

ventor picked up another instrument. It was a long steel needle with a wire attached to it. He held this in his hand as he went on:

"I think," said he, "that the electric balance I have shown you is of great value, but still it does not furnish positive proof when it does not buzz that there is no bullet in a body. If the bullet is very deep in the flesh it will not act. If the bullet has been cut in half or flattened so that it stands with the edge nearest the skin it fails to make an impression on the balance, while if it lies flat under the skin the balance will buzz loudly. In other words, the noise of the balance proves the existence of a bullet, but not its non-existence."

"This," Mr. Bell went on, as he held up the instrument in his hand, "is another invention along the same line. It is an electric needle probe. A needle, you know, makes almost no injury to the flesh in passing through it. It can be put into the brain without much danger. Its introduction into the body causes but little pain. Now, you can thrust this needle into the flesh, and if it strikes a piece of lead it will, through the influence of the electricity connected with, give forth a sharp click. If it strikes bone or some other non-metallic substance there will be no response. The needle has been used by surgeons, and is of value."

Speaking of Garfield's last sickness, there were a number of interesting incidents connected with it which were unknown to the doctors or the public. One of these was told here not long ago by Crump who was steward of the White House then. Crump had to give a great deal of personal attention to Garfield. He was in the sick room a large part of the time, and he has a number of interesting reminiscences of Garfield's last days. One of these relates to the orders which the doctors gave that Garfield must have no water to drink, except that furnished by the physicians. He was, however, very thirsty, and during the absence of the doctors and the nurses he begged Crump to get him a drink. Crump refused, and Garfield asked him again and again so pitifully that he had to once leave the room to keep from violating orders. When he returned Garfield began again, but Crump again refused. Garfield then commanded Crump to give him the water, but Crump pretended he was deaf. In talking of this time Crump said:

"I didn't dare to give him the water. I feared it would hurt him, and I held out as long as I could. At last, however, he called me to him, and, with tears in his eyes, said:

"Crump would you refuse a dying man a drink of water?"

"No, Mr. President," said I, "but you are not dying."

"But, Crump," he added, feebly, "if you do not give it to me I will die," and hereupon he closed his eyes. He looked so feeble and sick that I couldn't stand it. Still, I couldn't disobey the doctors. But, somehow or other, I just sat a glass of spring water on a table by his bed. Then, turning my back upon him, I went to the window, and, hang me, when I returned it that glass wasn't empty! President Garfield looked up at me with a smile, and asked me what I meant by tantalizing him by placing a glass with no water in it within his reach and him so thirsty. He did not ask for any more

water that day, and I am certain, if he did drink it, it did him no harm."

I had an interesting chat with Major Benjamin Butterworth about Garfield last week. We were riding together from Washington to Pittsburg on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and Major Butterworth grew reminiscent. He is, you know, one of the brightest of our public men. He has had a wide experience, and he was for years a close friend of James A. Garfield. The two served in Congress together, and Butterworth was one of the Ohio delegates to the national convention at which Garfield was nominated. During the conversation I asked him what he thought of Garfield's character. He replied:

"General Garfield was one of the most peculiar of our public men. He was great in many things and weak in others. He had a great head and a great soul, but he had no more backbone than a fishworm. He could not say no and he could not hold anger. I verily believe that a man might have spat in Garfield's face without incurring his lasting enmity. Garfield would have promptly knocked him down, but before the fellow reached the ground he would have begun to pity him, and would have gone and raised him up, and told him that he was sorry that he had had to do it."

"How about the convention of 1880, Major. With all the publications concerning it, I wonder whether the inside history of it has yet been told?"

"No, it has not," replied Major Butterworth. "I doubt whether the full truth will ever be known. There was some talk of Garfield as President long before the convention met. He knew that there was an undercurrent in his favor, and we talked the matter over together before we went to Chicago. He told me then that he did not think that he ought to retain his position as the leader of the Ohio delegation and of the Sherman forces. It was just before we got to Chicago that he said to me:

"Don't you know, Ben, that they are proposing me for the President. I don't want it now, and if I am ever to be President, I don't think the time for it is the present. Still, under the circumstances, it don't seem to me as though I ought to go to Chicago and make that speech for Sherman. I will be looked upon there as the leader of the Sherman forces. Now, if this movement in my favor should develop into anything whatever I do I will be accused of being false to Sherman. I don't like it. I am afraid of it, and I don't want to go to Chicago as his manager. What do you think?"

"As for me, Garfield," said I, "I don't think anything about it. I know that you ought not to go. If I were John Sherman I surely would not let you go. You know the story of Priscilla and John Alden. Well, I should be afraid if you went to the convention for me it might turn out in the same way as did the courtship of Miss Standish when Priscilla asked Alden, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'"

"Well," said Garfield, "I feel somewhat the same way, and I wish you would go to Sherman and tell him what you think. Show him how I am situated, and ask him if he won't relieve me from my promise and put some one else in my place."

"Well," Major Butterworth continued, "I went at once to see Senator Sherman,

and told him about my talk with Garfield. I put the matter just as strongly as I could, and urged him to release Garfield from making a speech. Sherman said he was not afraid, however. He wanted Garfield to present him to the convention. He said he was the leading man in Ohio and that as such he was necessarily the leader of his forces at Chicago. I told him that Garfield's prominence was just the reason why he shouldn't be the leader, and I tried to make him believe that the situation was a dangerous one. I could not do it. He told me that he had no fear of Garfield's loyalty, and that he would risk the Miss Standish business. The result was that Garfield went to Chicago."

Was Garfield true to Sherman when he got there?" I asked.

"I think he wanted to be," replied Major Butterworth, "but what can you do in such situations? We had several conversations about the matter at Chicago. One was on the steps of the Grand Pacific Hotel the night before the convention met. Garfield said he didn't like the talk that his friends were making as to his availability. He said that he could not afford to accept the presidency in any way that would leave a stain upon his personal honor. He said he wished the situation was otherwise than it was, and that he did not know what to do. I think he felt very much the same during the convention. I sat just behind him, and when they began to vote for him, I could see that he was much frightened. He turned around to me and asked me what he should do. Said he:

"If I ask them not to vote for me, it will appear as though I were calling attention to myself, and my refusal will be a kind of a bid for them to vote for me. On the other hand, if I remain silent it seems to me as though I will be false to Sherman. What shall I do? What would you do, if you were I?"

"I then said that if I were in his place I would state that under no circumstances could I accept a nomination. A moment later Garfield got up and made a speech of this kind—at least he told his friends in the convention that he did not want them to vote for him. It was of no avail, however, and the stampede soon occurred which made him the nominee."

"You were there at the time," continued Major Butterworth, "and you doubtless have a vivid remembrance of that wonderful scene. There were many things, however, connected with it which were not published. As the vote was being taken, and as the point was reached when there was no doubt that he was to be the candidate, I leaned over to Garfield and said:

"Well, Garfield, there is one woman, I know who will be very happy over the result of this day's work."

"Garfield turned around, his eyes filled with tears, and he said:

"Ben, I wish you would go as soon as you can and telegraph to mother."

"General Garfield," Major Butterworth went on, "had a great love for his mother. She was his first thought in everything. She was with him in the White House. I remember calling there one day with Charley Foster. We were talking with the President, when Grandma Garfield came in and told James that she would like to have some money. President Garfield asked her how much she wanted, and she told him