

## AUTHOR "HOME SWEET HOME."

Tragedy of Athens Girl and John Howard Payne.

Back of the heart-appealing strains of that melody that will never grow old, "Home, Sweet Home," lies a little-known and pathetic story of romance, of which Athens, Ga., is the gracious setting. From Athens the story shifts rapidly through the capitals of Europe, down to Tunis, in Algiers, where John Howard Payne, author of the immortal song died in a world that had not learned to do him honor.

The girl was Mary Harden and her home was in Athens, Ga. To her, the fulfillment of his dreams of romance, John Howard Payne gave the original copy of "Home, Sweet Home." The "ne'er-do-well," who after death was to receive the homage of a nation for the song that is a greater monument than any that human hands will erect of marble in his memory, met and loved the girl but parental objection twisted the threads of fate and sent Miss Harden back to America from Paris, a recluse, and John Howard Payne into the world—wandering minstrel down the path to a death of poverty and want.

## Gantt Learns Story.

The story has been a closed chapter until recently. Honor has at last been paid the poet, but Miss Harden has long since passed unmourned. Larry Gantt, in the Richmond Times-Dispatch not long ago related the story which took place in Athens many years ago. For a long time Mr. Gantt was the publisher of a newspaper in the Georgia town and during his stay there lived next door to the principal in his tale. It is:

"The author of 'Home, Sweet Home,' was of medium stature and remarkably handsome. He possessed a most captivating manner, but always had a dreamy expression, characteristic of a certain line of genius, with thoughts above the average mind. He devotedly loved a beautiful and accomplished young girl of Athens, Ga., who belonged to an aristocratic and distinguished family, named Miss Mary Harden, and who ardently returned the young poet's love and remained true to him to the hour of her death. But young Payne had the reputation of a 'ne'er-do-well'; he was utterly penniless, and the Harden family finally vetoed such a mesalliance for their only daughter and heiress. In ye olden times children were more submissive to parental authority than in these days.

And just here let me state that many years ago, when I published a paper in Athens, Ga., I lived next door to this same Miss Mary Harden, and my partner, Horace Cranford, rented and lived in a part of her home. She retained in her service an old mulatto named Rob Roy, a body body servant of her father, General John Howard Payne when he visited his young mistress, and always being of an investigating turn of mind, and never forgetting what I had once heard, I had a rare opportunity of learning and preserving in memory unpublished incidents in the life of this world famous character.

## Lived as Recluse.

"At that time Miss Mary Harden was a very old maiden lady, almost decrepit, who lived almost the life of a recluse. She had outlived all of her kindred and friends, was looked upon somewhat as a miser, and seemed rather to avoid mingling with the outside world. Among her few associates was a charitable young lady named Miss Effie Jackson, and to whom Miss Harden bequeathed her entire property, but on her deathbed exacted from Miss Jackson a promise that she would bury with her a trunkful of old love letters written her by John Howard Payne, together with that priceless relic, the original manuscript of 'Home, Sweet Home,' with erasures and changing of words by the author which he gave to the lady of his love.

"When the remains of John Howard Payne were brought back from Algiers and the whole country was preparing to do honor to his memory, the publishers of Frank Leslie's Magazine wrote me offering \$500 for the original. But when I called on Miss Mary Harden and handed her the Leslie letter she became indignant and declared that all the gold in the world would not buy it and would not even consent to have a copy made. She said that the manuscript was the most hallowed and treasured possession she owned and when she died it would be placed next to her heart and buried in the casket with her, and which was done.

"Miss Harden, while possessing a nice property, always wore an old, faded, black dress, which she never changed, winter or summer, and she was said to be very slovenly and uncleanly in her habits. I can not conceive a more dreary and desolate existence than that led by this one-time belle, beauty and heiress who possessed all the advantages and good things that this world can bestow.

"She was one of the highest edu-

## GARTER SNAKE A SUICIDE.

Hangover Was More Than Little Reptile Could Bear.

One of the most remarkable incidents that has happened at Green lake since August 12, 1817, when, it will be remembered, the famous man-eating minnow appeared in these waters happened the other day. Little Donald Diggins, young son of Claire Diggins, the cartoonist, has a little store near his father's camp on Cananda lake. He sells lemonade for pins, you know.

Well, in some way Donald found a bottle a quarter filled with hooch. He thought it would be nice to place that on sale, too, though he had no idea what it might be. He put it on the counter. The sun struck it and the cork popped. Some of the liquid escaped. There was an odor.

Soon afterward a little garter snake came bumping in. He or she sniffed the air and then made for the bottle. It then drank that portion of the liquid that had fizzled over, following which it formed a hoop by seizing its head with its tail, no; tail with its teeth, and rolled around the counter three times.

It was the little fellow's own peculiar way of shouting "Whoops!"

And then if it didn't climb up the bottle and go inside, drinking copious draughts of the portion. In a while it emerged from the bottle, did a snake dance to a small sapling and twisted itself around that sapling. Its expression seemed to say so plainly: "Whoop! Give me a sock, I am a garter!"

Of course it wasn't a garter at all; it was merely a garter snake. Then it looked angrily around as if looking for some foe. Its expression now seemed to say: "Bring me St. Patrick! What I care?"

Then the sad part came. The poor thing finally grew very morose and placed its tail on its stomach in a mournful way. It looked at Donald Diggins in a way that seemed to plead for bromo seltzer. None being forthcoming it wobbled slowly to the dock, below which coursed the cooling water.

It crept dismally to the edge and flopped over.

Despite the fact that garter snakes can swim like everything it sank immediately and has not been seen since—A. B. Jordan, in Dillon Herald.

cated and most accomplished young women of the south. It is said she spoke half a dozen languages fluently and when her father was the American minister to France she accompanied him and acted as his secretary and interpreter. It was there that she first met John Howard Payne, who was aimlessly wandering around the French capital. On both sides it was a case of love at first sight—a hopeless love that ended in wrecking two lives, making one a homeless wanderer and of the other a self-exiled recluse who only lived on memories of the past and a hopeless love.

## Followed Sweetheart Home.

"When General Harden returned home, John Howard Payne followed the object of his ardent and undying affection. Some of his friends and admirers secured for him the appointment of Indian agent at Dahlonega, in northeast Georgia, and which he solicited because he was near the home of Miss Harden, and it was while there that he traveled through the country on horseback and would visit the young girl who held his heart enchained.

"I sometimes think if these young women who have made up their minds never to wed had seen the forlorn and almost friendless existence led by the old sweetheart of that immortal author of the song, 'Home Sweet Home,' it would be an object lesson to them. The story of the wrecking of two happy young lives should also be a warning to parents interfering with the future mating of their children when their affections are once fixed. A true man and woman can never love ardently but once, and that will endure as long as life lasts.

"There is no question but that his disappointment made of John Howard Payne a wanderer over the face of the earth and also paralyzed a pen that, would have added rich treasures to the literature of the world. He wrote his 'Home, Sweet Home,' while in the zenith of his young life, and when all hope was abandoned of ever winning the hand of Mary Harden he sought relief by becoming a self-exile from his native land.

"John Howard Payne in a letter to a friend told of how he had walked the streets at night of some great European capital—London, Paris or Vienna—utterly penniless, hungry, without place to lay his head, he would pass some brilliantly illuminated place at the close of a night of revelry and hear the musicians ending with 'Home, Sweet Home.' Little did those joyous pleasure seekers know that the author of that song was a homeless wanderer at their door.

## MRS. ROSE EMMA GOODING FREE.

Arrested and Convicted Twice On Circumstantial Evidence.

London.—All England is indignant over the wrongful imprisonment of Mrs. Rose Emma Gooding, of Littlehampton, who was twice sent to jail for sending scandalous letters to a neighbor woman, Miss Edith Swann, and who has just been released. She is now at home again with her husband and two children, while measures to secure compensation for her from the government are being considered.

About the first of last October Mrs. Gooding was arrested and thrown into jail, where she lay waiting her trial, which took place December 13, at Lewes, in Sussex, before Justice Roche. It was charged that the letters accused Mrs. Swann of going about with a married man while his wife was in a hospital. Some of the letters were signed "R. G." and some "With Mrs. Gooding's compliments." They were sent to a number of friends and neighbors of Miss Swann.

At the first trial a witness testified he had seen Mrs. Gooding's daughter posting a letter bearing the name Swann. Mrs. Gooding denied ever having sent any of the letters and the child said she had not posted any of them, but the jury accepted the circumstantial evidence offered and found the defendant guilty. Justice Roche sentenced her to ten days in jail.

## Again Arrested.

The scurrilous letters did not end, and after a number of additional ones had been sent out Mrs. Gooding was again arrested for criminal libel on March 3. At her trial a short time thereafter, Miss Swann testified that Mrs. Gooding had thrown one of the letters into her house as she passed.

Counsel for Mrs. Gooding called the attention of the Court to the fact that some time before the second arrest Mrs. Gooding had left home for a time to go to Lewes, and that during her absence letters purporting to have been written by her were delivered under Littlehampton postmarks. Ex-Police Sergeant Blackman testified that he had seen Mrs. Gooding in Lewes on the day when others testified she had mailed scurrilous letters in Littlehampton.

In spite of such favorable testimony, Mrs. Gooding was again convicted on circumstantial evidence, and in sentencing her to a year in prison Justice Roche expressed the opinion that he had been too lenient with her before.

The whole case against Mrs. Gooding collapsed when it was found that the scandalous letters, in exactly the same handwriting, continued going out after Mrs. Gooding had been put in prison. Detective Inspector Nichols of Scotland Yards was given the case to investigate, and a few days ago the home office caused the court of criminal appeals to quash both convictions against Mrs. Gooding and exonerate her completely.

## Public Indignation at Police.

Much indignation has been expressed at the zeal of the police and the courts in sending to prison twice, on circumstantial evidence, a sweet-faced innocent woman, and a wife and mother.

Interviewed after her release, Mrs. Gooding said: "What I have been through, heaven only can tell. Every moment in prison was felt with the greatest concern as regards my husband and children. The greatest trouble I had was to send out to procure evidence to prove my innocence.

"Every night I knelt upon the board that was my bed and repeated this prayer, that I made before I was sentenced: 'Oh, God, bless my darling husband, my children, my sister, my dear mother, and my home, and all those kind gentlemen who are, and have been fighting my fight for me. Oh, God, let my appeal be granted, so that I may safely get home.'

"Were it not for my people—my dear husband, my family and my mother," she went on, "I should be content to leave matters where they are. But I am not content to leave them where they are."

Mrs. Gooding's husband was a soldier in the late war and was decorated for bravery. He is helping her in the effort to find out who really wrote the letters and sought to fasten the blame upon Mrs. Gooding.

## Danger Ahead.

Speaking of white mule, two music sports were uncertainly flivvering their way home from the county seat.

"Bill," said Henry, "I wanta to be very careful. First thing 'y know you'll have us in a ditch."

"Me?" said Bill in astonishment. "Why, I thought you was driving."

## Snobbish Edgar.

"She is simply crazy over Edgar Allen Poe."

"And he won't have a thing to do with her, huh?"

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Missouri Lady Suffered Until She Tried Cardui.—Says "Result Was Surprising."—Got Along Fine, Became Normal and Healthy.

Springfield Mo.—"My back was so weak I could hardly stand up, and I would have bearing-down pains and was not well at any time," says Mrs. D. V. Williams, wife of a well-known farmer on Route 6, this place. "I kept getting headaches and having to go to bed," continues Mrs. Williams describing the troubles from which she obtained relief through the use of Cardui. "My husband, having heard of Cardui, proposed getting it for me. 'I saw after taking some Cardui . . . that I was improving. The result was surprising. I felt like a different person."

"Later I suffered from weakness and weak back, and felt all run-down. I did not rest well at night, I was so nervous and cross. My husband said he would get me some Cardui, which he did. It strengthened me . . . My doctor said I got along fine. I was in good healthy condition. I cannot say too much for it."

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