

The Mystery of George.

Ever since the finding of the body of David E. George, supposed suicide, at the Grand Avenue hotel, Tuesday morning, there have been rumors, mysterious and dark, as to the dead man's identity, his antecedents and his life, as well as the reasons he may have had for committing the rash act.

Apparently, he was scarcely or never short of money. At most times he was jolly and when drinking a little would entertain a crowd by both repeating and acting portions of Shakespeare, and from the poets. His diction and facial action was that of the old school, but polished and dramatic.

His hands were long with tapering fingers that showed his life work was not with the plape, saw or hammer, although he had used a painter's brush while living in El Reno.

Mr. Harper who is pastor of the Methodist church here, in company with his wife visited the undertaking rooms yesterday and identified the remains as those of a man they had known in El Reno three years ago.

From Mrs. Harper, a Wave reporter learned today that George came to El Reno while they lived there a number of years ago and remained there some two or three years.

During this time he boarded with the family of J. W. Simmons. His demeanor was quiet, retiring and at times of a very despondent turn. In these latter times he would arise in the night time from his bed and, going outside the house would sing plaintive, sad songs, perhaps for hours.

At this time he was painting houses ostensibly for a living. Becoming unusually morose, he, in March, three years ago took morphine with suicidal intent. The Harpers and Simmons' waited upon him, and when he recovered consciousness partially he expressed the belief that he was going to die, and made what might be termed a confession in the presence of both ladies.

Believing his demise was near, he said he had, when a young man committed a terrible crime--that he had killed a great and good man, and calling for a pencil and paper he wrote two names, One was "Abraham Lincoln, and the other, " John Wilkes Booth, is his signature. The sick man charged them both to keep his secret until after his death, which they accordingly did. He then told his story from the accident in which he broke his leg in jumping from the box to the stage of the theatre, and said after his escape from the house he was secreted by friends in Washington. He was then rowed down the Potomac river to the ocean, where he took a steamer for Europe, remaining abroad more than 15 years before returning.

During his sojourn abroad he visited the Holy land and saw most of the countries of the continent.

Of his life since his return he was reticent, and since his recovery, told many contradictory stories.

His likeness to a picture of J. Wilkes Booth is very striking, as a great many have remarked. And the dead man's right leg had been broken below the knee, Dr. Mayberry, who examined the limb said many years ago.

There may or may not be truth in the story, but many incidents and circumstances lead to its belief.