

"BOSTON" CORBETT.

SLAYER OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH NOW A DRUMMER.

Works for Topeka Firm—He Was Recently Reported Dead but Had Only Escaped from an Insane Asylum—Was a Religious Fanatic.

(Topeka Letter.)
When "Boston" Corbett, the slayer of John Wilkes Booth, escaped from the Topeka insane asylum in 1888, he was marked "dead" on the records of the institution, and legally, if not literally, passed out of existence. The conclusion on the part of the asylum officials that Corbett was dead was accepted by the public without question. The newspapers commented briefly upon the mysterious disappearance, and Kansas speedily forgot the eccentric character who was the active instrument in avenging the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

And now, after thirteen years, Corbett has been resurrected. For more than four years past he has been a traveling salesman for W. W. Gavitt & Co., who conduct a proprietary medicine concern in Topeka. Both his employers and his guardian have in recent times used every effort to induce Corbett to return to Kansas. He has property interests in Cloud county, and the government owes him over \$1,300 back pension, not a cent of which he will ever be able to draw until the fact that he is alive is established by his own affidavit to that effect. It has been represented to him that his sanity will be easily established, and his release from the asylum legally secured, but Corbett is wily and suspicious and refuses to set foot on Kansas soil. He lives in and travels through Oklahoma and Texas, and for a long time had headquarters at Enid, where he owns some property. George A. Huron is his guardian. He wrote Huron some weeks ago that he never expected to return to Kansas and that the government was welcome to his pension money.

Was Always Peculiar.
Corbett is now 62 years old. He was always peculiar. From the time he enlisted in the army the trend of his mental idiosyncrasy was toward religious fanaticism. He was intensely religious and was always considered dangerous by his neighbors in Cloud county. Corbett never married and up to the time he was sent to the asylum lived alone in a shack on his claim in Cloud county. He always went armed and his shack was fortified and equipped with every brand of "shooting iron" known to the western trade. He labored under the delusion



"BOSTON" CORBETT.

that members of the Booth family were following him with the intent to murder him, and it was almost worth a stranger's life to set foot on his claim, or to walk across the street directly toward him.

Corbett was sent to the asylum as the direct result of cleaning out the house of representatives of the Kansas legislature during the session of 1878. He was serving as assistant sergeant-at-arms of the house and had charge of the ladies' gallery. One morning shortly after roll call he appeared in the gallery with a revolver in his hand. He began shouting and gesticulating and the house immediately adjourned without delay, some of the members crawling under the seats, and others bolting through the doors and into the committee rooms. A detail of police was called, and after some maneuvering, Corbett was surrounded and captured. His trial on the charge of insanity followed. He was given considerable freedom at the institution and was allowed to circulate at liberty about the grounds. One day the son of Superintendent Eastman rode out on horseback from Topeka to the asylum. Corbett was observed shortly after standing near the horse, but no special notice was taken of him. A little later an attendant saw him mount the animal and disappear down the road, burning the wind as he went. The officials and attendants who chased him never caught sight of him afterward. Three weeks later Superintendent Eastman received a letter stating that the horse was at Nevada, awaiting orders. Corbett was reported to have gone to Mexico, from which country apparently reliable news of his death came back to the Kansas officials.

Enlisted in Boston.
The slayer of John Wilkes Booth served during the war in a Massachusetts regiment, enlisting in Boston. He was a hatter by trade. His real name was John Corbett, but a year or two before the war he was converted at a big revival meeting in Boston, and to commemorate the event took the name of the town in which it occurred. The winter he spent in Topeka he was the loudest shouter at the Salvation Army meetings and never failed to take part in the street exhibitions of the organization. For some years after he left

the asylum he traveled under the name of John Corbett. Recently he has again assumed the name of "Boston." He worked for the Gavitts a long time before they associated him with the man who shot Booth. Finally they suspected his identity and he acknowledged that he was "Boston" Corbett in a letter written to the firm some months since. W. W. Gavitt says he is an excellent salesman and that he has always made money for himself and the firm. Many Texas towns bar patent medicine peddlers by ordinance, but Corbett pays no attention to ordinances, and has worked practically every town in Texas without having been molested.

Corbett's farm is about eighteen miles from Concordia, in Cloud county. He owns eighty acres of land, only about eighteen acres of which is fit for cultivation. The returns from the farm are seldom more than sufficient to pay the taxes. When Corbett was committed to the asylum an effort was made to secure a guardian in Cloud county, but his neighbors were all afraid of him, and refused to take the job. George A. Huron was then appointed, and has since looked after his interests. Corbett drew a pension of \$8 a month. Following the government custom, his name was stricken from the rolls of the pension office after he had been missing three years, but if he were restored to citizenship he would be reinstated, and the government would owe him in the neighborhood of \$1,300.

"DOCTORS" IN CONSULTATION.

The Experience of a Man Traveling on a Friend's Pass.

"Traveling on another fellow's pass is sometimes a dangerous thing," said political circles the other day. "Not long ago I had occasion to go to Pittsburg, and borrowed a pass from a friend of mine who is a physician as well as being one of those favored by the railroad for political reasons. The conductor took up the pass with the others, for over night, as is the custom, and I thought everything was all right. But about 3 o'clock in the morning I was aroused from a sound slumber in my berth by some one shaking me. I looked up startled. It was the conductor.

"Sorry to disturb you, doctor," he said, "but there's a man in the car very sick. Won't you take a look at him?"

"Here's a pretty fix, thought I, but I'll have to make the bluff good or forfeit the pass. So I got up, slipped on my clothes and looked at the patient. He was breathing heavily. I felt his pulse, solemnly, measuring it by my watch, and then said, as though I knew just what ailed him: 'Is there anyone here who has a flask?' I had a half a dozen offers in a minute. 'Give him two teaspoonfuls of whisky every ten minutes,' said I, 'and bathe his head with ice water.' I knew that prescription wouldn't hurt him, anyway. After the first dose the patient rallied, and I was just congratulating myself when the conductor came up with another passenger.

"Here's a fellow physician, doctor," he said. 'Perhaps a consultation will be in order.'

"I shook hands with the newcomer, trembling in my boots. 'What have you given him, doctor?' he asked sharply. I told him. 'Excellent,' he said. The patient got better and the next morning when we had alighted at Pittsburg, the joke being too good to keep, I made a clean breast of it to the physician. He laughed. 'So you're not a doctor at all, eh?' he said. Then he laughed again, and looked about him cautiously.

"Say, old man," he said in a whisper, "that's a good one; neither am I."

Hay and Oats.

A husky-looking one-armed gentleman, wearing the slouch hat that denotes the southerner to the manner born, was entering the Arlington last week, when he came into head-on collision with a dapper, bewhiskered gentleman who was making his exit at a 2:40 gait, says a Washington correspondent. As each recoiled from the impact, profound excuses were made, and nothing would content the southerner, who insisted that he alone was at fault, but that the other should accompany him to the chamber of conviviality.

"My name is Oates, sir—William C. Oates—ex-member of Congress from Alabama," said the one-armed man, as he released his hand from his new acquaintance.

"And mine," said the bewhiskered one, is Hay—John Hay—Secretary of State."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the bluff Alabamian, slapping the premier on the back, "a good team, surely, sub—Hay and Oates. I think I can see the horses in the carriages out in front sniffing the air hungrily. But this time we'll reverse the rule and consume one of their kin. Waiter, bring me a pony whisky."

A Friend to the Fruit Grower.

The breeding of ladybugs has become an important New England industry, and not one of these useful insects can be spared for exportation at present. The production of fruit would be sadly curtailed if these diminutive but energetic and diligent creatures fell off in numbers. Few eaters of peaches, plums and pears are fully aware of the debt of gratitude they owe to the atomites which slay countless hosts of the parasites that work mischief in the orchards.

The King of Italy received 26,000 telegrams of congratulations in the first day or two after the birth of his daughter. He also received 20,000 requests for money in honor of the event.

A STRANGE CASE

THAT HAS RECENTLY EXCITED THE STATE OF MONTANA.

Judge Who It Is Said Refused to Accept a Beise of \$250,000 from the Copper Trust—Poor Man Made Rich by Decision.

(Butte, Mont., Letter.)
The old political feud between Senator Clark and the late Marcus Daly, in which each of these magnates spent millions to defeat the aims and ambitions of the other, never created such a sensation in the State as did the charges of judicial susceptibility to venality brought against Judge E. W. Harney, owing to his recent decision in a mining case. The whole matter is much involved; and at the outset it should be borne in mind that Judge Harney not only denies that he was influenced in favor of those benefitted by the decision, but charges that the opposing party—those now accusing him of venality—offered him \$250,000 if he would find in their favor. And through the whole intricate maze the figure of a woman, Mrs. Ada H. Brackett, passes.

The Mining Case.
The mining case is known as the Minnie Healey, from the name of the mine, and it is valued at \$10,000,000. A few years ago the worth of the mine was not known, but with an eye to its possible development and profit one of Marcus Daly's friends, Miles Finlen, received an option on the property. At that time F. Augustus Heinze, who was in litigation with the Boston and Montana Company, a company then opposed to Daly's interests, obtained permission from Finlen to work the property. According to Finlen permission to exploit the mine was granted to Heinze in order that the position of the latter against the Boston and Montana Company might be strengthened. According to Heinze he became absolute owner of the mine for a suitable consideration.

Heinze developed the property and demonstrated that it was a valuable asset. Just at this time Marcus Daly switched his friendship from Heinze to the Boston and Montana Company and to the newly organized Amalgamated Copper Company, its successor. Whereupon Finlen disavowed the deal with Heinze. Naturally the case went before the courts for adjudication, and recently Judge Harney decided in favor of Heinze.

Mrs. Brackett's Part.
The Amalgamated Copper Company immediately demanded a new trial on the ground that Judge Harney had been unduly influenced and had filed affidavits which reflect upon the character of the judge. And here is where one gets a peep behind the scenes; here, too, Mrs. Ada H. Brackett begins to figure. It may be stated that the application for a new trial has not been as yet pronounced on.

Mrs. Brackett is a former Vermont woman, a native of Burlington, who, in 1888, was married at Dubuque, Ia., to Will G. Brackett, a traveling salesman of Minneapolis, Minn. A year ago Brackett secured a divorce. Mrs. Brackett first appeared in Montana last fall, and was said to be in the employ of Heinze and his corporation, the Montana Ore Purchasing Company. At the November election Judge Harney was elevated to the District bench, and Mrs. Brackett, who is a stenographer, obtained a position in his office. Later she obtained a committee clerkship in the Legislature, where she is said to have been active in the advocacy of a bill which Heinze was instrumental in having introduced.

From their first acquaintance, it is charged, that Mrs. Brackett and Judge Harney were very friendly and that Mrs. Brackett sought to influence and did influence Judge Harney. The Amalgamated Company says that they intercepted a letter, written to Judge Harney by Mrs. Brackett while employed in the office of Attorney George B. Dykert, wherein the case was discussed and the favor of the court solicited for the Heinze side. Other letters, alleged to have been written by Mrs. Brackett, were intercepted and copied, as were also letters said to have been penned to the woman by Judge Harney. In one of her alleged letters Mrs. Brackett offered to furnish the judge with money provided he felt in need of it, and said she was in a position to promise him certain things that would make his future easy. Relative to the money loan Mrs. Brackett letter rather ingeniously explained that the loan was offered "not to influence you; it is entirely for the purpose of preventing you from being influenced either way."

It is contended further by the Amalgamated Company that after the decision favoring Heinze Mrs. Brackett exclaimed, "I did it! I did it!" These



F. A. Heinze.

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Judge Harney Denies.
Of course Judge Harney denies the charge against him. He says the Amalgamated people offered him \$250,000 for a favorable decision, and further claims that he was threatened with ruin and family disgrace if he refused.

Naturally the case has created a deep interest. People knew of corruption in politics, but this attempt—successful or not as the reader may determine for himself—to corrupt the judiciary has caused a sensation.

The Amalgamated Company says the court was bribed; the judge denies it, but says the company sought to do it. A disinterested party might say that both sides sought to corrupt. Viewed from any standpoint, the case is a saddening one to lovers of public probity and morality.

TOBACCO IN WARFARE.

The Weed Plays a Prominent Part in the Winning of an Engagement.

It may sound strange but it is a fact, nevertheless, that tobacco plays a prominent part in the winning of a battle. This was known to old campaigners in the civil strife of the '60's and it was again proven during the trouble with Spain. A striking illustration was furnished by the United States troops before Santiago. One who was in the trenches from the first in telling of his and his comrades' experiences spoke of tobacco as follows: "There was a tobacco famine from the first day but it wasn't until after the two big general engagements, when we settled down to see things out, that its effects began to make themselves felt. At that time our boys were suffering from about as many different kinds of discomfort as could be gathered together in one heap. They were half starved, terribly exhausted, wet, cold and dirty. They were without shelter or a place where they could lie down, except in the muddy trenches, where nobody dared light a fire for fear of attracting the sharpshooters, and you would naturally suppose that all these things would have furnished abundant material for grumbling. But they didn't. They were scarcely mentioned. The only subject that was generally discussed was the chance of getting a smoke, and, when that chance was finally recognized as zero plus nothing, the whole company settled down to deep gloom. Up to that time our men had been perfectly confident of taking Santiago and licking the Spaniards out of their boots, but the longer they remained without tobacco the more doubtful they became. They had all sorts of sinister forebodings—we would get the fever; the enemy would shell us with big naval guns from the fleet; overwhelming reinforcements would be rushed across from Havana. At the end of 24 hours there was only one man in our detachment who still believed we had a ghost of a chance. He was a chap who had stolen three big black cigars from the saddlebags of a passing general. The company remained in that frame of mind, only growing steadily more and more hopeless, until the evening of the fourth day, when a commissary wagon threw off a box of tobacco by mistake, thinking it was beef. Our men pounced on it like tigers, and in five minutes everybody was smoking and confidence in the American arms was fully restored. The troopers were, if anything, hungrier, colder and wearier than they had been at first, but I never saw such a sudden revival of martial spirit in my life."

EXPENSIVE LONDON LIFE.

Annual Income of \$100,000 Not Sufficient to Live Upon.

A London paper discussing the new standard of wealth that has arisen in recent years in England, remarks that 50 years ago an income of \$50,000 was accounted wealth sufficient to maintain a good place in society. Disraeli, one of the keenest observers of society, declared that an income of \$40,000 was a veritable Aladdin's lamp, but wealth now begins with an income of \$100,000 yearly, which, if the possessor lives up to his position, does not leave him as free from money cares as though he were really rich.

The country house, hired shooting, a London house, a wife and daughter's dresses, a moor in Scotland, and six weeks yachting leave little free cash and nothing for improvement. This is true, assuming that in addition to \$100,000 a year there is inherited the "plant" of luxurious life, but in the case of a man starting in society with an income of \$100,000 and no plant, he is far poorer. Purchasing and installing himself in suitable town and country houses must cost \$50,000, reducing his free income to \$70,000. As he approaches 50 years of age allowances for his sons' pensions and other claims will make a still further reduction. He will be well fed and lodged, but will worry regarding the position of his children.

Migratory New Yorkers.

New Yorkers move oftener than the people of any other large city in the world. The city directory shows that on an average 65 per cent of the residents change their addresses in the course of a year. High rents and the apartment system of living are largely responsible for the many changes, but real estate agents hold the prevalent system of permitting a tenant to occupy a house or a flat rent free for a few weeks or more as an inducement to move into it to blame for the nomadic tendencies of a large proportion of New Yorkers.

"Love's softest words often have the sublimest echoes."

PHASES OF VANITY

AMONG PEOPLES, CIVILIZED AND BARBARIC.

(Special Letter.)
Human vanity finds its expression in a variety of ways. The ornaments with which human beings, whether civilized or savage, bedeck themselves are the outward show of this inner feeling. The savage of the western plains who donned war paint and feathers to inspire greater terror in his enemies catered to the same spirit of vanity as does the modern belle who uses pigments and powders and artificial dimples and jewelry to enhance her charms; for while the aim of the belle is to attract that she may captivate the object of the warrior was to terrify that he might conquer. The one waged a conquest of the heart. The other, with the wild, savage blood of the plains, heated through centuries of strife coursing through his veins,

personal adornment began it would be difficult to say, but it may be presumed that soon after Eve found herself outside the Edenic paradise she looked around for another article beside the fig leaf to add to her attractiveness. And from that time to the present the use of ornaments has continued to grow until today in civilized lands the fortunate possessors of wealth own and on grand occasions wear jewels, the realized value of which would have ransomed all the potentates in the world in the days of the crusades.

With the ornaments of civilized people the average reader is sufficiently familiar. In strange lands, however, there are adornments that would excite amusement among us. What, for instance, is more singular than the artificial finger nails of the Siamese? Among certain Oriental people the wearing of long finger nails is indicative of leisure and its supposed, though very often spurious twin, refinement. Persons wearing nails four or five inches long cannot, of course, work manually, and if not, then, of course, they must belong to the leisure class and are therefore (such is the reasoning) refined. Those Siamese who wish to be considered "in the swim," but who nevertheless work too hard to allow of long finger nail growth, wear artificial nails, and strut about with these with all the pomposity of the pragmatical jackdaw in the peacock's feathers.

Among Other Rude Peoples.

In India the Hindoo woman of wealth weights her ankles and toes with ornaments; nor is the embellishment of her charms confined to this. The barbare love of display also manifests itself by hanging jewelry from her nose, ears, and frequently from the underlip. Among the dancing girls the love of display is great and is variously expressed according to individual tastes.

The Kafirs of South Africa are not a very intelligent nor a very prepossessing race, but like our own Indians they have special ornamentations, as become warriors. They wear large balls in their forehead. By some kind of abstruse savage reasoning the balls are supposed to act as an incentive to the warriors to march straight ahead. It tickles their vanity, and this is as much as can be said of other ornamentations, even to the coronet which the American papa has bought, with the incumbency of the de jure owner, for his petted darling. We say de jure advisedly, for often the de facto owner lives under the sign of the three balls in some side street of London, Paris or Berlin.



SIMENSE ARTIFICIAL NAILS.

was first of all a fighter and in catering to this bellicose feeling he was simply humoring his vanity.

And so is it among various peoples. Different races have their own peculiar ideas as to what is meet and proper in the way of personal embellishment; just as different races have each their distinctive dishes. Fried locusts, steved snails and the like would not seem very palatable to us, nor indeed would our dishes of various kinds of meats appeal to the vegetarians of India.

Use of Ornaments.

Just when the use of ornaments for



A KAFFIR WARRIOR.

THE VANISHING KIWAS.

An Interesting Indian Tribe, Whose Doom Is Sealed.

Kiowa as a living word will soon drop from the language. It will linger here and there in American history, but it will merely embalm the incident of a tribe of men that lived on earth and disappeared. The Kiowas as a tribe are doomed. The opening of their Oklahoma reservation to settlement is the beginning of the end. Individual Kiowas have been awarded farms, but their tribal organization is gone, and their children, if they survive the fierce struggle, will be merely Indians.

Years afterward a dispute arose among the members of a hunting party of Kiowas over the udder of an antelope, a delicacy prized by the Indians. As a result the tribe split into two divisions, one going to the northwest. The other obtained permission of the Crows to move east, and took up its residence among the Black Hills. This removal was made with the aid of dogs and dog sleds, the Kiowas as yet having no horses. They were driven from the Black Hills by the Dakotas or the Cheyennes between 1775 and 1805 and reached their present location in southern Oklahoma by successive migrations.

Dull—"The Tourist—"Ruff or quiet here, isn't it?" Leading Citizen (of Restville—"Quiet?—why, say, even the unexpected don't happen here!"—Ruck.