THE DUKE OF PRESIDENT.

A SINGULAR MAN AND HIS ESTATE IN THE OIL REGION.

His Name Was Clapp--He Set Up a Sort of Ducal Establishment with Retainers Fourteen Miles from Oil City, and Waited in Vain for the People to Flock There.

They were fishing in a little trout stream that was thickly overgrown and that ran into the Allegheny River in the Pennsylvania oil region. The man who had insisted upon bringing a fancy split bamboo pole into a Pennsylvania forest well supplied with underbrush had been the victim of a multitude of petty tribulations that day. He had broken the tip of his pole, his luck had been bad, and now a vicious, low-hanging bough deprived him of his spare tip and left a red mark across the stubby expanse of his cheek.

"Don't you care," replied his companion. The well-filled creel of the speaker contrasted in a peculiar way with the plainness of his attire and the lack of display about his pole. It was just a simple fishing pole made to catch fish with, and not for show to the farmers inhabiting the borders of all well-regulated trout streams.

"Don't you care," repeated the companion, as he snatched a trout from the stream as a last act of devotion to a sport which, in view of his companion's misfortune, he felt he must abandon for the day. "The bough that brought you grief grew upon the estate of an American Duke."

"An American Duke?"

"Yes, an American Duke."

"Oh, come! What do you mean by 'American Duke'? Did some Englishman come over here and buy this solitude, or did it belong to some heiress whose death left her ducal husband incumbered with that not unpleasant possession, an American estate?"

"Neither; an estate of 800 acres, of which these woods are a part, came into the possession of a simple American gentleman."

"And yet you called him 'Duke' ?"

"And 'Duke' he was called by the few inhabitants of this section. I am in a measure your host to-day, and I will conduct you over the duchy of the only American Duke. We came in back from the river. We can go through the duchy, cross the Allegheny and catch a train for home this evening."

A walk of five minutes brought them to a road at one of whose visible ends a modern iron bridge spanned the winding stream they had just deserted. The man from whose case the broken tip protruded uttered an exclamation of surprise at the contrast between the perfect condition of the roadbed, with its iron bridge and the entire absence of any sign of human habitation. No prosperous farmholds were to be seen. There was little evidence of rural travel, in short, nothing to indicate that this road had been built to supply an agricultural demand. Indeed, a mere passing examination of the soil would have convinced even an amateur farmer that this was not and could not be a farming country.

But the visitor could glean nothing from his guide. New objects were constantly presenting themselves to excite his surprise. As they proceeded along the road, tall poles came into view with directions painted upon the signboards at the top. Each pole indicated a decreasing distance to "the President Hotel." Over each signboard was a little roof, evidently to prevent the washing away of the lettering. At regular intervals high troughs, from which a horse could drink almost without being unchecked, were placed by the roadside, and fed from the hill springs. The troughs bore the lettered devices, "Horses' Delight No. 1," "Horses' Delight No. 2," &c.

Within a few minutes the passage of another iron bridge brought the men within sight of the beautiful upper Allegheny. Between them and the river there was a wide margin of cleared land. A few old oaks were left standing to give a picturesque effect. Across the green river the hill rose sheer up from the water. At the foot, a railroad ran along a shelf, partly natural and partly built up from the river. From the last bridge they had crossed an elevated board walk ran to the broad veranda of what was apparently a large summer hotel. Beyond the hotel was a cluster of buildings, among them dwelling houses. One building, over whose door "Post Office" could be read, looked like a country general store, except that the usual throng of loiterers was not in sight. Nestling under a grove of gigantic oaks a little schoolhouse faced the river beyond the hotel. At a place on the river front directly in front of the hotel a ferryboat was lying, supplying a means of transportation to the railroad across the river. Nearby a fleet of rowboats tugged at their moorings in the brisk river breeze. Upon each bank a tall derrick-like structure served as a lofty terminus for a wire cable, along which a rope attached to the ferryboat ran with a creaking pulley when the boat crossed the river. There was no one in sight. All was solitude.

"Come with me to this knoll," said the guide, "and as our sport in a measure is interrupted I'll explain to you the mystery of this peaceful landscape."

"But this apparently deserted hotel. Those sign posts and 'Horses' Delight?' "

"They are all a part of the story. Several years ago all this countryside came into the possession of an Edward Clapp. At that time nothing was as you now see it. The site of that hotel was simply a beautiful spot upon the Allegheny. Clapp was an odd genius. He had large wealth in addition to this estate. He did not desire money. He wanted to make this place a summer resort. With that end in view he built this hotel. All through his large estate he built fine roads leading from nowhere to this hotel. They were simply drives, and very picturesque, some of them. These woods are filled with iron bridges similar to the two we saw. That ferry, built to carry over the river the guests of the new hotel, cost a pretty penny.

"The years went by. Only an occasional fisherman sought the 'President Hotel,' as Clapp called his place. You see the resort had no territory to draw from. Oil City people did not care to spend their summer only fourteen miles away from home, and there was no other city of any importance near to the place. It was not known out of its own immediate neighborhood. Clapp didn't seem to realize this. When no one came to his hotel he merely went to work laying out more drives and building bridges. Among others he made a road leading to the regular routes to Oil City, but all in vain. Those high watering troughs you saw along the road were his whims.

" 'A horse should always be comfortable when it drinks,' said he, and he had troughs set way up high and painted upon them, 'Horses' Delight No. 1,' &c. The sign posts were one of his improvements.

" 'Most of the sign posts in the country are obliterated by rain,' he said, and then he built a little roof over each sign. That high board walk there was to be the promenade of the fashionable who should be attracted here from the cities."

"But why do you call him 'Duke?' "

"I was coming to that. In order to keep his place up, that it might not fall into ruin pending the arrival of the first summer guest, Clapp kept a large force of men constantly at work. They were of all trades. Some built roads and cut timber, for, as you see, there is plenty of it on the duchy, and others ran the hotel, the ferry and the boats. There was a blacksmith and several carpenters. These men all lived with their families in houses upon Clapp's land, right here within sight of the hotel. The houses he built for them they occupied free from rent charges. He had a storekeeper, who was also Postmaster. In this store was a great variety of goods, and men who were here at the time the store was opened have told me that an article scarcely has ever been disturbed in the store. It is an intact stock, though perhaps shelfworn.

"You see here, off to the right, is a schoolhouse. It was erected at a cost of $5,000, and an expensive teacher was hired. There were five, or possibly six, pupils, the children of the people employed on the place."

"And 'Duke?' "

"Here was a man living alone on a large isolated estate in a house of many rooms, surrounded by the lesser dwellings of his retainers. Hence he was known far and wide as the 'Duke of President.' That pile of rotting lumber there is a tribute to his nobility. Work among his retainers was rather slack, so he ordered all hands to cut timber. He had his own sawmill, I am told. When the timber had become lumber, he had no use for it, or if he had, it was for some improvement to his estate that his death prevented. So here it lies rotting to this day, at least four years after his death, and as you observe, there's enough to start a respectable yard.

"His hotel table was provided with every delicacy of the season and a trained corps of servants took care of the house. He had a full house staff, including clerks and housekeeper. His rates were reasonable. Yet day after day his meals were served up to perhaps one fisherman and oftener to none. It got to be so after a while that Oil City people would take their out-of-town guests up to President to see the monster joke and to talk with the Duke. 'President' was the name of the station he secured on the railroad, at which the trains would stop to let off his guests who were always coming 'next season.'

" 'I'm going to have a houseful next year,' the Duke has said to me. 'This year I have had forty-nine people here, but next season they will come in crowds. It takes time for

people to find out about the best summer resorts.' The forty-nine might have stopped for only an hour, but still they had been guests at the 'President Hotel.' The 'Duke' divided his time between waiting in his hotel for the guests who always were coming and visiting county fairs. He may have had other occupations, but I never saw him otherwise engaged. His duchy occupied a large tract of land that never had been drilled for oil. Various oil concerns offered him large sums for a lease of only a small part of it and the right to put down a few test wells. You see, his land might come into the market as an important factor. Invariably he refused. Strong in the single idea of beautifying his duchy into a unique summer resort, he would allow no unsightly oil derricks upon his premises.

"About four years ago he died. Since that time his land has been developed by the heirs, and oil has been found. It seems a pity to think that the old estate, for which he was so ambitious, should have been given over to the ravages of oil seeking. Some little time before his death he appeared to realize that his ambitions had been all in vain. He gave over the hotel to one of his retainers, saying, 'Run it, make what you can for yourself.' He himself paid his board at his own hotel, apparently desiring that in his last days the hotel should have at least one permanent boarder."

The men went up the broad steps leading to the ample verandas, which, like the building, were of wood. An open door led into the office at the left. A man in his shirt sleeves was fast asleep in a chair tilted against the wall. A bumblebee pausing at the open window was the only evidence of life about the place. The open register upon the clerk's desk showed that the last guest had registered early in the preceding month. Without speaking to the slumbering clerk the guide led the way into the washroom, where the fishermen bathed their faces and hands in cold spring water.

"This hotel," said the guide, "is supplied with spring water piped here from back in the hills. Several thousand dollars was expended in this manner."

Back to the office they went to arouse the clerk. They were conducted to a dining room built to accommodate a crowd of guests. They two were alone in the large room. The meal was eaten in silence. After supper a man was waiting at the door, lantern in hand, to conduct them to the ferry. They embarked and the large barge put off. The visitor broke the silence.

"Yes," said he, "the 'Duke of President' must have been a very erratic man."

The ferryman replied:

"You think him queer? He was good to the poor."

THE NATIONAL GUARD REGISTER.

It Is Larger Than Usual, and Has More Regiments and Changes Than Heretofore.

The National Guard Register of this State, just issued from Albany, is much more interesting than it is usually. There has been a war since the Register was issued last year; the National Guard, having been reorganized, was disorganized by the war, and is now in process of re-reorganization; and there have been lots of changes and shufflings as a result of all that has happened.

To begin with, the Register is a big book this year; it contains 402 numbered pages and a lot of new matter. Opening the book one finds that the Governor's staff (in the old sense of the expression) has been herded together by itself, away from the real National Guard, and has its own table of rank and its own casualty list. After that comes the National Guard. For the first time in twelve years the Guard is headed by a Major-General, Gen. Roe. Immediately after him come his staff, or rather places for the members of it, for, as the Register is dated Dec. 15, most of the staff appointments do not appear in it. Though the staff of the Major-General commanding seems quite vacant, yet in fact there is no vacancy on it.

After the Major-General and his staff come the five brigade Generals, each with his own staff. In the former registers the names of the staff officers appeared in the beginning of the book, each staff after its chief, and then all the staff officers of the entire State were lumped together in order of rank; now each brigade staff is by itself, and a table at the end of the book gives the lineal rank of all officers. Gen. Butt of the First Brigade has three vacancies on his staff; Gen. McLeer of the Second has one only; Gen. Oliver of the Third has four; Gen. Doyle of the Fourth and Gen. Smith of the Fifth Brigade have six each.

The new Register shows the "century" organizations, which some persons think have done as much as anything else to disorganize the National Guard. The Troop CC is the first of these precious and costly things. It was all right so far as it went. On Dec. 15 it had one officer. Then we find the First, Second and Third regiments; the officers of these are to be found principally under the various separate companies out of which the regiments are formed. The Third Regiment is like the famous First Provisional Regiment, that Col. A. S. Bacon commanded for so many years. That regiment had only one officer, and the Third has only one. He is the Surgeon-Major. Having been commissioned as such before the regiment entered the United States service, he retains his commission, though the regiment has been resolved into its component parts. A humorous thing about this officer is, that he was commissioned in a regiment raised to volunteer, and then didn't volunteer himself.

The Seventh stands where it has stood for so long, at the head of the list; for the three regiments just named are not really more than paper organizations as yet. Then come the Eighth and its shadow, the 108th; the latter had a roster of twenty-five officers. The Ninth's shadow, the 109th, had eighteen officers; the 112th had twenty officers. Among them is found the name of the most mysterious person in the Guard, Lieut. David Iglehart. When his name appeared as one of Gov. Roosevelt's aides, and especially as one taken from the National Guard, the interesting query, "And who was Blennerhasset?" sank into unanswered insignificance beside the question: "Who is Iglehart?" Well, the new Register tells. On Oct. 18 he was appointed a battalion Quartermaster in the 112th Regiment. He was detailed as a National Guard aide on the Governor's staff, but has since become a "civilian aide" thereon.

Great preparations are visible in the book to welcome back the Thirteenth. At present the field and staff consist of Major Russell and Assistant Surgeon Jarrett, but there are places left for every staff officer that a regiment ought to have. The Fourteenth Regiment has lost its satellite, the 114th having been disbanded before the Register was published. Then comes the Twenty-second, with a shadowy satellite in the 122d. That regiment, though it had a Colonel (a retired officer called to active service again), appeared with only six officers, of whom two were line. The Twenty-third, which some persons said had the most enviable position in the Guard during the summer, comes next, then the Forty-seventh and its shadow, then the Sixty-fifth and its shadow, the Sixty-ninth with its shadow and the Seventy-first and its shadow. This last shadow had more substance than any other century regiment; it had forty-one officers and a real organization. The Seventy-fourth is the last regiment.

For the first time the names of the new battalions appear in the new Register, the Tenth and its shadow, the Eleventh, Twelfth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth battalions, the last four formed just before the war out of various separate companies. There are several "century separates," but they are all up for disbandment. Then come the naval militia, almost every officer in which served in the navy during the war. Then come tables giving the strengths of the Guard as a whole and by brigades and by smaller units, and the naval militia in the same way, a complete list of the armories, and finally the army and navy pay tables, with the law of the State as to service pay for National Guard officers, and the index crowns the book.

Following the custom set some years ago, a short history of each organization precedes the names of its officers, and in those histories is to be found a new and interesting point. Taking the Eighth Regiment as the oldest in the service one reads: "It has authority to place silver rings on the lances of its colors engraved as follows: On the national color—Fort Gansevoort, 1812; Fort Greene, 1812; Washington, April, 1861; Bull Run, July 21, 1861; Yorktown, 1862; Gettysburg Campaign, 1863. On the State color—Flour Riot, 1826; Stonecutters' Riot, 1835; Great Fire, New York city, 1845; Astor Place Riot, 1849; Police Riot, 1857; Dead Rabbit Riot, 1857; Sepoy Riot, 1858; Camp, Corcoran Legion, 1862; Draft Riot, 1863; Orange Riots, 1871; Syracuse, 1877; Brooklyn, 1895." The Seventh is the only organization entitled to bear such badges that does not seem to have asked for permission.

Monkeying with Established Names.

From the Washington Evening Star.

Some years ago the Post Office Department created a "Board of Geographic Names," with the object of simplifying the names of Post Offices and bringing about more uniformity in their spelling.

One of the rules adopted by this board was that where a Post Office consisted of two names they were to be consolidated. Several attempts have been made recently to carry this rule into operation, but each attempt has been met with such storms of disapproval on the part of the residents of the place that the department has been sorely troubled as to just what to do. The Post Office at Friar's Point, Miss., was changed recently to Friarpoint. When the people learned of the change there was much indignation and the department was flooded with protests. West Point, for instance, has been changed to "Westpoint." The people near the military academy object very strenuously to this change.

In recent years the compilation of the Postal Guide shows many changes in line with this rule. There is much contention over the matter, and it may be that another board will shortly be appointed to adjust the subject.

A MAP OF THE DATE LINE.

HOW IT HAPPENS TO BE CURVING INSTEAD OF STRAIGHT.

The Fine Mess Our Spanish Friends Made of It When They Imposed Their Own Calendar Day Upon the Philippines—Why the Change of Date Is Made in the Pacific.

Steamships plying between our west coast, the Orient and Australia cross the 180th meridian, and the great event always provides the sole topic for at least a day. A surprisingly large number of the passengers never heard of the Date Line, where vessels abruptly change the day and date. The travellers retire on Wednesday night, for instance, and when they arise are informed that it is Friday morning. Some kind fellow-voyager volunteers to relieve their perplexity, but, more likely than not, he is not gifted with a talent for exposition and muddles rather than enlightens his auditors. Then some one else exercises his explanatory powers, and during the day the topic is pretty well, if not very skilfully, threshed out. Of course, the old stock jokes about "the Line" are perennial and useful. "Did you feel a bump when we hit the Line?" and all the other appropriate witticisms do their usual turn on the promenade deck and are then restored to their pigeonholes. "The Line" is worth a half dozen passing ships to relieve the monotony of the long voyage, and even the particularly dense individual becomes convinced that somehow or other a day has been lost or won.

Here is a map of the Date Line. It will be observed that the line by no means follows the 180th meridian all the way through the Pacific. It is purely a convention, and in fact is drawn through the ocean just where it will best serve the convenience of navigators and the business interests of the regions through which it runs. The only reason why it should coincide with the 180th meridian in any part of its course is that most of the sailors of the world long ago adopted the meridian of Greenwich as the initial meridian; and in sailing east or west it is most convenient for them to regard the meridian that is exactly opposite Greenwich on the other side of the world as the line on which the necessary change in day and date shall be made; and the Date Line swerves from the 180th meridian only when the business or national interests of lands lying not far from the Line make it more convenient for them to have it run to the east or west of them. The nature of this convenience will be explained later.

But why is it necessary to make any change of day and date? Let us consider this question, dwelling only very briefly on facts that everybody is supposed to know.

The world revolves on its axis from west to east in twenty-four hours, which make a day. To measure distance east or west, meridians of longitude have been drawn from the North to the South Pole, and the east and west distance around the earth is divided into 360 degrees of longitude. In one revolution the earth passes through 360 degrees in twenty-four hours. So in one hour it passes through one-twenty-fourth of 360 degrees, or 15 degrees.

At all places that lie on the same meridian midday comes at the same moment. In other words, all places on the same meridian have exactly the same time. Suppose it is just noon in New York city. We know that at that moment, way out in the Atlantic, 15 degrees of longitude east of New York, it is exactly an hour later, or 1 P. M., for the sun rose at that point just an hour earlier than it did in New York and we also know that at that moment 15 degrees west of this city, in the neighborhood of Lake Michigan, it is an hour earlier, or 11 A. M., for the sun rose there an hour later than at New York.

When you reach Chicago from New York you set your watch back an hour. That is Chicago time. You have travelled 15 degrees west, and, having moved in a direction opposite that of the earth's rotation, you have, as far as you are concerned, nullified 15 degrees of the earth's revolution and have lost an hour. If you travel westward clear around the world, you have, when you reach New York again, nullified one complete revolution of the earth. You have counted your days in sequence from the time you left New York, but you have lost twenty-four hours. If you steam up the harbor on what you call Tuesday, you will find it is Wednesday in New York, and you must add a day to set yourself right. On the other hand, if you travel east, which is in the direction of the earth's rotation, you gain an hour for every 15 degrees you travel, and twenty-four hours by the time you return to New York. You are a day ahead of the calendar and must subtract a day to be even with the world again.

Now the whole theory of the Date Line is to have this addition or subtraction performed in the great ocean, where the sailor and traveller are far from the haunts of men and may make the change with the least embarrassment or confusion to themselves or others.

But if the traveller sets his watch back or forward every day to conform with his changed position, why is it necessary to have any change of day or any line to mark a change? Because the watch merely marks the subdivisions of time in a day. It has nothing to do with changes of days or months or years.

To show the inexorable necessity, in order to avoid confusion, of fixing upon a line where sailors or travellers going east or west shall understand that the calendar day is changed, let us give a rather striking illustration. At any place that is exactly 180 degrees east or west of New York city, or half around the world, the difference in time between that place and New York is twelve hours. Suppose two men, one travelling east and the other west, might reach that place in an instant, as we may reach it in thought. The man going east, leaving New York at 8 A. M., Jan. 1, would find the time at his destination 8 P. M., Jan. 1. The man going west would find the time at the same destination 8 P. M., Dec. 31. At the same instant, this spot, 180 degrees of longitude distant from New York, would have two time determinations differing in day, month and year, both scientifically accurate as measured by distance east and west from the initial meridian at New York.

The question which of these dates to assign to the meridian on which the place is situated is not answered by science. It is simply a matter of convenience, and, judged by that standard, it is easy to see what the date should be. The place is in Asia, or in the waters of the Asian or Australian world, and the calendar date and time of day should be Jan. 1, 8 P. M., for at that moment Jan. 1, 8 P. M., is the Asian or Australian date and time all along the 180th meridian from New York.

Let us see what a fine pickle our friends the Spaniards got into through their ignorance or indifference to the fact that the date must be changed when one goes into the Asian world. The Spaniards travelled west from Spanish America when they seized and settled in the Philippines. They brought their Spanish-American date along with them and stuck to it, though far and wide around, in Borneo, Java, China and Japan, the Asian date was maintained. It didn't make much difference to the Philippines for hundreds of years. Spain asked the islands for nothing except taxes. They had no trade with the neighboring Asian countries. Their only commerce was with Spanish America; both had the same day and everybody was satisfied. Early in this century, however, Spain lost every inch of territory she possessed on the American mainland and the Philippines had to look around for other customers. There were the Portuguese at Macao, near Canton, the Dutch all around and China near at hand. The calendar day at Manila was twenty-four hours behind that of every other place in Asia that wanted hemp and tobacco. When it was Sun-

day in Manila it was a workday in the Portuguese and Dutch possessions. The confusion and business embarrassment were endured for about twenty years and then Spain ended it all by one determined effort. She struck Dec. 31, 1844, out of the Philippine calendar. Dec. 30 dawned finely and passed away smoothly; and the next day was Jan. 1, 1845. Spain extended the reformed date to the Ladrones and it was also adopted by a number of other islands which had taken their calendar day and date from the explorers who had discovered them; and thus it came about that the whole civilized world gave its informal assent to the Date Line which is seen on our map to take a somewhat devious course through the Pacific.

The scientific Date Line would, of course, be on the 180th meridian. But that line would not uniformly suit business or political interests, and it is therefore made to deviate from the line whenever there is reason for such irregularity. We may call the line, as it appears on the map, the Date Line of convenience. The Russians carried the Asian calendar day over into Alaska from east Siberia, where the Asian day prevails. When Alaska became a part of the United States the Date Line was pushed over to the west, so that Alaska and the Aleutian Archipelago were east of the line, and thus all our most western American possessions have the same calendar day as Porto Rico, our most eastern possession. Then the line goes back to the 180th meridian, which it follows far to the south, till it reaches the neighborhood of the Fiji Islands. Here the line deviates to the east so as to include a lot of islands whose business relations are chiefly with Australia and New Zealand in the domain of the Australian calendar day. Some maps run the line to the east of Samoa, but the most authoritative maps leave that group east of the line, and with good reason. Samoa's relations with Australia and New Zealand are most insignificant. She has to do chiefly with the United States, Great Britain, and Germany, and should have their calendar day.

This is the way the date is changed on the line. Suppose a vessel crosses it from east to west on April 6. The following day is reckoned as April 8. If the vessel crosses the line from west to east the day of the crossing is reckoned twice. If she crossed on April 6 the following day is also April 6. The Date Line is called by various names. The Germans call it "Datum Wechsel," or "Datum Grenze" (change of date or date boundary). In English we hear it spoken of as "The Date Line," "The International Date Line," "The Change of Day Line," &c. In fact, the line has about as many names as, from time to time, it has had courses through the ocean.

PORTO RICO'S VARIETY SHOW.

Seven Stranded New York Actors Playing to Large Audiences on the Island.

SAN JUAN, Porto Rico, Jan. 2.—The theatrical stage of this little island, which formerly filled the purses of Spanish and Italian opera troupes on the way to South America, is now occupied by seven New York vaudeville actors, who were stranded in Caracas at the time of the Venezuelan revolution in February, 1898. Since then these actors, four Americans and three Japanese, have played in most of the West Indian ports, and now form the first company from the United States to amuse and entertain the theatre-going Porto Ricans.

In November, 1897, the actors left New York with the Stickney & Donovan Circus Company, and, after filling engagements at the coast towns on the way, reached the Exposition fair at Caracas early in February, 1898, just at the outbreak of the revolution. Before they had played between the bull fights in the arena a week the circus suddenly broke up and left many of the sixty members penniless. Unable to walk home on railroad ties, the seven players referred to formed a company with Alfred Sutcliffe as manager. He induced a German steamship company to carry them, as deck passengers, to Trinidad Island. Here at Port of Spain the company gave its first performance, a regular variety show, under the shade of palm and cocoanut trees. After this modest start "The Sutcliffe and Royal Japanese Troupe, indorsed by the Governor," visited ten other towns on the island, Georgetown, British Guiana, and later most of the villages in the Windward Islands. Negro Spanish sympathizers at Pointe a Pitre, Guadeloupe, compelled the actors to seek the protection of the American Consul in June.

But a more stirring incident, which forced the actors to flee for their lives, occurred on the night of July 23 at the theatre in St. Thomas. In the stage decorations, as usual, were the flags of all nations, including the red and yellow Spanish emblem and the red, white and blue of the United States. During the performance, the second on the island, an American newspaper correspondent, wishing to stir up some patriotism, persuaded the circus clown, a young member of the company, to take down the Spanish flag. Acting on the spur of the moment the clown climbed to the top of the stage, tore away the little red and yellow rag and dropped to the floor with his prize. Spanish refugees and sympathizers instantly rose in a body and filled the theatre with their cries. Inflamed by this insult, they attempted to wreak vengeance on the clown. But, dressed as a Japanese boy, he escaped uninjured with the other members of the company through a rear stage door. The enraged Spaniards then went to the island Government officials and secured an order directing the actors to leave the city within twenty-four hours. Manager Sutcliffe accordingly hired the only available craft in port, an eighteen-foot sloop with a negro Captain, and set sail before daylight for the nearest foreign shore, Porto Rico. At the end of a three days' voyage the actor adventurers landed on this Spanish possession at a little fishing village five miles east of Ponce.

On the same day the American troops reached Ponce, the Sutcliffe and Japanese troupe arrived from the East and took possession of the pretty little theatre. On the night of Aug. 10, under the protection of a military guard, the company gave the first of five performances in Ponce. For an orchestra it secured musicians from the military bands. Accordingly, when the later transports arrived from the United States, the soldiers, instead of meeting the Spanish army, saw the big sign:

CONTINUAL PERFORMANCE
from 12 to 10.
BIG AMERICAN AND JAPANESE COMPANY.

Most of the spectators were soldiers, officers and newspaper correspondents. They befriended the stranded actors and gave them, by furnishing a good attendance, enough money to buy material for a road outfit. Late in August the company started on a tour of the island, and after playing in Yauco, Mayaguez, Aguadilla and Arecibo, reached San Juan on the north coast in December. Naturally their journey over the rough mountain roads in the rainy season compelled the players, especially Mrs. Sutcliffe, to endure many hardships, but they met with no violence from the natives. From village to village they travelled in six ox carts, with their home-made circus tent and stage settings. At Mayaguez and Arecibo the company played to houses composed almost exclusively of the Eleventh Infantry and Sixth Immunes respectively.

In the small villages without theatres the company plays in the circus tent. Whenever possible the advance agent secures an orchestra, either from the military bands or from the native musicians. On many nights the only music is furnished by a guitar and a Spanish instrument called a guiros, which the native player scrapes with a broken-off umbrella rib. Advertising photographs, which have been punched full of holes by the native boys, still attract and interest large crowds. Notwithstanding the patched-up outfit, the company plays to crowded houses, and always stirs up plenty of enthusiasm. Each performance is a regular variety show, with Japanese trapeze and acrobatic work, a sleight-of-hand act, tight-rope balancing and walking, clown tricks and music on the bagpipes. Acrobatic and clown acts invariably please the natives and meet with hand clapping, whistling, stamping and cheers for the Americans and Japanese. The Scottish bagpipes, on the other hand, because of their resemblance to a Spanish instrument, always get roundly hissed.

An old military tent makes a comfortable home for the actors in the country. Mrs. Sutcliffe then acts as cook, and gives her boarders one dish the native laborers never touch, pie. For transportation, ox carts can always be hired. Manager Sutcliffe now expects to stay on the island until spring, and hopes to make two complete circuits before he starts for home with his American company.

Within the last few weeks, two other amusement attractions have invaded the island, a magician and a Yankee manager with an outfit of flying horses. Peter James, the Yankee, came here from Maine on a little coasting schooner with a cargo of New England potatoes. His flying horses now draw great crowds, and if as popular through the country as in San Juan will prove a good investment, for the natives, men, women and children in ages from 5 to 60 years, tumble over one another in order to get a seat. Others, who have no copper cents, surround the tent to enjoy the hand piano tunes, "White Wings," "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean," or "Sweet Marie."

The Bicycle-Driven Horse.

Because the horse and the wagon are kept at different stables and the driver does not like the idea of leading the horse from one stable to get the wagon at the other, uptown New York may see every morning the adaptation of the bicycle to a new use. This particular driver, who is employed by a grocer, has secured an extra long pair of reins, which reach about ten or fifteen feet behind the horse. When the horse is harnessed the driver mounts his bicycle and starts the horse, wheeling after him to the other stable. The horse has become accustomed to being driven in this way, and the driver finds it an easy task to get him on a trot.

METHODISTS VEST CHOIRS.

THEY HAVE ADOPTED A PRACTICE OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

No Doctrinal Meaning in the Change—One Church in Chicago Divided on the Subject—A Seemly Appearance the Object Sought—Position of Church Authorities.

One of the first indications of ritualism in a Protestant Episcopal church used to be the vested choir of men and boys. The simple black cassock and the white cotta that covered the Sunday clothes of the chorister were formerly the means adopted to prepare the congregation for more advanced and elaborate practices in the ritual. It is safe to say that nine out of every ten Episcopal churches which are to-day known as ritualistic, began the change from their former style of service with the introduction of a vested choir of men and boys. These choirs march into the church and they march out after the fashion of the choirs in the English cathedrals. Previous to the introduction of this innovation mixed choirs had stuck to their lofts and taken only a vocal part in the services. Unlike the good little girl, they were heard, not seen. The vested choir of men and boys has long ceased to have any ritualistic significance. The low churches, those that could never be accused of having ritualistic tendencies, are supplied with boy choirs, which have been accepted in the Episcopal Church as a dignified and seemly way of settling the question of church music, and their former suggestion of what used to be called "Puseyism" would not be apt to be developed even in those parts of the country where the advanced party in the Episcopal Church has made most progress.

Now another Protestant body has begun to adopt the vested choir in the services. The difference between its use in this denomination and in the Protestant Episcopal Church must be recognized at once. It is into the Methodist Episcopal churches that the choir has lately been taken. Here it has no such doctrinal significance as it first possessed in the Episcopal churches. It came to the latter as the forerunner of auricular confession, fasting communion, prayers for the dead, and the doctrinal changes which ritualism has wrought in the practices of the Protestant Episcopal Church. In the Methodist congregations no such significance could ever be attached to the introduction of vested singers. As the Episcopal Church would never admit that the Methodist forms a branch of the Catholic Church, it would see in the introduction of vested choirs only the adoption of one of its practices taken to enhance the beauty of the service.

The Metropolitan Temple in New York was the first Methodist Church here to introduce a vested choir, and the Jane and Perry street churches, which form a part of the congregation, have the same kind of choir from time to time. In East Sixty-first street there is a Methodist mission church, in which the vested choir has been adopted. The choirs, unlike those introduced into the Episcopal churches, are made up of men, women, girls and boys. Sometimes they march in procession, but that is not a regular part of their duties. They have been in use here for several years. The pastor of the Metropolitan Temple is an Englishman, and it may be added that vested choirs are more common in his country than they are here.

The latest Methodist congregation to introduce a vested choir is the Centenary Church in Chicago. The choir, which consisted of fifty-seven boys, girls and men, was first heard on Christmas Day, and nothing had been said of the change until the preceding Sunday. It was promptly declared by members of the congregation opposed to the change that the matter had not been properly placed before the Board of Trustees. The trustees will take up the question at a meeting to be held later in the month. The matter is to be brought before the Methodist Bishop if it cannot be settled to the satisfaction of those local members who are bitterly opposed to what they call an inexcusable innovation. One member of the Board of Trustees, who has been a member of the church for twenty years, said that the sight of the vestments as the choir marched into the church gave him such a shock that he had suffered from the grip ever since. He is himself a Methodist preacher, and in an open letter to a Chicago newspaper he described the affair as an attempt to "foist upon a great-hearted, trusting people in their own home this feature of the dead ritualism of the Romish and Episcopalian churches, to take the place of their time-honored, simple, beautiful and effective service."

The pastor of the church is highly in favor of the new plan. Other trustees do not share the opinion of the member who got the grip from seeing the choir as it entered. The general disposition is to view the matter as an experiment which must be made before it is either approved or condemned. The cassocks and surplices were presented to the church by a member of the congregation who is very much interested in music. The reason for the adoption of the vestments is given by all those who favor them as a desire to secure uniformity in the appearance of the singers. The young girls who sing in the choir are chiefly members of the Sunday school. They are not always dressed alike. The same is true of the men and boys. With the idea of creating an appearance of greater uniformity the vestments were adopted. In place of varied garments of many colors and cuts the singers are all seen now in black vestments, which creates an effect much more satisfactory to a part of the congregation.

A reporter of THE SUN yesterday talked on the subject with Dr. F. M. North of the City Extension Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which has its headquarters in the building at Twentieth street and Fifth avenue. Dr. North told the reporter that the kind of ritualism to which the trustees of the Centenary Church objected was practised in a few Methodist Episcopal churches throughout the United States.

"It has absolutely no doctrinal significance of any kind," he said, "and was undertaken along with certain other changes intended to make the services more attractive. The disposition has recently been to make more of a feature of the music in the Methodist Church than formerly, and the choirs have been made to wear vestments in accordance with that idea. It is particularly true of the churches situated in the neighborhoods where there is no large church-going community. There we endeavor to make the services as interesting to the people as possible. It usually happens that the young people of these congregations make up the choirs. They are not all of equal means or taste in dress and it is not possible for them all to appear the same. Rather than have a difference in their looks, the idea of the vestments was adopted. Only a few churches have taken it up. It has not grown to any great extent. It has no significance beyond the attempt to make the services seem as orderly as possible.

"There has been, so far as I have heard, no objection to the practice. It is a matter which every congregation could decide for itself. If a congregation does not desire a vested choir, it need not introduce one. If, on the other hand, a majority of the members want to have the choir in vestments, it could arrange that. But the general administration of the Church would not interfere unless it came to objections to the presence of the vested choirs on very serious grounds. Then the administration could recommend that the particular congregation give up the vested choir. But that is not very likely to happen. I have never heard that the general administration of the Church objected to the vested choirs. It is a matter entirely for the congregations to decide."

Another evidence of the way in which the Methodist Episcopal Church is adopting what it considers good in the practices of other denominations can be found in the present issue of the *Church Economist*. Retreats were not common practices in the Protestant bodies only a few years ago. They were first taken from the Roman Catholics by the High Churchmen in the English Church. But that they are common now the following article will show:

"Retreats are not a novelty in Methodist circles. They have been held in many conferences, and are so similar that a description of one will answer for all. The Roman Catholic practice is closely followed. 'One of these retreats which I know about,' said a Methodist pastor, 'followed the Roman custom too closely for some of the brethren. A committee was appointed to arrange the programme and select a place for the meeting. The subjects were of a devotional character, treating of how to become imbued with the spirit, and with power from on high, and how to utilize that spirit and the power for the salvation of men and women.'

"Speaking of Methodist retreats generally, he continued: 'Usually about twenty-five ministers on the district attend and about as many laymen from other charges. The local public make up the balance. As this is to be a period of preparation, the ministers present agree to cut loose from the world's activities in every possible way, to guard their conversation, and to refrain from reading books or newspapers. In short, they seek to confine their thoughts to the things which pertain to the programme. The retreat begins usually on Monday and closes on Friday. There are three services each day—in the morning from 9 to 12, in the afternoon from 1:30 to 4:30, and in the evening from 7 to 9. The morning service is devoted exclusively to ministers. No layman is permitted to attend these sessions, for here the inner life of the minister is laid bare and the most searching introspection carried on. When a paper is read it is thoroughly discussed in its relation to individual life and conduct, and is followed by prayer, conference, and consecration. Some ministers are familiar with what

Methodists term the "second blessing," and one of the objects of these retreats, or of most of them, is to assist those present to attain the coveted experience, for therein, we hold, lies the secret of power in soul-winning. The entire service is therefore of the most personal and practical type. The afternoon service is devoted to the laymen and is conducted in much the same manner and for the same purpose. The evening meetings are usually of a more public character. At this service there is a sermon upon some practical phase of the Christian life, followed by stirring exhortation to the unconverted, and to those already converted, to seek the "second blessing." The close of the service is at the altar, and every night the altar is usually crowded with those seeking the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

"'Most of the meetings that I have known about are under the presiding elders of the district. At all of them strenuous efforts are made to avoid ostentation or display. The real aim is to get away from the world and to attract as little attention as possible, in order that there may be no distracting thoughts or cares of a public or private character. The only book read during the entire interval from Monday to Friday is the Bible, and this is studied constantly with the chief object of the retreat in view—the attainment of perfection, the reception of the Holy Ghost, and the induement of power from on high, or the "second blessing," whichever term you choose to employ. While much good seems to be accomplished, especially to ministers, these retreats are rarely continued for many years in any one conference. They are not officially recognized by the Church.'"

THE PERCY FAMILY.

No Percies in It, and None for Centuries—A Great English House.

The Duke of Northumberland, Algernon George Percy, who died the other day, was the head of the house of Percy in England. It was to this family that Harry Hotspur belonged, and more recently another member of it, Earl Percy, made himself rather obnoxious in this country during the Revolution.

As a matter of fact, the house of Percy died out nearly 700 years ago, long before Hotspur. Yet the estates of the house lasted, and so the people of whatever name who became possessed of them took the name of Percy, and like the Major-General in "The Pirates of Penzance," respected their acquired ancestors and endeavored with a good deal of success to live up to them. For, as even a radical writer said in a book attacking the peers right and left: "There is scarcely a house among our older nobility that has a fairer record than the Percies." They used their vast wealth wisely, says the same writer, and, "as a rule, have not figured largely as placemen."

According to Burke's Peerage the family of Percy started with William the Conqueror, though even Burke is not certain where the first Percy came from. At all events, he was on hand to work with William. He had a son, and that son had a son; but this third generation left only two daughters, Maude and Agnes. So the real line of the Percies ended with this third baron's death in 1170.

Maude de Percy married and died without children; her sister Agnes married Josceline, son of Geoffroi, Duke of Louvaine in France—in the time of Henry II. and his sons England was really more French than it was English—and compelled him to take her name. Her estates and those of her sister Maude, which Agnes's sons inherited, were not in Northumberland then, but in Hampshire, Lincolnshire and Yorkshire. The descendants of Josceline de Louvaine-Percy held those estates and the barony of Percy for 200 years, doing good work for the country and probably for themselves. Richard, son of Josceline, was one of the barons who opposed King John, and had his eye on the King when the latter signed Magna Charta. He was one of the twenty-five barons who guarded the charter, too.

In the reign of Edward II., about 1320, the ninth Baron Percy was made warden of the Scots marches, and then acquired the castle of Alnwick, in Northumberland, which since then has been the home of the family. He was the second Henry of the Louvaine-Percies and after him came nine other Henries, so that there was always a Henry Baron Percy or Earl of Northumberland from about 1320 to late in the sixteenth century, when Henry, Earl of Northumberland, died childless in Edward VI.'s time.

In 1377, at the coronation of Richard II., Henry Baron Percy was created Earl of Northumberland. He is the Earl who appears in Shakespeare's "Richard II." and "Henry IV.," and his son was the famous Hotspur. Hotspur was killed in 1403 in the uprising of the North against Henry IV., and when the Earl fell at Bramham Moor, the whole family was attainted, and its estates confiscated to the Crown. But Hotspur's son was restored in blood, and the estates and title given back to him, so that he became the second Earl of Northumberland. He supported the Lancastrian side in the War of the Roses, and was killed at St. Albans, and his son and brothers died at Towton. Of course they were attainted for treason by the successful Yorkists, and the estates and titles disappeared a second time. The fourth Earl was restored by Edward IV. and then turned against Richard III. at the battle of Bosworth Field in 1485. That fact endeared him for a time to Henry VII., but the next Earl but one, Henry, half way approved, even if he did not take part in the "Pilgrimage of Grace," in 1537, and he and his brothers had to suffer, and a third time the Percy estates departed from the family. One of the Earl's brothers was Sir Ingelram, or Ingram Percy, of whom, as Burke says, "more anon."

But the nephew of the attainted Earl, Thomas, was restored by Queen Mary, and was recreated Baron Percy, and the next day Earl of Northumberland, and from him the line ran quite smoothly until near the end of the seventeenth century, Josceline, eleventh Earl of the creation of Richard II., and fifth Earl of the creation of Queen Mary, died, leaving one daughter, Elizabeth, in her own right, Baroness Percy.

This young lady had an eventful life. When only 14 she married Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle; but he died very shortly. Then she married Mr. Thomas Thynne, known as "Tom o' Ten Thousand," because of his wealth. He was murdered in 1682 by Count Konigsmark, who had been his rival in this love affair. Then the twice-widowed young lady married Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset, known as the "Proud Duke." By him she had thirteen children, the eldest of whom was Algernon Seymour, who succeeded her as Baron Percy. But this much-married lady had not had a wholly peaceful time in trying to carry on the Percy name and estates. When Duke Josceline died in 1670 a trunkmaker named James Percy appeared, claiming the title and estates as descended from Sir Ingelram Percy, executed in 1537, for his share in the "Pilgrimage of Grace." He maintained his pretensions for so long a time that the House of Lords, having thrown his case out of court, at last ordered him to stand in the Westminster Hall with a placard around his neck inscribed: "A false and fraudulent pretender to the earldom of Northumberland."

Algernon Seymour died leaving an only daughter, Elizabeth by name, who was brought up by her grandfather, the Duke of Somerset, and in 1740 was married to Sir Hugh Smithson, a Yorkshire gentleman, whose ancestor had been made a baronet for aiding in the Restoration. This Sir Hugh had what nowadays is called a pull. On the strength of having married the last of the Percies he took the name of Percy; then he and his grandfather-in-law were able to have him created Earl and then Duke of Northumberland, and finally Lord Louvaine, Baron of Alnwick; this last title was not to descend to his eldest son, but to his second son. So the Baronet feathered his nest pretty comfortably and was a Percy, too! It was mighty fortunate for this country that in spite of everything this noble Duke was not faithful either to his wife or to her memory; for in 1754 he had an illegitimate son, James Smithson, who at his death, in 1829, left his property to the United States; and from that bequest grew the Smithsonian Institution.

The Duke died, and his eldest son became second Duke, and after him came a third and a fourth Duke. This fourth Duke was an excellent man; he had been a naval officer on small pay and income, and was a simple and kind-hearted man. He spent his great wealth like so many of his acquired ancestors, in doing good. He built lighthouses and lifeboats; he spent more than a million and a half dollars in building improved cottages for his tenants, $500,000 in building churches, and thousands on thousands in roads and bridges and drainage. He was Duke from 1847 to 1865, and was followed by his father's cousin, the second Earl of Beverley, third Lord Louvaine, a son of Duke Hugh's second son, for whom that kindly father had obtained the Lordship of Louvaine. The Earl of Beverley was an old man, and died in 1867, when his son, Algernon George, became Duke; it is this Duke who has just died.

This late Duke had two sons, the elder of whom was called by courtesy Earl Percy; he was brought into the House of Lords, not by being created a peer in his own right, but by being summoned in his father's Lordship of Louvaine. This was in 1887. He married in 1868 a daughter of the Duke of Argyll, who has presented to him a family of seven sons and six daughters; and he is 52 years old. The younger son of the late Duke has two daughters, but they probably won't have the ghost of a show at the estates.

So it is very plain that there are no Percies connected with the Northumberland peerages, and that just as the British sovereigns for centuries back have been Scots and Dutchmen and Germans, so for centuries the Percies have been Louvaines, Seymours and Smithsons.

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KILLED A WITCH BY ACCIDENT.

Crime for Which Two Negroes Have Been Executed in South Carolina.

YORKVILLE, S. C., Jan. 12.—The prevalence of the belief in witchcraft among negroes hereabouts is illustrated by the execution of Amzi Dunavant, a mulatto, and Frank Castles, a negro. They were hanged here last week. Their crime was the murder of Ben Gore, an aged negro whom they accused of casting spells. They killed him by tying a rope around his neck and twisting it tight with a stick, and they threw the body down a well. This story of the murder was told by Angless Castles, aged 17 years, Ben Gore's stepson, at the trial.

"We were all afraid of Uncle Ben, because he fixed roots for us, and Uncle Amzi had told me two or three times that he was going to fix him. Aunt Ibby [his mother, Eliza Gore, Ben Gore's wife] was also afraid of Uncle Ben, but she did not know how to do anything, and kept after Uncle Amzi to do it. That night [June 13] Aunt Ibby went over to Uncle Frank's, and I went over to Uncle Amzi's, leaving Uncle Ben at home by himself. About 11 o'clock Uncle Frank came over to Uncle Amzi's and had a long talk with him. Then Uncle Amzi took the rope out of the bed and told me to come on with them. When we got close to Uncle Ben's house they told me to go in front and get Uncle Ben to open the door. As soon as Uncle Ben opened the door both Uncle Amzi and Uncle Frank pushed in behind me. They caught Uncle Ben, put a rope around his neck, ran a stick through it and twisted the rope until Uncle Ben fell to the floor. Then they told me to hold the stick while they searched for his roots and conjure bottle. They found the conjure bottle in his trunk and the roots in the pocket of his Sunday clothes. When they got through searching and came back to me Uncle Ben was dead and Uncle Amzi said: 'I am sorry he has been killed, but we will arrange that all right.'" So they cast the body into the well.

Amzi Dunavant admitted about all that Angless Castles said, but declared that Angless did as much to instigate and carry out the deed as any of the others. He said that some time before the murder his child was very ill and the regular doctor, after the treatment, said it did not respond to the medicine. Then he went to see Aunt Nassie Bratton, a voodoo doctor. Aunt Nassie examined some coffee grounds and told him that the child had been tricked. The trick, she said, was intended for him, but had missed him and gone into the child. Then she rubbed a horseshoe on the bottom of a copper kettle and told him to look and he would see the man who worked the trick on him. He looked and saw Uncle Ben Gore ploughing in the field by his house. The vision was as plain as if the scene itself was right before his eyes. Aunt Nassie then told him that the only hope for his child was to take away from Uncle Ben his roots and conjure bottle, tie them in a guano sack and hang them over the child's bed. He went back home but did not believe what Aunt Nassie told him, and made no effort to carry out her instructions. Three days afterward the child died.

About two weeks afterward Frank Castles's cow, which at the time had a young calf, went dry. Frank consulted Aunt Nassie, and when he looked in the copper kettle he saw Uncle Ben sitting by the fire in his own house smoking his pipe. It was shortly after this that they agreed to go to Uncle Ben's house and take his roots away from him. They had no idea of killing the old man, but only wanted to get possession of his charms, after which they intended to make him leave the country. Their plans failed. Angless, in his eagerness, drew the rope too tight, and to hide the crime it was decided to put old Ben's body in the well and keep quiet.

Frank Castles's story was about the same in all essential particulars. Old Lizzie Gore, the murdered man's widow, said she knew nothing whatever about the matter. The case against Angless Castles was not pressed, because he gave evidence for the State. The two men were sentenced to be hanged, and the woman was sent to prison for life.

While in prison awaiting execution, the two men were attentive to their religious duties. On the gallows Frank Castles said:

"In this room there are two angels. One of them has told me that as soon as the Sheriff cuts the rope that holds the plank on which I stand, and the breath has left my body, they are going to carry me to the throne of God."

Neither of the men made a confession. Both insisted all along that they told the whole truth at the trial, and neither considered that it was worth while to refer to the matter again on the gallows. After they concluded their statements they shook hands with all the witnesses one by one and bade them good-by. They displayed warm feeling but no fear or agitation.

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