The Sorrow of a Singer.

SINCE their marriage, the Aubinets had lived in retirement at Carriers, near Paris. Their home was a modest villa, situated in the midst of a sandy plain, dotted here and there with sombre thickets. Their little garden was kept alive only by incessant watering. Young Madame Aubinet passed her time in sewing and in the details of housekeeping. The sole excitement of her life was the daily arrival of the train which brought her husband home from his business. He was a clerk in the Bureau of the Interior.

No one would have suspected that this blonde, fragile young woman who spent her time in mending hose and puttering over the kitchen stove was the daughter of Madame Sambrina, the celebrated opera-singer, who, after a career of unprecedented triumph, had come to hide her ruin and the loss of her glorious voice in a deserted street of Vaughbrand. Yet such was the case.

The great singer, utterly broken with grief and despair, and retaining but the shadow of her former beauty and no remnant of her musical power, was possessed at this time with a hatred of her former life and all its associations. Her little Lucile, now about sixteen, was in a boarding school, where she had received some musical training. But when Sambrina retired to Vaughbrand, she withdrew the girl from school, and forbade her ever to sing again—whether from the bitter memory of her own sufferings, or from some vague jealousy of the future, the poor child did not know.

After six months of wretchedness, the opera singer took to her bed, and one evening, when she seemed to be suffocating, the girl, her sole attendant, though she had been allowed by her mother to know no one in the poor lodging house, ventured in her distress to knock at the door of M. James Aubinet, who occupied the neighboring apartment.

M. Aubinet was in. He was a large, powerful fellow of twenty-eight or nine, employed even then in the ministry—commonplace, conscientious, hard-working, punctual. Lucile related to him her agony, and he immediately followed her to her mother's bedside, and remained there until the poor woman was relieved from pain, and peacefully asleep.

The next day he came to inquire for her, and the next, and the next. He was full of prejudices against women of her class, but the distress of these two suffering ones appealed to his kind and simple heart. At last, he came to pity from his soul the mother and to love the young girl. Sambrina never spoke of her past, and the inexorable remembrance which she showed to it gave him confidence in her. When she felt herself to be dying, she called James Aubinet and her daughter to her and whispered to him:

"It is finished! I am going away. I leave my daughter to your care. She has a voice, and she feels it profoundly. Perhaps she will be a great artist—but do all you can to prevent it. She must not live and die as I have done. It is too full of misery."

Aubinet solemnly avowed to her his love for her daughter, and his determination to make her happy. He felt sure that as a wife and the mother of a family, she would never become an opera-singer. He comprehended that such a career would be the ruin of his happiness. It was not hard for him to promise to watch carefully to avoid the danger. The dying woman murmured, "Thanks" and pressed his hand to signify her belief.

II.

A year later Lucile became Madame Aubinet. She was submissive and loving, and somewhat lacking in spirit, but her husband liked her all the better for that. He invested all his little savings in the villa at Carriers, and asked her affectionately, "Are we not indeed like kings? Art thou content?"

"Oh, yes! only——"

"Only what?"

"If we could only go to the theatre now and then."

He scowled, and she looked troubled.

"Only once would do! Only once! How I long to hear just one piece that my mother used to sing!"

Her temerity surprised and alarmed him.

"In order to do that, you know," he responded gently, "we should have to dine and sleep in Paris—and that costs too much. Wait a little. Perhaps sometime we may be able to do it." But they never went.

She had no maid. All day she was busy about the housework and in the care of her garden. In the evening she devoted herself to her husband. She said nothing more of the theatre.

When walls had been built about the garden, she gratified the irresistible desire to sing which was always springing up within her. At first, the sound of her own voice frightened her. Then she would grow bolder and fill the air with trills, like a lark intoxicated with his own music. At such times, if her husband heard her, she saw a shadow settle upon his face. Sometimes he would say to her gently, "Remember what your mother said, and sing no more. Just think how she suffered for her singing!" Then Lucile would stop filled with inexpressible sadness.

When she had been married thirteen months, a babe was born. One evening when she was holding him upon her lap in the garden, her husband said to her, "I have made a little more than usual this year. I would like to spend it to give thee pleasure. What is there that thou desirest most of all?"

Blushing, she turned to him, but she said nothing.

"What is it? Tell me thy wish?"

"But it is something which thou dost not like."

"Never mind. Tell me just the same."

"Hire a piano for me, for just one month! I have not played since I was at the boarding-school. Oh, James, if thou only knewest how it would please me!"

It was plain that she had made him suffer. He dropped upon the bench beside her and after repeating again to her the dying words of her mother, he added to them a full expression of his jealous fear that, even after all the proofs of tenderness and loyalty that she had given him, she might some day, if he did not discourage her in every possible way, become desirous to leave him, their home, their child.—everything for the sake of the music which she loved so much.

She comprehended him at last. His affection, even his fears, touched her deeply. She promised to try to forget her longings for a piano. Still, during the long days, when she was alone with her child, she could not help thinking of that which she loved so much; and if she sometimes fancied that a cold had injured her voice, or could not rest until she had satisfied herself of her mistake by a few trills. The child was charmed with her singing. One day he said to his father, "Ah, if thou only knewest how my mother sings when thou art gone to Paris!" But Aubinet received the innocent remark with so stern a face that the child shrank from him in terror.

The little wife redoubled her exertions to make her home attractive, and tried to sing less and to dream less of music.

Thus the years passed away until Lucile was thirty, and the boy became old enough to enter the Lyceum. With their slender income, the extra expenses of his education became a heavy burden. A year passed on and they had used up all their little savings. They determined to lease their pretty little villa, and to take a smaller house.

A suitable tenant was soon found, who seemed to be rich, and who wished to pass the summer in the country. He hired not only the villa but the furniture also. Aubinet and his wife rented three small rooms in the village, near the railroad station. Thus the daily trips of the boy and his father to Paris were rendered easier.

Notwithstanding all these sacrifices, however, they could scarcely make both ends meet. The school bills, the car fares and lunches, the clothing—all the little extras which come with a life away from home—these were more than the hard-working father could provide, although he worked at all sorts of extra jobs in order to do it.

"What can I do?" thought the poor mother in distress, "to assist my husband in this extremity?"

She thought of the housework, the sewing, all the innumerable little duties which she accomplished unaided. There seemed to be nothing else within her power.

III.

One day it became necessary to visit the villa to attend to some repairs which their tenant had suggested. His engagements did not permit him to go himself, and he requested his wife to ascertain precisely what was wanted.

She had never met this gentleman, and the thought of visiting the old home under its new conditions was very painful to her. Still, with her accustomed submissiveness, she acceded to her husband's wish.

The tenant, richly clothed and wearing a cap set jauntily upon the side of his head, met her at the door. He walked with her over the house, enumerating with teasing precision the repairs which he wished made. In the dining-room, he threw his hat upon the table, while she signed the papers which were necessary. Then she passed the pen to him, and as she leaned upon the table while he wrote, she mechanically read his name aloud, —"M. Frochard." She had never heard her husband speak their tenant's name.

"No, no!" he exclaimed brusquely, "My name is Brochard. Have you not heard of me? Do you not know that I am the director of the French opera?"

She excused herself with some embarrassment, saying that she seldom went to Paris or read the papers,—she was only a plain country woman.

The pathetic smile on her sad but pretty face as she said this interested the gentleman. He conceived a sudden sympathy for her. She felt his kindliness, but rose at once and made her way toward the vestibule. Her business was finished, and she knew that it was time for her to go home. As she passed the open door of the parlor, however, she perceived, in the very alcove where she had dreamed years ago of placing one, a piano. All her self-restraint vanished at the sight.

"A piano!" she exclaimed. "How does it happen that you have a piano?"

M. Brochard was amused at the naïveté of her words and replied gayly, "It is indispensible for the training of my artists. Are you a musician?"

"No," she replied mournfully. "I used to play when I went to school, but I cannot call myself a musician now, though I still adore music."

"Oh, in that case," he began politely, "I should be most happy to have you come up with your husband some evening——"

She did not hear the formal words which he was saying. As she gazed upon the piano, a wild, an irresistible desire surged up within her. Impelled by an unnatural courage, she burst forth with "Oh, sir, I beg your pardon; but would you give me permission to try your piano, just to see that I have not forgotten what I used to know?"

Amused and interested, he assented promptly, and placed a chair for her at the instrument. She hesitated a moment, then ran her fingers over the keys and played. At the end of a few measures, she stopped with a burst of girlish laughter, so ravished with what she had done that her face fairly shone. Brochard was astonished to see her grow young and joyous so suddenly, and the expression on his face warned her that she should go. But now that he had detected her passion for music, he took her place at the piano, and quietly began playing with a touch so delicate that she stood behind him entranced and forgetful that she had started to go home.

When he had finished the movement, he turned to her and said, "It must be that you sing. Choose something; sing it, and I will accompany you."

She stammered that she had sung when she was a girl and that she adored it, and then, with a terror mixed with rapture, she pointed to a selection from "Faust" which lay by chance upon the rack.

"I know that," she murmured tremblingly.

From the first chord, the first note that escaped her lips, she felt lifted from the earth, as by the sweeping of great wings, into an air where for the first time in her life she could breathe freely. Not for an instant did she hesitate, but let forth her whole voice, her whole soul. When she had finished, it seemed to her as though she had lived a moment of that happiness for which she had waited a dozen years.

Brochard had remained with lowered head, at first astonished, then shaken from head to foot by one of the most pleasurable emotions which he had ever experienced. As soon as the song was finished, he seized her hands and kissed them with a truly Italian transport, overwhelming her meanwhile with questions.

"How did you with such a voice stray into Carriers? Who would have believed that you could sing like that? Then suddenly mistrusting the evidence of his own senses, he continued, "But this is some masquerade—you are some great singer, and are playing a joke upon me. Tell me,—where did you learn to sing like this?"

For a moment Lucile forgot her home, forgot the coming of the train, forgot all the little discomforts of housekeeping. She remembered nothing but her art. A great pride unlocked her lips and she said, "I am the daughter of Sambrina." This explained everything.

Rapidly he drew from her an outline of her history. Then he kissed her hands again, saying, "You must enter the opera. With your voice and wearing your mother's name, you will have a brilliant triumph. I will let you settle everything, and will pay you forty thousand francs the first year. After that you may make your own terms."

Lucile, dazzled at the splendor of his offer, felt all her daily care and drudgery slipping away from her. She saw her dear son supplied with all that he needed,—her home made luxurious,—her husband relieved of his terrible burden of anxiety. And it was really true! She did have a superb voice, and those strong and mysterious instincts which had urged her toward her art had not deceived her!

Brochard watched her as she thought.

"I mean all that I have said," he repeated. "Think about it over night, and when you have decided, come to me, with your husband, for it will be necessary to have his signature to the contract as well as your own."

A sudden coldness came over her as he spoke. She took her leave hastily, and he saw her form fading away in the distance, as spiritless as bowed, as when she had come. All her joy had fled.

IV.

As she walked homeward, all her confidence forsook her. Perhaps M. Brochard had overestimated her talent. Then her son—he was old enough now to have opinions—what would he say? And her husband—was it possible that he would oppose her when he knew what an offer had been made to her? She would always, she knew, be a loving wife, a devoted mother. She might sing four or five years, and then their trials would be over, and they could retire to their little villa again, and all would be again as it now was.

As she entered her home, she saw that she was late, but Aubinet and his son were in great good humor.

"Do not stop to talk!" her husband cried. "We are starving! Get the dinner first and talk afterward.'

She obeyed with her usual docility, and when they were all eating busily, she remarked that she had that afternoon attended to the business at the villa as he had requested. "And did you know," she added cautiously, "that Brochard is a director of a theatre?"

Vaguely scenting danger, he answered coldly, "Certainly I knew it. What of it?"

"But you never told me."

"No—why should I? How could it interest you?"

There was a silence. Then her excitement would allow her to remain still no longer, though she felt that whatever she might say would not be pleasantly received, and she began timidly, "He has a piano."

"Well," responded her husband still more peevishly, "what of that?"

After this rebuff, she dared say nothing more for a long time. At last the dessert was taken away, their son retired, and seeing that her husband's face had lost its frown, Lucile affected to smile, and began with desperate courage, "Just fancy it! The gentleman seated me at the piano, and asked me to sing."

Aubinet's face knitted itself again into scowls, and he leaned forward with an air of unwilling attention.

"And so I sang," she continued, though her heart beat so that she could scarcely breathe, "and you cannot guess how much he has offered me to sing at the opera."

"How much?"

"You see," she hastened on, "I could come home every night by the last train. It would not make any change in our living—and he has offered me"—she paused, overcome by the sight of his livid, convulsed face—"he has offered me," she hurried on, "forty thousand francs for the first year."

He burst into sardonic, incredulous laughter.

"It is true," she repeated, stung by his unbelief. "Go at once to the villa and see if it is not so."

She finally convinced him that she spoke the truth, but his unhappiness seemed to become greater and greater. She reminded him how the sum she named would assure the future of their son—how it would lighten his own labors, how it would relieve them all. Then she stopped. Her husband's head had fallen on his hands upon the table, and he was weeping for the first time since their marriage. She saw the great veins in his neck swell with the violence of his emotion. His sobs shook his whole frame.

Then all her dreams fled. She saw but one thing—her husband wept—and it was she who had made him weep! All her love for him flamed up in one mighty burst. She renounced everything—she would not think of anything but the old life—all should be as though this incident had never occurred.

Then he took her in his arms, and rocking her like a child, he told her how miserable it made him to think of her as singing for the public—how it argued that during all these years when he had worked so hard for her she had evidently not been happy—and that thought broke his heart. He felt that he would lose his self-respect as the husband of a "star." The whole scheme was utterly repugnant to him. He did not doubt her faithfulness—he knew that she would always be just what she was now, but he could not bear to have her exposed to the rude comments of the public. If she were bent upon the life of an opera-singer, they must part. He could not bear to have his wife lead such an existence. He could not bear it! Poor Lucile was completely overwhelmed by this cry of love issuing from the calm, self-contained heart of her husband. She felt that she could never leave him. She loved him better than even on the day of their betrothal. In one long, lingering kiss, she gave up all thought of a "career," and they reverted to the homely economies of their usual life. At last, Aubinet said, "M. Brochard has meant to do us a good turn. He must be treated politely. I will go myself and tell him why you cannot accept his offer—and hereafter I will attend to all the business in regard to the villa."

She bowed her head meekly, perfectly docile and resigned.

She had experienced the only event of her life.

A HEROIC TALE RETOLD

Details of the Capture of Booth

By the Man Who was Put Upon His Trail.

Thrilling Incidents Repeated by the Captor, Now an Old Government Servant.

Among the Tammany officeholders who will probably fall under Mayor Strong's ax in due course of time is a man who took a leading part in the capture of John Wilkes Booth in April, 1865. He is Edward P. Doherty, general inspector of paving in the department of public works. He is the officer who commanded the company of cavalry which tracked Booth to his hiding place after the assassination of President Lincoln, and although the tragic events of thirty years ago are dim in some memories, Captain Doherty remembers every detail of Booth's capture and death. At the time of Lincoln's assassination he was in command of Co. G, Sixteenth New York Cavalry, stationed at Washington. During the exciting days following the assassination squads of the troopers in Captain Doherty's company were ordered to accompany the detectives.

One day Captain Doherty received an order from General Howard to report to Colonel Baker, the chief agent of the war department, with twenty-five men, well mounted, and with three days' rations and forage. What happened Captain Doherty tells as follows:

"I reported, and Colonel Baker gave me the photographs of John Wilkes Booth, Daniel E. Harrold, and others who were thought to be implicated.

"I was ordered to go to Fredericksburg, where no troops had yet been. I moved down to the Sixth street wharf, and Captain Allen of the quartermaster's department furnished me with the steamboat John S. Ide and the necessary forage and rations. I told the captain to take me down the river as far as Aquia creek. On arriving near there I told him to run up to Belle Plain. I wrote an order to the captain directing him, after landing me, to anchor out in the river and to remain there until 6 o'clock p. m. of April 26. If he did not hear from me by that time he was to report back to Captain Allen at Washington. This was at 12 o'clock midnight.

"Having landed, I struck across the country toward Port Conway, intending to go up the Rappahannock on the north side of the river. I halted at 4 o'clock in the morning for the men to fix their saddles. A negro came along, and told me that a regiment had gone up to Fredericksburg several hours before. I halted about 6 o'clock that evening within a mile of Port Conway, and ordered the men to unsaddle and feed. I rode down with a bugler to Port Conway. Here were some women at the ferryman's house. I got into conversation with them, and showed the photographs of Booth and the others which I had received in Washington. The women picked out the photographs of Booth and Harrold, and told me that they had been there the night before, and were going to hire the ferryman, who was the husband of one of the women, to take them to Orange courthouse. They offered him $10. But Jett, Ruggles, and Bainbridge, three of Mosby's men, rode up just then, and one of them, I thing it was Jett, recognized Harrold as an old schoolmate.

"Harrold took Jett to one side, and told him that they were the murderers of the president. Booth showed the tattooed letters, 'J. W. B.,' on his arm as a means of identification. The women told me that Jett was courting a young woman named Goldman, whose father was keeping a hotel at Bowling Green, Va., and she had no doubt that they had all gone there.

"Booth and Harrold decided not to hire the ferryman, but to ride double with Mosby's men, and the party, the women said, rode away in the direction of Bowling Green.

"I sent my bugler after Sergeant Corbett and the rest of the men. I told the woman to call her husband, who was out fishing. On his arrival I sent him for a flatboat, which was on the other side of the Rappahannock river. Meanwhile my men had ridden up. We were all ferried across to Port Royal. Only eight men and horses could cross at once, so the ferry had to make several trips before the company was all on the other side of the river. On the last trip I arrested Rawlins, the ferryman. He got his horse out and I ordered him to guide me by the nearest road to Goldman's hotel in Bowling Green. It was fifteen miles away. Getting near to Bowling Green I left all except eight men in the outskirts of the town. With this detail I surrounded Goldman's hotel. There, after some delay, I arrested Jett. This was about midnight. Jett denied all knowledge of Booth at first.

"I had Stanton's proclamation in my pocket offering a reward and giving a description of the assassins. I showed this to Jett. When he had read it, I said to him:

"'I know your movements for the last two days. If you lie to me, I'll take you out and hang you. If you tell the truth, I'll protect you.'

"I had my revolver in my hand ready cocked. Jett began to cry. Then he said:

"'I left him at Garrett's house, three miles from Port Royal. You passed him on your way here.'

"I put Jett on a horse, under guard, and with my men and Rawlins went back to where the other troopers were waiting.

"They were very tired and had fallen asleep. With great difficulty I woke them up. Then we retraced our way to Garrett's house. Rawlins was riding at the head of the column with me, and Jett was immediately behind. I told Rawlins to notify me when we came within a quarter of a mile of the Garrett farm.

"At a little after 4 o'clock in the morning we came in sight of the farm. I halted, had the men take down the fences, told off a patrol of six men, gave out the countersign of 'Boston,' and sent the six men to the rear of all outbuildings in the fields.

"I had told the men that the assassins were in Garrett's house, and that I was going to surround it. It was only a short time before we had picketts all around it. Then I went up to the house and kicked on the door. After a little delay Mr. Garrett made his appearance with a candle in his hand. He informed me that the persons who had been there had gone to the woods in the afternoon. I told him that I was going to search his house, and that if there were any women there for them to get up and dress.

"At that moment one of the troopers sung out: 'Oh, lieutenant! I've got a man here. I found him in the corncrib.'

"This young man, who was one of Garrett's sons, was brought before me. He began to parley. I told him that I did not want to talk.

"'Where are those men?' I asked him. I held my pistol, cocked, to his ear.

"'They are in the barn,' he said, when he saw that I was in earnest.

"I ordered the corporal with four men to guard the door of the house. I took the other men, still holding onto young Garrett, and surrounded the barn. The doors were locked with a padlock. Young Garrett told me that his brother had the key. I ran around the barn to see if the men were properly posted. There was a large crack at one side. I placed Sergeant Boston Corbett there. It was my intention to wait until daylight before before examining the inside of the? examining the inside of the barn. But the men told me that they heard voices and the moving about of men in the hay. I then decided to get at them as soon as possible. The other Garrett boy was caught by a corporal. He gave me the key, and I opened the door. I ordered Booth and Harrold to come out.

"I did not get any answer, so I ordered Corporal Newgarten to pile some hay and brush against the side of the building and set it afire.

"Booth heard the order and called out:

"'If you come back there, I will put a bullet through you.'

"I suppose he meant if I came back to the door. I again decided to wait until morning. But the men at the other end of the barn had acted promptly on my orders, and set it afire.

"I called out to Booth:

"'You'd better come out.'

"'For whom do you take me?' he asked.

"'It does not make any difference,' I replied.

"'I may be taken by my friends,' he said, sarcastically. 'I am a cripple and alone. Draw your men up at twenty-five paces and give me a chance for my life.'

"'I did not come here to fight. I have fifty men, and can take you,' I said.

"He waited a few minutes, then he said:

"'Oh, captain! there is a man here who wants to surrender pretty bad.'

"'You had better follow his example and come out too,' I answered.

"'No, I have not made up my mind,' he replied.

"I then told Harrold to hand out his arms.

"'I own all the arms,' said Booth. 'He has no arms. I may have to use them.'

"By this time Harrold was at the door. I again commanded him to give up his arms. He said he had none. I opened the door slightly, and told him to put his hands out. I took him by the wrists and turned him over to Corporal Newgarten. Just then I heard a shot. I thought Booth had shot himself.

"The hay in the barn, which had been set on fire at the other end, was blazing up brightly.

"Sergeant Corbett had been looking through the crack where I had stationed him, and in the light of the fire he saw Booth raise his rifle to shoot me or Harrold as I caught hold of the latter by the wrists, when he surrendered. Corbett put his pistol through the crack and shot at Booth, intending to hit his arm and disable him so that he could not shoot me or Harrold. He was a splendid marksman. But instead of hitting Booth in the arm, as he intended, he hit him in the head, within an inch of the place where the president had been hit.

"I rushed into the barn. Booth's crutch had fallen. He was trying to support himself with his rifle. I sprang forward and caught him in my arms as he was falling.

"We carried him out of the burning barn and laid him down just outside the door. He tried to raise his hands. He seemed powerless to do so, and I took hold of his hands and raised them up, as I supposed he wanted them raised. But he shook his head and muttered:

"'Useless, useless!'

"We picked him up again and carried him to the veranda of the Garrett house, because the fire was too hot to let him remain where we first put him. I sent over to Port Royal for Dr. Urquart. He examined Booth's wound and pronounced it fatal.

"It was between 4:30 and 5 o'clock the morning of April 26, 1865, when Booth was shot. He died a few minutes before 7 o'clock the same morning. Although he was conscious almost all of the time he did not speak after having shook his head and said: 'Useless, useless.'

"Those were the only words he uttered after he was shot. All the stories about the message for his mother were made out of whole cloth.

"As soon as Booth died, I sent the troopers about the country to get a wagon. I took my two saddle-cloths, and had them sewed together for a blanket. It was not until nearly 9 o'clock that the men found a wagon, with a negro for a driver. We put Booth's body in it and covered it with the improvised blanket. Then we started back to Washington.

"We got to Belle Plain just as the steamboat John S. Ide was sailing away, according to my orders. But we signaled to her, and she came back. We went on board and sailed for Washington. There I turned over Booth's body to the officers of the ironclad Montuk."

Congress appropriated $75,000 to pay the rewards offered by the government for the capture of Booth and Harrold. It took a year for the hearing of the various applicants for portions of this reward. Every man, woman and child who had given any information of even the slightest value, and many who gave no information at all, received part of the money. Captain Doherty received $5,500, the largest amount given to anyone. Colonel Baker received about $3,200. The two sergeants, eight corporals, and sixteen privates in Captain Baker's detachment, who were the captors of Harrold, and one of whom, Sergeant Boston Corbett, killed Booth, each received sums ranging from about $1,100 to $2,200 each. Two Washington detectives got $4,000 each. Other claimants received smaller sums.

Harrold was hanged with Mrs. Surratt, Payne and Atzerath, on July 7th.

Captain Doherty has a picture of himself and Sergeant Boston Corbett taken the day they got back to Washington. Captain Doherty is a big man. Sergeant Corbett was a short, spare man, and looked something like an undersized Uncle Sam.

A WONDERFUL MAGNET

The World to Be Fairly Astonished.

Detailed Statement of Its Marvels.

Some Tremendous Results Already Attained and Greater Still Anticipated by the Government.

The great electric magnet that stands on the bleak shores of Willets Point, with which experiments, as told by the Herald, have been tried by its constructor, Colonel William R King, commandant of the post, will, when the weather is propitious, again be subjected to tests that are likely to bring astonishing results.

When Professor Joseph Henry conceived the idea of making a magnet out of a piece of soft iron by wrapping it with a botten wire through which a current of electricity is passed, he little thought that one of his intimate friends would construct on his plan the largest electric magnet of the century and one capable of exerting a pull of 48,000 pounds. Yet such is the fact, and such is the magnet now at Willets Point.

Until within the last year no one, except the visionary gentleman who originally told the "Arabian Nights" story and described the great loadstone that drew the nails out of approaching ships, ever thought of constructing a magnet that would hold twenty-four tons. Though the magnet constructed by Colonel King cannot draw the nails from approaching ships nor deflect their compasses at a distance of six miles—as has been declared it could do—it can do astonishing things through its silent and mysterious power, and it is expected that future experiments will still more manifest its capabilities.

Think of a magnet seventeen feet long, four feet in diameter and weighing fifty-five thousand pounds. Such is the great instrument as it stands today on its carriage, looking like a huge cannon wrapped to keep it from the cold. And it is a huge cannon resting on its carriage, and pointing out over Long Island Sound. It is also wrapped, but not to protect it from the cold, but to transform it into a magnet. This covering is more than ten miles of insulated copper wire, wound layer on layer around it. When the great weight of twenty-four tons was held, the magnet was doubled by the addition of another cannon connected with the first by underlying iron plates; thus the magnet was made to have its two poles, as is usual with the small ones seen on telegraphic instruments. For the purpose of the additional intended experiments the magnet is now reduced to the one cannon, a fifteen-inch Rodman gun.

ITS WONDERFUL POWER.

This piece of ordnance is like its mate standing near, except for the change made by the wrapping. Pieces of iron held at the muzzle of either are effected alike, but start the dynamos and allow a current of electricity to make the circuit of the miles of wire about the cannon, until twenty-five amperes are registered and then observe the result. The magnetic power perceptibly reaches a distance of two hundred feet, for at that point it will deflect the needle of a compass three degrees. At the distance of seventy feet from its muzzle its power is equal to the earth's magnetism, for there the needle is deflected forty-five degrees.

Iron in contact with the magnet is held in spite of the effort of the strongest man to remove it. All iron within its magnetic field becomes magnetized, and five cannon balls, each weighing 325 pounds, are held suspended from its muzzle, one clinging to the other. Iron chains hanging near became rigid, and a swinging block a few feet off, by reason of its suspended iron hook, was drawn to the magnet and held against all effort of the workmen to remove it. The heaviest crowbar brought near will at once fly to the magnet, and drag with it the strongest man if he persists in clinging to it.

As magnetic force cannot be insulated, but manifests itself through all substances, even though they be the best known non-conductors of electricity, a man can stand in front of the magnet and its mysterious force acts through his body without diminution or without in any way affecting him. With his back to the muzzle of the magnetic cannon he may place iron spikes on his chest, and they will be held there by the magnet, and if placed with the ends toward him they are held in that position, giving him the appearance of a human iron quilled porcupine.

One interesting feature in the experiments so far as conducted is the location of the "neutral" point, or the point in the electric field where the magnet exerts no force. This point is on the axis of the magnet extended and six inches from the muzzle. A piece of iron—a tack, for instance—held at this point is not affected by the magnet. If between the muzzle and this point it is repelled; if beyond this point it is attracted.

WHY THE EXPERIMENTS.

Why has this monster magnet been constructed, and why the preliminary experiments and the more elaborate ones that are to follow? Simply for the purpose of learning what the results will be, without a preconceived idea of their practical application. In other words for science or the gaining of knowledge that it may be systematized. It is the purpose of Colonel King to practically test all of the theories that have grown out of experiments with small electro magnets, from the time of Professor Henry, when he experimented with his bonnet wire, down to today. This he has been doing. With his great magnet he has been able to demonstrate many conclusions that have rested in theory, and he purposes to push his investigations to the extreme bounds of the wide field which the giant apparatus gives him.

The results obtained will be put into practice wherever they can be used, and will be awaited with interest.

ITCHING AND SCALY

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JOHN E. PEARSON,
P. O. Box 1062, Whatcom, Washington.

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