"We are going home to-morrow," Celia announced mournfully. "Mamma has a letter."

Bobby stopped short.

"Going home?" he echoed.

"Yes," said Celia.

"Then we won't see each other till next summer!" he cried.

"No," said she.

"And we can't walk any more or—or—" Bobby felt the lump rising in his throat.

"No," said Celia.

Bobby swallowed hard.

"Are—are you sorry?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Celia quietly. "Are you?"

"I don't know what I'm going to do!" cried Bobby desperately.

After a little, the main fact of the catastrophe being accepted, they talked of the [illegible] come.

"You'll write [illegible] pleaded Bobby.

"If you write to me."

"Of course I will write to you! And you'll send me your picture, won't you? You said you would."

"I don't believe I have any," demurred Celia; "and mamma has them all, and they're very comspensive."

"I'll give you one of mine," offered Bobby, "if I have to get it from the album. Please, Celia."

"I'll see," said she.

They were moving again slowly beneath the trees.

Bobby looked up the street, he looked back. He turned swiftly to her.

"Celia," he asked, "may I kiss you?"

"Yes," said Celia steadily.

[illegible] looking straight ahead. [illegible] his lips just touched her [illegible] They walked on in silence. [illegible] s gone.

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((

[illegible] in early numbers. One, entitled "The Hole in the Cap," is a murder story with a mystery, a trial and a triumph, in which Bobby Orde is the hero.)

The NEWS of Lincoln's DEATH

INCLUDING TWO STORIES OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH

By MRS. McKEE RANKIN

I HAD never seen John Wilkes Booth when I began my engagement with the stock company in Louisville, and this is the reputation which had preceded him: "Good actor. A little inexperienced for a star. Extremely handsome. Good-natured. Very dissipated. A great lover of horses." Under the old stock system one star came to a theater each week, depending entirely upon the stock company to be "up" in all the standard and legitimate plays. John Wilkes Booth was one of those stars. It meant very hard work for the beginners, as there were six new parts a week to study, and frequently the farces as well, but it was great practice for them. It was before the day of understudies, but the actors and actresses seemed equal to any emergency. There was always a talented and ambitious lady and leading man who were well "up" in all the star parts, and plays were put in rehearsal which were oftentimes not produced at all.

I remember one instance involving John Wilkes Booth where this system was put in practice to great advantage. Our company had been called to Louisville two weeks ahead of the regular season, and a number of the plays in the repertoire of the coming stars were cast and put in rehearsal. Booth, one of our stars, missed a railroad connection out West, between Leavenworth, Kansas, and St. Louis, which compelled him to lose his first night with us. This might have given Mr. John Albaugh, the elder (our leading man), and the company no end of bother if we had not been prepared to substitute something else at a moment's notice. "The Marble Heart" was the programme for the night. Mr. Ben-

son, the stage manager, had received a "wire" in the morning, before rehearsal, saying that it would be impossible for the star to reach Louisville in time to appear that night. Everything being in readiness for "The Marble Heart," he went on with the rehearsal, substituting Mr. Albaugh in the place of the delayed star. The performance was a remarkably good one, considering the short notice. Mr. Albaugh, who had played "Raphael" many times before, did well and Miss Gray was a good "Marco." The curtain fell at ten-thirty. I shared a dressing-room with Miss Gray which led out of the "greenroom," and over the door was a small transom for ventilating purposes, which made it possible to hear every word that was spoken.

The Life of an Actor in the Old Days

While Miss Gray and I were undressing after the play, Mr. Benson and Mr. Albaugh were in the "greenroom" discussing the pros and cons of the situation. It was Mr. Benson's first season in this country, and, like many Englishmen of his class, he was very much prejudiced against everything American, expressing his annoyance by saying that such a thing couldn't happen in the old country and that he thought it very dishonorable. At this Mr. Albaugh retorted: "We have been friends for years, since boyhood, and I have never known him to be guilty of a dishonorable act. I'd stake my life on his integrity." Then the voices became more subdued in tone, when they both of a sudden shouted: "Hello, John!" And then for a minute they all talked at once, but I was attracted by the wonderfully sweet tones in the voice of the newcomer. At last they were talking rationally, at any rate they were allowing the young gentleman to speak, and the first thing we heard was:

"Well, I'll pledge you my word I never did such a thing before and I'm disgusted with the whole business, for I tried my level best to make it, after we ran into the snow-drift, which made us lose our train. It was an awful setback, as our engine was crippled in some way and had to be sidetracked at the junction which we had just left. There was nothing that would bring us into Kansas City on time for the connection at St. Louis before ten o'clock last night. There we were, stuck at that infernal junction and no way out of it. There was nothing to be done, so we, Leav, my colored boy, you know, and myself, tramped through mountains of snow to the only saloon about there. In the meantime the train had to be pulled back to the nearest town. The saloon was closed, but Leav kicked at it, front door and back, until they let us in. We had three fellow travelers with us and we each got a flask of whisky apiece, when our friends left us and returned to the junction. I took a couple of drinks with the keeper of the place, whose name was Ridley, and told him of our bad luck, when he said: 'It's a pity the night's so bad, you might drive over. 'Tain't so very far, 'bout eighteen miles by the pike; takes four hours with a good horse, an' Ed Paxton's got a mare that kin do it in three.'

"The Girl"

"It was ten minutes past two when I jumped up and asked him where Paxton's was. 'Oh, jest over yander a piece,' pointing to a battered old stable. 'Fust house after you pass the crik.' I asked him if there was anyone there at that time of night, and he said, 'Yaas, Ed Paxton's there; he sleeps over the stable.' 'Fill me half a gallon jug of that whisky and give it to my boy,' I said. 'Pay for it, Leav, and bring it over to Paxton's.' Out I bounded, and across the road to Paxton's, where it took me only about ten minutes to hire a sleigh and the fat mare. She was a beauty, black as ink, called 'The Girl.' Phew! What a night! Never mind, we bundled the hand bags and the whisky jug into the sleigh, and away we went through the snow, almost flying, feeling quite happy and sure of making the train.

"The mare was fine and seemed to know every step of the way, although I followed Paxton's directions as well as I could remember. It was so cold that I thought I would freeze. I told Leav to pour me out a drink and take one himself. Awful bad whisky, but it burned. On we went again, making splendid time. At last the mare made a turn I thought was wrong, and I pulled her up short. The dear old girl, she was right, for I was going and continued to go in the wrong direction. So we took another pull at the bad whisky, and sent 'The Girl' on faster and faster. It was much colder, and so dark you couldn't see your hand before you, when 'The Girl' ran into a huge snow-drift, and over we went. Leav, who had been drinking one ahead of me all the time, was pitiful. He was on top as we turned over, his cocoanut stuck in the snow and his heels up in the air, and the sweet 'Girl' stood as still as a statue. The cold was intense. I tried to get Leav on his feet to right the sleigh, but the poor boy could only cry and say, 'I'm freezin', I'm freezin'.'

Meantime, I was a little cold myself, and I simply could not lift that sleigh alone, so I had to hit him a couple of times to make him pull himself together, which warmed us both up a little, and he helped me right the little cutter and get the whisky jug in. All this time 'The Girl' was behaving like the thoroughbred she was, and Leav was still crying.

An Experience on the Road

"As soon as we were righted, he crept down under the robes at the bottom of the sleigh and covered himself up, neck and ears. I shouted to him once to give me a drink, but it was no use, I had to do without it contenting myself with a smoke, which with a broken cigar and one match was almost a trick for a conjurer. However, I managed it, and finally got a good light. I stood up and wrapped my robe around me, when suddenly I thought I heard some one approaching. And yet it couldn't be possible, I thought, though we were evidently off the main road through my mistake. I held my breath and listened. Yes, there was the sound like some one walking on the frozen snow. It was too dark to see, and something warned me not to speak. I kicked Leav, who was still in the bottom of the sleigh, dead or drunk, and holding on to the lines with one hand reached down with the other to pull him out, and found the whisky jug empty, broken, only a part of it left hanging to the handle.

"Again I heard the sound of feet crunching in the snow. I took a strong pull at the cigar to light things up around me, if possible, at the same time turning in every direction to find out what the noise meant. Just then I sensed the hot breath of something—an animal—panting—near me. I still tugged at my old cigar butt, and saw what seemed to be two balls of fire."

"Great G—d! A wolf?" cried Mr. Albaugh.

"I was standing up in the sleigh, but I smashed that broken whisky jug down on the beast in the darkness with all the strength I had. It gave a yelping howl like a dog, which was answered by a dozen similar sounds around and behind us."

"God bless me, my boy, there must have been quite a number, eh? A whole pack, eh?" said Mr. Benson excitedly, while the silver-voiced young man answered placidly, laughing a little at Mr. Benson, "Don't know the number; when I heard them howling that dirge for the one I had done for, I didn't stop to count 'em. I took 'The Girl's' word for it. At the sound of the first yelp she made a bound almost into the air and started on the dead run and never stopped until we saw the lights of Kansas City and the engine of the train, which, through the extraordinary intelligence of that beautiful animal, we caught in time. If I make enough money this season, I'll buy 'The Girl.'"

John Wilkes Booth played "Richelieu," "The Apostate," "Othello," "Don Caesar" and "The Dead Heart." A serio-comic incident occurred during his performance of "Richelieu" one evening. It was in a scene with "Marian de Lorme," played by Miss Kittie Miles, a charming young lady who suffered terribly from stage fright.

Asleep at the Switch

Mr. Booth had been dining out and arrived at the theater late, barely in time to get on the stage for his first scene. There must have been a good many courses at that dinner, and wine with every course, for his colored valet found it necessary to lift him, place him on his feet, and lead him to the entrance for every scene he played. Once there he got through fairly well, when closely watched by the prompter. But the prompter slipped into the greenroom for a moment, thinking it safe to do so, and left poor Miss Miles to the mercy of Mr. Booth, who, seated in a large high-backed arm-chair, commenced very well. During the scene "Marian de Lorme" is supposed to kneel at the feet of the "Cardinal." The "Cardinal" should give her the cue to rise, when—awful experience—he went fast asleep, breathing so heavily that Miss Miles in alarm, believing him to be in an apoplectic state, tried in vain to signal the prompter. A scene shifter, with great presence of mind, stooped down and tried to reach Mr. Booth's foot by lying down flat on the stage and poking a brace out as far as possible. It was too short, and he tried another, which just touched the "Cardinal's" foot and made it wabble, but it didn't wake up John. At this the prompter returned and shouted at him, finding it impossible to touch him because of the high-backed chair. Finally Miss Miles, ignoring stage directions, rose from her knees, touched him on the shoulder, and, forgetting her dignity, gave him a good shake, which partially roused him. Then unluckily she started to repeat her last line, stuttering and stammering painfully, at which Mr. Booth

looked at her and said, "Wha's s'matter, don' you know your lines yet?" and settled himself more comfortably in his chair to resume his nap. The prompter rang down the curtain and rang in the orchestra. The audience gave a round of questionable applause, accompanied by one or two shrill whistles from the gallery, when Mr. Booth suddenly arose from his chair, ordered the curtain rung up again, resumed the scene, and played it beautifully to the end.

We were always glad to get back to the Wallaces in Louisville, which was almost like home to us. Mrs. Wallace and her daughters were able to make their guests feel perfectly at home; then, too, there was always some interesting person staying there. Miss Mary Mitchell, a sister of "Maggie" Mitchell, and afterward Mrs. John Albaugh, Sr., was one of the guests. While she was there we grew to know and love Mary Mitchell very much; she was one of the sweetest women I have ever met.

The Night of April 14-15, 1865

One night we were trifling away the time instead of sleeping when at last my mother started up, saying, "Good gracious, look at the clock! It's five minutes past two!" And then such a scramble as we had to get to bed at once! It was Good Friday night, or rather half-past two o'clock the Saturday morning following, before we were sound asleep, and it seemed as though we had not slept at all, when we suddenly awoke, sat up in bed and stared at each other. The front-door gong-bell was being rung so fast and so furiously that we were frightened as well as startled, fire being our first thought.

Our rooms were at the rear of the house, near the negro quarters. I hopped out of bed and raised the window shade. No, all was dark and dreary out there. We slipped into our wrappers, wondering what or who was disturbing Mrs. Wallace's household at that hour in the morning. Just as we did so our door was pushed open and Miss Mitchell appeared in the dark passage, as white as a sheet and trembling like a leaf. After a struggle she said, "President Lincoln—tonight—Washington—shot—news just come—don't know details or who did it. Johnnie has gone to the telegraph office to find out and get the next dispatch."

Mrs. Wallace having met Mr. Albaugh at the door, where she too had heard the dreadful news, we all assembled at her request in Miss Mitchell's room, where we huddled together, looking like so many weird witches around the dying embers of the grate fire. In pondering over the possibility of the worst, my mind reverted to the negroes, and to those on Mrs. Wallace's place. I walked through to the bedroom, drew the curtain aside, looked over to the quarters, saw that every window was lighted, and could discern from the shadows and silhouettes that they had heard. Mr. Albaugh had had to walk both ways, there being no cab-stands in Louisville in those days. He came into the drawing-room, dropped into a chair, with his head leaning down upon the piano in a paroxysm of emotion. I glanced at the window toward the quarters. The day was breaking, and the only sound we heard was the voices of the negroes moaning, "Marse Linkum, Marse Linkum." At last Miss Mitchell, quite alarmed, turned Mr. Albaugh around in order to see his face and exclaimed, "Tell me what has happened!" His face was white. "Tell me," she repeated. He looked up into her eyes, and then in a hoarse whisper mournfully spoke but two words:

"JOHN BOOTH."

