

Allaire had been enriched by the death of his partner, Edouard, who had been killed in the war. He was now in a position to help them. And yet neither of them had made any attempt to open correspondence with Molly, although their situation could not be otherwise than precarious.

January, February, March had gone by, and it began to look as if 1882 would slip away without bringing about any change in the situation, when something happened which really seemed likely to throw light upon the mysterious disappearance of the clipper ship. On March 27 the steamer Golden Gate had been seen by Captain French, who had been in the bay of San Francisco after a cruise of several years in European waters. The moment Mrs. Allaire heard of this arrival, she wrote to her son in France, and requested the boatman, requesting him to call upon her at San Diego. As French was contemplating a trip to his native town for the purpose of enjoying a few months' rest, he replied that he would start for San Diego as soon as he could procure leave, and would, upon reaching that city, at once present himself at Prospect Cottage. It would possibly be a matter of several days before he could start.

In the meantime a rumor became current, which, should it meet with confirmation, was qualified to create a sensation throughout the length and breadth of the land. It was reported that the Drednought had been picked up by a bit of wreck which in all likelihood belonged to the ill-fated Drednought. A San Francisco paper reported that the Golden Gate had been seen by Captain French, who had been in the bay of San Francisco after a cruise of several years in European waters. The moment Mrs. Allaire heard of this arrival, she wrote to her son in France, and requested the boatman, requesting him to call upon her at San Diego. As French was contemplating a trip to his native town for the purpose of enjoying a few months' rest, he replied that he would start for San Diego as soon as he could procure leave, and would, upon reaching that city, at once present himself at Prospect Cottage. It would possibly be a matter of several days before he could start.

"Now that we have come upon this track," she cried out in a tone of absolute excitement, "it is of the utmost importance. It was the first time that a fragment of the lost vessel had come to light. Now, when Mrs. Allaire bestowed her attention to the region in which the disaster had been located, she had no doubt that the fragment of the vessel which had been picked up by the boatman was the same which had been picked up by the boatman. It was the first time that a fragment of the lost vessel had come to light. Now, when Mrs. Allaire bestowed her attention to the region in which the disaster had been located, she had no doubt that the fragment of the vessel which had been picked up by the boatman was the same which had been picked up by the boatman.

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"This question was discussed at considerable length, and it ended in the acceptance of the theory that the Drednought had been picked up by the boatman on the southwest coast of Celebes Island after she had passed the Strait of Macassar. Now, if she sailed this strait she did so from the north and not from the east, and hence could not have come in through Torres Strait."

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they would have had no great difficulty in reaching home. On the other hand, at the moment it was assumed that Captain John had never entered Torres Strait, then arose the question of the fragment of the wreck and how to explain its presence off Melbourne.

For a whole month, up to June 10, Willis and his indefatigable searchers continued to scour the islands lying between the Gulf of Carpentaria and New Guinea. Not a bit or shred of rigging, not a broken spar or piece of wood was picked up by Captain Willis to lead him to think that the Drednought had gone to pieces on these reefs.

After another month spent in coasting along from Arnhem Bay to Van Diemen's Land, he had not been able to find the fragment of the wreck. It was ten miles to the north of this coast that the fragment of the wrecked Drednought had been picked up. As it had not gone further than this point, it became necessary to search for it on the coast of the Drednought. What are only been detached from the wreck a short time prior to the arrival of the Golden Gate. It was therefore possible that they were scattered in the close proximity to the scene of the wreck.

With the coming of November, Willis asked himself whether he was to consider that the campaign was at an end, at least so far as the Australian coast and islands lying off it were considered. Should he return home after he had made search among the Sunda Islands lying in the southern part of Timor Sea. In plain words, was he conscientiously doing everything that it was possible for a man to do? The brave sailor hesitated to look upon his task as ended even after he had scoured the Australian coast and islands lying off it. He was determined to rescue him from this state of indecision.

On the morning of November 4 he was engaged in conversation with Zach French, who was then in the boatman's cabin. The boatman pointed at some object floating in the water about half a mile from the steamer. They were neither pieces of wood, fragments of planking nor trunks of trees; they were huge bunches of grass, some of which were growing in the water. The boatman pointed at some object floating in the water about half a mile from the steamer. They were neither pieces of wood, fragments of planking nor trunks of trees; they were huge bunches of grass, some of which were growing in the water.

"Well, that's strange!" said French, "for I recall now that early this morning I saw a bunch of grass like that drifting in the sea. It was a piece of the Drednought, was it not?" "Yes, it was," replied Willis, "and it is a piece of the Drednought, was it not?" "Yes, it was," replied Willis, "and it is a piece of the Drednought, was it not?"

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my money's worth in grandeur. One day I liked about France was a slight advance on the regular price, to treat a very ordinary man with unusual respect and beyond measure. He had often told people that he did not regret the additional expense. The coachman was also hired, and when the carriage was ready he changed his clothes by removing a coarse, gray shirt or tunic and putting on a long, olive green coat, with erect lining, collar and cuffs sewed into the collar and sleeves. He lay a high hat that was much better than mine, as is frequently the case with coachmen and their employers. My coachman gives me his silk hat when he gets through with it in the spring and fall. So I am better dressed than I used to be.

A Blue That Counts! So Hines. But we were going to say a word regarding the porcelain works at Sevres. It is a modern building, and is under the Government. The museum is filled with the broken idols, and the funny busts that one could well imagine to have been the pottery ever since its construction has retained its models, and they, of course, are worthy of a day's study. The "Sevres Blue" is said to be the best of its kind, and anything else in the known world except the man who starts the nonpareil paper in the pie town.

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Not all the wealth of Russia and absolute power of sovereignty can make for Alexander a bed of roses, or grant to him a night of sweet repose. He is surrounded by the most devoted of his subjects, and he is surrounded by the most devoted of his subjects, and he is surrounded by the most devoted of his subjects.

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accept the pleasure of the present and enjoy the wisdom of the past. The electrical current is not an economic possibility. Figures that tell the tale. No advantages to make up for it.

There appeared some time ago in your Sunday issue a statement, made, I believe, by a prominent attorney, to the effect that the electrical current could be used for general heating purposes. In view of the fact that there is apparently a general misconception of the limits in this direction, a few figures showing the commercial impossibility of any such use of electricity may not be uninteresting. It is not denied that electrical energy can be transformed into heat or that it is so transformed and utilized for special purposes.

Travel has a tendency to make bigots broad, to enlarge the narrow mind and to take the cranks out of life after its own delinquent fashion, while imposing the same on those who do not conform to their own ideas on the vanity of life. What a forlorn, dry time they must have had in that day of the steamship, the railroad, the rapid transit, the coaches, the steamers give the people nowadays such pleasures as their ancestors never dreamed of enjoying.

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A TALK ON PORCELAIN.

Bill Nye Tells an Inquisitive Maid of Massachusetts About HIS VISIT TO THE FRENCH SHOPS.

A Speech to Students Which Was Not Very Highly Appreciated. FACTS ABOUT MADAME POMPADOUR.

Madam Pompadour is said to have been the natural daughter of a butcher, which I regard as being more to her own credit than that she was an artificial one. Her name was Jeanne Antoinette Poisson.

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PURSING PLEASURE.

Bessie Bramble Finds a Great Deal of Truth in Pessimism. VANITY OF THE SUMMER OUTING.

A Rambling Discourse in Which Some Bright Quotations Appear. SHATTERED IDOLS OF THE GREAT.

The philosophers of the school of pessimism all endeavor to prove that love is an illusion and happiness a delusion. The broken idols, shattered hopes, troubles and disappointments that go to confirm this conclusion in many minds.

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