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— WAS THE ENID SUICIDE JOHN WILKES BOOTH ?

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In the month of October, 1911, I was called to the city of Enid, Oklahoma, by the dangerous illness in the General Hospital there, of my oldest brother, a veteran of the Civil War. I remained with him until his death, when I arranged for his funeral services and burial, which were conducted under the auspices of the local and vicinity posts of the G. A. R., of which ^{order} he was a member.

Returning to the city after the burial, I went with some of the members of the post to the office of Mr. Penniman, the undertaker who had conducted the funeral, where we discussed some matters pertaining to my brother's death and burial.

As we were about to leave, one of the Grand Army men remarked that he had often wished to visit this undertaker's office, in order that he might see his "mummy," as he called it; adding that perhaps "the doctor" might like to see it too. And so Mr. Penniman, accepting the suggestion, invited us all to follow him into a room in the rear of the building, where his embalming work was done, and some of his stores were kept. Along one side of this room was a glass show case, reaching nearly to the top of the room, arranged in separate compartments with glass doors, in which were exhibited the caskets and other undertaking wares. At the further end of this room was one compartment which differed from the others in having a wooden door instead of a glass one. In appearance this was a wooden box some eight feet in height, with a cover hinged in the middle, so that the upper half could be turned down to expose the contents;— something like a coffin standing on end, only somewhat longer.

An attendant now came forward and unlocked the door of this compartment and folded down the upper half, exposing to my somewhat startled and altogether wondering gaze, the embalmed or mummified body of a man, in a standing position, with head slightly bent forward, abundant black hair deeply tinged with gray, a skin so dark and brown as to suggest the result of some embalming process, and empty sockets where eyes had been.

I suppose that blank amazement must have showed itself in my face, for I had no idea of the nature of the Thing which we had been brought there to see, nor did I any more comprehend its meaning or significance now that it was before my eyes. To the others, the sight was evidently nothing new; or at least they knew something of the nature of the object which was before us; and so, as all eyes were fixed on me, and no one else seemed to have anything to say, it was left for me to break the silence, and ask, "What is this ?"

The undertaker eyed me keenly for a minute, and then, seeing from the expression of my face that I was evidently in utter ignorance of what was before me, he replied, "That, sir, is the body of John Wilkes Booth, the murderer of Abraham Lincoln."

Now I was but a small boy when these things happened; but owing to the fact that all of my four brothers were soldiers in the Union army. I had a distinct remembrance of the principal events of the war; and none of these stood out with greater clearness than the assassination of President Lincoln. I had brought with me through all the years a vivid memory of the day when the news of the assassination of Lincoln spread throughout the North. I remembered the hushed silence, the pale faces, and the looks of horror that showed themselves in the faces of all those who heard the news that day; remembered the wave of indignation and wrath

that swept over the country, ^{together} with the half-crazed determination to be avenged for the foul crime; remembered the story of the box in the theatre where the President sat; of the actor Booth, as he crept up un-awares and fired the fatal shot, then sprang upon the stage, shouting dramatically, "Sic semper tyrannis," and ~~then~~ disappeared from view; remembered the hunt for the assassins - for Seward was wounded as well as Lincoln killed, and it looked for a time as though there had been an organized plan to destroy the Government; remembered the capture of Herold and the shooting of Booth by Boston Corbett at Garrett's barn; remembered the stories that were given out to the public as to the burial of the body of Booth and the trial and hanging of Herold, together with the other conspirators who were implicated in the tragedy.

I remembered, too, that even at the time when these things took place, and all down the years since that day, there was and always has been, an undercurrent of unbelief, a dim and unaccountable suspicion, never coming boldly to the front, but creeping out here and there unawares, that the body which was buried that day was not that of Booth, and that the murder of Lincoln was never avenged by the death of the assassin. Now and then strange rumors had reached my ears concerning this one and that one who claimed to have heard of Booth in the flesh, or even to have seen him in this place or that. But all these wild rumors had passed from my mind, receiving but little attention, as they were looked upon only as the vaporings of some notoriety-monger, who would fain build up for himself a reputation by overturning the established truths of history.

And now here was a man who showed me a mummy, and said, quietly and with assurance, "This is the body of John Wilkes Booth, the murderer of Abraham Lincoln." You cannot wonder that my blood was stirred, and that in conversation with the undertaker, I told him that I proposed to go to the bottom of his story, and satisfy myself whether or not it was true.

In carrying out this determination, I spent what time I could in conversation with Mr. Penniman during the brief remainder of my stay in Enid; and when I returned to my home, I gave much time and study to the work of hunting up the beginnings, and following *out* the winding ways of the strange story of this man of many names whose body was before us, through the different clues which were given me by the undertaker, and many others which I was able to discover.

It was indeed an unusual story. For whether this now gruesome body was that of John Wilkes Booth or another, the evidence was beyond question that its mortal tenant had departed this life on the 13th of January, 1903, at the Grand Avenue Hotel in Enid, where he had registered under the name of David E. George. This however was only one of the many different names by which he was known at different times and in different places. The best known of these was John St. Helen, and by these two he seems to have been known for a longer time than by any other. His death was plainly a case of suicide, and the body was brought to the undertaking rooms for burial. At first the man was supposed to be only a common pauper. In the pockets were found a postage stamp and a few coppers, and he had no valuables of any kind.

The body was identified before night, by the aid of the daily papers, and through the instrumentality of a Methodist minister of Enid, whose wife had known David E. George in another city before her marriage, and to whom he had confessed, when he was supposed to be at the point of death, that he was John Wilkes Booth, and that he had killed Abraham Lincoln, the greatest man that ever lived. So when she saw in the papers the account of his death, she at once sent her husband to view the remains, and if possible to bring about the identification of the body. As the minister entered the room where the undertaker was working over the body, he questioned him - "Young man, do you know whose body you are working on?" The

undertaker replied that he did not. "You are working on the body of John Wilkes Booth," declared the minister. Mr. Penniman admitted to me that when his visitor threw at him this strange assertion, in truth he could not for the moment have told who John Wilkes Booth was. However, he had enough presence of mind to meet the emergency. "In that case," he countered, "I think I will embalm him and keep him." He did so, and when I saw the body some eight years later, it was still in an excellent state of preservation, and Mr. Penniman had become the best advertised undertaker in America.

A little later this identification was confirmed, and the story of the suicide's life was made known to the public, by Mr. Finis L. Bates, a lawyer of Memphis, Tennessee, who had known him intimately in former years and who now came forward and related his history, which he afterwards published in the form of a book, entitled, "The Escape and Suicide of John Wilkes Booth."

In this book Mr. Bates relates that in the year 1872 he was a young lawyer just beginning the practice of his profession in the frontier town of Grandberry, Texas. Here he made the acquaintance of a young man known as John St. Helen, who was living there under the guise of a general merchant, doing business in a small way. St. Helen became involved in a mesh of circumstances which made it necessary for him to seek legal advice in order to avoid going before the District Court, which for good reasons he feared to do. He therefore determined to throw himself upon the mercy of his friend, the young lawyer. First retaining him as his attorney, and paying him a liberal retaining fee, thereby bringing his case within the ethics of the legal profession, which forbids a lawyer to disclose the secrets of his client, he confessed that he was not what he seemed, and that he could not afford to go before the District Court, since it was entirely probable that he would there be seen by those who had known him in former

years, and whom it would be dangerous for him to meet, for fear that his real identity would be discovered. His lawyer therefore, after considerable effort, succeeded in making satisfactory arrangements, whereby he answered to the Court through his council, and by paying the necessary fines, was able to remain at home himself, and thus avoid the dangers he feared.

Soon after this he became critically ill, and was supposed to be at the point of death. His attending physician sent for Mr. Bates, telling him that St. Helen was dying, and wished to see him alone. All others withdrew, and St. Helen, yet conscious, but so weak that he could speak only in broken, whispered words, said to him, " I am dying. My name is John Wilkes Booth, and I am the assassin of Abraham Lincoln. Get the picture of myself ^{from} under my pillow. I leave it with you for purposes of identification. Notify my brother, Edwin Booth, of New York City."

His mind seemed relieved by this confession, and perhaps as the result of his improved mental condition, his physical forces rallied, and he finally recovered. In due course of time, he made a full and circumstantial confession to his friend, giving in detail the story of his crime, the circumstances of his escape, and the history of his subsequent wanderings up to this date.

For some months previous to the assassination, he had planned to kidnap the President, and take him to Richmond as a hostage of war. But with the fall of Richmond and the surrender of Lee, such a course became manifestly impracticable, and he saw nothing to do but to accept the inevitable, and leave the South to her fate, bitter and disappointing as that would be.

Coming to Washington at this time, he stated that he was in conversation with Andrew Johnson at the Kirkwood Hotel, and that in conversation with him, he expressed this idea, and stated his intention to follow it out. I quote now substantially from his own words, as reported by Mr. Bates.

"Vice President Johnson turned to me and said, in an excited voice and with apparent anger, 'Will you falter at this supreme moment?'

I could not understand his meaning, and stood silent, when with pale face and quivering lips, Mr. Johnson asked of me, 'Are you too faint-hearted to kill him?'

"As God is my judge, this was the first suggestion of the dastardly deed of taking the life of President Lincoln, and it came as a shock to me. For a moment I waited, and then said, 'To kill the President is certain death for me,' and I explained to Mr. Johnson that I had been arrested by the guard in coming over the East Potomac Bridge that morning, and that it would be absolutely impossible for me to escape through the military line, should I do as he suggested, as this line of protection completely surrounded the city.

"Replying to me, Mr. Johnson said, 'Gen. and Mrs. Grant are in the city, the guests of President Lincoln and family, and from the evening papers I have learned that President Lincoln and wife will entertain Gen. and Mrs. Grant at a party to be given in their honor by President and Mrs. Lincoln at Ford's Theatre this evening.' At my suggestion, the Vice President assured me that he would arrange, and see to it himself, that Gen. and Mrs. Grant would not attend the theatre with the President and his family, and would also arrange for my certain escape.

"I replied, 'Under those circumstances and assurances, I will dare to strike the blow for the helpless, vanquished Southland, whose people I love.' "

Mr. Johnson then proceeded to arrange that Gen. Grant should be suddenly called from the city that afternoon - which you will remember was done. He further arranged for a countersign or password to be given by Booth and his companion, in case they should be stopped by the guard at the East Potomac or Navy Yard Bridge. And it is a matter of history, that they were permitted to pass this bridge, while the next man coming, who was in

hot pursuit of him, was turned back.

The story of the assassination is a familiar one. After firing the fatal shot, in leaping from the President's box to the stage, Booth's left spur caught in the draperies, and threw him, his left shin bone striking against the edge of the stage, and breaking the small bone about six inches above the ankle joint; but as the large bone was not broken, he was still able to walk, though with much suffering.

In the confusion that followed, Booth succeeded in escaping from the stage, and being closely followed by Herold, fled across the Navy Yard Bridge, which they were permitted to pass on giving the pass word which had been imparted to them by Vice President Johnson.

Passing through Surrattville, they came towards morning to the home of Dr. Mudd, a physician with Southern sympathies, who set the broken leg, and allowed the two men to rest there until the next afternoon, when they went on their way. Passing through Bryantown, they came some time in the night to the home of Captain Cox, a well-known planter and Southern sympathizer, who sent his overseer, Franklin Robey, to conduct them to a place of safety in a pine thicket near by, where they remained some days.

It was this overseer, whom St. Helen speaks of in his confession as "Ruddy, or Robey, or some such name," but whose real name, as Mr. Bates stated to me in a personal letter, was Franklin Robey, who played a most prominent part in the escape of the fugitives, according to the statement of St. Helen to Mr. Bates. He declared that the overseer was instructed by Col. Cox to assist them to escape, and that he undertook to put them across the country and into the hands of the Confederates, for which service Booth agreed to pay him five hundred dollars. While arranging for this undertaking, Robey left them in charge of Col. Cox's brother-in-law, and was absent for several days. When he returned, he reported that he had arranged with a party of Mosby's men under Capt. Jett and Lieuts. Bainbridge

and Ruggles, to meet them at the ferry on the Rappahannock river, between Fort Conway and Port Royal, and take them to a place of safety.

After experiencing many adventures and undergoing much danger, they finally reached the Rappahannock; and all accounts agree that they were met at the ferry by these three men, who conducted them across the river, and took them to the home of a Mr. Garrett, where arrangements were made for them to remain for a few days. But according to the accounts given out by the Confederates many years afterwards, and published in the Century Magazine for January, 1880, this meeting was wholly accidental, no previous arrangements having been made.

After crossing the river, Booth claimed to have discovered that he had left his diary, with several pictures, letters, and other personal papers, on the other side, and sent Robey back after them, with instructions to bring them to him at Garrett's barn, where he was to stop. After they had been located at Garrett's, Herold was sent on with the Confederates to Bowling Green, to get a shoe for Booth to wear on his injured foot, the original one having been left at Mr. Mudd's. Booth was thus left alone at Garrett's, both Herold and Robey being expected to return that night - which, according to St. Helen's story, they did. But that afternoon Lieut. Ruggles came back to the hiding place of the fugitives, and warned Booth that the Federals were hot on his trail, and that any longer stay there would be unsafe. Therefore - and here the story told by St. Helen differs radically from the accepted version of history - Booth set out in the afternoon alone, being met in the woods, a short distance away, by Bainbridge and Ruggles, with an extra horse, and conducted on his way to safety in the southwest.

Herold and Robey returned that night as had been planned, and not finding Booth, decided to stop until morning, when Herold would follow on after Booth, and Robey would return home. But it was the unexpected that

happened. A little past midnight, the place was surrounded by a party of Federals in search of the fugitives, with the result that Herold was captured, and Robey was shot by Boston Corbett under the impression that he was Booth the assassin. The diary and personal papers of Booth which Robey had been sent back to obtain, were found in his pockets, and served to confirm the belief, which has gone down into accepted history as fact, that Booth was the man who was shot by Boston Corbett.

As for the real assassin, his escape was now easy, since the public mind was now turned entirely away from him, content in the belief that he was already dead, and hence no further search was made for him. He made good his escape into the Indian Territory, and thence into Mexico, where he remained for some time, and then returned under the name of John St. Helen to Texas, where he was living when his confession was made.

The story of his after life may be briefly told. He lived in many places in the West and Southwest, known by different names and following different occupations, for thirty-eight years after his assassination of President Lincoln, a wanderer over the land, followed by a never-ceasing remorse, which became more intense as the years went by, and the friends of his former life dropped out of his sight and knowledge, until finally, age coming on, his health failing him, and left without funds or any means of support, he committed suicide at Enid as has been related.

There were many points of resemblance between this man of many names, whom I have called St. Helen because that is the earliest name by which I have been able to identify him, and Booth the assassin. There are many testimonies as to the great similarity of their personal appearance and mental characteristics. The resemblance between the tintype given by St. Helen to Mr. Bates, and the picture of Booth taken just before the assassination, is very marked. To make the proof more ^{conclusive} ~~marked~~, however, it would be necessary to present satisfactory proof of the identity of the two pictures - which has never been done, at least to my knowledge.

Evidence of a fracture of the left leg above the ankle, similar to that sustained by Booth in his fall, has been found in the body in the Enid undertaking rooms, and is shown by a recent radiograph, according to the statement of Mr. Penniman, made to me. There is a scar on the neck of the Enid mummy, which is claimed to correspond to one which is known to have existed on the neck of Booth, and by which it was identified by Dr. May at the autopsy. But according to the published descriptions, there is a considerable difference in the ^{location of the} scar in the two cases. However, there is a strong case made out for the claim that the Enid suicide was in reality John Wilkes Booth. If one accepts the evidence at its face value, the case is a clear one.

It must be remembered, however, that the story as it has been told up to this point, is in the main that which is furnished by those who were committed to the advocacy of the story which they were trying to prove. Also, it is never safe to pin your faith to a disputed statement, until you have studied both sides with equal care and an open mind. Acting on this principle, I gave much time and study to a careful investigation of all the available evidence which I could procure. I studied the standard histories, and searched diligently through all the rare, old, and forgotten books and papers giving contemporary accounts of the murder of the President and the trial of the conspirators. At the same time I wrote many letters to those persons who were still living, who were supposed to have personal knowledge of the great tragedy, and the actors therein.

One of those to whom I thus wrote was John H. Traylor, who is named by Mr. Bates in his book on "The Escape and Suicide of John Wilkes Booth," is named as having known both himself and John St. Helen during their residence in Grandberry, Texas, and the importance of whose testimony was presumably increased by the fact that he was afterwards mayor of the city of Dallas, Texas. I asked Mr. Traylor if he believed that the statements

of Mr. Bates were substantially true; if he knew John St. Helen, as stated by Mr. Bates: if it was generally believed by the people who knew him there, that St. Helen was in reality John Wilkes Booth ; and especially, if he himself so believed. I sent the letter with little expectation of hearing from it; but though forty years had passed away since the incidents referred to had occurred, I was fortunate ^{enough} to have my letter reach him, and to receive a prompt reply from him. His letter was dated at San Antonio, Texas, March 29, 1912, and was in substance as follows:-

"Dr. J. M. French:- Yes, I knew Mr. F. L. Bates when he resided in Grandberry in the 70s, and I think he was and is honest in his impression as to John St. Helen being John Wilkes Booth. But I do not think so, not at all. Still, my acquaintance with him was superficial and slight. He was what you would call a fast, whisky-drinking man, but I think without the appearance and accomplishments of Booth.

Yours Truly, John H. Traylor."

I welcomed this letter as a bonanza. It substantiated the outstanding facts as to the life of St. Helen in Grandberry, and his friendship for Mr. Bates, together with the general understanding that he claimed to be the assassin of President Lincoln; while at the same time it made evident the fact that these claims ^l failed to be convincing, at least to some of those who knew him best. I may add that the general trend of the letters which I received from many sources was such as to accumulate a mass of evidence which tended to increase my doubts.

I soon came to realize that there were three main points in the story as told, which called for careful investigation, and a satisfactory answer to which would settle at once and forever, the question of the truth or falsity of the claim of the Enid suicide that he was the assassin of Lincoln.

The first point relates to the complicity of Andrew Johnson in the plot to murder Lincoln. Thorough investigation of every item bearing on this claim, was made during the course of the three important trials bearing on the assassination, during the three years next following the event: namely, the trial of the conspirators by a military tribunal immediately after their capture; the trial of John H. Surratt in the civil courts of Washington some three years later; and the impeachment and trial of Andrew Johnson by the Senate of the United States in 1868.

In the course of these three trials, every scrap of evidence bearing upon the relation of Johnson to the assassination was brought to the front, closely examined under a bright searchlight, and subjected to the closest scrutiny by witnesses, council, judges and jurors. Especially in Johnson's own trial, his complicity in the crime was broadly hinted at, and every effort which the most unscrupulous ability could suggest, was made use of to this end. But no scrap of evidence, no shadow of proof, nothing whatever which when thus examined, supported any such claim, was ever found. Nor have the years that have passed since that time brought to light any such evidence. Rather has the passing of the years served to place him in a more favorable light before the American people than that which he occupied during his life. Andrew Johnson may not rank among the greatest of our presidents, but there is no cause to think him an assassin

The second point to be considered, relates to the force of the proof presented, that the man shot was John Wilkes Booth. We shall need to di-

vide this subject into ~~five~~^{six} different items, and consider them one by one.

Item one. Some one was shot at Garrett's barn, either by Boston Corbett or by his own hand. This is everywhere admitted, and nowhere disputed. And the man shot was either Booth, or some other man. St. Helen claimed that it was the overseer Robey, who thus suffered a vicarious death for the real criminal. Of course it may be claimed that there is a theoretical possibility that it may have been some one else; but so far as I know, no such claim has ever been made, and the possibility is extremely remote. Practically the choice is narrowed down to these two.

Item two. The man who was shot had a broken leg. This is the concurrent testimony, which so far as I know has never been disputed. All the various accounts of the capture, however much they may differ in minor details, agree that the man had a broken leg. They also agree that Booth had a broken leg. And nowhere has any claim ever been made that this was true of Robey the overseer.

Item three. Accounts of the capture differ greatly. Each of the principal witnesses told the story from his own standpoint, intent on making himself the lion's figure in the capture - and incidentally, that he was entitled to the lion's share in the prize money which had been offered by the government for the capture of Booth. There is one point, however, on which they all agree; and that is, that the man who was shot talked and acted in a manner which was utterly incomprehensible on the theory that the victim was Robey, an innocent man, in the full possession of his faculties; while both his words and his actions can be readily understood if the man was Booth, the assassin of the President, under the influence of drink, and knowing that his death was certain if captured.

Item four. Outside evidence fails utterly to corroborate the claim that Robey the overseer bore any prominent part in the escape of Booth and Herold. One thing Robey did, and only one. That was, to guide the fugi-

tives from Captain Cox's house to the pine thicket near by. After that he drops out of the story completely and forever. Not only is there no subsequent trace of him, but there is conclusive proof that no such person as Robey or any one corresponding to him, was with them at any period of their escape. There was no preliminary trip to make arrangements with Mosby's men to take charge of Booth and Herold. There was no one sent back by Booth after his diary and private papers. No such person could have escaped detection under the bright searchlight which was thrown upon every incident connected with the escape, at the trial of the conspirators. The whole story was made up out of whole cloth.

Item five. As for the examination of the body of Booth before the burial, it must be admitted that it was far from being as careful and complete as it should have been. Much was omitted that should have been done. Many facts must have been learned which were not made use of. The records of the autopsy were singularly incomplete. But notwithstanding these defects, after a careful study of all the available facts in the case, it is impossible to escape the conviction that the evidence was still sufficiently complete and convincing to justify the identification of the body as that of Booth beyond a reasonable doubt. Yet at that time nothing would have pleased me better than to have been able to prove beyond a doubt that St. Helen's story was true, and that he was in reality John Wilkes Booth. But as little by little the evidence came in, little by little it piled up on the other side; and I saw no way in which my desire could be gained, except I were to wear green glasses, in order to cheat myself into believing that the world was green. And this I was not willing to do.

The body of Booth was identified by the broken leg; by the scar on the back of the neck; by the letters "J. W. B." tattooed on the back of his right hand - (and wonderful though it seems, these letters were never claimed to be on the hand of the Enid suicide - and by the general appear-

appearance of the man. And when, four years later, the body was taken up with the consent of the government and carried to Baltimore for burial in the family lot of the Booths, it was identified by the dentist who found in the mouth of the corpse the gold tooth which he had made for Booth. Also at this time the broken leg was examined by the widow of Dr. Mudd, who testified that the fracture corresponded exactly with what her husband told her at the time as to the fracture of the leg which he had set for Booth.

Item six. The man who was shot at Garrett's barn was mortally wounded and soon died. This also was universally admitted and never denied. Whatever became of the body, it was the body of a dead man which was carried away by the federal troops that night. If it can be proved that either Booth or Robey was alive after that night, then it must have been the other of the two who was shot at Garrett's barn that night. The claim that Booth lived for thirty-eight years thereafter, and ended his life by suicide in 1903, involves the further claim, that Robey the overseer was the man who was shot at Garrett's barn instead of Booth the assassin that night, and died before morning.

This brings us to the third and last general point to be considered, and by far the most important - the fate of the overseer. Did he disappear from human sight that night, or can it be shown that he was alive at a later date? I spent much time in studying this problem, which seemed to me the crucial point of the story. My desire was to find some one who lived in the neighborhood of Captain Cox, and get him to help me in settling this mooted question of the fate of the overseer - something which no one else seemed to have thought of, or at least to have undertaken. It took me some time and the writing of many letters; but in due time fortune favored me, and I was able to secure the proof which I sought. It came to me in the shape of a personal letter from the son of Robey the overseer,

in which he gave me all the information I could desire, and that without his having any idea to whom he was writing, or for what purpose the information was desired. It was not written to me personally, but to a friend ~~writing~~ ^{acting} in my interest. It was dated at Pisgah, Md., 1912, and ran as follows:- "Dear Sir:- Yours of the 29th is at hand. In regard to your request for information concerning the death and burial of my father, there is but little to give. He died November 17, 1896, and was buried at Newtown Cemetery. He died of Pneumonia. Since the close of the Civil War, he spent his life in farming. He was a land renter, and died on the farm known as Waverly, on Nanjemoy Creek, belonging to the late Mitchell Murchett's heirs. I have given you the information asked for, and now I should like to have some information concerning the nature of the interest which you, a perfect stranger, take in the life and death of my father. Hoping that this may give satisfaction, if other information is needed, hope you will see me personally.

Yours respectfully, Hubert F. Robey."

This letter left nothing to be desired. Coming from an authoritative source, ~~and~~ in a way not open to suspicion, and dealing with facts which were open to the world, it definitely removed the overseer Robey from any possible connection with the fatal tragedy at Garrett's barn, and proved beyond doubt the falsity of St. Helen's claims that he was John Wilkes Booth. It left no room for questioning the accepted statement of history, that Booth, the assassin of Lincoln, was shot on the morning of April 25, 1865, and died soon after. There is therefore no escape from the conclusion that the Enid suicide was not John Wilkes Booth; and that the body which I saw in the Enid undertaking rooms, was the body of a pretender, and not that of an assassin.

THE END.