

# How a Yankee Genius Proposes to Hurl a Bolt of Lightning Out of a Machine, and Wipe Out a Navy.



## Harnessing the Lightning to Destroy Armies and Navies.

**U**P in Worcester, Mass., lives a man who has invented a machine which will enable him to harness lightning, so to speak, and to use it as a destroyer of armies and navies in case of war. The man's name is Thomas W. Anderson and he has patented a machine which, according to his claims, will enable him to wipe out the most powerful navy that was ever built within ten minutes.

According to Mr. Anderson his machine (the construction of which he has kept secret so far) will enable him to utilize the electricity latent in the atmosphere so that he can direct it against any object or in any direction he may choose.

He predicts that within a comparatively short time warfare will be carried on with electricity instead of powder and shot. In addition he says that war ships, cannons, guns, armor, torpedoes and other weapon of offence and defence will be relegated to the junk heap.

Mr. Anderson says that in experiments he has destroyed several tugs at a distance of a mile and a half. As far as is known his machine is a huge electrical discharger, which throws a great mass of electrical fluid in any direction in which it is pointed. The fluid would naturally be attracted by the steel and iron in a

modern man-of-war and would in all probability destroy it.

Mr. Anderson hopes that in the near future he will so far perfect his machine that he will be able to send the deadly fluid to any distance he may desire. When all is ready he will make a public trial, as he hopes to have the United States Government adopt his invention. Should America fail to see the value of the discovery it will be offered to the governments of Europe.

There is nothing at all improbable in Mr. Anderson's idea of harnessing electricity and using it as an offensive weapon. Experiments of the last ten years have proven that the fluid can be transmitted to a great distance without the aid of wires, and experiments by Tesla in this direction have shown that it is possible to telegraph without wires for a distance of several miles.

That electricity will play a prominent part in the warfare of the future is conceded by all authorities upon the subject, although they disagree as to the exact method. If Mr. Anderson can do as he claims he will have solved the great problem and may make warfare so deadly as to put a complete stop to it.

Electrical experts in this city who have been questioned about Mr. Anderson's invention admit that there is a possibility of it being, as its inventor claims, but they refuse to speak upon the subject until they know more of the invention itself.

The Inventor Says That in Experiments He Has Destroyed Several Tugs at a Distance of a Mile and a Half.

## King Chulalongkorn, of Siam, Who Is Coming to Pay Us a Visit.

By Julian Ralph.

**K**ING CHULALONGKORN, the autocratic ruler of the last independent Indian kingdom, is one of the most enlightened Asiatic sovereigns and a man of learning, who has profited by European education and who possesses statesman-like views. He speaks and writes both English and French, and is esteemed and beloved on account of his amiability and urbanity both by his own subjects and by all Europeans residing in Siam.

King Chulalongkorn, the son of King Maha Mongkut, was born on September 20, 1853, at Bangkok, the capital of Siam. His father had the modest number of 600 wives, besides 5,000 concubines, and left at his death eighty-one children. Part of this numerous posterity was educated by an Englishman, Captain John Bush, and by an American lady, Mrs. Leonowens. Both teachers, to judge from the striking results shown in King Chulalongkorn, must have been remarkably clever instructors. The rapid progress made by Chulalongkorn induced his father to appoint him his successor. He passed his youth, according to the custom of his country, in a Buddhist monastery, fulfilling the duties of a monk, and at the same time preparing himself for the kingly office.

In 1875 Chulalongkorn, on completing his majority, assumed the reins of government. He displayed the effects of European civilization on the day of his accession by issuing an edict forbidding the Siamese to kneel or crawl in the dust before himself and the State dignitaries, as had formerly been the custom in that country.

"I desire equality among all my subjects," he said in his speech from the throne, "as the welfare of a land is impossible when the principle of equality is absent." The admirable work of reform accomplished by the king has been enormous. He has abolished slavery, founded hospitals and schools, sent at his own cost many young men to Europe to complete their education, introduced railways, established post and telegraph offices, which also accomplish their work with astonishing exactitude, carried out an extensive regulation of the streets and houses in Bangkok in the style of Baron Haussmann, laid down a water supply for the city, installed electric lights, and caused a census of the houses to be taken, besides effecting numberless smaller improvements. He has also devoted his attention to both army and navy and instituted general compulsory military service, limited, however, to three months in the year. The standing army only numbers some thousand men.

The King has also done his utmost to

keep alive ancient national art, the chief expression of which finds an outlet in the fantastic Oriental temples and palaces of the country. As an enthusiastic Buddhist he encourages the display of pomp and the erection of magnificent buildings, in which the Eastern mind takes such delight. He has expended millions on the completion of the temple commenced by his predecessors, Wat Pra Keo, which is not merely one building, but a city of temples, extending along the banks of the River Matnam.

The travelers who have visited Siam have wondrous to relate of the gilded halls, of the immense and costly rarities, of life-sized statues, beset with jewels, which are to be seen in Siam. Giant diamonds and rubies, with heaps of other precious stones, magnificent thrones, gold dinner services and gold spittoons, encrusted with jewels, adorn the palaces, while entire floors of immense halls are inlaid with gold and silver. In the midst of these magnificent temples and royal abodes rises the far famed statue of Buddha, covered with emeralds.

The palace which the King has had constructed for his own special residence is built in Italian style, but the roofs are Siamese. The European furniture is of immense value. That adorning the royal apartments was ordered in London and cost \$100,000.

The King personally presents an interesting mixture of European and Asiatic influences. His face is mild and sympathetic; he has black hair, a small beard, and his large, sparkling eyes are full of vivacity and fire. He is of middle size, has an elegant and slender figure, and is generally attired in a jacket of European cut and a long, silk, apron-like garment (penang), resembling full, short trousers. He wears also buckled shoes and long stockings. He adds no jewels to his ordinary attire—a remarkable trait in an Asiatic monarch—but when he dons his uniform the five highest Siamese orders are added.

The daily routine in his palace follows the ancient traditions of Siamese life. Concupiscence exists, but the King can only elevate two wives of royal blood to royal dignity. The custom still exists in Siam that princes and nobles, on ceremonial state occasions, present their prettiest daughters of tender age to the King. It is therefore no wonder to hear that he is the father of 150 children. By this time Siam might have been exclusively populated with royal princes and princesses if the law did not regard royal pretensions as extinct in the third generation.

Though the King has so many wives his

affections seem entirely centred on the wife named Sakuntala. This was observed during his late journey to Switzerland, where he often mentioned her while admiring the wonders of Swiss mountain scenery. Once, at breakfast, at Interlaken, he said, with the greatest feeling, "I thought, while seeing these giant heights, of the Queen, whose absence I so much feel. How she would enjoy all this with me, if she were only here! She would simply be always in the fields picking flowers." It is related that on parting with Queen Sakuntala he swore fidelity to her. At any rate he is a man of soul, who is not ashamed of the expression of tender feelings and warm words.

The riches and the splendor of the Siamese court and the gorgeous festivals often celebrated there are scarcely to be described. The King likes a cheerful life, and when in his late journey through Switzerland a Swiss general quoted Luther's lines:

"Who loves not wine, women and song  
Remains a fool his whole life long."

he laughed heartily, and said: "This European teacher said a clever thing there."

Among the hundreds of cases in the King's luggage there are about fifty iron-bound chests containing diamonds and gold and silver articles, intended as presents to the kings, queens and distinguished personages of Europe. These presents are separately lodged and guarded day and night by armed Siamese attendants. Among the most costly of these ornaments are the gala swords destined for reigning monarchs and inclosed in heavy gold scabbards closely set with jewels, such as diamonds, rubies and emeralds. The perforated steel blades are encrusted with gold ornaments.

The arrival of the Siamese royal yacht in European waters has excited a great deal of attention. Though the vessel is nominally only a yacht, she carries a number of guns and is provided with fighting tops. Captain Cumming, lent by the British Admiralty, commands her, and is assisted by three other officers of his nationality. For the most part the remaining officers are Danes, but the whole crew is Siamese. An interesting chat with the captain is thus narrated:

"Is the King very rich?" I ventured to ask, and Captain Cumming replied: "Yes; there is a lot of money in Siam. I will give you some examples of the royal expenditure in Ceylon. At Colombo one dinner, breakfast and lunch cost \$220; and at Kandy, for dinner, rooms and breakfast the hotel charged \$200. At Geneva the King has taken a house for himself and suite of sixteen at \$200 a week. The King and Queen will not, of course, take part in the Jubilee, as Her Majesty is not receiving any crowned heads. The Crown Prince will, however, be present, and I go in his suite to London and also to the naval review.

"The King has taken Mr. W. H. Grenfell's riverside residence at Taplow, at £200 a week, but it will probably be little used. "You see these binoculars," added Captain Cumming; "I bought them before going out to Bangkok. They are twelve guineas each pair. The King was so delighted with them that he has ordered no fewer than twenty-four like them. He orders the most expensive specimen of everything, and he thought a crest or coat of arms on the leather part of the glass would improve the look. So he ordered me to get a drawing made for a die. I got two, one at £5, the other at £24, and he said: 'Of course, I will have the £24 die.'"

"In going through the Suez Canal the King saw a fine Arab horse and asked an aide-de-camp of the Khedive whether he could obtain such a fine animal for him. The Egyptian officer promised to do so, when the Siamese monarch at once said: 'Please get me sixteen carriages and two saddle horses like that one.' There are hundreds of cases of presents below to be distributed during the King's tour," said the genial captain; "and here, look at this pin tray, made of Siamese coins. You see the legs? Well, they are old coins, just lumps of gold chopped off. The King gave me those."

JULIAN RALPH.

his wounds. So often has he been wounded that he cannot remember where he got such and such a scar without consulting the record.

His right leg was torn off just below the knee toward the close of the war and to-day he walks almost as well as ever with the aid of the barrel of the rifle which killed sixty Yankees.

The rifle barrel was converted to a false leg, which is neither of wood nor cork. Gutta percha surrounds the rifle barrel and the combination serves as an admirably durable leg. Fontaine made it with his own hands after the war was over.

The bloody and amazing incident of the "sixty men in sixty minutes" is very far from being the only astounding one in Fontaine's career. He has had more adventures and more perilous ones than any writer of romance, even Dumas, ever dared attribute to his hero.

He possesses the following startling testimonials from "Stonewall" Jackson:

"I believe that during his service with me as sharpshooter, Lamar Fontaine killed more of the enemy than any company in my command."

One of Fontaine's feats of daring was the carrying of dispatches and percussion caps to the beleaguered army of Pemberton at Vicksburg when that city was being stormed by the Union army. At the same time Memphis was in the hands of the Federals and Fontaine, acting as a spy and in disguise, had been there for a month picking up what information he could for the benefit of General Joseph E. Johnston, who had his headquarters at Jackson, Miss. One day there came a summons for him to report to General Johnston at once. Simultaneously the Federals got knowledge of Fontaine's orders and his presence in Memphis. The desire to capture so shrewd a spy and expert a sharpshooter had become so great that a reward of \$20,000 was offered for him dead or alive.

Troops were dispatched to cover all the roads leading south in the hope of intercepting Fontaine. But he got past them, and reported in good time to his general at Jackson. There orders were given to him to carry dispatches and 40,000 musket caps into Vicksburg.

The city was surrounded by 75,000 Union soldiers, but he passed them in disguise. Then he had to get out. He floated down the river to a point eighteen miles below Vicksburg. When he landed he procured a horse and started for Jackson. At Big Black River he was recognized, and 150 rifles were aimed at him. As he dashed away three bullets struck him, one shattering his left leg and arm, the other entering his right breast. But still he clung to his horse, and so escaped.

## KILLED A MAN A MINUTE.

Private Fontaine, of Mississippi, Kept This Up for Sixty Minutes.

**L**AMAR FONTAINE, of Mississippi, killed sixty men in sixty minutes during the war. He bears a written certificate to this effect from General Robert E. Lee. Now Mr. Fontaine does not care to be called a hero.

It was in the battle of Waterloo Bridge, just below Warrenton, Va., in August, 1862, and immediately before the second battle of Manassas, that General Lee witnessed Fontaine's feat of killing "sixty Yankees in sixty minutes."

Stonewall Jackson, under whom Fontaine served, was flanking Pope. The Confederate sharpshooters had possession of a long frame building, and were pouring death into Pope's ranks, when Lee rode up.

The General had heard of Fontaine's wonderful ability as a marksman, and paid him a visit. A Federal battery was then directed on the sharpshooters.

"Train your guns on No. 1, at gun No. 1," Fontaine said to General Lee, "and you will see him jump up in the air in a minute and another man will have to take his place."

Then he went on and killed sixty men, one after another, each in about a minute, until Lee told him to stop.

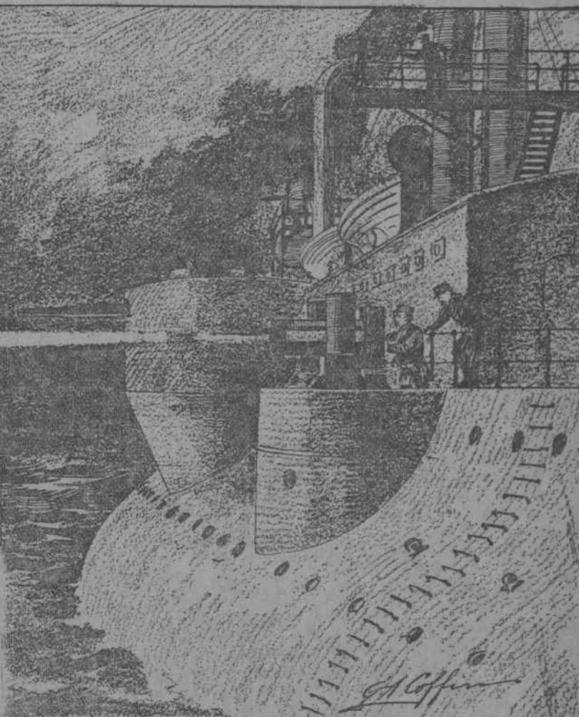
"Doesn't your conscience ever hurt you when you do work of this kind?" inquired Lee.

"Why, General," replied Fontaine, "when I enlisted in the army it was with the understanding that I was to kill as many of the enemy as I could. If I had any conscientious scruples against it I would quit the army. Don't you expect us to kill?"

Fontaine served also with Generals Stewart and Johnston. He took part in twenty-seven pitched battles, fifty-eight skirmishes and over a hundred individual skirmishes. He was reputed the best marksman with rifle or revolver in either army.

Fontaine was wounded sixty-seven times and thirteen times his lungs were pierced. Twice his heart was grazed and these scratches caused that organ to be so enlarged that physicians who examine him to-day without knowing his history say that he is in danger of immediate death. But he feels well enough.

On two occasions he was able with the aid of a mirror to look into big holes in his breast made by bullets. He has written records of the time and place of all



His Machine is a Huge Electrical Discharger, Which Throws a Great Mass of Electrical Fluid in Any Direction.

## San Francisco Is Sinking Into the Sea, Says a Pacific Coast Savant.

**S**LOWLY, mayhap, but so surely as the pendulum of time swings, San Francisco, the "siren city by the sunset sea," is sinking into the blue waters which encompass it. One day the massive stone flood mansion, on Nob Hill, may be the base rock of a lighthouse far out in the Pacific Ocean.

A learned professor in the University of California has been studying the matter, and he says it is so. He further announces, however, that the present generation need not worry itself sick over the prospect, as the sinking is only at the rate of about an inch in a thousand years, and at that rate Nob Hill will be above tidewater for some little time yet.

It is all very curious, these discoveries which Professor Lawson has made. He has spent years in his researches along the California coast. As a result of that inspection, he says that the rugged coast of the northern part of the State is slowly rising out of the depths. At altitudes of 1,250 feet he has found unmistakable signs of wave-wash on the great rocky terraces, and these washes go down the cliff sides to the water itself. Slowly those gigantic bodies of granite have risen out of the depths to form the empire of the Orient.

And now comes the curious part of it, more curious than that the north country should be rising. San Francisco and its contiguous territory are sinking. That it once stood higher out of the water, and that the great bay was once a valley, with mountain peaks in and around it, is clearly established by the same methods which Professor Lawson used in the north. Putting the two phenomena together, you see that at some place between the rugged cliffs of the north and the green hills of San Francisco there is a pivotal point, the horse upon which this gigantic sea-saw rests, and San Francisco is on the down dip, with an ultimate in the bed of the sea. All of this Professor Lawson avers, and he ought to know.

These facts may account for the frequency of earthquakes in the vicinity of San Francisco. With a regularity which is just a trifle embarrassing to the timid San Francisco trembles, trembles as if some mighty force of nature had the peninsula by the neck and was shaking it as a

terrier does a rat. Buildings are sometimes cracked by the force of the shake. Long ago scientists began to talk about the possibility of the town going into the sea at a drop.

If you know the town you know that it occupies a broad peninsula between the bay and the ocean, the bay finding an outlet to the sea between the cliffs of the Golden Gate. Back from the gate not more than ten miles one may see the bay on one side and directly across the way, hidden only by a range of hills, is the mother sea. Might not one of these shakes snap the tongue that binds the great body to the mother earth and drop it into the bosom of the Pacific? Scientists have thought that possible.

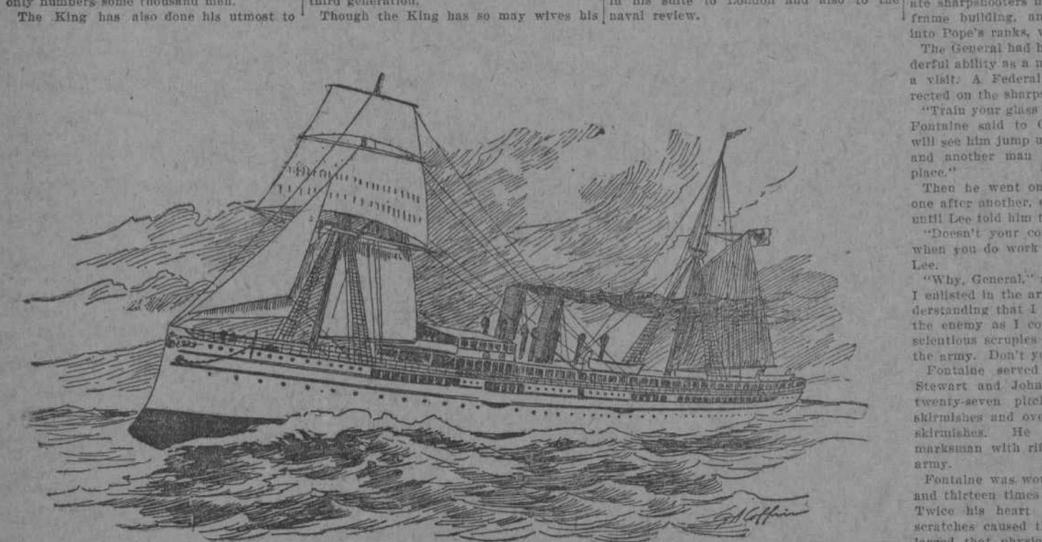
Professor Lawson's discoveries put a new light upon it. In its downward course San Francisco is pressing hard upon the hidden forces in the bowels of the earth. Those forces must have space, and these convulsions which shake the peninsula are but the protestations of these forces against the pressure upon them. Some day they may conclude to come out of their narrow confines, made narrow by the settling of a city, and then San Francisco, with its wealth and splendor, its giant palaces, its glittering life, its story of gold and its harvest of banana kings, will be one big aqueduct, through whose windows strange things of the deep sea will peep out.

When this occurs a large gap will be cut out of the map of California. San Francisco is high up in the air, when one notes her hills. When the waters have crept up over them they will also have gone out and beyond them. They will follow the courses of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin. The fertile Sacramento and the broad San Joaquin valleys will become inland seas almost as large as the great lakes. Southward to the Tehachapi Pass, northward to the base of snow-crested Shasta the salt tides will run, and all that is best in the golden land will be but a basking place of rocks and sand where the leviathans of the deep will disport themselves. At the same time the rugged cliffs of the north, the other end of nature's sea-saw, will top the tallest peaks of the continent and eternal snows will bank where the pines are blowing now.

But unless an earthquake accelerates the movement one of these days the time is so far away that most of the will contests now on in the San Francisco courts will have been settled and the heirs may be particularly anxious.

Will San Francisco Look Like This Some Day?

Professor Lawson, of the University of California, declares that the beautiful town, which rests on a peninsula, slowly but surely sinking, and this, he further declares, is responsible for the recurrence there of earthquakes.



The Armed Royal Yacht of the King of Siam. In this craft he is making his tour of the world, and everywhere she has attracted much attention. Although nominally a yacht in name, she carries a number of guns and is provided with fighting tops.



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