

### A STORY OF FANCIFUL ADVENTURE. WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

### BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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### STNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

STNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS. Keawe lived in the island of Hawaii. One day he arrived in San Francisco with \$50 in his and sold him the magic bottle for his \$50. This bottle granted its owner's every wish save that of prolonged life, on condition that if the owner died with it in his possession he should burn in bell forver. Keawe soon repretted his bargrain, but could not get rid of his bottle. Then, de-ciding to take the good along with the evil, he wished for himself a beautiful house. After har-ing all his heart could wish he sold the bottle to Lopaka. Soon after he fell in love with beauti-ful Kokua, but when about to marry her he fluds he has contracted leprosy. Then he starts to bey back the bottle that the Imp may cure him. The bottle could only be sold for less than the owner paid for it. Lopaka had procured his very wish and sold it. Then the bottle passed from hand to hand, and when Keawe finally found it the price was 1 penny. Though he knew he could not sell it for less than a penny, Keawe purchased it, was healed and married his love. But the prospect of eternal damnation made him unhappy. Kokua learned the secret of the bottle, and together they went to another land where there were coins of less value than the penny Keawe paid for it. Then Kokua determined to buy the bottle herself, thus saving her husband.

#### CHAPTER IV.

She was a deft woman with her hands, and was soon appareled. She took in her hands the change; the precious centimes they kept ever at their side, for this coin is little used, and they had made provision at a government office. When she was forth in the avenue, clouds came on the wind, and the moon was blackened. The town slept, and she knew not whither to turn till she heard one coughing in the shadow of the trees.

"Old man," said Kokun, "what do you do here abroad in the cold night?" The old man could scarce express himself.

for coughing, but she made out that he was old and poor, and a stranger in the island. "Will you do me a service?" said Kokua. "As one stranger to another, and as an old man to a young woman, will you help a

daughter of Hawaii?" "Ah," said the old man, "so you are the witch from the eight islands? and even my old soul you seek to entangle. But I have heard of you, and defy your wickedness."

"Sit down here," said Kokun, "and let me tell you a tale." And she told him the story of Keawe from the beginning to the 'And now," said she, "I am his wife,

whom he bought with his soul's welfare. And what should I do? If I went to him myself and offered to buy it he will refuse. But if you go he will sell it eagerly. I will await you here; you will buy it for 4 cen-times, and I will buy it again for 3. And

the Lord streng then a poor girl!" "If you meant talsely," said the old man, "I think God would strike you dead."

"He would!" cried Kokua. "Be sure he would. I could not be so treacherous. God would not suffer it." "Give me the 4 centimes and await me

here," said the old man. Now when Kokua stood alone in the street her spirit died. The wind roared in the trees, and it seemed to her the rushing of the flames of hell; the shadows tossed in the light of the street lamps, and they seemed to ber the sustehing hands of evil ones. If she had had the strength she must have run away, and if she had had the

breath she must have screamed aloud; but in truth she could do neither, and stood and trembled in the avenue like an affrighted

after all. He laughed at the old man that

was fool enough to buy that bottle. "A worthy old man he seemed," Keawe said. "But no one can judge by appear-ances. For why did the old reprobate repleasure in the quiety—'1 will take more pleasure in the cup if yon forgive me." She clasped his knees in a moment, she kissed his knees with flowing tears. "O!" she cried, "I asked but a kind word!"

turae

with them again."

And lol by the time he opened the front

door no bottle was to be seen; and Kokus sat in a chair and started up like one wakened

quire the bottle?" "My husbaud," said Kokua humbly, "his puriose may have been good." Keawe laughed like an angry man. "Enddin do dee!" cried Keawe. "An old "Fiddle-de-dee!" cried Keawe. "An old rogue, I tell you. And an old ass to boot. the bottle was hard enough to sell at 4 centimes; at 3 it will be quite im-possible. The margin is not broad enough; the thing begins to smell of scorehing-brr-r! said he, and shuddered. "It is true I bought



"Oh, my husband!" said Kokua, "is it not a terrible thing to save ourselves by the eternal ruin of another? It seems to me I could not laugh; I would be humbled; I would be filled with melancholy; I would

pray for the poor holder." Then Keawe, because he felt the truth of

Then she saw the old man returning, and | ing her away to a country where was nothing leaving her and blaming her! She would not even try to profit by what time she had; but sat in the house, and now had the bottle out and viewed it with unntterable fear, and now with loathing, hid it out of sight. By and by, Keawe came back, and would have her take a drive. "My husband, I am ill," she said, "I am that.' "Hands off !" cried the boatswain jump ing back. "Take a step near me, and I'll smush your mouth. You thought you could out of heart. Excuse me, I can take no pleasure. make a cat's paw of me, did you! Then was Keawe more wroth than ever "What do you mean?" cried Keawe. "Mean?" cried the boatswain. "This is : with her, because he thought she was brooding over the case of the old man, and with pretty good bottle, this is; that's what himself, because he thought she was right, mean. How I got it for 3 centimes, I can't and was ashamed to be so happy. "This is your truth," cried he, "and this make out; but I'm sure you shan't have it for 2." your affection! Your husband is just saved rom eternal ruin, which he encountered for Keawe. the love of you-and you can take no pleas. ure! Kokna, you have a disloyal heart." I'll give you a drink of the rum, if you like." He went forth again furious, and wan-dered in the town all day. He met friends like." "I tell you," said Keawe, "the man who has that bottle goes to hell." "I reckon I'm going, anyway," returned the sailor; "and this bottle's the best thing and drank with tnem; they hired a carriage and drove into the country, and there drank again. All the time Keawe was ill at ease cause he was taking this pastime while his to go with I've struck yet. No, 'sir," he wife was sad, and because he knew in his heart that she was more wight than he, and the knowledge made him drink the deeper. cried again, "this is my bottle now, and you can go and fish for another." "Can this be true?" Keawe cried. Now, there was an old, brutal Haold drinking with him, one that had been "For your own sake, I beseech you, sell it contswain of a whaler, a runaway, a digge "I dou't value any of your talk," said the n gold mines, a convict in prisons. He had boatswain. "You thought I was a flat, now you see I am not; and there's an end. If you mind and a foul mouth; he loved to drink and to see others drunken, and he pressed the glass upon Keawe. Soon there won't have a swallow of rum, I'll have myselt. Here's your health, and good night was no more money in the company. "Here, you," says the boatswain, "you are rich, you have been always saying. You o you!' So off he went down the avenue toward town, and there goes the bottle out of th have a bottle or some foolishness "Yes," says Keawe, "I am rich. I will story. But Keawe ran to Kokua light as the to back and get some money from my wife, wind; and great was their joy that night, and great, since then, has been the peace of all their days in the Bright ho keeps it. "That's a bad idea, mate," said the boa wain. "Never you trust a petticoat with

sound; and Keawe orept about the corner, opened the back door softly and looked in. There was Kokua on the floor, the lamp at her side; before her was a milk-white boi-tle with a round belly and a long neck, and as she viewed it Kokua wrung her hands. A long time Keawe stood and looked in the door in the floor of the store stored structure GOTHAM SMALL TALK A Plunge in Cold Water Is a Good Thing for a Singer's Voice. A long time Keawe stood and looked in the doorway. At first he was struck stupid, and then fear fell upon him, that the bar-gain had been made amiss and the bottle had come back to him as it came at San Francisco; and at that his knees were loosened, and the fumes of the wine departed from his hend like mists off a river in the morning. And then he had another thought, and it was a strange one that made his checks to hurn. POKER DEFEATED THE FORCE BILL A Reporter's Daving Interview With Arch-

ers:

bishop Corrigan. cheeks to burn. "I must make sure of this," thought he. HOW PLANTS GROW IN THE TROPICS

## So he closed the door and went softly round the corner again, and then came noisily in, as though he were but now re-CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

NEW YORK, Feb. 27 .- Daring the week gathered the following interviews, which I submit to the consideration of your read-

#### Culture of the Human Voice.

out of sleep. "I have been drinking all day and making merry," said Keawe. "I have been with good companions; and now I only come back Baroness Anna Von Meyerinek, sister of the great German sculptor Hoffmeisterfor money, and return to drink and carouse Tight lacing is a great enemy to the human Both his face and voice were stern as judg-ment; but Kokus was too troubled to obvoice. No woman can ever attain great fame as a lyric artist who laces so tight she can scarcely breathe. The blood must cir-"You do well to use your own, my husculate freely in every portion of the body if band," said she, and her words trembled. "O, I do well in all things," said Keawe, anyone wishes to enjoy good health. I studied singing in Germany, where it is and he went straight for the chest and took out money. But he looked besides in the necessary to know something about physiology. For some time I have devoted my corner where they kept the bottle, and there was no bottle there. At that the chest heaved upon the floor time to voice culture, and I find that young girlsnot only ruin their health, but their like a see-billow and the house span about him like a wreath of smoke; for he saw that chances of becoming great by tight lacing. he was lost now, and there was no escape. "It is what I feared." he thought. "It is It may seem incredible, but some women have actually deformed their anatomy by "It is what I feared," he thought. "It is she who has bought it." And then he came to himself a little and rose up; but the putting themselves in the vise of a corset The human voice is not natural in tone

sweat streamed on his face as thick as the rain and as cold as the well water. when the blood is bad. Healthy exercise, good, wholesome food and plenty of sleep are necessary to keep a singer's voice to its "Kokua," said he, "I said to you to-day what ill became me. Now I return to house natural tone. Bathing is necessary, but not to excess. I am almost amphibious and with my jolly companions," and at that he laughed a little quietly-"I will take more delight in cold water bathing. My father was an officer in the German

srmy when I was quite a girl. He was stationed at Potsdam, and every morning, even "Let us never think hardly of the other," said Keawe, and was gone out of the house. during the winter, I used to take a j during the winter, I used to take a plunge, into a large tank of cold water. It became a question as to whether the soldiers should bathe in cold water every day. Everything de-pended on the surgeon. He happened to meet use one day, and I told him I bathed every morning in cold water. "That settles it; the soldiers can do as much as a young girl." and he gave orders for them to bathe daily. Do not stay in the water too long. The hygiene of the voice should be studied with the hygiene of health. Now the money Keawe had taken was only some of that store of centime pieces

Learning Poems by Heart. Sidney Woollett, elocutionist-The way men can be no more money and no more liquor "You do not mean to say you are serious about that bottle?" cried the boatswain. "There is the lamp," said Keawe. "Do I

look as if I was jesting?" "That is so," said the boatswain, "You look as serious as a ghost." "Well then," said Keawe, "here are 3 centimes; you must go to my wife in the house, and offer her these for the bottle, which (it I am not much mistaken), she will give you instantly. Bring it to me here, and I will buy it back from you for 2; for that is the law with this bottle, that it still must be sold for a less sum. But whatever you do, never breathe a word to her that you have come from me.'

"Mate, I wonder; are you making a tool of me?" asked the boatswain. "It will do you no harm if I am," re-

A Thorough Musical Training. A Young Lady Singer in Society-When was 17 years old I joined the Rubenstein Club and the Metropolitan Musical Society, and sang in these two organizations for several years under the delusion that I was a sweet and rtistic singer. But 1 always had difficulty in getting my notes to come out full and clear. "Surely," I said, "I must have # good and

THE PRESS IS AHEAD.

### It Leads the Church and State in the Recognition of Women.

# ACTION AT THE BECENT MEETING.

The Press Clubs May Eventually Take the Place of the Salon.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY INFLUENCES

#### IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. The International League of Press Clubs was born in the Common Council room in Municipal Hall, Pittsburg. It was a very quiet event as far as the, public was conerned. Drums did not beat nor trumpets ound, and yet it was very important.

"Four hostile newspapers are more to h eared than a thousand bayonets," said Napoleon. If he were alive to-day he would very likely see in this combination of the great power of the press a force more formidable than the standing armies of the world. Although Alexander has barworld. Although Alexander has cal-ricaded the printing press with bayo-nets, has closed colleges where germs of thought are nurtured, has exiled the foremost thinkers of the Empire to the frozen regions of Siberia, yet no power of his standing army of a million power of his standing army of a million cise none but proper sway, and will have to depend upon their powers of mind to hold their own. What the world will come to

heaven only knows, but it can never go men can avail against the pen as wielded by the spirit of the age. William of Germany, young as he is, knows that public opinion wrong when the press stands for righteous as voiced by the press is a force he cannol afford to run against. He can close up printing houses and imprison editors and shut the mouths of thinkers by virtue of bayonets and bread and butter arguments, bayonets and bread and butter arguments, but, like a rubber bag, the press, when squeezed in one place, will bulge at an-other. To suppress by force the effects of free thought is only to make the cause more were placed on exhibition in Allegheny a fierce controversy has raged among artists, amateurs and horsemen, fouching the action of a white horse in the large picture of "The Prince of Wales in India." rigorous.

### The Recognition of Women.

What will make this first meeting of the International Lesgue of Press Clubs forever famous was its warm welcome to women working in the field—the extension of fra-ternal relations and equal rights and privileges. The press has thus gone ahead of the church and State in doing justice. While the Methodists are busy fighting over the admission of women as delegates to their General Conference, while the Presbyterians are very much exercised in their minds on admitting them into the General Assembly and permitting them to become Deaconesses, and all the other denominations are wrest-ling with the matter in some shape or other. The press in its representative capacity has gove to the front, and left the reverend brethren in the rear, struggling to keep the sisters out. The politicians will have to fall into line with the press, and the vexed question will soon be settled.

livided, many claiming that it is impossi-Large events oftentimes turn on very ble for a horse, while in motion, to have two feet, both belonging to the same side of the small hinges. The admission of women to the Press Club of the world seemed to many, body, off the ground at the same time, as perhaps, a small matter, but to others it seemed the little fire that will kindle a represented in the painting, while others as stoutly claim that this is a possible and frequent action. For the purpose of settling the controversy, and because it is a fact of general interest, THE DISPATCH publishes great matter. It meant that the press was committed to justice, and did not intend to

committed to justice, and did not intend to sneak in at the tail end in granting it. It meant that the press was making itself felt as the light of the world—that its writers constituted the ministry most powerful to move the minds of men. Pittsburg has al-ways felt proud of being the birth place of the Beaublican parts makes hading are A Veteran Hotel Clerk-It takes a man with an amiable disposition to make a successful hotel clerk. The ills and sharp talk that we have to endure put us to the test. Some men can never be pleased with a room, and grumble all during their stay. Those guests who are the Republican party, whose leading prin-ciple was the abolition of slavery. It has never satisfied with their rooms have to be now another matter of pride-that of lead-ing in the line of freedom for women. changed frequently, and very often when they are moved to the most undesirable rooms they say: "Now we have decent rooms, after a

Women a Century Ago. In the early days of the eighteenth cen-

in the early days of the eighteenin cen-tury, when the forefathers and foremothers of this country were struggling amid the privations of pioneer life, the press clubs of that age were found in the drawing rooms and club houses of London, and the salons of France. These differed as do the ideals of France. these dileted as do the locals and character of the nations. In the Eng-land of wift, Pope, Walpole, Johnson, Addison, Burke and Pitt it was hardly con-sidered respectable for a woman to write, to the accompanying cuts from instantaneous photography reproduced in "Muybridge's Animal Locomotion." From these it will be seen that the action is possible, and that have views, to discuss theology, or philoso-phy or science. Chesterfield says that the Verestchagin cannot be charged with com-mitting a blunder in this painting. conversation in the drawing rooms of Eng-land was frivolous, and mainly on the subject of the weather, whist,, or small gossip,

when not yew 24, but who had almost then run the gamut of vice and dishonor. He had never written anything beyond a few letters that marked, about the ability of an NOT MUCH OF A FLYER illiterate cockney, and to make him one of the guardians of the purity of the French

omething to know, if women are behind

BESSIE BRAMBLE.

VERESTCHAGIN DIDN'T BLUNDER.

tied Beyond Dispute.

Opinions seem to be about equally

From Plate 58, Eadweard Muybridge.

Ever since the Verestchagin paintings

Controversy Over One of His Horses Se

Facts and Figures About the Far-Famed Mt. Carmel Air Ship. language gave token of some very powerful feminine influence indeed. When such

feminine influence indeed. When such disgraceful reprobates as he secured admis-sion, while, Pascal and Moliere were left out, it seems plain that influence, and not genius, have much to do with the defect of the Academy that Napoleon noted—want of intellect. The names of the members 100 years ago are most of them forgotten. With few exceptions, the historical roll is mostly composed of the names of men who may have had some fame in their day, but are dead and gone and done with. It would be EXTINGUISHER FOR CAR. STOVES.

New Method of Making Champagne That Is Sure to Prove Popular.

15

BACTERIA IN THE COCOANDT'S MILL dead and gone and done with. It would be

IPREPARED FOR THE DISPATCH. !

scenes now pulling the wires filling the seats. The French The results of an examination into the Academy /now, says a recent writer, does not give its members preatige. As ac-counts go, it was a distinction to be desired, but like kissing it has always gone by merits of the latest airship, now being erhibited in Chicago, are not reassuring. After flying round for a few minutes the machine is gently hauled down and the loss of hydro-Such select and exclusive academy is not gen gas made good, if required, from a portable generator. It was first said that this needed in our republic of letters. Honors that can be bought, or that have been semodel airship, which is about 30 feet long that can be bought, or that have been se-cured by intrigue, are as useless as bogus titles of nobility. The desire for fame is common, but the ability to earn it is to the few. With men and women associated to-gether literary clubs far beyond those so re-nowned may be expected. Instead of "back stairs" influence only, women, with full power of expression and vote, will exer-cise none but proper swar, and will have to and 61/ feet in diameter, was to carry a passenger, possibly two, but the lifting

ower evidently amounts to but a few ounces, and the balloon is pulled down between finger and thumb. The propeller makes about 60 revolutions a minute, and the speed of the apparatus is from 3 to 334 feet per second, say 2 to 2.4 miles per hour. This seems slow indeed when it is remembered that the French war balloon La France has been driven 14 miles per hour, and that in 1881 M. Tissandier showed at the Electrical Ex-position at Paris a model electrical balloon 11% feet long and 6% feet in diameter, which lifted its own motive power, and traveled at the rate of 414 to 6 miles per hour, with a maximum development of power of 434 foot pounds per minute.

The inventor claims that the airship proper will be driven at 200 miles an hour by a gas en gine of 100-horse power, weighing only 250 pounds. To those acquainted with modern gas engue practice, in which the weights run from 300 to 1,000 pounds horse-power, and who understand the fixed limits of possible pressure, which are less than with the steam engine, which are less than with the steam engine, this statement of the inventor is very much open to question. Even if it were true, the re-sulting speed would not be over 33.12 miles per hour, as may readily be determined. The shape of the machine, too, is very much against it. The bailoon chamber is a circular spindle, the largest diameter being at its middle with the front and back halves substantially similar. But it is now well established as an atiom of aeronautics thas to obtain the minimum of re-sistance the greatest diameter must be well forward of the center, the front end compara-tively blunt and the rear end much tapered. Every known kind of fish or fow has this form, and it has long ago been determined that it is the most hopeful form on which to base any attempts to solve the problem of the flying ma-chine.

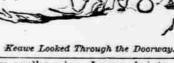
#### New Champagne Process,

Champagne, as is well known, is but an or-finary wine, charged with carbonic acid gas. The old process of manufacture, which has been adopted for more than 150 years, was tedibeen adopted for more than 150 years, was tedi-ous and expensive. A new apparatus enables large quantities of wine in one body to be sub-jected to the necessary process of fermentation under the impulse of the germs caught, as it were, from the atmosphere, upon wood fiber moistened with sugared water. The fermenta-tion can thus be controlled to a nicety, and the manufacture goes on with smoothness and cer-tainty. Not only is a much cheaper wine thus produced, but one which possesses many of the essential requisites of an ideal medical wine.

Fountain Marking Brush. In a new fountain marking brush the marking material is contained in an elastic bulb, pressure on which projects the paint or mix ture along a barrel or pipe to the brush itself, to which the supply can thus be accurately regulated. The brush can be pushed further out of the barrel when it becomes worn, and the device is made in brass, tin or zinc.

Fire Extinguisher for Car Heaters. It is to be hoped that the possibility of frag in railway cars will not much longer exist, bus as that much to be desired consummation has not yet arrived, a new extinguisher may for a short time be welcome. The invention consists of a tank filled with a water solution of biof a tank filed with a water solution of bl-carbonate of soda, with a valve outlet at either top or bottom, connecting with pipes leading to the interfor of the car stove or heater. In the top portion of this tank is suspended a small vessel containing sciphuric acid, which, when forced into contact with the bicarbonate by the jar of a collision evolves carbonic acid gas. The combination of the chemicals exerts a pressure of 75 pounds, which is sufficient to





were smaller coins. I was a fooi for my pains; there will never be found another; and whoever has that bottle now will carry t to the pit."

"Hein Reawe, because he left the truth of what she said, grew the more angry. "Heighty-teighty," cried he. "You may be filled with melancholy if you please. It is not the mind of a good wife. If you though at all of me you would sit

"That is so, mate," said the boatswain. "And if you doubt me," added Keawe, you can try." As soon as you are clear o the house wish to have your pocket full of money, or a bottle of the best rum, or what you please; and you will see the virtue of the thing." "Very well, Kanake," says the boat-swain; "I will try, but if you are having your fun out of me I will take my fun out of

you with a belaying pin." So the whaleman went off up the avenue.

turned Keawe.

snamed."
snamed."
and Keawe stood and waited. It was near
atistic method or else I would never be pering ber away to a country where was nething
levying ber sacrifice—bere was her husband
and Keawe stood and waited. It was near
and keawe stood and waited here
on the store in this purpose; only his
soll was bitter with despair.
It is seemed a long time he had to wait, before he heard a voice singing in the darkness of the avenue. He knew the voice to
be the boatswain's, but it was strange how
drunken it appeared but it was strange how
and the store it appeared but it was strange how
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and the store it appeared but it was strange how
and the store in the hands of this noted teacher, paying \$100 a quarter for two lessons a week of one hour each. I was forbidden to sing anything but ex-ercises. In three months, my voice had im-proved considerably, and in six months I had a new voice and an artistic finish which aston-ished my friends. I do not wish to disparage the Rubenstein or any other musical society, but my advice to young girls who have voices is not to join a singing club until they have had a thorough musical training. Next the man himself came stumbling nto the light of the lamp. He had the devil's bottle buttoned in his coat; another ottle was in his hand, and even as he came in view he raised it to his mouth and thorough musical training. drank. "You have it," said Keawe. "I see

they had laid in at their arrival. It was very sure he had no mind to be drinking. His wife had given her soul for him; now he must give his for hers; no other thought was in the world with him. At the corner by the old calaboose there

was the boatswain waiting. "My wife hus the bottle," said Keswe, "and unless you help me to recover it, there

ory can be trained is by constant exercise. know 13 of Shakespeare's plays and Tennyson's idyls by heart, besides a volume of miscellaneous poetry. My process was simple: I went hard to work and learned them by rote. Some-

times I would read ten lines over carefully several times and then attempt to re-peat them. If I failed I would keep at them until I knew the lines perfectly, then I would try ten lines more. By memorizing ten lines at a time thoroughly I had little trouble to repeat an entire poem of a thousand lines or more. My favorite way of memorizing is while I am walking. Often I have walked 15 or 20 miles repeating long poems like "Miles Standish," "Enoch Ardea," and "Elaine." It somehow comes natural to me to memorize while walking. I seem to remember better what I have conned. Shakespeare's plays are difficult to memorize because the author has so many striking lines and so many original characters. Naturally it is more difficult to re-cite dramas than poems. If I happen to make the slightest mistake in reading my lines I hear from it, so I am careful to know what I recite perfectly. times I would read ten lines over carefully

perfectly.

often heard about the wonderful foliage of the trees and the rapid growth of the plants in the tropics, but I imagined them Munohausen yarns. I went up the Amazon river and one day I saw a large green float upon the water. I ordered my men to row to it and lô of us dis-embarked and stood upon the floating object. It proved to be the leaf of a water lily. One day I was in one of the hottest towns in the tropics and concluded to experiment. I dropped the seed of a plant upon a stone wall. By the act morning the seed had grown to be a plant over three feet tall. On the third day the plant was so large it had foliage enough to give a magnificent shade. We do not know any-thing whatever about the rapid growth of plants in this cold climate.

SUNDAY, MARCH 1, 1891.

Millionaire's and Their Money. Hon. David T. Little, Orator, of Illinois-

Every time I come to New York I get to think ing about the great wealth of certain men here, and wonder, why they do not put it to good use. Now, when William Vanderbilt died his estate was valued at \$200,000,000, and

yet he left little to educational or charitable institutions. He could have perpetuated his institutions. He could have perpetunted his name by making a wise distribution of, say \$100,000,000. Suppose that he had endowed an educational institution in every State in the Union, where scholarships should be free to de-serving and poor young girls and boys? The benefit to civilization and generations yet un-born would be incalcoulable. His name would live like Washington's, Girard's, Peabody's and other good and philanthropic men. As it is, in a century the name of Vanderbilt may not be known. Jay Gould and the Astors ought to turn their attention to eleemosynaxy or educational institutions if they do not wish to have the blanket of oblivion placed over them. If I was a big millionairs I would cit a wide swath and leave money to educate, uplift and ameliorate the condition of mankind.

Humor in the Revenue System

Special Agent Internal Revenue-The Internal Revenue system is more or less a farce. I am on duty in New York, and every day the bsurdity of the revenue system is m parent. There is a big liquor firm that will have to undergo a big expense just on account of the peculiar system Uncle Sam has adopted. This firm has a large vat, or tank, capable of helding and the state of the product of the state of th This firm has a large vat, or tank, capable of holding several hundred gallons of whisky, and the other day I was invited to inspect it and grant the revenue stamp for so many gallons of blended whisky. You see, several different brands of whisky are placed in a tank and allowed to remain six months or a year to un-dergo the blending process. Well, because the tank did not have one or two gallons more I had to refuse to accept it, and ordered the firm to immediately fill the tank or get rid of more than half of it. The revenue system is indeed peculiar, and would make the groundwork of a comic opera.

How to Make Chocolate. Chef at a Chocolate School-The school is no

fad, but a useful reality. Three afternoons every week I give lessons free to those ladies who present cards which are given on applica-tion several days previous. The ladies who came belong to the best society, and now and then one is from the four-hundred set. It only takes one lesson, as a rule, to teach them the art of cooking chocolate and cocoa. My cook operates npon a gas stove in the middle of the school room while I do the lecturing. First, I make

room while I do the lecturing. First, I make cocoa. The milk is brought to a boil, and then the cocca, already divsolved in hot water, is poured in and stirred until it boils. A maid comes in, hands around ze cocca (I speak ze English-French when I forget) to the ladles, and while they are sipping I have the chocolate made. Take cold milk and throw into it broken bits of chocolate cake, and then it must be stirred until it boils. Those who use hot milk to make chocolate have a very poor stuff. ilk to make chocolate have a very poor stu I have taught the school over two years and graduated over 2,000 pupils.

Peculiarities of Hotel Guests.

struggle." One guest, who registered from Indiana, objected to the color of the carpet in

Indiana, objected to the color of the carpet in his room; it was too dull colored and had no design that he could make out. "Til bet you \$10 you are not a native of Indiana, and that you were not raised there." I said, looking him squarely in the face. He answered that I was correct. "You are from Philadelphia," I said. He was astonished, and answered in the affirm-ative. I gave him a quiet room on the eighth floor, which had a faming red carpet, and he was placated. No Western man is particular about carpets; he wants air and convenience to get out.

Lydia Thompson's Grievance.

Lydia Thompson-Why do the newspaper

speculate upon a woman's age is what I would

Billy Florence's Memoirs.

write my memoirs? Well, I have been asked to often, and I intend to devote some time to

the work later. Mr. Jefferson made quite

The Old Maid as a Wife.

A Man Who Has Been Married Three Time

-My second wife was an old maid and re-

mained a painstaking old maid during our li

years of married like. Everything had to be

precise with her. She was what is called a regular married old maid. The bed clothes

had to be folded on the bed in a nice and pre

cise way. Every piece of bric-a-brac in the

William J. Florence, Actor-Am I going to

he had the bottle in his hand. "I have done your bidding." said he "I

left your husband weeping like a child; to-night he will sleep easy." And he held the "Before you give it me," Kokus papted.

"take the good with the evil-ask to be delivered from your cough." "I am an old man," replied the other, "and too near the gate of the grave to take

a favor from the devil. But what is this? Why do you not take the bottle? Do you pesitute?

"Not hesitate?" cried Kokna. "I am only weak. Give me a moment. It is my hand



#### Will You Do Me a Service?

resists; my flesh shrinks back from the ac cursed thing. One moment only!" The old man looked upon Kokua kindly.

"Poor child!" said he, "you fear your soul misgives you. Welt, let me keep it. I am old, and can never more be happy in this world; and as for the next-

"Give it me!" gasped Kokua. "There is rour money. Do you think I am so base as

that? Give me the bottle." "God bless you child," said the old man. Kokua concealed the bottle under her holoku, said farewell to the old man, and walked off along the avenue, she cared not whither, for all roads were now the same to her, and led equally to hell. Sometimes she walked, and sometimes ran; sometimes she screamed out loud in the night, and sometimes lay by the wayside in the dust and wept. All that she had heard of hell came back to her; she saw the flames blaze, and she smelt the smoke, and her flesh withered on the coals. Near day she came to her mind again and

returned to the house. It was even as the old man said. Keawe slumbered like a child. Kokua stood and gazed upon his face. "Now, my husband," said she, "it is your

turn to sleep. When you wake it will be your turn to sing and laugh. But for poor Kokua, alasi that meant no evil-for poor Kokua no more sleep, no more singing, no more delight, whether in earth or heaven." With that she lay down in the bed by his side, and her misery was so extreme that she feil in a deep slumber instantly.

Late in the morning her husband woke her and gave her the good news. It seemed he was silly with delight, for he paid no heed to her distress, all though she dissem-bled it. The words stuck in her mouth, it mattered not; Keawe did the speaking.

She ate not a bite, but who was to observe it? For Keawe cleared the dish. Kokua saw and heard him, like some strange thing in a dream; there were times when she for-got or doubted, and put hands to her brow;

in a dream, there were times when she for-got or doubted, and put hands to her brow; to know herself doomed and hear her hus-hand babble, seemed so monstrous. All the while Keawe was eating and talk-ing and plauning the time of their return, and thanking her for saving him, and fond-ling her, and calling her the true helper

5 5

en eye on her." Now, this word stuck in Keawe's mind,

for he was muddled with what he had been drinking. "I should not wonder but what she was false, indeed," thought he. "Why else should she be so cast down at my release? But I will show her that I am not the man

#### Delsarte and Common Sense.

A Disciple of Delsarte-I believe in Delsarte but many of his followers, especially in Amer ica, are cranks of the first water. They like to be ridiculed and abused, no matter how, s they get publicity. They talk about grace, har mony and beauty, and yet they are holy scare the work later. Mr. Jefferson made quite a success with his reminiscences and deserved it, because they were very entertaining. I cannot say when I shall be ready to give my volume to the public. An actor who has had a long and varied experience and been successful has a fund of aneedotes and incidents usually at his command. The house where I was born is still standing in Albany. crows in dress, and in attempts at what they grace. They rail against the high collar worr by dudes, and say it prevents a graceful bow by dudes, and say it prevents a graceful bow. Now I know that many men who are not dudes wear high collars because they have long necks. Nothing so ennobles and beautifies a long neck of the stringy order as a high collar. If the long necked man tried to be graceful and winning in a turned down collar he would be ridiculous, just like a woman who is thin and bony attempting to be beautiful by ex-posing her neck and shoulders in a low neck dress. The stiffest and most negative people I have ever met belonged to that class who call themselves "disciples of Delsarte." And yet they harp upon grace, and "sweetness and light." More nomitigated rubbish is tanght in the name of Delsarte than he ever conceived of. The New York people cannot be fooled. "You mean you won't sell?" gasped "No, sir!" cried the boatswain. "But

#### Pneumatic Tubes for the Mails.

cise way. Every piece of one-solad in the house had to remain in a certain place and never, under any circumstances to be moved. I had to wear a tie of a certain color all the time and other iron-bound, riveted crochets, kept me, as it were, a prisoner to conventional-ity. But I was happy with my old maid wife, and when she passed beyond this vale of mobile layer remembered her crochets but Postmaster Van Cott, New York-The ques tion of pneumatic tubes to facilitate mail de livery in the city has been discussed. It will come in time, but not just yet. All of the branch stations in the city could have pneumatic tubes to the main office, and instead o trouble I never remembered her crochets, but her goodness. sending the mail down by slow delivery wagons the tubes would bring it down in less than ;

get out.

like to knew!

the tubes would bring it down in less than a minute. The mail for delivery could be sent to the branch offices in a few minutes time. It would certainly mean a gain of several hours' time each day. The Utopian postoffice of the future will have preunatic tubes, and hun-dreds of facilitates which are now lacking. But I do not think that any instrument or device can ever be invented to distribute mail. Em-ployes will have to read the superscriptions, and, of course, celerity in distributing depends upon them. Pneumatic tubes are costly. Thus far those in use are small and net capable of carrying more than three or four leavers at a time. A tube to do efficient service would have to be large and capable of carrying at one load Points of Physical Training. Ex-Judge Horace Russell-I have a library of books on the art of exercising and bygienic gymnastics. Every day I manage to take a long walk, and in my office I have Dowd's apparatus for indoor exercise which I frequently use. One of the most interesting articles I have read lately about health and exercise was written by Julian Hawthorne and entitled "Hygienic Morality." I was so delighted with the sound

sense and practical advice contained in the article I had it struck off into convenient pamphlet form. It told how to improve one's physical health and strength without ever touching a dumb bell, or pulling a weight. It may not be generally known, but running is a healthful exercise. Few people over run, ex-cept those going into regular training. It will not do to over exercise. and practical advice contained in the time. A tube to do efficient service would have to be have and capable of carrying at one load a good many pounds. It will take millions of dollars to institue a pheumatic tube service. At present I think the system of rapid mail de-livery in this city is as fast as any that can be desired. The Fallibility of Physicians.

#### Men Learn Quicker Than Women.

A Life Insurance Agent-The most fallible men in the world are doctors. They seldon A Female Sewing Machine Teacher-If anyagree and they are easily taken in. I insure a great number of men and I have a time with one thicks that teaching women how to new and us all the attachments on a machine is a the doctors who examine the applicants. deligh ful pastime I only wish he or she would try it just once. The amount of studidity in much prefer old and experienced physicians to young ones just beginning. They are zealout the world is almost inconceivable. When I first began to give lessons for the machine comyoing ones just beginning. They are zeadous and are apt to give the applicant a disease he never had and never will have. I played a lit-tic game on two young doctors. Two brokers applied for insurance. One was examined some days before the other and pronounced healthy and eligible for insurance, but the other was rejected because of some alleged or-ganic trouble. I got a distinguissied old physi-cian to examine the rejected broker, and he gave a verdict directly opposite to the two young doctors. Now these two brokers resembled each other very much, so I had the first brother, who had been accepted, to apply under the name of his re-jected brother. Well, he was promptly re-pected and his disease named the same as his brother's. I called the doctors down and read the riot act to them. They are not my exam-iners now. You see they get their little 55 for each examination, whether the applicant is rejected or accepted. I have often wondered if they got pay only in case of the applicant being accepted would make a big difference in the diagnosis of cases. I could tell how imag-inary diseases have been saddled upon healthy men and alarmed them so they accually lost desh and prepared for death. Many lills are imaginary. Give me old doctors every time. and are apt to give the applicant a disease he pany I was very much discouraged. I went home and had a bitter cry, and almost resolved to give up teaching. For ten years I have been beside was rejected because of some alleged or pranic trouble. I got a distinguissied oid physi-cian to examine the rejected broker, and he prove a verdict directly opposite to the prove a verdict directly opposite to the brokers resembled each other very much, so I had the first brother, who had been accepted, to apply under the name of his re-pected and bis disease named the same as his re-pected and bis disease named the same as he increased and bis disease named the same as he her to act to them. They are not my exam-iners now. You see they get their liftle 50 for each examination, whether the applicant is the diagnosis of cases. I could tell how imag-inary diseases have been saddled upon healthy men and alarmed them so thy actually loss desh and yrepared for death. Many ills are imaginary. Give me oid doctors every time. Colonel Julian K. Larke, Veteran of the Crimean War-Soon after the Civil War in this country I went to the tropics to reside. I had going to houses where machines have been pur-

eared in my but in the French salons the women dis new comedy in New York than facetious para cussed literature, political economy, the philosophy of Diderot, Voltaire, Descartes, the theology of Bossuet and Massillon and graphs appeared in the papers about my age I am not in my swaddling clothes I candidly ad I am not in my swadding clothes I candidy ad-mit, and I have not reached the ripe maturity of Rider Hargard's "She," so I think as long as I am fresh looking and entertaining it is de-cidedily ungallant to criticize my age to the ex-clusion of my acting. One thing is certain, I am not as old by ten years as some papers as-sert. A man is in his prime at 50 years of age, but when a woman passes 40 some ungallant critics call her passe.

all the questions that concern mankind. The literary men of France were polished by association with women-"they were civilized by conversation." The famous salons of the French in the eighteenth century can never be reproduced-at least on American soil, says a recent writer. The society of the days when Madame de Lam bert, Madame de Tencin, Madame du Def fard, Madame Necker and others entertained "the immortals" of the French Academy o

their day-when the giants of intellect found their matches in the intelligence of the women of the time, can never come sgain, says another, but who can tell?

#### The Club May Be the Salon.

It may be that the charm of literary intercourse, the pleasure found by kindred sould in intellectual society, the expression of free in intellectual society, the expression of free thought, the wit of wisdom, the brilliance and play of genius may be found in the coming golden days of the press clubs, in which men and women will enjoy the best, that life can give together. Young literary men in the last century made their debut in the related to the press clubs of the press. the celebrated salons of these grand dames of France, instead of in the role of a reporter for a daily journal. These women wielded much power, and to get into their good graces meant advancement and position. To some it was indeed daily living. The literary dinners that were splendid in their appointments and faultless in their cuisine, were as acceptable to the inner man, as was the literary least that came on with the walnuts and the wine. Madame de Tencin was queen of her salon for 50 years. These weekly gatherings frequented by all the literary lions, famous orators, and preachers, were governed by the laws the hostess chose to lay down. Madame de Lambert, known as an author in her day, entertained constantly the poets, men of science, and philosophy and thealogy. Her salon was known as respectable, to dis-tinguish it from the newer school, which consisted of a smarter set who were more given to the follies of the world. The Downfall of the Bourbons.

No gambling was permitted, but here poets read their latest love songs, philoso-phers gave vent to their newest theories, and the discussion of every public question was permitted. It was for this reason that they were held in fear by the court. Not with out reason, since, doubtless, in these meet ings of men and women of great intelligence were produced the germs of the Revolution and Republic and the downfall of the Bour

All of the "40 immortals" of the famous French Academy were frequenters of the salons of these brilliant women. It is therefore not surprising that many of the coveted places were reached by virtue of their favor and influence. It is held, and by some believed that the honors of the Academy were bestowed strictly upon those who were distinguished for merit and genius and therefore worthy, and genus and therefore workby, but the truth is now, and was then, that it is not transcendent powers of mind that win the prizes. These are distated by the powers behind the throue. In Madame Lambert's day, when this pet project of Richelieu's was in its prime, it was said that no man had a chance in the Academy unless he had had a chance in the Academy unless he had been presented to ber and could secure her influence. When Madame Necker had es-tablished her famous Friday evenings she possessed vast influence in the distribution of the prizes and desired seam. To become a member of the Academy at that time was not only a creat heart but was a means of not only a great honor, but was a means of great advancement in life. She controlled the vote of the scademy, as Madame de Pompadour controlled the King and man-aged politics.

#### What Infinence Will Do.

How much powerful influence can do in this matter is shown by the admission of the Duke de Bichelicu, who was admitted

Wise Decision Leads Him From Politics to Literature.

YOUNG JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

From Plate MO, Eadweard Muybridge.

a pressure of 75 pounds, which is sufficient to pour a powerful stream of fire extinguishing gas upon the burning fuel, thus causing not only an instant suspension of combustion but an immediate and total extinction of the fire. A small extinguisher, embodying the same principle, can readily be applied to lamps with the same certainty of results. Young Justin Huntly McCarthy intends to resign his seat in the House of Commons, in order that he may devote his time and energies entirely to literature. The deci-sion is a wise one. He is not the sort of man to shine in the House or upon the plat-

#### The Culture of Bacteria.

A new use has been found for the juice of the unripe coccanut. This fluid, which to the initiated tastes singularly mawgish, is a most torm, and he has already made a mark in literature. He is at present busily engaged in writing a play, and hopes to bring out another volume of his "History of the grateful and cooling drink to those suffering from fever. It is largely patronized, too, by

from fever. It is largely patronized, too, by sailors, who seem to acquire more than their wonted thirst while in tropical waters, and their favorite trick of "sucking the monkey," as the process of absorbing the liquid from a hole cut in one end of the shell into which a priming of rum has been poured is termed, has been from time immemorial one of their much-cherished recreations as soon as they could es-cape from their ship. The idea, however, of using the milk of the cocoanut as a culture medium for bacteria is a new one. In investi-gations which have been made in Cuba during the last two years, this fluid was used very ax-tensively, and it was found to be agreat con-venience to have a sterile culture-fluid always at hand, ready to use at a moment's notice. French Revolution" very soon. The proprietors of Black and White have commissioned him to write a weekly Par-Liamentary letter, and he is also to act as their theatrical critic. Mr. Huntly Mc-Carthy lives in semi-Bohemian style at his father's house in Cheyne Gardens, Chelsea. Every room in the house bears evidence of the presence of literary men. He is a handsome, well-dressed young fellow, snave and courteous in manner to everyone brought into contact with him. He must possess a considerable stock of energy somewhere, for he gets through a tremendous amount of at hand, ready to use at a moment's notice.



# You Have It. 1 See That.

dollars. They're all faise as water; you keep

A Vell of Mist Rising at morning or evening from some-low-land, often carries in its folds the seeds of ma-iaria. Where malarial faver prevails no one is safe, unless protocted by some efficient medic-inal saieguard. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is both a protection and a remedy. No person who inh bits, or sofourns in a miasmatic region of country, should omit to procure this fortify-ing agent, which is also the finest known rem-edy for dyspepsia, constipation, kidney trouble and rheumatism. Opening Dally.

House.

THE END.

FOR TOUNG PEOPLE.

THE DISPATCH has just closed a con

tract for the latest and best thing from the pen of the inimitable FRANK R. STOCK-TON. It is called "THE COSMIC BEAN,"

and is a fanciful and humorous extrava-ganza, intended to amuse and instruct. The

wonderful bean is of such extraordinar, character that it takes the place of all othe

foods and can be made to produce all kinds of drinks. This is the nucleus around which

the tale of the twin Kings of Tanobar is

DAN BEARD, best known, perhaps, as the illustrator of Mark Twain's book, "A

Yankee in King Arthur's Court." Mr.

Stockton is just now in the zenith of his powers, and THE DISPATCH could hardly

present a more attractive feature than his new story. Publication will begin next Sun-

A Vell of Mist

lay and conclude Sunday, April 5.

d. The story will be illustrated by

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