emeoen **ДЕЯСБ**.

"Yes," said Thomas Proctor, the Brooklyn lawyer and naturalist, "anything that has any reference to Lincoln always brings to my mind the night he was shot and his death, of which I was one of the few eve-witnesses. 'i'here are some few things about that time which I should like to see straightened out, especially many misstatements that have been made.

"I recall that night and everything that happened with perfect distinctness. I was a young man living in Washington and connected with the War Department, and when I found that a great tragedy had been brought right to my door I knew that I was in the center of a big historical event. almost to the minute.

that evening. It was literary in when I came in he was asleep, pick it up on the streets, its nature, and was started by a He was an old man, there had been "It was a prominent official in families who were in Washington standing in the doorway. attended, and there were a few Northern men.

some discussion about this. The pher. women with interests in the South evening.

"I was talking with Miss Mary myself. Fendall, the eldest daughter of the "There was a large front parlor friend of Mr. Safford's. Before house. Her father was an invalid, or library with sleeping-rooms at that the room had been occupied when he was in this country, that house. He was sitting at the been so. she was the wittiest woman he had window of the parlor when he saw her brother, Reginald Fendall, the house. entered the house, and said to me, as I was the first person he met, in a low excited tone: "The President is shot."

I lived there, when Henry S, around the wound,

was allowed to enter.

and entered by the rear door of the stained. I kept myself. room in which the President was lying.

"Mr. Stanton, who came into who took the 2-cent pieces. outsiders who were invited. I the room at intervals during the "The politics of old Mr. Peterwas one of the two or three night, was busy in the back parlor son, who owned the house, con-"The meeting of the Mosaic that answers to a stenographer. That Andrew Jonnson. Peterson was a Good Friday night in 1865 was at stenographer was the man since so a merchant tailor, and Johnson the house of Philip V. Fendall in well known as Corporal Tanner. used to drop into his place to see Judiciary Square. At the close of He then lived next door, and the men work and tell about his the evening usually a Virginia reel Safford, who knew everyone, had own experiences as a tailor. was danced. There was always recommended him as a stenogra- Because he had been a tailor and

in those days; they did not go to brought in two or three times after tics he had. the theater, they did not give I came in by two ladies who were

rooms with me in the house, came away I took the four coins, which Times, to the door and told me to be quiet, were blood-stained from the fingers as the President was inside. That of the physician: the hair which was the first I knew of it. That gathered together made a goodalso established my identity, and 1 sized lot, and one of the bloodstained pillow slips from the bed. "The President was on the bed one of the coins I gave to Safford, in a small room on the first floor another to William T. Clark, at the end of the hall. I went another occupant of the house, in down through the basement and whose room the President died. through a small room in the back He chanced to be absent that night. of the house over the extension, The other two coins, the most

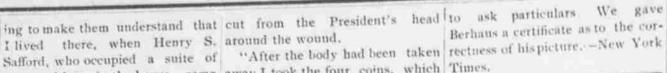
"That disposes of the question of

the stolen gold pieces. The story Cottage Grove, Oregon. J. T. Barbors, "It was a small bed, too short for was non-sensical on its face, for so tall a man, and he was lying cross- everyone who knew the times wise, with his head at the front knows that the doctor would not toward the door. He was lying he likely to carry gold pieces around on his right side, with the wound in his pockets; that they were in his head in full view, and the only to be seen as curiosities in surgeon was probing it with his brokers windows. My two coins finger when I entered. The room were eventually lost. I don't know was almost, ifnot entirely, filled how. The stains wore off, and If I should get out my notebook of with prominent men of the nation. they may have been spent, or It that time I could tell you every. Charles Sumner stood at the head may have thrown them at something that occurred in detail, and of the bed with Robert Lincoln thing. I did use coins that way leaning on his shoulder weeping, frequently, We diden't think "I was attending a meeting of an Mr. Welles, the Secretary of the much of fractional copper currency organization known as the 'Mosaic' Navy, sat in a rocking chair, and in those days. You could almost

number of Southern women, most a great deal of excitement, and I Washington who, writing of Linof whom had members of their suppose he was worn out. There coln's death, said: "He died in families in the Southern army, were Safford, the Ulker brothers the house of a sordid rebel, who Such men as belonged to the and other inmates of the house stole the gold pieces from his eyes." I must have been that sordid rebel

receiving dispatches, and dictating sisted in an intense admiration for had risen to a high position "Mrs. Lincoln, laboring under Peterson considered him a great were not in a mood for festivities great stress of emotion, was man. That was about all the poli-

"There have been various stories entertainments, they dressed chiefly with her. She remained only a told to the effect that the room in in black and they did not like even short time, calling to her husband which Mr. Lincoln died had been the mild festivity of a Virginia to speak to her, and then was taken occupied by his slayer, John Wilkes reel. But the dancers usually car- away upstairs again. The ladies Booth, for some time prior to the W. H. Beagle, ried the day, as they had that spent the night in the suite of act. The room had been occupied rooms belonging to Safford and by Mr. Clark for many months. I know him well, and he was a



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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land office at Roseburg, Oregon, June 27, 1895. Notice is hereby given that the follow-

ing-manued settler has the lustice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be nude before Joel Ware, U. S. Courmissioner at Eugene, Oregon, on Au-gust 14, 1899, viz. John Gray on 11. E. No. 6993 for the Lots 12, 13, 14 and 15, e. 32, T. 21 S., R. 2 W

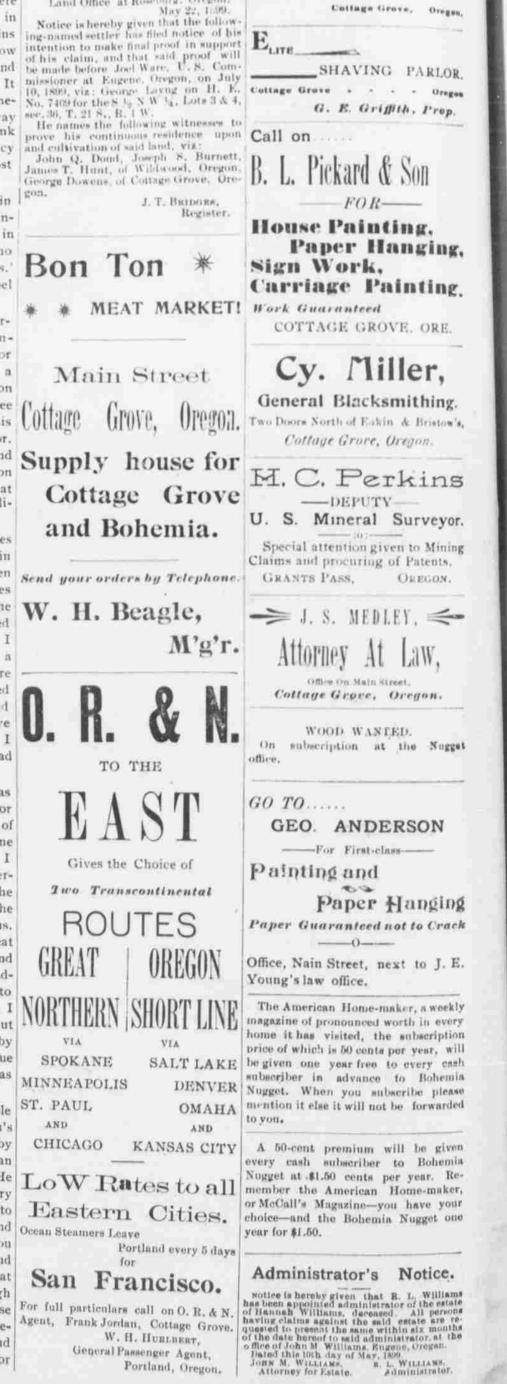
He names the following wirnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Logent Perkins, John F. Moseby,

Joseph Perkins, John P. Moseby, William Champion, John Habbard, of

Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon.



"How much shot ?" I asked. I pression I used.

together.

ment, and the company broke up ceased to beat." "An interesting left. immediately, and I started for but untrue story about the gold

and she devoted herself to him, and the rear. I have heard a great by an actor named Matthews, and was the first time I had met her. many different versions of the story, it is possible that Booth might have It was reported among her friends but it was due to Safford that the visited him, though I think I that Thackerary had said to her. President was brought into the should have heard of it if it had

"The pillow slip, which was met in America. So I was de- the excitement outside. They were very much stained, I have now or lighted to have the opportunity taking the Presipent to the nearest a great portion of it. The lock of of talking to her. We were stand- place that seemed open, a lager hair I thought I had until at one ing near the door of the parlor beer saloon next door, when he time I visited Peora, Ill., where I leading into the front hall, when called to them to bring him into met a bright woman, Mrs. Brotherson, the wife of an ex-mayor of the "With the exception of a short city and a poet, who wrote the time when I went into a rear room poems for the city celebrations, and lay down for a half an hour, I Peora was the seat of the great was in the room with the President Lincoln and Douglas debates, and all night. I was there when the Mrs. Botherson was an ardent adremember the quick, awkward ex- breathing which had been so mirer of Lincoln. I promised to labored that it could be heard send her the hair. But when I "Killed, probably," he answered. through the house gradually modu- went te get it I found that all but "He did not intend to be over- lated, and in the morning when the a few hairs had been destroyed by heard, but those near caught his physician, who had his finger on insects, and nothing but the blue words. There was much excite- the pulse, said: "The pulse has ribbon with which I had tied it was

"There was only one reliable home, The streets were filled pieces that were placed on the picture of the scene of Lincoln's with people, some talking in loud President's eyes and afterward death made. That was made by tones and others whispering stolen has been written by a promi- Mr. Berghaus of New York for an nent man. I know the story of illustrated weekly of this city. He "When I came to my street at those gold pieces." After the went to the room and made a very the corner of the block below the President had ceased to breathe accurate sketch of it, even to house where I lived I found a the doctor put his hand in his Clark's pictures on the wall, and cordon of soldiers, and it was with pocket and brought out four new, we gave him a careful description some difficulty that I obtained per- shiny two-cent pieces. Two of of everything that took place and mission to pass. When I came to these he put on each of the eyes to the people present. I know that the house, which was just oppisite close them. Everyone left the was the only picture for though Ford's Theator, I found the stoop room then except two attendants, Safford and Clark left the house in possession of an officer and a and after a time the coins were and city not very long after, I reguard of soldiers, who refused to removed and placed carelessly on a mained for more than a year, and allow me to pass. I was endeavor- table near the hair which had been no one else came to see the room or