COLONEL BROUNLEE'S LUCK

ONE BIG GEORGIA PLANTATION UNHARMED BY THE WAR.

Both Armies Overlooked It, and the Old House, with Its Plate and Pictures and Cellar Full of Wines Escaped Untouched—Crops Were Raised Throughout the War, and the Owner Returned to Count a Potful of Gold Earned by a Faithful Slave.

PELHAM, Ga., June 2.—"Do you care to see a Georgia plantation that is now just the same as it was before the war—the same owner, the same house, the same servants, everything conducted as it was forty years ago?"

There was only one answer to this question of Judge Tillman. Every New Yorker who visits the South has a desire to see such a plantation as he has read about, and, perhaps, seen imitated in the theatre. But such places are hard to find. The slaves have not changed their condition more thoroughly than the whites; and with the change of systems all other things have changed.

"Well, then," he continued, "don't grudge the time we must spend at Col. Brounlee's. We will reach Pelham before dark at any rate, unless the Colonel should compel us to stay over. And whether we arrive in Pelham on a Tuesday or a Wednesday, what matter?"

Col. Brounlee's plantation is not a halfway station on the road from Quitman to this town, but it is a place where the Colonel's friends are in duty bound to stop without passing. To reach the house they must turn aside nearly an eighth of a mile from the road and travel between two rows of monster oaks to the rise upon which the buildings stand; but this is no hardship, for the friend of one sort finds good companionship on the shady piazza and an abundance to eat and drink, and the friend of another sort (which includes everybody who comes along) finds at least a drink of cold water from the well, and a meal if he chooses to go to the kitchen door and ask for it.

"Some things are impossible even in Georgia," the Judge went on, letting the horse jog leisurely over a shady bit of road, "and to have everything just as it was before the war is one of the impossibilities. I do not mean that there has been absolutely no change at the Colonel's. A good farmer could not possibly do things now in the slovenly ways of slave farming. But you will see here the real old Georgia plantation that perhaps you have heard of. Most of the older negroes on the place were the Colonel's slaves before the war. The younger ones are their children and grandchildren. Scores of them have never worked on any other plantation. The Colonel takes pride in keeping everything going just as it was in his father's time, as far as the altered conditions will allow. He uses modern machinery and farming methods, but in his way of living he is a part of the old South.

"You have seen already one illustration of the kind of man the Colonel is. He expected us at a certain hour, and, as we did not arrive, he sent a man to look us up, for fear we might have lost the road. It is not enough for him to keep us under his protection after we arrive: he looks after us while we are on the way to him. I can tell you another of his customs that will give you an insight into his character. Out beyond the side of the house is a well under a big tree, with an iron dipper lying on the curb, always ready for use. One day we went there together for a drink, and the dipper was gone.

"'You ought to put a chain on it,' I suggested, 'to keep people from carrying it away.'

"'And make everybody feel like a thief who stops for a drink of water!' he exclaimed. 'Oh, no. I'd rather buy a car load of dippers than do that.' And he sent a boy into the house after another, for dippers have been disappearing from that well for two or three generations, and he always keeps a stock on hand. He would consider it an everlasting disgrace if a beggar were sent away hungry or thirsty."

This is not an unusual thing in rural districts in the South, for a planter to make a point of feeding every hungry man who applies. What such a man would do in more populous regions, where an army of tramps would soon overrun him, can only be conjectured. On these Georgia lands there are no tramps, except immediately along the railroads; and the nearest approach to a beggar is a colored boy on his way to or from town caught at meal time too far from the base of supplies.

The big oaks and the smooth private road under them, with occasional glimpses of a big red house in the distance, began to look like the real thing. This impression deepened when, in the lessening distance, the house proved to be of brick, two tall stories high in the main part, with a supporting wing at each side one story high and rounded at the ends. Across about three-quarters of the front, and running up past both stories, was a broad portico with stone pillars, shaded at both ends and in part of the front with a thick growth of honeysuckle. The road widened into a broad circle in front of the house, giving ample space for the carriages of all the Colonel's friends to stand or turn.

For a traveller who is familiar with the old plantation houses of eastern Virginia, it is not necessary to pass through the doorway of such a house to know just how it is arranged. The wing at the left is the library; the wing at the right is the dining room, and back of the dining room is a long, strung-out brick building which begins with a pantry and kitchen, and tapers off gradually into living rooms for the house servants. It is the style of house that was the precursor of what is called the colonial, a style used only by the early English settlers in the Southern colonies.

It was unnecessary for the Judge to make any further remarks about "grudging the time" for a stop at such a place. To pass it by would be a crime. One may see fifty grander places and more expensive places in an hour's drive up the Hudson, but all lacking the grandeur of a hale old age. There one fine place prepares the mind for the next; but this house stands in a country where every other plantation house is built of wood.

"It is English," THE SUN man declared, when a turn in the drive brought it into full view.

"It was once," the Judge laughed, "for the bricks were brought from England, I believe. But it is pure Yankee now. I must tell you before we go in that, although the Colonel was an officer in the Confederate service, he is a leading Republican now. Times change, you know; and here he comes to meet us."

To preserve the unities the master of such a house should have appeared in a blue cutaway coat with brass buttons, but Col. Brounlee came down the steps wearing an ordinary black frock coat and the soft black hat that is more in favor in the South than the derby. His face and his gold-headed cane were the only things about him to distinguish him as an old-time planter. It was quite in keeping with the place that two colored boys should hurry to the front to take care of the horse and buggy.

"I know what you are longing for," said the Colonel, leading the way into the house after a few words outside. "After a morning's drive in the hot sun——"

"Yes, but we are both teetotalers, Colonel," the Judge interrupted.

"Oh, we'll see about that later on," the Colonel laughed. "It is only water I am offering you now; water and towels, and a bit of soap, if you like. Let me show you up stairs before we have a bite to eat."

There were several colored boys waiting in the hall, but the Colonel preferred to look after his guests himself, and led the way nimbly up the stairs. It was a mercy for him and for the strangers that a strip of carpet was laid through the hall and on the stairs, for the floors and steps were suicidal with wax and polish. Oak planks a foot wide, polished into slipperyness by three or four generations of slaves and freemen; big portraits on the walls in ponderous frames; big doors, big windows; a host going ahead with welcome and comfort beaming all over him; two colored boys following behind, to assist "de gemmen" in the bath. It would all have seemed natural enough in a tropical city; but this sprang up suddenly after thirty miles of Georgia forest and cotton fields, this curious mixture of nationalities, an English house, a Georgia Yankee host, and the purely Cuban custom of taking the newly arrived guest straight to the bath.

The great hall with its icy floor and its old portraits is sufficient index to the rest of the house. With such a place heavy old plate in the dining room and heavy old furniture in the parlors go so naturally that they need no description. Some of the Colonel's cosey nooks, however, are not found in all old brick houses shaded by old oaks. One of these is the after-dinner lounging place in the courtyard at the rear, a court walled in by the main house in front, by the kitchen extension on one side, and by a business office back of the library on the other side. This large space is paved with stone flags, and in its centre stands a huge China tree of the "umbrella" variety, making the court almost as dark and cool as a closed room. After dinner the Colonel led the way to this courtyard and seated himself and his guests in the bamboo chairs that stood around a polished table under the tree, upon which lay pipes and a canister of tobacco.

"Now, George," he said to the butler who had officiated at dinner, "you know what you are to bring. And don't you drop it, boy, for it can't be replaced if you do."

"Yes, sah," George answered, smiling all over his face at thought of the treat in store, and disappeared to return with an immense dark green watermelon on a tray.

"It is the first large one of the season, Judge," the Colonel said, tapping the melon with his fingers. "We have had some small ones, but I saved the only big one to have your help with it."

"And cold as ice!" the Judge exclaimed, laying his hand upon it. "The Colonel is the only man I know of in south Georgia who commits the extravagance of a private icehouse."

"Hardly an icehouse," the Colonel replied. "It is hard to keep a real icehouse in a country where ice seldom forms. This is merely a cold room that the ice company in town fills for me twice a month."

George ran a big knife lovingly through the melon, revealing the interior of a blood-red mountain sweet that seemed to be all red and green, with the merest shell of white. Two bottles that looked suspiciously like champagne bottles soon followed the melon from the icehouse, and as the first cork popped the Colonel said:

"I need not explain to you, Judge, as you have been here before; but I must warn your friend to be prepared for a disappointment, for this is merely home-made champagne. What little wine I use I have made on the place."

"You are very modest about it, Colonel," the Judge laughed. "The fact is, Mr. SUN, the Colonel has a cellar full of all kinds of liquors—rum, brandy, wines, and all made on the place. The making of this champagne, as I happen to know, cost him a trip to France to learn the process. And that wine cellar has a history that you had better tell yourself, Colonel."

"You mean its curious escape?" the Colonel asked. "Well, there is no story about that beyond the simple fact. When I went into the army I was compelled to leave a cellar pretty well stocked with liquors, many of them made by my father. I went suddenly, with no way of securing them or the plate or anything else, and of course I did not expect to see the house or any of its contents again, for military operations were rather lively in this neighborhood. But everything escaped."

"How did it happen," he was asked, "that your plantation was unharmed when almost everything about you was destroyed?"

"It was through no good management of mine, I assure you," the Colonel laughed. "Simply one of the accidents of war. When you tell me how it happens sometimes in a railroad accident that one man is killed while his seat mate escapes without a scratch, then I can tell you how I escaped when so many of my neighbors were destroyed. I left the place in charge of a very faithful servant, George's father, in fact, and planting and picking went on as usual in my absence. Throughout the whole four years scarcely anything was disturbed."

Pipes naturally followed the scuppernong champagne and the big melon, and the Judge announced that the tobacco, like almost everything else consumed, was a product of the plantation. But the tobacco was a mixture, and the little black specks were perique.

"Then you have some valuable land, Colonel," THE SUN man suggested, "if you can raise perique in South Georgia."

"Ah, you are an expert in tobaccoes," the Colonel answered, smiling. "No, there is no soil in Georgia or anywhere else outside a small tract in Louisiana that will produce perique tobacco. But I am fortunate enough to have a friend who is a tobacco planter in St. James parish in Louisiana, and every year I send him a cask of my mild tobacco, and he sends me a cask of his strong perique; so we are both able to make an agreeable mixture."

The shady courtyard with its cold melon and champagne and comfortable chairs was not a place to be left with undue haste, but there were more cosey nooks to be seen. The Colonel presently led the way to another of them, his favorite corner on the front portico, where were more easy chairs and a small table holding books and magazines. Through an opening in the vines here he can watch the farming operations on more than half of his plantation without stirring from his chair. Hundreds of green acres of corn and cotton were visible through this leafy porthole, hill and dale covered with pines, fields of scuppernong and other grapes, watermelon fields, tobacco, sugar cane, sweet potatoes, everything that will grow on a south Georgia plantation. The scuppernong grapes covered nearly four acres, and yet there are hardly more than a score of vines. Each vine spreads out over a trellis large enough to hide several city lots, in the fashion of scuppernongs all over the South.

The Colonel took his guests into the library, dim with its colored glass, but light at one end from a broad window that commands a fine view of the southern part of the plantation. There were tiers of books reaching almost to the ceiling in the old-fashioned way, books both ancient and modern, paintings, two or three marble busts, and the usual assortment of lounges and easy chairs. At the beginning of a conversation about the books the host was called from the room.

"There ought to be a family ghost in an old house like this," THE SUN man suggested.

"There is," the Judge answered. "Not the sort of ghost that prowls about at night, but something worse. Of course you have noticed that there are no ladies here. There never have been since the Colonel's mother died. There was some disappointment in his early life, some love affair, so the story goes, and he has lived here alone for nearly half a century. He must be well on toward 70 years old, active as he is. When he told us that he did not expect to see the house again when he went to the war, he might have added that he did not care much whether he did or not. I have often thought that it is more for the sake of entertaining his friends that he keeps everything in order than on his own account. He is one of the most hospitable men in the world—and one of the most eccentric."

After a suitable rest and the burning of much tobacco, three saddled horses were brought round to the circle to carry the Colonel and his guests over part of the plantation. To see it all, except from the hilltops, would involve too much of a journey for one afternoon, for the place includes nearly 4,000 acres of land, of which about 2,000 are planted in cotton, 1,000 are forest, and the remainder corn, tobacco, cane, and various crops. A turn around the house brought into view what are called the "home barns," big brick structures in which the bulk of the cotton and grain is stored. These are supplemented by other storehouses at convenient points about the plantation, and each of the outlying storehouses is flanked by rows of substantial dwelling houses for the men and their families.

The church, the schoolhouse for a large and merry flock of colored children, and the hospital that is seldom used, are all parts of the plantation. Everything in these is furnished at the owner's expense, spiritual instruction, tuition, medical services, and medicines. Beyond the schoolhouse stands a brick dwelling, larger and better kept than any of the others, shaded by rows of China trees, with walks winding among flower beds through the yard.

"We must call on Pomp," said the Judge, when this house was reached. "It would never do to pass Pompey's without making a visit."

An old colored man, a real Uncle Tom, in good black clothes and snow-white hair, got up from his chair on the piazza as the party dismounted and walked toward the gate to greet them.

"Good evenin', Maws Kunnel," he said, pulling off his hat and scraping the walk with one foot. "Evenin', Jedge; evenin', sah. Walk in, mawsters, tell I bring out some cheers."

"No, we can't sit down, Pomp," the Judge said; "we are going on to Pelham in a few minutes. But I wanted this gentleman to see you before we go. He has come all the way from New York, and I want him to see the best old nigger in Georgia."

"Tank you, Jedge, t'ank you, sah!" said Pomp, grinning all over his face. "But dat's not me, sah; I'se not dat man."

"Well, you come pretty close to it, Pomp," the Judge went on. "The Colonel was telling us after dinner how he went off to the war and found everything all right here when he got back; and I want this gentleman to see the man who had charge of the plantation while the master was away, and ran it as well as any white man could."

"Better!" the Colonel interrupted. "Pomp made more money out of it than I ever did."

"This is the man," the Judge continued, laying his hand on Pomp's shoulder. "He planted cotton every spring, and sold it every fall, and kept everything in order. I was in hopes the Colonel would tell this part of the story, but as he did not I will get Pomp to tell it himself. I know it is no secret, for the Colonel has told me all about it. How was it, Pomp?"

"Dere wasn't nothin' to it, Maws Jedge, on'y de Kunnel he went off to de wah an' lef' me to run de place, sah. De servants was mos'ly all heah, jess like dere wasn't nothin' a-goin' on, an' nobody bothered with us, sah."

"Then you raised your crop of cotton every year?"

"Oh, yes, sah! Done raised it and sold it."

"Sold it for Confederate money?"

"No, sah!" Pomp exclaimed, emphatically. 'Foah Gawd, Maws Jedge, it was de hardes' wuk of all to know w'at to sell de cotton fo'. You see, de Confedit money wasn't wuth much of nothin', an' if de Yankees done got licked den de greenbacks wouldn' a been wuth nothin', neither. So w'en de agents come aroun' buyin' cotton I tells 'em I want gold. No gold, no cotton. So dey gets gold an' pays me, an' I lays de money away fer de Kunnel."

Pomp's way of telling the story was taking up too much time, and the Judge finished it for him.

"This shrewd old fellow," said he, "would take nothing but gold, and he put the gold in an iron pot and buried it, and in the end turned every cent of it over to the Colonel. That is one reason why the Colonel was a rich man after the war, instead of having to begin all over again, like the rest of us. And that is why Pomp lives in this fine house, which he owns, and has nothing to do but draw the interest on his money."

The faithful old slave, freed in spite of himself and made comfortable by a small share of the money he earned, bowed and scraped and smiled like a cyclone when told that THE SUN man was coming back to hear his romantic story in detail, and an hour later, despite the Colonel's protests, the buggy was entering the suburbs of Pelham.

Problematical.

From the Chicago Dispatch.

"This here new light of Edison's would be a good thing to hev in hotels, I'm thinking," remarked Mr. Hayseed, as he blew out the gas. "I wonder if I shall live to see it?"

Young men or old should not fail to read Thomas Slater's offer on page 4, main sheet.—Adv.

LINCOLN'S FAMOUS CASE.

DUFF ARMSTRONG'S STORY OF HIS OWN MURDER TRIAL.

He Describes His Historic Fight with Pres Metzker and Lincoln's Use of the Almanac to Convict the Prosecution's Chief Witness of Lying Under Oath.

The most sensational criminal case in which Abraham Lincoln was ever engaged was that in which he defended Duff Armstrong, the son of friends of his early years in Illinois, against the charge of murder. For years this case has figured with more or less detail in all biographies of Lincoln, and it has been made a conspicuous episode in at least one novel of Western life, Edward Eggleston's "The Graysons."

Although the hero of the case, Duff Armstrong, is still living, no one has ever been able until now to get a statement from him for publication. J. McCan Davis of Springfield, Ill., has persuaded Armstrong to tell what he remembers of the broil in which he was supposed to have murdered a companion, and also of the trial in which Lincoln secured his release. Armstrong is now in his sixty-third year, and has long been a respected citizen of the little village of Ashland, in which he passes most of his time. He has been for several years a member of the Christian church. His trial for the murder of "Pres" Metzker is a subject he seldom talks about; he would fain forget it, and those about him have not often been inquisitive.

The accounts hitherto printed he pronounces glaringly inaccurate. This is his own story of the alleged murder, and of the trial:

"It was on a Saturday night, and camp meeting was over for the day. In the edge of the grove were three bars where liquor was sold. Here gathered all the men and boys who went to camp meeting to drink whiskey and have a good time—and a great many went for no other purpose. I had been at the meeting two or three days, and had been drinking much, but I was then becoming sober. It was probably 10 o'clock when I found a big goods box not far from the bars, and I stretched myself out for a night's sleep. Up to this time 'Pres' Metzker and I had been good friends; but 'Pres' had been drinking and was in an ugly mood. He came along, making a great deal of noise, and said to me: 'D——n you, get up!' Then he grabbed my legs and pulled me off. In a few minutes he jerked me down again. I said, 'Let me alone, Pres; I am sleepy.' He went away, but soon came back and pulled me off a third time, and took my hat, threw it upon the ground and stamped it. He said I had no business there; that I ought to be at home 'picking up chips for my ma.' I told him that was none of his business, and then I walked over to one of the long counters and called for a drink of whiskey. He followed, and just as I lifted the glass to my lips he caught me by the throat, spilling the whiskey. I set down my glass, and turned around and said to him: 'Pres, if you do that again I will knock you down, if you are bigger than I am; you have run this thing far enough.' He had a loaded whip in his hand and was determined to have a fight with me. I hit him a terrible blow, knocking the skin from one of my knuckles. We clinched, and 'Pres' rather got the best of me. I was strong for one of my size, and was able to catch him and throw him back over me. He got up first and came at me again. Then we fought like tigers. At last he got me under him. More than a hundred people stood by watching the fight, and when the boys saw 'Pres' was getting the best of me they pulled him off. We walked up to the bar, and each taking a drink of whiskey we bumped glasses and were friends again. But 'Pres' had not got through with me. As we stood there, without any warning, he hit me a blow on the upper lip. He was going to hit me with a glass, when another man said, 'Set that down; if you strike him with that glass I will kill you.' Then we parted. Metzker stole a quilt from a buggy near by, and, wrapping it around him, walked off to bed. I saw nothing more of him until the next morning, when he walked to the bar with the stolen quilt still around him. His right eye was swollen shut. He bathed it with a glass of whiskey, drank another glass, and then mounted his horse and rode away. Several days after that he died. Then the officers came and arrested me and put me in jail.

"I had a preliminary trial at Havana and was held without bail. All the bad luck in the world seemed to come to me now. On this very day my father, 'Jack' Armstrong, died. On his deathbed he said to my mother: 'Hannah, sell everything to clear "Duff."' These were almost his last words. I was a kind of favorite with my ma and pa both. I always stayed at home with them.

"After the change of venue to Beardstown Lincoln told my mother he would defend me. At the trial I had about twenty-five witnesses. The strongest witness against me was Charles Allen. He was the witness that swore about the moon; he swore it was a full moon and almost overhead. 'Uncle Abe' asked him over and over about it, but he stuck to it. Then he said he saw me strike Metzker with a slung-shot. 'Uncle Abe' asked him to tell how it was done. He got up and went through the motion, struck an overhand blow, just as he declared he saw me do by the light of the full moon. 'Uncle Abe' had him do it over again. After Allen's testimony everybody thought I would be convicted. After 'Uncle Abe' had talked to the jury a little while, he said: 'Now, I will show you that this man Allen's testimony is a pack of lies; that he never saw Armstrong strike Metzker with a slungshot; that he did not witness this fight by the light of the full moon, for the moon was not in the heavens that night.' And then 'Uncle Abe' pulled out the almanac and showed the jury the truth about the moon. I do not remember exactly what it was—whether the moon had not risen, or whether it had set; but whatever it was it upset Allen's story completely. He passed the almanac to the jurors and they all inspected it. Then 'Uncle Abe' talked about the fight, and showed that I had acted in self-defence and had used no weapon of any kind. But it seemed to me 'Uncle Abe' did his best talking when he told the jury what true friends my father and mother had been to him in the early days, when he was a poor young man at New Salem. He told how he used to go out to Jack Armstrong's and stay for days; how kind mother was to him, and how, many a time, he had rocked me to sleep in the old cradle. He said he was not there pleading for me because he was paid for it; but he was there to help a good woman who had helped him when he needed help. Lawyer Walker made a good speech for me, too, but 'Uncle Abe's' beat anything I ever heard.

"As 'Uncle Abe' finished his speech, he said: 'I hope this man will be a free man before sundown.' The jury retired and nearly everybody went to supper. They left me there with the Sheriff, my brother Jim, and a parcel of boys. The jury was in a room near by, and it was not over five minutes after they went out when I heard them talking and laughing, and my heart beat a little faster. As soon as the Judge and the lawyers got back from supper the jury was brought in. They had to pass me, and I eyed them closely for some hopeful sign. One of them looked at me and winked. Then I knew it was right, and when the foreman handed up the verdict of 'not guilty' I was the happiest man in the world, I reckon.

"Now, my mother was not in the court room when the jury came in, and it is all stuff about her fainting and falling into my arms. She was away somewhere; I don't know just where. That night she went home with Jim Dick, the Sheriff; I went home with Dick Overton, and as we went down the Court House steps he slipped a five-dollar bill into my hand. 'Uncle Abe' would not charge my mother a cent; he said her happiness over my freedom was his sufficient reward.

"The almanac used by Lincoln was one which my cousin, Jake Jones, furnished him. On the morning of the trial I was taken outside the court room to talk to Lincoln. Jake Jones was with us. Lincoln said he wanted an almanac for 1857. Jake went right off and got one, and brought it to 'Uncle Abe.' It was an almanac for the proper year, and there was no fraud about it. The truth is, there was no moon that night; if there was, it was hidden by clouds. But it was light enough for everybody to see the fight. The fight took place in front of one of the bars, and each bar had two or three candles on it. I had no slungshot; I never carried a weapon of any kind—never in my life. Metzker had a loaded whip, but he did not attempt to use it on me. It was only a fist fight, and if I killed 'Pres' Metzker I killed him with my naked fist.

"James H. Norris was indicted with me for the killing of Metzker. He was tried at Havana before my trial was had. Now, he had no more to do with the fight than any of the other bystanders; but he had killed a man some time before, and had gotten clear, and everybody seemed to think this would be a good chance to give him his just deserts. So they sent him to the penitentiary for eight years.

"When the war broke out the four brothers of us enlisted in the army. Jim was wounded at Belmont; Pleasant died. I served on until near the end of the war, when mother took a notion she wanted me. People laughed at her when she said she would write to the President, but she said, 'Please goodness, I am a going to try it.' She got Squire Garber of Petersburg to write to 'Uncle Abe,' and in a few days mother got a telegram signed 'A. Lincoln' telling her I had been honorably discharged. At that time I was at Elmira, N. Y., helping pick up deserters, and a discharge was the last thing I was dreaming of."

A Juror from Big Sandy Creek.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ga., May 29.—A sick juror to-day, who was taken with a chill that made the windows rattle as if an earthquake was in progress, delayed the trial for several hours. Dr. Slappey was unremitting in his attention to him and finally he was brought into court from his bed in the hotel and the case resumed; getting sicker, a single bed was brought into the court room and he was regularly put to bed, only he did not disrobe and don his night shirt. The juror is Hunter Jonson, and he contracted the chill on Big Sandy Creek, near which stream he resides.

ELDER VAN CLEAVE'S VISION.

Described by Himself, Now an Active Preacher at the Age of Ninety-one.

From the Indianapolis News.

It is an unusual thing, indeed, for a minister to be in active service at the ripe old age of 91, and it is a more unusual thing for a minister to continue without salary as pastor of one charge for fifty-five years with still no definite time for retirement therefrom to look forward to. There is such a minister in Montgomery county however, in the person of Elder Jonathan Van Cleave, pastor of the Indian Creek Baptist Church. The communicants of the Indian Creek Church style themselves "old school" or "Primitive Baptists," while the communicants of other denominations call them "hard shell," or "forty gallon" Baptists. Under any one or all these names the predestinarian Baptists thrive and, complacent in their creed, certain of salvation for themselves (the elect), and damnation for the unfortunates unelected by divine choice in the beginning they await the end of this life as the beginning of the new and happier life.

The venerable Jonathan Van Cleave is the recognized patriarch of his denomination, and throughout the Central States his name is a household word in all Primitive Baptist families. He has been a great travelling preacher, always at his own expense, and while "every third Sunday" finds him in his own pulpit, every other Sunday finds him in some other pulpit, perhaps hundreds of miles from his home. Although 91 years old, his form is erect, his eye clear and sparkling, his voice resonant and ringing, and his mind and memory unimpaired. He remembers with distinctness every incident of his youth, and what is unusual with old men, he perfectly remembers all incidents and circumstances of his late years. He reasons as he always reasoned, and in the revolution of church and creed he clings to the religious tenets of his early ministry. He has the bearing of a man of 60, the tireless energy of a man of 30.

He was born Dec. 13, 1805, in Shelby county, where he lived until 1826, when he came to Montgomery county, Ind. At the age of 14 he became greatly troubled. He began to fear that he was not of God's elect, and that his future life would be passed in stormy seas of seething fire and brimstone. His mental suffering was acute, and it was not until after an extended season of prayer and prostration that he "obtained hope and the spirit of the Lord came down upon him like a white dove." Even after he obtained hope, however, he did not feel fit to join the church. He struggled against the weakness of the flesh and the allurements of the devil for years. Finally, in 1840, he felt that he was indeed of God's elect and joined the church at Indian Creek. Elder Bonan Kester was pastor of the church, and in the waters of the adjacent creek the regenerated Jonathan was duly immersed. His call to the ministry quickly followed his union with the church, and this call or "experience" was thus narrated by the venerable elder:

"I do not often tell of this, and have told it but a few times. I told it first to the ordination committee of our church. It is a most remarkable thing, I tell you. It is the strangest thing I expect you ever heard. On the Tuesday night after I was baptized I had a wonderful vision—a very remarkable and wonderful vision. I found myself walking in a dense and mighty wilderness. The trees were forest giants and the undergrowth of shrubs and veins lay tangled and knotted in a thousand bars and barriers. Yet on I walked, and as I walked the forest grew denser and the gloom more oppressive. Suddenly in this great wild, far from the homes of men, I came upon a new meeting house. It was a brand new meeting house, too, because it wasn't plastered. Well, sir, I lifted up my eyes and part of the forest faded away, leaving a big square field laid off in rows of elegant letters. Right smack in the middle of the field was Gen. Washington, looking calm-like and benign. He was dressed up smart in his army clothes, and on each side of him was a roaring, ravenous lion.

"One of the lions had his mouth open, showing fearfully big teeth, and was getting ready to pounce on the General. The other lion was lying sort of still with his eyes shut and waiting like. I was mightily troubled and sore oppressed. It looked bad for the General. Suddenly some one invisible laid a hand on my shoulder and a voice said: 'My son, this is a strange thing.' 'Yes,' said I. 'It is a mighty strange thing—a very remarkable thing.' Then the voice was lifted up again, and said: 'This is the form of your Government, founded by the great Gen. Washington. Those two lion monsters there are threatening to destroy the Government, and if one don't, the other will.' 'It surely does look that way,' says I. Then the voice told me to turn around to the north, and I did so. There was a horse and plough standing right before me, and the voice said again: 'It is allotted for you to plough this corn.' I went on to tell how I just couldn't think about it, as I was far from home and in a hurry to get back to the folks, but the voice said the corn needed ploughing the worst kind, and that I was the only man that could do it. So I began, and the corn, which was only two inches high when I took the plough handles, began to grow as I went on down the row. When I got to the north end of the row the corn was in roasting ears, and when I turned around and got back to the south end it was hanging ready to pull.

"I didn't quite understand that vision then, but I do now. It represented my long life and ministry. Only one man who was a member of our church then is alive now except myself. That one is my cousin, Elder Matt Van Cleave. He's the only elder in the State, too, who has married more folks than I have. I have married over 700 couples, but Matt has married about 1,000. About those lions and Gen. Washington I don't know so well. One of those monsters was the war, and I thought that was the one that was going to get the General. But it didn't. The other one will though, and I don't know what that is. This vision was my call to preach, and I wrestled with woe and trouble for nigh two years and then was licensed.

"The Indian Creek Church was organized in 1832 by Elder John Lee and Elder Stapleton, and just ten years later I began preaching there, and have preached there ever since. I hadn't any education at all when I began to preach, and couldn't read the hymns, but my wife helped me, and I learned to read, until now I am as good a historian and reader as you will find anywhere. My wife was a relative of mine, Elizabeth Van Cleave, and we had eight children, five of whom still live. I preached several years before I was finally ordained, and when I did get ordained Elders Kester, Goben, Brady, Edwards, and Harlan were all there, and I told them my experience. The candidate usually preaches then, but the committee took up all the time asking me questions, so I didn't. Well, sir, I've preached now for fifty-five years, and have averaged about three sermons a week in all this time, besides hundreds and hundreds of funeral sermons. I have spread the blessed Gospel around pretty generally over Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, and Missouri, and I have never received a cent of pay. Our church doesn't believe in a paid or educated ministry. Our preachers are called to preach and are inspired with what to say. They can't take pay, and if one was offered money to preach he wouldn't do it. He wouldn't be a hireling preacher. All preachers who get money are hirelings, and not true servants of the Lord. The Good Book says: 'A hireling fleeth and cares not for the sheep.' Our church doesn't believe in church bells or choirs or organs or Sunday schools, or any of these worldly and unseemly things.

"We don't believe in missionaries, either. Our preachers have got enough to do here without gadding off to foreign parts to look after heathens. If the Lord wants to convert the Indians and Chinese, I reckon he can do it without missionaries. We support our own poor, though, and look after the needy and orphan, and the widow in distress. But we don't go missionarying around over the face of the earth.

"Some folks call me a mighty hard old fellow," said Elder Van Cleave, with a pleasant smile, "and they say I preach a hard old doctrine, but I don't. My doctrine is the easiest one on earth. In my doctrine you have everything done for you, and you don't have to do anything to get saved. It's a good deal easier to be pulled out of the miry clay and bottomless pit than to have a rope tossed in your direction and be told to pull yourself out. This free-will agency business is all bosh."

Five miles from the Indian Creek Church is the Elder's goodly farm of 160 acres, entered by himself in 1826. He proudly shows the sheepskin title to it, at the bottom of which is the signature of J. Q. Adams, standing out like the print of a copper plate. Elder Van Cleave has also the parchment deed given by the Government to his wife's father, Aaron Van Cleave, in 1833. This bears the signature of Andrew Jackson. The Elder is an ardent Democrat, and at one time he and his church controlled the politics and political patronage of the whole region. "I was born a Democrat," said he, "and I couldn't be anything else. My first vote was cast for Andrew Jackson, one of the grandest men that ever lived."

The Industrious Yellowhammer.

From the Morning Oregonian.

William R. O'Neill of the Pacific vinegar factory noticed a yellowhammer industriously at work one day recently on the siding of the factory building. Mr. O'Neill watched the bird for some time, and inside of an hour it had cut a round hole two or three inches in diameter through the inch planking. Mr. O'Neill is not a mean man, and if the bird cared to make its home in his vinegar factory, why, it was all right. Next day, however, he noticed that the yellowhammer was engaged on another hole. "It's for a back door," thought the owner of the building. But after it had finished the back door it cheerfully went to work on the other holes, probably for windows. By the time there were fifteen holes in the side of the factory Mr. O'Neill concluded that the yellowhammer was taking liberties with his property. So he obtained permission from the Chief of Police to shoot it. For a whole day the office boy and Mr. O'Neill's brother banged away without feazing the little bird, and it was finally necessary to employ an expert marksman to bring it down. The marksman charged 50 cents for his services, and Mr. O'Neill also lost the best part of a day nailing boards over the holes in the planking.

LI HUNG CHANG'S EMBASSY.

THE ENVOY SENT BY CHINA TO THE CZAR'S CORONATION.

A Perilous Journey for the Aged Statesman—Dark Ways of Chinese Politics—Li Said to Be Anxious to Retire to Private Life Upon His Return to China.

PEKING, May 1.—China's first Ambassador has gone abroad. There have been Chinese Ministers in the past, but never one of the rank of Ambassador. It is a high distinction befitting a great occasion. First of all the man is to do honor to the Czar of all the Russias at his coronation, and then he is to make a tour of the other great European courts and possibly cast a glance at the simplicity of Washington's democracy, as he turns his face once more to his native land.

The politics of China are peculiar. Chinese diplomacy is as nearly like gambling as much that goes on in the palace of the Empress Dowager with dice and cards. An honor bestowed is as much a matter of hatred sometimes as of friendship, an act of self-preservation as much as a generous act of worthy recognition.

When his Excellency Li was appointed last year to be the envoy of peace to neighboring Japan, it was not so much to restore him to power and his long-worn decorations, as to save Prince Kung from the trouble of going, and the imperial tutor, Wung, from the danger of making a muddle of the business and bringing on national ruin. So this year we are not altogether certain that the appointment of this aged man to make a circuit of the globe—to face all kinds of climate from the present cold of northern China to the heat of the Red Sea—to cram himself with all kinds of luxurious food and exhilarating wines, to go whirling from one excitement to another—was not inspired as much by a desire on the part of his foes to get rid of him as by the desire of any friends he may have to magnify his name and restore him to supreme power in the empire next to the Emperor, or, more properly speaking, the Empress Dowager.

Li, it should be remembered, has had more than one stroke of apoplexy, and while looking a model of strength and endurance he may yet be incapacitated for further service by any unusual strain of excitement. It is good to look on the face and form of this aged statesman, tall, dignified, vigorous, and commanding, the very best type of Chinese manhood. During the last few months I have had the pleasure of chatting frequently and freely with him, and each time have gone away with the impression not only of his keenness and ingenuity, but also of the wonderful recuperative powers of his body, so that the harm from the assassin's bullet leaves no mark except a slight indentation as of a mere wrinkle underneath one of his eyes.

Whether in danger or safety this old Chinaman is equally placid and unsolicitous. He has acknowledged the uncertainty of his return, but he neither worries nor trembles. There is at least no danger of his dying of nervous prostration.

When the Russian Government first made known its own wishes as to the personnel of the Ambassadorship from both Japan and China, it was desired that a prince of the blood should be selected. That such compliance on the part of the Chinese Government would have done the greatest good to the very exclusive and reserved Manchus, and more especially the Manchu nobles, we of the outside countries are quick enough to see. But the imperial clan was not so eager to have its time-honored proprieties and customs thus pricked by the innovations of other civilizations. There might be a danger to the lawful reign if some prince should be so captivated by the progress and ideas of Europe as to come back a royal enthusiast of change and a critic of ancestral backwardness.

The first choice would, of course, be Prince Kung. Though younger than Li, he is yet much feebler in health and could not possibly bear the strain of such a trip. The son of one Emperor, the brother of another, and the uncle of two others, he would be the highest representative of the imperial nobility, and by his services in saving the empire would rightfully claim the creditable reception of every ruler, Occidental and Oriental; but I am not sure that the people the world over would be more eager to see him than the envoy selected.

The next selection would naturally be that of Prince Ching, but as Grand Chamberlain and Member of the Foreign Office and the Board of Defence, he could not well be spared. Neither am I sure that he would want to take the trip. In all probability he would prefer to hold his offices with the wealth attached rather than take a tour abroad with its empty honor.

There was indeed no doubt that Li was the best man to be selected. To be sure by getting him out of the way for a few months his rivals in the councils of state may hope to secure their own position so firmly that his return to China will not mean a return to power. Whether they think so or not, or whether such a scheme be consummated or not, the fact remains that Li is the best fitted to be the Ambassador to Europe and America.

Next to the rank of Prince stands the First Grand Secretary. Formerly this office was filled by a Manchu, but when in 1875, in addition to being Governor-General of the Metropolitan province, Li was chosen to be Grand Secretary in the Inner Council, the priority was not continued with the Manchu, but was extended to this powerful Chinaman. This rank is that by which Li is always spoken of in Chinese rather than the title of Viceroy, which foreigners more frequently use. The rank of First Grand Secretary is the highest of all in the mandarinate of China, but the office for over a hundred years has not contained as much power as that of Minister of the Grand Council, which to-day is the real Privy Council of the Emperor. As Li never lived in the capital until recently, he has never been a member of the more powerful council.

How is it, then, that for nearly a quarter of a century Li has been spoken of as the real Premier of China? Just because he really was such in point of influence. Besides being First Grand Secretary—first in rank—and Viceroy of a province—one of nine—he was also Superintendent of Northern Trade, and Director of the Board of Admiralty. As Superintendent of Trade he was brought into contact with foreigners, and was concerned in many important questions of foreign policy. So far as mere matters of trade were concerned, foreigners were more apt to go to him than to the Foreign Office in Pekin.

So far as diplomacy was concerned, many a time the foreign Ministers would turn from the hesitancy and dilatoriness of the Foreign Office to the Grand Secretary Li, with his independence, courage, and resolve. Treaties to be settled were placed in Li's hands and carried through without any squirming. He was the chief man of action for all these years. If there was to be any improvement in coast defence in the north, in the army or navy, in steamships or railways, in telegraphs or arsenals, in hospitals or Western education, Li was the man to propose, to push, to plead, to act. The great schemes of reform on Western lines found Li as their chief advocate. Where others faltered, Li was determined. Rightly, then, was Li called the Premier of China.

The atmosphere of Pekin has never been so favorable to progress or change as the port of Tientsin. The former has its thousands of officials, the majority of whom were conservative in principle and sentiment. The latter was dominated by the energetic and determined will of Li, who saw the imperative need for change, and to his will all his subordinates bent with unswerving fidelity.

In all these years Li has been the reformer on material lines. I would not call him a reformer on moral lines. In saying this I would not condemn him as I would one in our home lands. He must be judged by his environment. Irregularities or peculations reprehensible in the United States are a part of the custom of China, running through every kind of business, from the Emperor down to the poor, hard-toiling laborer.

At the same time I have found officials who have been more determined to uproot the corruption of their Government, more clean-handed and less avaricious, more respected by the people, and worthier of a missionary's eulogy. But right here comes in a peculiar medley of Chinese life. The officials most inclined to Western improvements are not always the most incorruptible; while those who rank high as honest, pure-minded men, are oftentimes anti-foreign and reactionary.

Some time ago I prepared a document on the cure for China's corruption, which I handed to all the leading men in the Government. Li is always outspoken. After he had read my document, he invited me to an interview. Hardly had I taken my seat when he began:

"Why do you revile all Chinese officials by calling them corrupt officials?"

"I have not called them all corrupt," I replied. "I clearly distinguished in my document the corrupt system and the corrupt man."

"Oh, no; you revile us all. You did not state your point clearly."

"Perhaps so," I replied, "though such a distinction was what I meant to make."

Since the return of Li from Japan he has been either cynical or pessimistic as to the future of his country. He has recognized no possibility of reform. This feeling was a natural one for such a man. After his dictatorial sway for twenty years at the port of Tientsin, holding the different offices above enumerated, surrounded by faithful or fawning followers, it was a great come down to be placed in Pekin amid his rivals and colleagues. Here he has simply been First Grand Secretary, without any power. He was chosen to make the supplementary commercial treaty with Japan; but even here he was bothered by all kinds of advice, while the affairs of state policy were left to others. His old rival, the imperial tutor Wung Tung-ho, had become the practical Premier, and little good could Li see in the action of such a man.

Notwithstanding all this, Li has shown no sign of disloyalty to his Majesty or the dynasty. He has mistrusted certain men, but has not in consequence turned against the whole existing Government. Though in former years he had more than one chance with foreign aid to head a revolution, Li has turned from disloyal schemes, even those that seemed to place him on the throne.

While Li has had and still has his foes and obstructionists, he has had one strong friend, the most powerful personage in the empire, none other than the Empress Dowager. She it was who summoned Li forth from the midst of degradation last year to restore him all his honors and send him as Envoy to Japan to treat for peace. Of late she has again been showing her will in the affairs of state. She caused two high mandarins who had criticised her before the Emperor to be degraded for life. She has caused the Emperor to come and consult her more frequently and has more and more limited the sphere of the Tutor Wung. When Li had his last audience with the Empress Dowager, so it is reported, he suggested that if he lived to return to China he would probably ask to retire into private life. The Empress Dowager admonished him not to think of such a thing, as more than ever would he be needed in the reforms to be inaugurated. It will be interesting to see whether this purpose will be effected, or whether his rivals will be so strong as to prevent his entry on the more important offices in the Grand Council and the Foreign Office.

Before Li left Pekin he went to make a farewell call on Prince Kung, the leading representative of the ruling race. In some such words as these did he address his old friend:

"I am now starting forth on a long pilgrimage. It is uncertain if I live to return, and even if I do return it is uncertain if I again enter public life. This may be the last time we shall see each other, and so I want to speak to you very clearly." Tears began to come into the eyes of the Prince, while the world-renowned statesman of Chinese blood continued: "Our country is nearly ruined, but it may yet be preserved, if you only take the direction of affairs and inaugurate reforms." I understand that the Prince, already in feeble health, gave no promise of assuming the leadership. If so, China's case is indeed a sad one.

This veteran on battlefield and in council chamber, fighting rebels and checkmating diplomatists, urging reforms and undaunted by rebuffs, keen of vision and ready in conversation, experienced in all the chicaneries of Chinese deception, and enjoying a joke, more prompt to question an interviewer than answer questions, a born leader, and yet loyal to his sovereign, hated perhaps by many of his countrymen, but honored the world over by the leaders in other lands, this is the man worthy of being China's Ambassador to Russia, France, Germany, Great Britain, and the United States. It will be interesting to see if he will discern the best side of Christian civilization, and return to lead his bewildered countrymen and bewitched rulers into the path of security, enlightenment, rectitude, and prosperity.

BOCCIE PLAYING IN NEW YORK.

The Italian Game of Bowls and the Skill of Some of Its Experts.

The Italian colony about Washington square has been domesticating the game of boccie (pronounced "botchee") of late, and people of other nationalities are now trying their 'prentice hand at it. The Italians who more particularly affect this game come from the northern part of the kingdom. They are Lombards, Piedmontese, Venetians, Tuscans, but chiefly, and above all, Genoans, for in their ancient free city boccie is played in its greatest perfection, and wonderful indeed are the stories told of the proficiency of its experts.

Most of these northern Italians are men of fine physique, and the game boccie is to them what quoits is to the Scotch, cricket to the English, handball to the Irish, bowling to the Germans, or baseball to Americans, and in a degree it partakes of each of these, with a suggestion of croquet in the bargain. Fundamentally it is a game of bowls, and bowling is what boccie signifies. In Italy the game is usually played in the open. Here in New York an open space of sufficient size is a luxury out of reach, and the twenty or more alleys or courts maintained in the city, chiefly in or about West Bleecker street, give but scant scope for the display of the highest skill. To witness the game in its transplanted perfection one must go to West Hoboken or Staten Island, where boccie courts abound.

The first and chief requisite is a smooth, hard clay floor or alley. When played in the open a space 25 or 50 by 125 feet is prepared for alley purposes. In the city the area in the rear of a basement saloon generally furnishes all the obtainable space. What is wanted is a space at least 20 by 60 feet, half of the width being devoted to spectators, who are separated from the players by a low partition or railing. The playing outfit for the regulation game consists of nine hard wooden balls, eight of them four inches in diameter, and the ninth the size of a small baseball. The latter is the pin ball. Usually the game is played with two men on a side, each entitled to two balls.

Gathering at one end of the alley, one of the men rolls forward the pin ball. Then each player bowls one of the large balls, and the two who place a ball nearest the pin ball play as partners against the other two, with the advantage that the rules allow them to score one point as a send-off in a game of twelve points. The most that can be made in a single inning is four, but it is not usual that more than two are scored, and the average is probably not above one and a half. The matter of partners being settled, the pin ball is again rolled forward by the player who placed a ball nearest to it in the trial bowl, and the same player follows it with a bowl with one of the large balls. Next one of the players on the opposing side makes play. If the first bowl has gone rather wide of the mark he will also follow with a bowl, but if the first ball has lodged close to the pin ball, he will resort to a pitch, with the object of dislodging his opponent. The pitch is the most interesting feature of the game, and in proportion as the players are experts is it brought into play, and among highly trained amateurs or professionals it is usually only the first ball that is bowled, and now and then the last one, all the intervening ones being pitched. Among novices, on the other hand, this order is almost reversed, and most reliance is placed on the bowling. There are no rules governing the delivery of the ball, but experience has taught that an underhand delivery is best for bowling, except when it is sought for any reason to give the ball a twist, while the ball for the pitch is best delivered overhanded, as nearly as possible straight from the shoulder. When bowling the player is permitted to take two steps forward from the line, for a pitch he is permitted three steps, and the ball is usually delivered at the instant the foot touches the ground. The object is always to place a ball nearest the pin ball, be the pin ball where it may. In many innings it will change its position with every pitch, either because of a direct attack or because disturbed accidentally.

If after No. 2 has played it turns out that in the general upset the ball of No. 2 lies nearer the pin ball than the sphere of No. 1, then No. 1 takes another turn. If the balls have been well separated, he will seek advantage by a bowl, but should the ball of No. 2 be near the pin ball, he will resort to the pitch, and thus drive it away. If he fails his partner steps into the breach, and should he also fail to get an advantage with either of the two balls allotted to him, then the player already in the best position resumes play, and seeks to place the second ball by means of a bowl near the first on the inside, and his partner, having still two balls in reserve, will also resort to bowling; as there is now no danger that any of their balls will be disturbed by the deadly pitch of an opponent, there is opportunity for making the full complement of four points in the inning. The inning concluded, play is started the same way from the other end.

Great precision in pitching is acquired by experts. It is one thing to dislodge your opponent's ball, but what about your own? The trick is to take your opponent's place. Many a good player can do this at a distance of fifty feet once out of three times, a few can do it nearly as often at a distance of seventy-five feet, and one player in New York has accomplished the feat many times at a distance of 100 feet. This is known as the "stop shot," and to acquire skill in this direction is the triumph of the game. The shot can be made successfully only when both direction and distance are calculated to the fraction of an inch, for success is achieved only when the object ball and the ground are struck simultaneously, resulting in the pitched ball taking the precise place of the ejected object ball.

Remarkable stories are told in the haunts of boccie players of the skill of professionals in Genoa, the home of the game. It is said that men make even bets on dislodging a ball with a stop shot at seventy-five feet. A tin plate, somewhat like an American pie plate, is placed on the ground and a ball put therein. The expert places beside it a 20-franc piece, and you do the same. He steps back seventy-five feet, delivers the ball, and if it does not take the place of the ball on the plate, the 20-franc piece is yours. It is only after watching a game of local players, amateurs most of them, and noting with what frequency a stop shot is delivered, that such a story seems credible.

Trolley Mortality in Newark.

From the Newark Daily Advertiser.

There have been forty-six deaths on the trolley roads since they began operating in this city, the last one occurring yesterday. The first death occurred on Dec. 12, 1890, and that year witnessed two other deaths on the lines. For the year 1891 there was not a single death, but in '92 there were seven deaths, in '93 there were twelve, in '94 there were fourteen, in '95 there were five, and during the five months of this year four men have met violent death on the electric lines. The list shows a tendency to diminish, and this result is due partly to the fact that the people have grown accustomed to the trolley, and partly to the increased care and efficiency in operating the lines.

TESLA'S EVERY DAY VIEWS.

WHAT HE THINKS ABOUT COMMONPLACE THINGS.

Also About the Manufacture of Lightning in Streaks a Mile Long—Work, Sleep, Playtime, and Marriage—Sleep the Greatest of all Life Prolongers.

One night at about 11 o'clock I found Mr. Tesla in the café, seated at his usual table, looking tired and haggard. He greeted me with the kindly smile and strong grasp of the hand that are natural to him, but I saw by the pallor of his face and the dark eyes that something had gone wrong.

"I am afraid," he said, "you won't find me a pleasant companion to-night. The fact is I was almost killed to-day."

"Yes," he continued, "I got a shock of about three and a half million volts from one of my machines. The spark jumped three feet through the air and struck me here on the right shoulder. I tell you it made me feel dizzy. If my assistant had not turned off the current instantly it might have been the end of me. As it was, I have to show for it a queer mark on my right breast, where the current struck in and a burned heel in one of my socks where it left my body. Of course, the volume of current was exceedingly small, otherwise it must have been fatal. You know three and a half million volts is no joke, however small the volume."

A great difficulty, and at the same time a delight in talking with Tesla, is the utter inability one feels to understand what he is saying, or lift one's self to the plane on which he is thinking. What ordinary person could grapple with the idea of three and a half million volts or the electric contrivances necessary to produce it? I knew perfectly well that 20,000 volts is the potential considered absolutely fatal in the current used for execution, and yet here was a man, perhaps the greatest electrician of his time, calmly describing his sensations in receiving the shock of a current more than 150 times as strong. It was plainly hopeless to attempt any understanding of this anomaly, so I asked about something easier.

"I should have thought the spark from such a current would jump further than three feet," I ventured.

"So it would if I had wanted it to. I have frequently had sparks from my high-tension machines jump the width or length of my laboratory, say thirty or forty feet. Indeed, there is no limit to their length, although you can't see them except for the first yard or so, the flash is so quick. It is just like lightning. The fact is, there would be no particular difficulty in imitating lightning with sparks, say a mile long, if any one chose to pay for the necessary apparatus. Yes, I am quite sure I could make a spark a mile long, and I don't know that it would cost so much, either."

I asked Mr. Tesla if he had had many accidents with electricity during all the years he has been experimenting with it.

"No," he said, "I have had very few accidents. I don't suppose I average more than one in a year, and no one has ever been killed by one of my machines. I always build my apparatus so that whatever happens it cannot kill any one. The burning of my laboratory two years ago was the most serious accident I ever had. No one knows what I lost by that."

He shook his head and passed his large hand across his brow in regretful reminiscence.

"You see," he went on, "that is one of the sad things in an inventor's life. So many ideas go chasing through his brain that he can only seize a few of them as they fly, and of these he can only find the time and strength to bring a few to perfection. And it happens many times that another inventor who has conceived the same ideas anticipates him in carrying out one of them. Ah, I tell you, that makes a fellow's heart ache. When my laboratory was burned, there was destroyed with it apparatus I had devised for liquifying air by a new method; I was on the eve of success, and in the months of delay that ensued a German scientist solved the problem, just as I was about to solve it, and left me only the memory of what I might have done. I was so blue and discouraged in those days that I don't believe I could have borne up but for the regular electric treatment which I administered to myself. You see, electricity puts into the tired body just what it most needs—life force, nerve force. It's a great doctor, I can tell you, perhaps the greatest of all doctors."

I asked Mr. Tesla if he often fell into these periods of depression.

"Perhaps not often, but now and then. Every man of artistic temperament has relapses from the great enthusiasms that buoy him up and sweep him forward. In the main my life is very happy, happier than any life I can conceive of. When I was a student I knew what it was to sit at the gaming table forty-eight hours at the stretch. I thought that an intense emotion, the fascination of play, and I believe many people regard it as the strongest emotion; but I can tell you that for many years all the allurements of the game would have seemed tame and insipid to me compared with the tremendous, overmastering excitement of my life in the laboratory. I do not think there is any thrill that can go through the human heart like that felt by the inventor as he sees some creation of his brain unfolding to success, as he watches some crucial experiment prove that through months of waiting and hoping he has been in the right. Such emotions make a man forget food, sleep, friends, love, everything."

"Do you believe in marriage, Mr. Tesla, for persons of artistic temperament?"

"For an artist, yes; for a musician, yes; for a writer, yes; but for an inventor, no. The first three must gain inspiration from a woman's influence and be led by their love to finer achievement, but an inventor has so intense a nature with so much in it of wild, passionate quality that in giving himself to a woman he might love he would give everything, and so take everything from his chosen field. I do not think you can name many great inventions that have been made by married men." He paused a moment and then added, with a shade of pathos in his tone: "It's a pity, too, for sometimes we feel so lonely."

The amount of work Mr. Tesla does in a day, does every day, is simply prodigious. It is literally true that his life is passed in continuous labor in the laboratory with occasional intervals for food and sleep, and after working all day long from 8 o'clock in the morning till 8 o'clock at night, he often has his dinner brought to the laboratory and continues to work until 11 or 12. Twice in the last two years he has been to a theatre. On very, very rare occasions, when he could not avoid it, he has heeded some social call and enjoyed it, too, as he admits, although the thought of going to a reception fills him with dismay in advance.

"What do you think about sleep? Is it wise for a man to deny himself and get along with a few hours' sleep a day so as to do more work?"

Tesla shook his head. "That is a great mistake I am convinced. A man has just so many hours to be awake and the fewer of these he uses up each day the more days it will take to use them up, that is the longer he will live. I believe that a man might live 200 years if he would sleep most of the time. That is why negroes often live to advanced old age, because they sleep so much. Do you know that Gladstone sleeps seventeen hours every day; that is why his faculties are still unimpaired in spite of his great age. The proper way to economize life is to sleep every moment that is not necessary or desirable that you should be awake. Do I do this myself? No; but here, as in many other things, I am far from being a model."

As a young man in his native land of Montenegro Tesla was famous for unusual bodily strength, overcoming all his comrades with little effort in wrestling bouts and feats of prowess. Even now, despite the neglect of his muscles, he is a man of remarkable stature and physical force.

As the waiter was bringing some things that had been ordered I remarked the fluency with which Mr. Tesla spoke French, and asked him how many languages he knew.

"Not very many," he said, "six, or seven, or eight; but my father was a great linguist; he spoke eighteen languages. Besides that he was a remarkable mathematician."

Cyclometers for Carriages.

From the Washington Post.

"In Berlin, Dresden, Leipsic, and other German cities they have introduced a new system in the operation of many of the public conveyances by which it is impossible for a customer to get cheated," said Mr. A. W. McKay of Boston at the Hotel Page. "It is an instrument something after the fashion of the bicycle cyclometer, that tells one just how many kilometres he has gone in a cab or carriage, and also registers the exact amount of money he should pay for the distance travelled. It is a very ingenious contrivance, and I heard it was going to be adopted in Paris.

"In all those countries the rates for cab hire are hardly one-half of what they are in the United States. In Berlin one may go a kilometre (five-eighths of a mile) for about 12 cents, and the second kilometre for less. Attempts to impose on or defraud patrons are very rare in Europe, for the reason that the officials punish violators of the law with great severity."

New Searchlight for Ships.

From the Boston Evening Transcript.

A new and powerful searchlight has been invented for the purpose of simplifying searchlight operations on board ship. It is portable, and may be packed in a box when not in use. It can be attached in less than a minute. Its weight is just below fifteen pounds, and it can be handled with the greatest ease or suspended from a chain and operated by the officer on watch. Its peculiar feature is that it does not dazzle the sight of the operator. None of its beams are wasted, and it gives a high degree of concentration of light rays upon the object on which they are directed. The instrument has both automatic and hand feed, and the focussing arrangement is very simple. It shows small objects, such as a buoy, three-quarters of a mile off, while it makes sails visible three miles away