TO THE FRENCH CLERGY.

the antique religious order of the place. Such rivalry is an honor to either party. I

have tasted both dishes, and is difficult to decide between them. Perhaps that of the

monks is the more epicurean of the two. It

in readiness for the return of the days of

SOME OF THEIR INVENTIONS.

One of the largest oyster parks in the country was started by the Abbe Bonnetard,

of La Teste, whose system of artificial culti-

vation is so successful that, of the number of oysters distributed throughout France

ents scattered throughout the land.

DREAM OF THE EPICURE.

a lofty eminence, whence his eye might em-brace at a glance all the multitudinous array

of animals and things that had served to appease the pangs of hunger in such a

gormand since he first had an appetite for solid tood. The author of "Le Ventre de

SUCH IS THE PRICE OF LIFE.

and his arms extend; his every

seems to say: "Such is the price of life!

same time, Careme with his own well di-

It seems to me that the moderns, however,

FAITHFUL TO THE LAST.

About that time Emile de Girardin got him

to compose the bills of fare for his daily

Nimes or Barbentane-induced his patron to

MAURICE DANCOURT,

Editor in Chief of the Art Culinaire, or gan of the Society of French Cooks.

What May be Expected Next.

Possibilities of the dress y ke .- Buffal

thing could happen.

ecoutrement.

feasting.

blasted, her employment lost, and her life made a burden to her. Yes, decidedly,

What was to be done? Was there no way All that night as Geoffrey sat in the House, his arms folded on his breast and to appearance intently listening to the long harangues of the Opposition, this question baunted him. He argued the situation out this way and that way, till at last he came to a conclusion. Either he must wait for the scandal to leak out, let Beatrice be ruined and direct his efforts to the softening of Honoria, and generally to self-preserva-tion, or he must take the bull by the horns, must abandon his great career and his country and seek refuge in another land, say over, they came from his dear hand.

There was the letter, sure enough, and another in a woman's writing. She recognized America, taking Bentrice and Effie with him. Once the child was out of the jurisdiction, of course no court could force her

from him. Of the two courses, even in so far as he himself was concerned, what between the urgency of the matter and the unceasing pressure of his passion, Geoffrey inclined to the latter. The relations between himself and Honoria had for years been so strained, so totally different from those which should exist between man and wife, that they greatly mitigated in his mind the apparent iniquity of such a step. Nor would be feel much compunction at removing the child from her mother, for there was no love lost between the two, and as time went on he shrewdly guessed there would be less and rdly guessed there would be less and As her mind grasped them her lips grew For the rest he had some £17,000 in ashy white, and by the time that the horrihand; he would take half and leave Honoria half. He knew that he could always earn a living wherever he went, and probably much more than a living, and of whatever he earned a strict moiety should be paid to Honoria. But first and above everything there was Beatrice to be considered. She must be saved even if he ruined himself to Lady Honoria, it is scarcely necessary t

say, had little idea that she was driving he husband to such dangerous and determined councils. She wanted to frighten Geoffrey, not to lose him and all he meant to her; this was the last thing that she would wish to do She did not greatly care about the Beatrice incident, but her shrewd common sense told her that it might well be used as an engine to ruin them all. Therefore she spoke as she did speak, though in reality matters would have to be bad indeed before she sought the aid of a court of law, where many things concerning herself might come to the light of day which she would prefer to leave n darkness. Nor did she stop here; she determined to

attack Geoffrey's position in another way-namely, through Beatrice berself. For long time Honoria hesitated as to the method of this attack. She had some knowledge of the world and of character, and from what she knew of Beatrice she came to the sound conclusion that she was not a woman to be threatened, but rather one to be appealed So after much thought she wrote to her

'A story which I still hesitate to believe has come to me by means of anonymous letters as to your conduct with my husband. I do not wish to repeat it now, further than to say that, if true, it establishes circum-stances which leave no doubt as to the existence of relations so intimate between you as to amount to guilt. It may not be true or it may, in which latter event I want to say this: With your morality I have nothing to do; it is your affair. Nor do I wish to plead to you as an injured wile or to reproach you, for there are things too wicked for mere reproach. But I will say this: It the story is true I must presume that you have some affection for the partof your shame. I put myself out of the question, and in the name of that affection, however guilty it may be, I ask you to push matters no surther. To do so will be to bring its object to utter ruin. If you care for him, sever all connection with him utterly and forever. Otherwise he will live to curse and hate you. Should you neglect this advice, and should the facts that I have heard become public property, I warn you, as I have already warned him, that I shall be forced, in self-preservation and for the sake of self-respect, to appeal to the law for my remedy. Remember that his career is at stake, and that in losing it and me he will also lose his child. Remember that if this comes about it will be through you. Do not answer this, it will do no good, for I shall naturally put no faith in your protestations, but if you are in any way or measure guilty of this offense, appealing to you as one woman to another. and for the sake of the man who is dear to both. I say do your best to redeem the evil by making all further communications be-tween yourself and him an impossibility.

It was a clever letter; Lady Honoria could not have devised one more powerful to work on a woman like Beatrice. The same post that took it to her took another from Geofrev himself. It was long though guarded, d need not be quoted in its entirety, but it put the whole position before her in somewhat veiled language, and ended by saving. " Marriage I cannot give you, only li elong love. In other circumstances to offer this would be an insult, but it things should be as I fear, it is worth your consideration. I do not say to you come, I say come it you wish. No, Beatrice, I will not put this cruel burden of decision upon you. I say come! I do not command you to come ecause I promised to leave you uninfluenced. But I pray you to do so. Let us put an end to this wretchedness, and count the world well lost at our price of love. Come, dearest Beatrice—to leave me no more till death. I put my life in your hands; it ou take it up, whatever trouble you may have to face, you will never lose my affec-Do not think of me; think of yourself. You have given me your love as you once gave me my life. I owe something in return; I cannot see you shamed and make no offer of reparation. Indeed, so far as I am concerned, I shall think all I lose as nothing compared to what I gain in gaining Will you come? If so, we will leave country and begin alresh elsewhere. After all, it matters little, and will matte less when everything is said and done. Life for me has hitherto been but as an unwholesome dream. The one real thing, the one happy thing, that I have found in it has en our love. Do not let us throw it away, By return of post he received this answer

written in pencil: "No, dear Geoffrey. Things must take their course.-B." That was all.

CHAPTER XXV.

ELIZABETH SHOWS HER TEETH. Hard had been Beatrice's hours since that gray morning of separation. She must bear all the inner wretchedness of her lot; she must conceal her grief, must suffer the slings and arrows of Elizabeth's sharp tongue, and strive to keep Owen Davies at a distance. Indeed, as the days went on, this last task grew more and more portentous. The man was quite unmanageable; his ion, which was humiliating and hateful Beatrice, became the talk of the place Everybody knew of it except her father, and

even his eves began to be opened. One night-it was the same upon which Geoffrey and Honoria had respectively posted their letters to Beatrice—anybody looking into the little room at Bryngelly Castle, which served its owner for all poses except that of sleeping, would have witnessed a very strange sight. Owen Davies was walking to and ro-walking rapidly with wildeves and disheveled hair. At the turn of each length of the apartment he would halt, and, throwing his arms into the air, ejaculate:

"Oh, God, hear me, and give me my desire! Oh, God, answer me!' For two long hours thus he walked and thus cried aloud, till at length he sank panting and exhausted in a chair. Suddenly he missed his head, and appeared to listen in-

tently. "The Voice," he said aloud; "the Voice again. What does it say? To-morrow, to-morrow I must speak; and I shall win her." He sprang up with a shout and once more began his wild march. "Oh, Beatrice!" he began his wild march. 'Oh, Beatrice!' he said, "to-morrow you will promise to marry me; the Voice says so, and soon, soon perhaps in one short month, you will be my more than a strong directed me to do, and then it will.'

will be all right—I know it will.'

Mr. Granger stared at him. He was a clergyman of a very practical sort, and did not quite see what the power above had to roundings before trying again.

upon her. Beatrice's reputation would be own-mine only! Goeffrey Bingham shall do with Owen Davies' matrimonial intennot come between us then, for I will watch you day and night. You shall be my very, very own-my own beautiful Beatrice," and he stretched out his arms and clasped at the cidedly, also, she spoke words of weight and empty air-a crazy and unpleasant sight to

> And so he walked and spoke till the dawn was gray in the east. This occurred on the Friday night. It was on the following morning that Beatrice, the unfortunate and innocent object of these amorous invocations, received the two letters. She had gone to the postoffice on her way to the school, on the chance of there being a note from Geoffrey. Poor woman, his letters were the one bright thing in her life. From motives of prudence they were written in the usual semi-formal style, but she was quick to read between the lines, and, more-

the hand as that of Lady Honoria, which she had often seen on envelopes directed to Geoffrey, and a thrill of fear shot through her. She took the letters, and, walking as quickly as she could to the school, locked herself in her own little room, for it was not yet 9 o'clock, and looked at them with an ever-gathering terror. What was in them? Why did Lady Honoria write to her? Which should she read first? In a moment Beatrice had made up her mind. She would face the worst at once. With a set face she opened Lady Honoria's letter, unfolded it and read. We already know its contents. ble thing was done she was nigh to fainting.

Anonymous letters! oh, who could have done this cruel thing? Elizabeth, it must be Elizabeth, who saw everything, and thus stabled her in the back. Was it possible stabbed her in the back. Was it possible that her own sister could treat her so? She knew that Elizabeth disliked her; she could never fathom the cause, still she knew the fact. But if this were her doing, then she must hate her, and hate her bitterly; and what had she done to earn such hate? And now Geoffrey was in danger on her account, danger of ruin, and how could she prevent it? This was her first idea. Most people might have turned to their own position and been content to leave their lover to fight his own battle. But Beatrice thought little of herself. He was in danger, and how could she protect him? Why, here in the letter was the answer! "If you care for him, sever all connection with him utterly, and forever. Otherwise he will live to curse and

all connection with him-sever it utterly and forever. But how-how? She thrust the letter in her dress-a viper would have been a more welcome guest-and opened Geoffrey's.

It told the same tale, but offered a different solution. The tears started to her eyes as she read his offer to take her to him for good and all, and go away with her to begin life afresh. It seemed a wonderful thing to Beatrice that he should be willing to sacrifice so much upon such a worthless altar as her love—a wonderful and most generous thing. She pressed the senseless paper to her heart, then kissed it again and again. But she never thought of yielding to this great temptation, never for one second. prayed her to come, but that she would not do while her will remained. What, she bring Geoffrey to ruin? No, she had rather starve in the streets or perish by slow torture. How could be ever think that she would consent to such a scheme? Indeed, she never would; she had brought enough trouble on him already. But oh, she blessed him for that letter. How deeply must he love her when he could offer to do this for

hate you." No, no! Geoffrey would never

do that. But Lady Honoria was quite right.

In his interest, for his sake, she must sever

Hark! the children were waiting; she must go and teach. The letter, Geoffrey's noon. So she thrust it in her breast the other, but closer to her beart, and went. That afternoon as Mr. Granger, in a happy frame of mind-for were not his debts paid, and had he not found a most convenient way of providing against future embarrassment-was peaceably engaged in con templating his stock over the gate of his suddenly to discover Owen Davies at his

"How do you do, Mr. Davies?" he said, "how quietly you must have come." "Yes," answered Owen absently, "The fact is, I have followed you because I want to speak to you alone—quite alone."
"Indeed, Mr. Davies—well, I am at your service. What is wrong? You don't look

"Oh, I am quite well, thank you. I never was better; and there's nothing wrong, nothing at all. Everything is going to be right now, I know that full surely."
"Indeed," said Mr. Granger, again looking at him with a puzzled air, "and what may you want to see me about? Not but what I am always at your service, as you

know," he added apologetically.
"This," he answered, suddenly seizing the clergyman by the coat in a way that made him start. "What-my coat, do you mean? It's old,

I know. "Don't be so foolish, Mr. Granger. No. about Beatrice."
"Oh, indeed, Mr. Davies. Nothing wrong

at the school, I hope? I think that she does her duties to the satisfaction of the committee, though I admit that the arith-"No! no! no! It is not about the school.

I don't wish her to go to the school any more. I love her, Mr. Granger, I love her dearly, and I want to marry The old man flushed with pleasure. Was it possible? Did he hear aright? Owen Davies, the richest man in that part of Wales, wanted to marry his daughter, who had nothing but her beauty. It must be

too good to be true!
"I am indeed flattered," be said. "It is more than she could expect—but not what Beatrice is not very good-looking and very clever," he added hastily, (earing lest he was detracting from his daughter's market

"Good-tooking-clever: she is an angel." "Oh, yes, of course she is," said her father, "that is, if a woman—yes, of course —and what is more, I think she's very fond of you. I think she is pining for you. I have thoughts over leave the said.

have thought so for a long time. "Is she?" said Owen anxiously. "Then all I have to say is that she takes a very curious way of showing it. She won't have a word to say to me; she puts me off on every But it will be all right now-all right now."

"Oh, there, there, Mr. Davies, maids will be maids until they are wives. We know all about that," said Mr. Granger senten-His would-be son-in-law looked as though

he knew very little about it indeed, though the inference was sufficiently obvious "Mr. Granger," he said, seizing his hand. "I want to make Beatrice my wife-I do,

"Well, I did not suppose otherwise, Mr. Davies. "If you help me in this I will do whatever

you like as to money matters and that sort of thing, you know. She shall have as fine a settlement as any woman in Wales. I know that goes a long way with a father, and I shall raise no difficulties. "Very right and proper, I am sure," said Mr. Granger, adopting a loftier tone as he discovered the advantages of his posi-

"But of course on such matters ! shall take the advice of a lawyer. I daresay that Mr. Bingham would advise me. besides, he wouldn't charge anything "Oh, no, not Mr. Bingbam," answered Owen anxiously. "I will do anything you like, or if you like to have a lawyer I'll pay the bill myself. But never mind about that now. Let us settle it with Beatrice first.

"Eh, but hadn't you better arrange that part of the business privately. "No, no. She always snubs me when I

"Ah, well," he said, "I see what you mean; marriages are made in heaven; yes, of course. Well, it you want to get on with the matter, I dare say that we shall find Beatrice in. So they walked back to the Vicarage, Mr, Granger exultant and yet perplexed, for it struck him that there was something a lit-tle odd about the proceeding, and Owen Davies in silence or muttering occasionally

to himself. In the sitting room they found Elizabeth. "Where is Beatrice?" asked her lather.
"I dont know," she answered, and at that
moment Beatrice, pale and troubled, walked

into the room, like a lamb to the slaughter.

"Ah, Beatrice," said her father, "we were just asking for you."

She glanced round, and, with the quick wit of a hunted animal, instantly perceived that some new danger threatened her.

"Indeed," she said, sinking into a chair in an access of feebleness born of fear. "What is it, father?"
Mr. Granger looked at Owen Davies and then took a step toward the door. It struck him forcibly that this scene should be pri-

vate to the two persons principally con-"Don't go," said Owen Davies, excitedly. "Don't go, either of you; what I have to say had better be said before you both. I should like to say it before the whole world, to cry it

from the mountain tops."

Elizabeth glared at him fiercely—glared first at him and then at the innocent Bea-Could he be going to propose to her, Ah, why had she hesitated? Why had she not told him the whole truth be-fore? But the heart of Beatrice, who gat momentarily expecting to be publicly de-nounced, grew fainter than ever. The wa-

ters of desolation were closing in over her Mr. Granger sat down firmly and worked himself into the seat of his chair, as though to secure an additional fixedness of tenure. Elizabeth set her teeth and leaned her elbow on the table, holding her hand so as to shade her face. Beatrice drooped upon her seat like a fading lily or a prisoner in the dock. ne was opposite to them, and Owen Davies, his face alight with wild enthusiasm, stood up and addressed them all like the counsel

for the prosecution.

"Last auturun," he began, speaking to
Mr. Granger, who might have been a judge
uncertain as to the merits of the case, "I asked your daughter Beatrice to marry

Beatrice gave a sigh and collected her scattered energies. The storm had had burst at last, and she must face it. "I asked her to marry me, and she told me to wait a year. I have waited as long as I could, but I could not wait the whole

I have prayed a great deal, and I find that I

must speak."

Elizabeth made a gesture of impatience. She was a person of strong common sense, and this mixture of religion and eroticism disgusted her. She also knew that the storm had burst, and that she must face it. "So I come to tell you that I love your daughter Beatrice, and want to make her my wife. I have never loved anybody else, but I have loved her for years, and I ask

your consent."

"Very flattering, very flattering, I am sure, especially in these hard times," said Mr. Granger apologetically, shaking his thin hair down over his forehead, and then rumpling it up again. "But you see, Mr. Davies, you don't want to marry me" (here Beatrice smiled faintly)—you want to marry my daughter, so you had better ask her direct—at least I suppose so.

Elizabeth made a movement as though to speak, then changed her mind and listened. "Beatrice," said Owen Davies, "you hear,

ask you to marry me.' [20 be continued next Sunday.]

EDWIN BOOTH'S OPINION

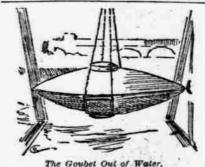
Of the Difference Between Audiences of the East and West.

"I have nowhere found," says Edwin Booth, "more enthusiastic audiences than in the West, and I see no special difference St. Louis if that were not intensely annoy-

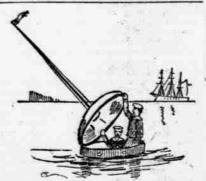
Well, I don't find it so. The applause not only cheers and stimulates the actor, but it gives him an opportunity to catch his breath and rest for a moment, considerations which far more than balance the very slight interruption of his thought. It is only perfunctory applause that chills the actor. is perfectly willing that people should stop a speech or the progress of an effective scene if they are moved by the acting to break into a demonstration of approval.

WONDERFUL SUBMARINE BOAT. Reports of the Trints Put the Goubet Far Ahend of Any Yet.

A new submarine boat called the Goubet, after its inventor, is on trial at Cherbourg, in France. The cuts give a fair idea of it. It is 18 feet long and 5 feet in diameter, and requires a crew of but two persons. As it weighs but seven tons it can be taken aboard vessels. The dome is airtight and



provided with peep holes of glass. Air 18 kept fresh from tanks of compressed oxygen. It is claimed for the new boat that it can be handled under water or upon the surface with perfect ease, twisting and turning at full speed under the absolute control of the pilot. That it can remain below 24 hours. or eyen longer if necessary, without ever having to come to the surface, and that it can remain motionless at any given depth beneath the surface for any length of time, nstead of having to keep moving constant ly to avoid coming to the surface, as was the case with other boats. The



Taking a View of the World. longest time it has yet remained unde water is eight hours, and its two occupants spent the time playing cards. Electricity is the motive power. The dome is so small that it will be a bard mark to hit when in motion, and the boat can safely approach within a comparatively short distance of a hostile vessel with the dome above water. When the balls from the rapid-fire guns of try to speak to her alone. You had better be there, and Miss Elizabeth, too, if she likes. I won't speak to her again alone. I will speak to her in the face of God and man, as God directed me to do, and then it will be all right—I know it will."

Mr. Granger stand at him.

A Paris Authority Describes Some of the Simpler Luxuries.

SECRET OF SERVING RED CABBAGE.

French Monks Were Great Inventors of Appetizing Morsels.

ONE OF THE TYPICAL EPICURES

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE. PARIS, April 12.-France is the country where the preparation of food for luxury has become a fine art, and the Culinary Exhibition which

was held in this city recently may be regarded as an apotheosis of the French chef. But it is also the country where the economical preparation of food for mere existence has been most studied and is est understood. The masses live simply,

and the smaller squires as simply as the bourgeoisie. La Grande cuisine is not within the reach of everybody's purse. In what Antonin Careme called everyday cooking, we may discover pleasures of an order not despised. Among the most subevery year, perhaps a quarter are produced by the Abbe. Canon Agen was the dis-coverer of the terrines of Nerac. The rillettes of Tours are the work of a monk of stantial and inexpensive of regales that I know of is abattis de dinde, or turkey's

giblets, a la bourgeoise. The giblets should

be chosen fresh, fat and tender. Scald,

Marmoutiers. The renowned liqueurs Chartreuse, Trappistine, Benedictine and singe and cleanse thoroughly. Slice the neck into three, the pinions into two, and others betray their mouastic origin in their names, and the strangest part of their production is that they should be the work of the most severe and ascetic of religious bodies. The Elixir of Garus is the in-vention of the Abbe Garus. The Beziers sausages were first prepared under the di-rection of the Prior Lamoureux. The popular Bergougnoux sauce was first ningled by the Abbe Bergougnoux. The delicate Floguard cakes are the invention of the Abbe Floguard. Even the immortal lory of the discovery of champagne is atthe innumerable delicacies in bonbons, conectionery, and the like, which owe their origin entirely to nuns in the French con-

the gizzard into four pieces, carefully dis-earding the gravelbag in the latter and the turkey's head, which is ugly. Reserve the liver for cooking ten minutes before serving. Put a good lump of butter, rolled in fine flour into a stewpan, with a thin, broad slice of bacon, then place on a large fire, and when in full fry add the giblets, and let the whole stew for seven or eight minutes. Pour on gently some hot broth, add a bouquet garni-parsley, chervil, thyme, sage, laurel, leeks, &c., with two onions, in each of which a clove is inserted.

The Artists at Work

DON'T MAR ITS HOMELY GRACE. Let the whole boil a quarter of an hour or so; then add turnips, red potatoes, four or five slices of carrot and a small root of celery. Do not peel your turnips, only scrape them, as the slightest departure from between their behavior and the conduct of
Eastern theater-goers. There has been a
good deal said about the readiness of Western people to applaud some favorite sentiment in a play stopping the actor in the ment in a play, stopping the actor in the up take the liver aside and add it to the middle of a soliloguy even to express approv- | rest. Carefully skim off the fat and tak al, and I have been asked since I have been in
St. Louis if that were not intensely annoywith the giblets in the middle, the pinions

on top and the vegetables all round. With the foregoing directions, any house wite with the least gumption will be enabled to prepare one of the best ordinary dishes in the world; as her guests, to use a homely expression, will not fail "to lick their chops over it' to the last morsel. Beware, however, of the treacherous turnip; it not ex-

cellent, it is abominable. Old diners-out are appreciative of simplicity, and never eat of more than half the dishes set before them. Baron James de Rothschild, after a long experience, came to the conclusion that elaborate menus were a deception. He fell back upon a head of cabbage well tied up and boiled gently for seven or eight hours in a pot-au-feu. The vegetable so prepared, with a slice of roast ben or mutton, was what he generally dined upon at home. I know nothing better than enbbage boiled in beei broth a la

A FAVORITE WITH A KING. Speaking of ordinary dishes reminds me of the fact that Louis XV. was a bon vivant of the first quality, and ought to have been able to set the fashion in edibles, not only for his own age, but for a long while to come. That he was not, in fact, equal to this task may be easily perceived from the example of one vegetable alone, which has speedily and undeservedly descended from the high place to which he raised it into a humble and miserable position of inferior ity. The plant in question is the red cabbage, which was an immense favorite with the royal gournet, and was more highly ap-preciated at the little suppers given to His Majesty by Madame de Pompadour at Marly than any other article in the bill of fare. At the banquets at Versailles the same vegetable was allowed all its due honors, and was usually served at the second course among qualified to arrange. M. France, the director of the organ La Presse, was present at the sweets.

The taste thus encouraged soon made its way not only among the rich lamilies of Paris, who affected it out of pure compliment to the court, but also among the bourgeoisie, who were delighted at finding it possible to combine fashion with economy, and treat themselves to one of the dishes most highly appreciated by the court at the cost of a lew sous. The most correct way of serving up the red cabbage was the style known as a lad'Orleans, which was invented, as it seems, by the Princess of Bavaria, who married the Duke of Orleans, and who no doubt imported from her own country much knowledge of the excellencies of the succulent plant so nearly allied to

A RECEIPT IN A WILL.

This lady managed to preserve the secret of the recipe until her death, and the dishes of red cabbage a la d'Orleans which were served under any except her special supervision were none of them quite genuine, however good might have been the imi tation. She left the recipe written out at length on a paper signed with her full name, and by a clause in her will declared that she could coner no grenter benefit upon her noble friends than to bequeath to them this famous recipe.

The pleasures of an ordinary table may be

highly increased by a judicious selection from the cheaper "specialties" which nowa-days abound at groceries and provision deal-ers. In France, travel by what line you will, you are sure to come across some town famous for something nice in the edible way. We have the pates de canard at Amiens and the biscuits d'Abbeville, which really deserve the reputation they enjoy. Getting nearer the German frontier, the confitures of Bar-le-Duc and the madeleines de Commercy, are by no means to be despised. At Metz the dried truits, the mirabelles in particular, command a great sale; Troyer is samous for its audouillettes, and Coulommiers is noted for its cheese. The lark pates sold at Pithiviers and the rillettes de Tours may not, in the opinion of some good judges, be worth all the praise that has been b stowed upon them, but there is no gainsayaux truffes sold at Ruffec, a small wayside place between Poitiers and Angouleme; and so on throughout France. TRADE OF THE SOUTH

Imports of \$450,000,000, and Uncle It is a remarkable fact that the epicures of the world should be so largely indebted to the French clergy for the luxuries they enjoy. Two innkeepers established at Mont St, Michel are at daggers drawn to this day respecting the right sort of omelet to be put Sam Furnishes but a Ninth.

CARGOES THAT GO TO ENGLAND. before a hungry traveler who comes their way. One is Ridel, who holds out for the Sailing the South Pacific on a British Comold Gallic omelette aux fines herbes; while Poulard, his rival, contends that the gen-unine article is an omelet the secret of which has been transmitted down through ages by pany's Steamship.

SPANISH GOLD BURIED IN THE SEA

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. 1 ON BOARD THE STEAMER SERENO,

is easily prepared. The whites and the yolks of the eggs are not mixed. The whites SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN, March 3. You may search the world over for pleasyorks of the eggs are not mixed. The whites are well flogged up to a creamy consistency, to obtain which much elbow grease is required; the yolks are only slightly beaten. The whole is then poured into the frying ant sea traveling without finding anything nore agreeable than down the western coast of South America, where one is always sure pan and a large lump of butter put in at the same time. After cooking for two minutes, of fair weather, still waters and fine steamers. Especially is this the case during the the result is a miracle in its way.

The monks and cures of France have, I season of our Northern winter-the summer time in these latitudes-when breeze, blow say, done as much for their country in the preparation of savory delicacies as the most cool and invigorating even directly over the renowned chefs. It has been suggested that during the long season of Lent these holy men have been in the habit of relieving their equator, without the damp chilliness that pierces one's marrow on the Atlantic. Strange to say, not an American keel privations by employing their ingenuity in the invention of pleasant foods and drinks

ploughs the Pacific from Panama to Cape Horn-yet not altogether unaccountable when we consider the reasons that have left the America of the North almost without commercial dealings with her Southern sister. The short-sighted policy of the United States Congress in refusing to aid steamship lines, even by payment of a moderate sum for carrying the mails, has much to do with it; for the venturesome capitalist who might invest money in such an enterprise would have to compete with the well-subsidized companies of Europe. At present there are two lines of steamers plying between Panama and Chili-one Chilian, the other English. The latter, which is by far the best, was projected as an American company, by William Wheelright, of New York City. More than 40 years ago this gentleman secured a "concession" for its establishment in these waters, and then he hurried home to the United States, expecting to readily raise the necessary funds for carrying out his plans.

SNAPPED UP BY ENGLAND.

But neither the merchant princes, capi-talists nor Congress could be induced to offer him any sort of aid or encouragement, and finally he took himself and his project to England, where a wiser government snapped at the chance of securing rich emoluments for all time to come. Subsequently Mr. Wheelright obtained subsidies, also, from several of the South American An Englishman, at once thoughtful and ingenious, gave himself up one day to a strange speculation. He imagined an epicure, after the manner of Lord Seldon, Baron Brisse or Grimod de la Reyniere, placed, at 70 years of age, on the summit of Republics, whose ports he enters. The natural consequence is that the whole pas-senger traffic of the Southern Pacific, together with nearly all its commerce, has passed irrevocably into British hands, whose vessels sail every week from Panama to Liverpool, via the Straits of Magellan. The Chilian line sends a vessel every second week and carries mostly local reight. Sev-eral smaller steamers belonging to French and German companies, ply between various west-coast ports; and there used to be two lines, Spanish and Italian, but both the latter have recently withdrawn their boats.

Paris," Zola, would recoil at sight of such an enormous concourse of animals and vegetables. In a broad plain would be seen The "Pacific Steam Navigation Com-pany," which Mr. Wheelright organized, is grazing all the oxen, calves and sheep he had eaten; out of the waving corn—whereof his bread was made—would be seen to escape to-day the largest enterprise of its kind in the world, owning more than 60 first-class thousands of larks, quails and young part-ridges which had decked his table.

At the foot of a hill would be seen a river and its tributary streams, which would be steamers and carrying every bit of cargo be-tween Europe and South America. For this trade it maintains two sets of steamers, those for the still waters between Panama and Valparaiso being large and beautiful, with open decks and airy staterooms; while those designed for the rougher passage through the straits and across the stormy all the wine, beer, tea, coffee and cordials the septuagenarian had drunk in his day. In the river swim the fish that were his de-light, and on its banks swarm the ducks, drakes and rabbits upon which his cook daily made such sauguinary onslaught. A huge fortification, including a triple row of cakes, tarts and puddings, piled on numer-Atlantic were especially constructed for heavy seas. Mr. Wheelright also built the first railroad in South America (in Chili). and the grateful natives have very properly honored him by a huge statue in the city of ous layers of watermelons, circles the base of the whole display; while, at regular

SOME CHEAP RIDING.

breaks along the whole line, enormous bar-rels of rice, pepper, allspice and mustard project outward like so many pieces of ord-The distance from Panama to Valparaiso is 3,315 miles and the trip would become a The old gormand's eye wanders over all the treasures of this blessed land. He smiles is spent at sea, there being no fewer than 38 ports to be visited on the way. Through the many years that the British company enjoyed undisputed monopoly its charges with evident satisfaction at the prodigious number of his repasts; his mouth waters at were enormous-not less than \$40 per ton the souvenir of so many good things. He would fain renew the strife; his eyes dilates for freight, and \$297 per capita passenger rate for a distance about the same as that between New York and Liverpoo Chilian line, however, has lately made com-Our century has made great strides in the petition so brisk that our fare or the whole 3,315 miles was less than \$32 each, Ameriart of feeding. First came Grimod de la Reyniere with his Almanach des Gourcan gold, with no charge for extra luggage and "stop-overs" of indefinite length almands, which he published for eight consecutive years; later on, during the Restora-tion, Brillat-Savarin appeared on the scene lowed. And we were given extraordinary with his Physiologie du Gout, and, at the attentions and courtesies withal-afternoo tea in the captain's cabin, nice little lunche gested work. The labors of Bernard and Jules Gouffe have since upheld the tradi-tions of the French school of gastronomy. sent up before bedtime, and everybody had a stateroom all to himself, mother and daughter, or husband and wife, being given two large communicating rooms with p have not been over prodigal in their praise of Baron Brisse. He was a typical, perhaps a transcendant, epicure, and therefore deserving of encomium. His corpulence was such that the Paris cabmen denied him the of extra space for trunks and steamer chairs. These big English steamers are three-storied affairs, and the lower deck, into which one is ushered from the tender, is far from prepossessing at first sight. There are long lines of stalled sheep and cattle, most of them to be slaughtered for food during use of their vehicles. He was little ruffled at this refusal on their part, and rather took vanity from the thought that he was one of the voyage, and groups of shock-headed, saddle-colored Peruvian and Chilian deck-hands, who look as if they would like to slaughter us. So perfectly do they person-ate one's ideas of pirates, as gained from the very few in the gay capital to whom such opera choruses, that one momentarily ex-The verve of Baron Brisse delighted Monselet, although somewhat vehement and raffish. The Baron was then at the height of pects to hear them burst out into singing. And the resemblance to well-reme opera scenes does not cease with these lower his culinary reputation, and had just brought out his journal, La Salle a Manger. egions. Ascending a ladder-like stairway to the main deck, you find that the "Sereno, and Her Majesty's ship "Pinafore," are i many respects as alike as two peas in a pod. There may be no Dick Deadeves nor Little paper, and his menus got to be quite the rage. The Baron, who had great powers of Buttercups on board, but the gallant cappersuasion-he was of southern stock, from tain is as typical a Briton as was "never, give some of those dinners he was so well never sick at sea;" and on all sides one

hears a deal of self-congratulation that in spite of all temptations to the contrary, everybody "remains an Englishman."

the rest of the guests that evening, wore the A GEOGRAPHICAL PARADOX. white apron and the white cotton cap of the By the way, those going north from Panama must first sail due south more than che de cuisine. Fancy the author of Les one hundred miles, in order to round the peninsula of Aguero, which stretches forth Until his last hour Baron Brisse fought long arm, slightly curved eastward, enthe good fight for gastronomy. Death found him with a fork in one hand and a pen in the other. In the modest village of Chatilclosing in its embrace the bay of Panama. It seems a paradoxical statement, but is nevertheless absolutely true, that Aspiuwall, lon, where he now lies digesting his life, I propose that the following words be inon the eastern side of the Isthmus, is in reality farther west than Panama City on scribed on his tombstone: "Served up piping its western coast! By consulting the map and getting the crook of the Isthmus well in mind, you will see that the Panama rail-road, instead of westward-ho-ing from Aspinwall, as its passengers fondly imagine, runs southeast. In this connection it may be mentioned that the port of Guayaquis in Ecuador, the very westernmost town in

all South America, lies almost in a direct line south from Washington, D. C. Panama Bay, which is 110 miles long and nearly 150 miles wide at its mouth, is proceeded to have some fun. swarming with snarks, especially in the neighborhood of the port. The sailors desome act of carelessness, or have stumbled into the sea in the perilous transit between twine in his hand. The twine was covered dock and tender or from tender to steamer their horrible fate being told by a brief red trophe just toss overboard anything at hand. will show themselves.

COMMERCE WORTH HAVING.

To the last moment that the vessel waits she is surrounded by a crowd of canoes and pit-paus, bringing from shore cargoes of bananas, pineopples, cocoanuts, oranges, man-goes, figs, paltas, parrots and monkeys, some for sale on the spot to whoever will buy, but mostly loaded below for transportation to other ports. We have now on board about 1,300 tons of freight, but that is considered a small cargo, 2,500 tons being the

limit. It consists chiefly of cattle, wood, metals, sugar, rice and tobacco; and all of it goes to Europe, except the cattle to be caten on the way, and a little fruit for local norts. A large quantity of rice will be taken on at Callao, it being the great staple of Peru where the finest rice in the world is grown, where the Anest rice in the world is grown, a single grain being sometimes half an inch long. There is also a lot of chaneacha aboard, a native preparation from sugar cane, used in the making of dulces, or sweetmeats; and at Pisco, one of the ports of Northern Peru, a good deal of the brandy manufactured there will be loaded. The average valuation of the cargo is about £300,000 per ansum. The exports from Chili alone are from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000. 600 a year, and Peru is but little behind those figures.

OUR INSIGNIFICANT SHARE.

As to imports, the Argentine Republic re-ceives over \$1,000,000 worth per annum, about 7% per cent of which come from the United States. Brazil imports an average of United States. Brazil imports an average of \$105,000,000 worth, to which the United States contributes only about 8 per cent. Taken together, the imports of all Central and South America reach a total of at least \$450,000,000 every year, toward which vast sum the United States, the nearest sister remains the state of the state o public, contributes less than \$50,000,000. Nor is there good reason for this lamentable state of things, except high tariff, lack of transit and a few other obstacles which might easily be removed were our legislators less inconceivably stupid, any more than for the fact that the United States merchants are compelled to send the few goods they can

now dispose of in Brazil, etc., away around to Havre, Hamburg and Liverpool. We crossed the equatorial line in the night, soon after leaving the coast of Colombia; and, contrary to all expectations, the weather grew perceptibly cooler, instead of giving us an increase of heat. The steamer reaches Guayaquil on the evening of the fourth day out from Panama. During most of the time we are beyond sight of la blue and placid waters of the Pacific filling the horizon on all sides; but sometimes to the eastward, when the mists of morning are dispelled and the evening shadows fall, the lofty Cordilleras that form the northernmost spur of the Andean chain suddenly stand out full in view, smoke issuing from the tops of some of them, proving that we are fast approaching the region of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions.

APPROACHING GUAYAQUIL. On the morning of the third day something that looks like a gigantic corpse floating on the water is dimly visible through a yellow haze, which we know to be the Isla del Muerto, or "Dead Man's Island"—an unmistakable landmark for seamen, mark-ing the entrance to the Gult of Gusyaquil. In order to make for the port of Ecuador, our course is now sharply changed due eastour course is now sharply changed due east-ward, and, though the mainland is not dis-cernible through the fog, its proximity is unmistakably announced by a complete change of odors, the salty and fishy smells of the sea being overpowered by a mixture of maiarial dampuess and the fragrance of tropical fruits and flowers. Presently we pass the Island of Gorgona, famous as the site of Pizarro's descrept deed of devotion site of Pizarro's desperate deed of devotion, and the Cape of Emeralds at the mouth of the Guayaquil, where he first landed, and whence the towering summits of Cotopaxi and Chimborago are for the first time plain y seen in all their majesty. To the left lies

The Gulf of Guayaquil is very large, but times we steam close to the low, slimy shores, which are lined with mangrove trees, among whose gnarled roots numbers of alligators and water-spakes find congenial homes; while farther out, in the safety of deep water bure reproject show their ship. deep water, huge porpoises show their shin-ing black sides in uncouth gambols.

Puna Island.

TREASURES BURIED IN THE SEA. Our attention was called to a tiny island, green as an emerald "set in the ring of the wave," close by which a Spanish treasureship is said to have sunk a century and a half ago with several million doubloous on board. To this day divers occasionally bring up golden coin, and were informed that the chance was open to us, as to every-body, of possessing half that submerged wealth, the other half of all that is recovered to go to the Ecuadorian Government. Since "golden opportunities" are rare in these days, it seems a pity to decline this one, and I hasten to mention it for the bene-

They assure us that in many places off the coasts of Chili and Peru ships laden with treasure were purposely sunk during the war; and all the world is welcome to cover the money, providing only that half

given to the Government. I should have mentioned in its proper place that Puna Island is now the Saratoga of Ecuador. An Euglish gentleman, Captain Chambers, owns the finest house in the town, an immense, blue-painted structure, circular in shape, with veraudas all around hich in the distance looks about as much like a residence as the grand stand of a race

Guayaquil, and 60 miles up its narrow and winding course is Ecuador's only "sea port" —called Santiago de Guayaquil—nearly 100 miles from the ocean! And just as twilight shades shut off the view we find ourselves anchored opposite the port, which we will proceed to explore. FANNIE B. WARD,

WITH AN HONOR ATTACHED.

Mississippi Lawyer Who Admitted Getting Mellow Occasionally. New York Tribune.]

General Spinola made a reference in Congress the other day that three different Congressmen thought was directed at them. "That reminds me," said "Private" Allen afterward, "of a case I had in Mississippi. A lawyer was on trial for drunkenness and pleaded his own case. 'Why gentlemen of the jury,' said he, 'a thing that is habitual is certainly different from a thing that happens sometimes. Now, at my house we have biscuits sometimes, but that doesn't mean that we are in the habit of having biscuits at our house every day, and because I get drunk sometimes, does not signify that I am in the habit of getting drunk. Why the most distinguished lawyer in the State of Mississippi gets drunk sometimes, but he is not in the habit o' getting drunk every day. There's a big difference.'
"Just then an old lawyer over in the

other end of the courtroom arose, and look-ing squarely at the man who was pleading, said: 'You are mistaken, sir; decidedly mistaken. I get a little mellow occasional ly, but never get drunk.'

'I am not altuding to you, General, said the defendant. "When the case was concluded the General approached me," concluded Private Allen, "and said: "That fellow claims that he was not alluding to me; but darn him, Allen, he was. I know he was.

CATCHING FOXES WITH HOOKS. A Young Trapper Utilizes the Principles of Isank Walton With Success.

Foxes love ground hog meat. Francis West, an inexperienced trapper of Pike county, N. Y., discovered this one day and took 20 feet of strong twine and tied to neighborhood of the port. The sailors de-light in spinning gruesome yarns in the hearing of land-lubbers regarding persons small but choice piece of ground hog meat. who have been snapped overboard from | He placed this carefully on the ground in a hollow and hid himself behind a stump a

with dead leaves and twigs,
West waited an hour, and then saw a big dening of the surface of the water. If you desire to test the likelihood of such a catasbrush. The fox stealthily approached the from a biscuit to a gripsack, and note how quickly a dozen pairs of wide-opened jaws circle drawing him nearer and nearer. Finally he pounced upon it, seized it in his mouth and started away with it. He had taken but a step or two when West gave the

line a strong jerk.

The hook caught in the fox's jaw, and, in spite of the ground and lofty tumbling he indulged in, he couldn't tear the hook loose or break the line. West managed to tangle the fox's legs in the twine until the animal

A COTTAGE TO SELL

Plans for a Snug Little Dwelling That's Bound to be Popular.

THE COST ESTIMATED AT \$1,888. Well-Anchored Frame Stands Tornadoes

Better Than Brick. SOLID WALLS DO NOT TIELD ENOUGH

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. The design given herewith is one that is almost universally popular, which is information of special interest to those who build to sell. Those also who build lowcost cottages for homes should bear in mind that Dame Fortune regards them with unusual favor. Future prosperity may impose duties and awaken ambitions that will make it desirable to sell the small cottages and build more pretentious dwellings.

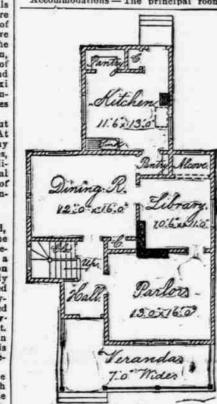
Following will be found a somewhat de tailed description: General Dimensions-Width, 28 feet 6 inches; depth, including veranda, 50 feet 10 inches. Heights of stories-First story, 9

feet; second story, 8 feet. Exterior Muterials—Foundation, brick piers; first story, elaphoards; second story and roof, shingles. Interior Finish-Hard white plaster ceil-



ings; walls plastered for papering. Soft wood floors, trim and stairs finished in hard

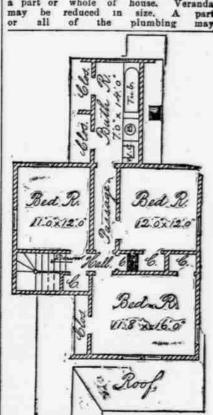
Colors-Clapboards, lattice work in front gable, sashes and piazzı floor, light brown. Siding below window sills in first story, all trim, and doors dark brown. Brickwork, dark red. Wall shingles dipped in buff stain and brush-coated. Roof shingles left natural. Accommodations - The principal rooms



First Floor Plan. and their sizes, closets, etc., are shown by the plans. No cellar.
Cost-\$1,888, including mantels in parlor and library. The estimate is based on New York prices for material and labor. In many sections of the country the cost should

Feasible Modifications-Heights of stories. sizes of rooms, colors and materials may be ourse.

The Guayas river empties into the gulf of a part or whole of house. Veranda



he omitted. If heating apparatus be used one chimney will suffice. It may interest many to be advised that frame structures, well anchored, afford the best protection where cyclones and earth-quakes prevail. A frame house is not so

bend a good deal before it will break.

rigid as a structure of stone or brick; it will

An Electric Fintiren. One of the latest novelties in electricity is an electric flatiron. It consists of a hollow flatiron, in the interior of which a coil is placed which is heated by the current passing through it. The ease and comfort derived from the use of such device, in hot weather especially, is apparent.

WM. RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER.

Cures All Diseases.

All sickness is caused by disease germs, called microbes. If you are in poor health or suffer-ing from any acute or chronic disease, if your blood is incurre way about his from any acute or chronic disease, if your blood is impure, you should read up on the germ theory. Our pamphlets explaining the above and giving history of the Microbe Kitler are given away or mailed free to any address. Pittsburg Branch, 612 Liberty ave., Room 3, Second Floor.

The Wm. Radam Microbe Killer Co., M SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.