamp of Aladdin.

The rubber tip for lead-pencils made $100,000. The pen for shading with different colors brings an annual stipend of $200,000, and in the year 1887 alone, as proved by testimony in a recent legal action, the inventor of metal plates for protection of the soles and heels of shoes realized a profit of $1,250,000.

William Chandler Raymond has written a book entitled "Curiosities of the Patent Office," and he devotes several pages to the whimsical and comical things that have been invented.

There is a mechanical sheet-iron cat, with steel claws, which runs by clockwork and is warranted to "lick" any cat in Christendom. The cat is wound up and placed on the roof. Old rounders spy a new comer and tackle him. Whew! When they light on his back a spring is touched and the mechanism works. There is a small cyclone on the roof, incessant yells and—the old rounder retires to meditate over the uncertainty of life.

One man patented a process of curing worms by fishing for them in the human stomach with rod, hook and line. History does not state whether he used a reel or not, and fails to describe the landing net or the gaff employed for large ones. Another made a trap for catching tape-worms as one would a fox. The patient was starved and the trap set in his mouth. The worm was caught by the head and pulled out.

Upon one occasion a man sent the embalmed body of a baby to the Patent Office with his application to secure a patent for a new process of embalming discovered by him. The baby is not now on exhibition as a model.

A Cat's Strange Devotion.

[From the Atlanta Constitution.]

A strange story in which a cat is a pathetic character has come to light at Paoli. A little boy of that village owned a cat that was a great pet in the family. But the cat would have nothing to do with any one except the boy. The latter died, and for two weeks the cat would come as usual every morning to the door and, going in the room, would cry very mournfully and walk over the child's bed hunting for his lost friend. Finally the cat disappeared, only returning occasionally. At last one of the child's sisters saw the cat in the graveyard, where it remains, only returning for food. It keeps guard at the boy's grave and can be heard at night crying pitifully.