wise than precarious.

west of Torres Strait.

and when the carriage was ready he changed his clothes by removing a coarse, gray shirt

with it in the spring and fall. So I am bet ter dressed than I used to be.

A Blue That Couldn't Be Bluer.

ing the porcelain works at Sevres. It is a modern building, and is under the Govern-

ment now. The museum is filled with the

ness that one could well imagine. Besides,

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 a little bit bluer than

anything else in the known world except

the man who starts the nonpareil paper in

the pica town.
I was careful not to break any of these

who used often to say over our glass of vin

ordinaire (which I have since learned was not the best brand after all) that nothing would tickle him more than "to have a lit-

tle deal with a crowned head and get him in

the door," accidentally broke a blue crock out there at Sevres which wouldn't hold

over a gallon, and it took the best part of a

Facts About Madame Pompadour.

rather reprehensible life at court, where she was terribly talked about, though she is

said not to have cared a cent. Louis XV. told her never to worry, for while he had a

She developed into a marvelous politi-cian, and early seeing that the French peo-

ple were largely governed by the literary lights of that time, she began to cultivate

the acquaintance of the magazine writers and tried to join the authors' club. She

Conversing With the Stable Keeper.

now became prominent by originating method of doing up the hair, which ha

since become prominent among people whose hair like my own had not been al-ready "done up." This style of Madam

ready "done up." This style of Madam Pompadour's was at once popular with young men who ran the throttle of the soda fountains of the time and is still well

spoken of. A young friend of mine pushed his hair up from his forehead in that way

once and could not get it down again. During his funeral his hair, which had been

glued down by the undertaker, became sur-prised at something said by the clergyman and pushed out the end of his casket.

The king tired in a few years of Madar

Pompadour and wished that he had not en

couraged her to run away from her husband. She, however, retained her hold upon the

blase and alcoholic monarch by her wonder-ful versatility and genius. When all her talents as an artiste and

politician palled upon his old rum soaked brain, and ennui like a mighty canker ate away large corners of his moth eaten soul,

she would sit in the gloaming and sing to him, "Hard Times, Hard Times, Come

Again No More," meantime accompanying herself on the harpsichord or the sackbut or

whatever they played in those days. Then she instituted theatricals, giving with the aid of the nobility a very good version of "Peck's Bad Boy" and "Lend Me 5 Cen-

She finally lost her influence over Looey

the XV., and as he got to be an old man the

thought suddenly occurred to him to re-form, and so he had Madame Pompadour be-

headed at the age of 42 years. This little

story should teach us that no matter how

gifted we are, or how high we may wear our hair, our ambitions must be tempered by

honor and integrity, also that pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit be-

DIAMOND LAWS OF KIMBERLEY.

If a Man Finds a Gem on the Street H

Must Report It at Once.

A law of exceptional rigor punishes with

great severity illicit diamond buying, known

in the slang of South Africa as L D. B.-ism.

Under this statute the ordinary presump-

tion of law in favor of the accused disap-

pears and an accused person has to prove

his innocence in the clearest manner in

stead of the accuser having to prove his

guilt. Sentences are constantly passed on

persons convicted of this offense ranging

from 5 to 15 years. It must be admitted

that this tremendous law is in thorough con-

formity with South African sentiment, which elevates I. D. B.-ism almost to the

evel if not above the level of actual homi-

If a man, walking in the streets or in the

to the Registrar to restore it to him and t

A Dainty in Madras.

BILL NYR.

fore a plunk.

Now York Herald.1

exporters.

Trying to Stand in With the King.

nickel she should have a home.

pronounced Save.

most beautiful china dishes and funny bust-

But we were going to say a word regard-

tempt to open correspondence with Molly, although their situation could not be other-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

elipper ship. On March 27 the steamer Golden Gate, on which Zach French had shipped as common seaman, entered the bay of San Francisco after a cruise of several search at once. years in European waters. The moment

to Zach French, who had been promoted to

be 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.

"I believe it, Mrs. Allaire," replied the boatswain, with a kindly light beaming from his honest eyes. "I'm ready to sail any moment!"

In the meantime a rumor became current, which should it must with confirmation. was qualified to create a sensation throughout the length and breadth of the land. It was alleged that the Golden Gate had picked p a bit of wreek which in all likelihood elonged to the ill-fated Dreadnaught. A

San Francisco paper reported that the Golden Gate had come upon this fragment to the north of Australia in latitudes lying between the Timor Sea and the Sea of Aratoura off the island of Melville to the The moment this news had been received San Diego Mr. Hollister and Captain Willis, whom it had reached by telegraph, hastened to Prospect Cottage. At the first mention of the subject Mrs. Allaire turned and their foremen.

The fragment of wreck which had been

"Now that we have come upon this trace," she cried out in a tone of absolute conviction, "we shall find the Dreadnaught al after the ship has been found we shall and John and his companions. The truth is, the finding of this bit of the wrenk was a matter of great importance. It was the first time that a fragment of the ost vessel land come to light. Now, when Mrs. Allnire betook herself to the region in which the disaster had been located, she would have in her pessession a ring of that chain which held the past bound to the A map of Oceanica was at once sent for, and Mr. Hollister and Captain Willis were requested to enter upon the consideration of new route to be followed by the Molly's Hope on her next cruise.
"Then you incline to think, Captain,"
said Mr. Flollister, "that the Dreadnaught

slid not endeavor to reach Singapore by cressing the Philippines and Malaysia?"
"I do." replied Willis, "to my mind, it's improbable: ves, impossible. "But assuming that she did take that route," pursued Hollister, "how comes it that this piece of the wreck should have prow, and also the remnants of a coat of red paint with tracery of foliage in gold line. een found in the Arafoura Sea, to the north Melville Island?"
"I can't understand it. I can't explain answered Willis. "All that I can say that the Dreadnaught was seen off the outhwest coast of Celebes Island after she and passed the Strait of Macassar. Now, if she entered this strait she did so from the morth and not from the east, and hence

not have come in through Torres This question was discussed at considerlength, and it ended in the acceptance

d Captain Willis' views.

Mrs Allaire had listened in silence to this discussion; but her knitted brows in-dicated with what tenacity, what persist-ency she clung to her belief that John and companions were still among the living. she was determined to stand steadfast

I agree with you, my dear Willis," cried Andrew Hollister, 'that the Dreadnaught on her way to Singapore crossed the Java Part of the way at least, Mr. Hollister,

for it was between Singapore and Celebes Island that the vessel was wrecked." That's so, but still how was it possible for this piece of the wreck to drift as far as the Australian coast if the Dreadnaught went to pieces on some reef in the Java

There is only way to explain it," reuning that this fragment of the ship was through Lambock or some other one of the straits which connect the waters these islands with the Timor and

Ves. Mr. Hollister, and I would co so to say that the Dreadnaught wing been dismantled in a ternado may een sucked into one of the straits and finally been cast on some reef north of the

'You're right, my dear Willis," cried Andrew Hollister, "it's the only reasona-ble hypothesis and the conclusion is irrestible that if a fragment of the wreck has picked up to the north of Melville island six years after the disaster it must un which the clipper ship went to pieces. This explanation was qualified to carry conviction to the mind of any intelligent

Since it is more than likely," added Mrs. Allaire, whose gaze still remained riv-"that the Dreadnaught was driven ashor on the coast of Australia, and since none of the shipwrecked crew have made their pearance here or elsewhere, it follows that ev are beid prisoners-That is not impossible Molly," inter-

wanted Mr. Hollister. Mrs. Allaire was upon the point of protestiag vigorously against the implication contained in his answer when Captain Is broke in with:

We have yet to determine that this fragment of wreck picked up by the Golden Gute really belongs to Captain John's

Have you any doubt of it?" inquired "We shall soon be able to solve that question," cried the merchant, "for I have rdered the fragment to be forwarded to

Allaire, "that the Molly's Hope be kept in

readiness to sail at any moment." Three days after this conversation Zach

rench, the boatswain, reached San Diego and presented himself at Prospect Cottage. Carry-seven years of age, strongly built, with a face browned by exposure and eyes of determination, this man had some-trank and pleasing about him. You thing frank and pleasing about him. You tion, lay in the opposite direction?"

ielt that he belonged to the kind that never shrinks back or heritates, but goes straight to the mate. "If the piece of wreck had been to the place where he is told to go. The welcas so full of gratitude that the honest My friend," she exclaimed, after her

feelings had somewhat quieted down, "it was you who saved my life, you who did all In your power to save my poor babe, what to prove that the Dreadnaught had been lost in Aratoura Sea, near Torres Strait, or

had done would be no sailor at all-he'd be are counter currents along the Australian a more hireling. His only regret had been coast, which may have carried the pi that he was not able to save her child. But wreck along the strait. In that ca be couldn't accept anything from her tor ship may have gone to pieces in the western what he had done. He thanked her for her portion of Aratoura Sea." kind wishes, and with her permission he would call to see her while he was ashore.
"I've been looking forward to seeing you for a number of years, Zach," said Mrs. Al- pieces on the reefs of Torres Strait. pe that you'll be with me

the day Captain Allaire returns-"The day Captain Allaire returns?" Zach, can you bring yourself to think-That Captain John has perished? Not

by any means !" cried the boatswain. Then—you have hope—"
More than hope, Mrs. Allaire! I have

a firm and solid conviction. Would a cap-tain like your husband permit himself to be whished , any on the skirts of a gale? Notsailor's words and the manner to

Allaire had been enriched by the death of her uncle, Edward Manson, and that she to whom she herself owed her life. She saw something providential in all this.
"Thanks. Many thanks, Zach; you little know how happy you make me. Tell me, oh, tell me again that you believe that Captain John was not lost in this wreck."

> number of details with regard to the find-ing of the fragment of wreck by the Golden Gate. As he concluded Mrs. Allaire said: "Zach. I'm resolved to institute a new

boatswain, requesting him to call upon her at San Diego. As French was contemplat-ing 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 the Molly's Hope it will seem to me like one more chance in my favor."

"I believe it, Mrs. Allaire," replied the boatswain, with a kindly light beaming

> Molly had taken hold of the sailor's hand. She felt that it belonged to a true friend of hers. Her teelings got the better of her and she was now convinced that the boatswain was destined to succeed where others had

However, although Molly had no doubts on the subject, yet, as Captain Willis had suggested, it now became necessary to determine positively whether the fragment of wreck picked up by the Golden Gate had really belonged to the Dreadnaught. This piece of the wreck had been forwarded to Hollister & Co. by express from San Francisco and been sent to the superintendent of the shipyard, by whom it had been submitted to the examination of the builders

very male, but she recovered herself in a icked up by the Golden Gate off Melville Island about ten miles out from shore was a piece of a ship's stem, or rather of that carved cutwater which is commonly attached to the prow of sailing vessels. This piece of wood had undergone considerable change long while, but from exposure to the inmency of the weather. Hence the conship had struck, then in some way or other been detatched, possibly by the action of a strong current, and tossed about in the water for several months or possibly weeks, when it was picked up by the Golden Gate. But did it come from Captain John's vessel? Yes, for the carving on this piece of wood matched that which had ornamented the prow of the Dreadnaught. This was the conclusion reached by the builders at San Diego. The teakwood, for such was the fragment, was positively recognized as identical with the stock in hand. They even discovered the mark of the iron brace which clamped the cutwater to the ship's

> Therefore, the fragment of wreck picked up by the Golden Gate once belonged to the good ship Dreadnaught; of this there was absolutely no doubt. This point established, it became quite possible to accept Captain Willis' theory that since the Dreadnaught had been signaled in the Java Sea to the southeast of Celebes Island, she must have been, a few days later, carried through Lombock or some other passage opening into the Timor or Arafoura Sea and hurled upon the reefs of the Australian coast. And hence it was perfectly reasonable and justi-fiable to send a craft to explore the waters lying between the Sunda islands and the north coast of Australia. But would this expedition succeed any better than the one which had included the Philippines, the Celebes and the Moluccas? Yes, the pros-

pect was brighter.
This time Mrs. Allaire was quite determined to accompany the expedition, and it required the appeal of Andrew Hollister, Captain Willis and Zach French to dissuade per from so doing. A cruise of this sort, which would of a necessity last a long while, might be hampered by the presence of a

woman on board. It need hardly be stated that Zach French was shipped as boatswain of the Molly's Hope which was now reported by Captain Willis as ready to sail.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MOLLY'S HOPE IN THE TIMOR SEA. 10 o'clock on the morning of April 3, 1882 following a southwesterly course, with the intention of proceeding by as direct a route as possible to the Torres Strait and so into Arafoura Sea. The Molly's Hope not naving any reason for touching at the Gilbert or Salmon Islands, after an uneventful voyage of three weeks, sighted first the high land of the New Guinea coast and then the most northerly point of Australia known as Cape York. Torres Strait, lying between this point and the New Guinea coast, enjoys the repute of being an external department of the coast. tremely dangerous passage, partly due to the violent currents which set in from east to west and partly to the shoal water. Only for a certain part of the day, while the sur is in such a position as to make the breakers plainly visible, is it at all safe to venture

into this narrow water lane.
"Was it quite as far up as Melville Island
that the Golden Gate picked up the frag-ment of the wreck?" asked Captain Willis of Boatswain French.

"Quite," replied Zach.
"It must be five hundred miles beyond "At least, Captain," replied Zaoh, "and

I can understand your surprise. For know-ing as we do the existence of these strong vesterly currents, it would seem from hav ing found the piece of wreck off Melville Island that the Dreadnaught must have peen lost at the entrance to Torres Strait. "Precisely, Zach, and we would be forced o conclude that Captain John had made choice of this dangerous passage to reach Singapore. Now, that I never can admit! Unless something happens to change my opinion I shall stick to my belief that he rossed the Eastern Archipelago, as we did in our first expedition, for the last time he was seen was to the south of Celebes Island."

"And as there is no other conclusion pos sible for us to reach," remarked the mate Timor Sea he did so through one of the "It can't be otherwise," replied the cap-tain, "and I can't understand how the Dreadnaught was ever carried toward the

eastward. Now, either he was dismantled or he was not. If he was dismantled he should have been carried hundreds of miles to the west of Torres Strait. If he was not, why should he have returned toward this strait, when Singapore, his port of destina-

found in the Indian Ocean it might be explained by assuming that the clipper ship had been wrecked on the Sunda Islands or on the west coast of Australia."

"While the fact is," replied Captain Willis, "that the bit of wreck was found as for up as Melville Island, which would far up as Melville Island, which would go

French insisted that he had only done his in the strait itself."

in the strait itself."

"It may be," said French, "that there coast, which may have carried the piece of

"It will come out in good time," answered Captain Willis, "meanwhile, let us work our ship as if the Dreadnaught had gone to "And if we work it well," added Zach,

This was the best thing that could be done and this was what they did do. Torres Strait is about 30 miles wide and swarms with reefs and islets, 900 or more, and most of them on the level with th water. The natives are very skillful in the management of their light piragues, and have no difficulty in crossing from one shore to another. Therefore, if Captain John and his companions had taken refuge on one of these islets it would have been easy which they had been spoken sent a thrill
through Molly's heart. It was such a comfort to know that she would no longer be
the only one to think that Captain John was

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

Captain John was not lost in this wreck."

"Yes, Mrs. Allaire, yes, and the proof that he is still alive is that he will be found some day or other, and if that's not a proof—"

Hereupon Zach French entered into a number of details with regard to the findwho manned them, as well as those who gathered on the shores as the Molly's Hope steamed along slowly by, contented them-selves with uttering wild warwhoops and brandishing their battle spears.

"Good! It will succeed this time, and if you'll allow me, madam, I'll take part in it." You will ship under Captain Willis?"
"You will ship under Captain Willis?"
"That I will, madam."
"Oh, thanks, Zach. With you on board the Molly's Hope it will seem to me like one more chance in my favor."
"I believe it. Mrs. Allaire." replied the "Pedanaguht had gone to pieces on these reefs.

these reefs. After another month spent in coasting along from Arnheim Bay to Van Diemen's Gulf, the Molly's Hope on July 11 sighted Melville Island. It was ten miles to the north of this coast that the fragment of the wrecked Dreadnaught had been picked up. As it had got no farther than this point, it became necessary to assume that it had only been detached from the wreck a short time prior to the arrival of the Golden Gate. It was therefore possible that they were at that moment in close proximity to

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 conscious of having done 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. Something happened to rescue him from this state of indecision.

On the morning of November 4 he was enof texture, not from lying in the water for a gaged in conversation with Zach French when the boatswain pointed at some object floating in the water about half a mile from clusion that it must have remained for a the steamer. They were neither pieces of long time on this reef on which the clipper wood, fragments of planking nor trunks of trees; they were huge bunches of grass, sort of yellowish gulf weed torn from the bottom of the sea and drifting along the main land.

"Well, that's strange!" said French, "hang me if that grass isn't coming from the west; yes from the southwest! There must be a current which is carrying it

toward the strait."
"That's so," replied Captain Willis, "and it must be a local current with an easterly course, unless it be the effect of the tide. "I don't think so, Captain," answered French, "for I recollect now that early this morning I noticed bunches of this grass drifting in the same direction.

"Zach, are you certain of it?" "As certain as I am that we shall find Captain John some day."
"Well," replied Captain Willis, "If such a current exists it may be that that piece of the wrecked Dreadnaught came from the west, following the Australian coast."

"That's exactly my opinion, Captain."
"Then there is but one course for us to We must continue our search across Timor Sea as far as the West Australian

"I was never more convinced of it, Captain, since, beyond all doubt, there is a coast current which runs in the direction of Melville Island. By assuming that Captain John was lost in Western waters, we have now an explanation how it was possible that piece of his wreck should have been the Louvre. Captain Willis sent for his mate and con

ulted with him as to the expediency of continuing the expedition toward the West. The mate was of the opinion that it now became absolutely necessary to do this, at least until the source of the current had been reached.

"To the westward, then!" cried Captain Willis. "We must not go back to San Diego with possibilities, but with certain-ties—the certainty that if the Dreadnaught went to pieces on the Australian coast there is not a plank or a spar of her left in

In consequence of this, under the circum-Captain Willis sailed from San Diego at Molly's Hope crossed to Timor Island in whistle does not have such a hold on people order to take on provisions and fill he bunkers, and then, after a stay of 48 hours, recrossed to Cape Londonderry. Upon leaving Queen's Channel, Captain Willis determined to follow as closely as possible Turtle Point. At this location the direct ion of the current toward the east was

very perceptible.
Upon making Cambridge Gulf the waters
of which bathe the foot of Mount Cockburn, Captain Willis resolved not to risk his ves-sel in this deep funnel bristling with reefs, so he ordered the steam launch to be lowered and put it in command of Zach French

with orders to make a thorough search of the interior of this gulf.

"Evidently," said Captain Willis to Zach, "if John Allaire and his crew fell into the hands of the natives of this would be folly to imagine that a single soul of them is still alive. But what we are after is to learn whether there are any remains of the Dreadnaught in case the natives should have scuttled the clipper

ship in the Cambridge Gulf.' 'It wouldn't surprise me in the least to find out that the villians had done so," re French made the tour of the gulf without

ming upon any trace of the lost ship and

thereupon returned to the steamer. Captain Willis now weighed anchor rounded Dussejour Cape, and heading for the northwest doubled Cape Londonderry. Continuing her now southwesterly course, the Molly's Hope crossed Buccaneer Archi-pelago and entered King Sound, and by the end of January, after a fruitless search in this long arm of the sea for some trace of the Dreadnaught, Captain Willis deter mined to end the expedition at this point, to wit: at the 18 parallel of south latitude.

Besides the coal supply was running low and hence it was considered advisable to sail for Batavia, then, after coaling, to coast along the Sunda Islands, cross Timor Sea and so get out into the Pacific once more. The weather was beautiful and the ser like a mirror outside the line of reefs, over which the swell broke in long lines of snow-

white foam as the Molly's Hope stood out from Cape Leveque and soon left the Aus-tralian coast behind her, growing fainter and fainter until it had faded to a mere blue line on the horizon. Everything promised a favorable cruise across to Java Island. The fact is the steamer was on her way home, except that there would be some delays to enable Captain Willis to examine smaller islands of the Sunda group. Nothing of any importance occurred the first few days out. The greatest vigilance was exercised in signaling the location of those riffs and shoals so common in these waters, many of which hardly reach to the

surface of the water.

Toward 9 o'clock on the morning of February 7, there was a cry from the lookout: "Reefs ahead on the portside!"

[To Be Continued Next Sunday,]

EVEN JEWELS GET TIRED. Likee Pople They Have to Be Sent Away t

Recuperate Occasionally. Some discussion has resulted from the statement that machinery and even metal gets "tired" and needs a chance to recuperate, says a jeweler in the St. Louis Globs-Democrat. Foolish as the idea seems, it is undoubtedly true, and it applies just as forcibly to jewels, which certainly need re-cuperation at times. Any one in the busi-ness will tell you what a heavy loss a man may incur by jewels in his safe or show-case going off in appearance. All the cleaning in the world won't help them, and all the timethey are getting to look more and more

shabby, until at last they have no salable If they are sent away to another city they frequently brace up of their own accord and come back looking bright and lustrous. This may sound incredible, but inquiry will prove that what I say is generally known in the trade. A TALK ON PORCELAIN. me my money's worth in grandeur. One thing I liked about France was that the people were willing, at a slight

Bill Nye Tells an Inquisitive Maid of Massachusetts About

HIS VISIT TO THE FRENCH SHOPS. Speech to Students Which Was Not Very

Highly Appreciated. FACTS ABOUT MADAME POMPADOUR

I WHITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR 1 Lillian E. D., of Brookline, Mass., writes as follows: "Could you, in your department of the paper, tell me something of the location of the porcelain works in Sevres, France, and what the process is of making those beautiful things which come from there? How is the name of the town pronounced? Can you tell me anything of the history of Madame Pompadour? Who was the Dauphin? Did you learn anything of Louis XV. whilst in France? What are your literary habits?" Sevres is a small village just outside of

Sevres is a small village just outside of St. Cloud, pronounced San Cloo. It is given up to the manufacturing of portraining of portraining control of the manufacturing control of the manufact



The Little Steamer celain. You go to St. Cloud by rail or river and then drive over to Sevres by diligence or volture. Some does one way and some does the other. I rode up on the Seine, aboard of a little, noiseless, low-pressure steamer about the size of a sewing machine. It was called the Silvoo Play, I think. The fare was 30 centimes, or, say, 3 cents. Af-ter paying my fare, and finding that I still had money left, I lunched at St. Cloud in the open air at a triffing expense, I then took a bottle of milk from my pocket and quenched my thirst. Traveling through France one finds that the water is especially bad, tasting of the Dauphin at times and dangerous in the extreme. I advise those therefore who wish to be well whilst doing the Continent to carry, especially in France, as I did, a large thickset bottle of milk or kumiss with which to take the wire edge off one's whistle whilst being yanked through

Surroundings of the Place

St. Cloud is seven miles west of the center of Paris and most ten miles by rail on the of Paris and most ten miles by rail on the road to Versailles—pronounced Vairsi. St. Cloud belongs to Canton of Sevres and the arondissement of Versailles. An arondissement is not anything reprehensible. It is all right. You could belong to an arondissement if you lived in France. St. Cloud is on a beautiful hill slope, looking down the valley of the Seine, with Paris in the distance. It is peaceful and quiet and beautiful. Everything is peaceful in Paris, when there is no revolution on the carpet. The steam cars run safely and do not make The adjutant general at the depot blows a little tin bugle, the admiral of the train returns the salute, the adjutant general says "Allons!" and the train starts like a somewhat leisurely young man

who is going to the depot to meet his wife' One does not realize what a Fourth of July racket we live in and employ in our business, Lillian, till he has been the guest of a monarchy of Europe between whose toes the timothy and clover have sprung up to a great height. And yet it is a pleasing change, and I shall be glad when we as a Republic have passed the blow-hard period, laid aside the earsliting steam whistle, settled down to good, permanent institutions and take on a restful, sootheful, Boston air which comes with time and the quiet self-congratulation that one is born in a Bible land and gospel privileges, and where the right to worship in a strictly high church manner is open to all.

The Palace at St. Cloud.

The Palace of St. Cloud was at one time the residence of Napoleon I. in summer time. He used to go out there for the heated term, and folding his arms across his stomach have thought after thought regarding the future of France. Yet he very likely never had an idea that some day would be a thrifty republic, engaged in growing green peas or pulling a soiled dove out of the Seine now and then to add to the attractions of her justly celebrated morgue. Louis XVIII also put up at the palace in St. Cloud several summers. He spelled it "palais," which shows that he had very poor early English advantages, or that he was, as I have always suspected, a native of Quebec. Charles X. also changed the bedding somewhat, and moved in during his reign. He also added a new iron sink and a place in the barn for washing buggles. Louis Phillippe spent his summers here for a number of years, and wrote weekly letters to the Paris papers, signed "Uno," in which he urged the taxpayers to show more veneration for his royal nibs. Napoleon veneration for his royal nibs. Napoleon III. occupied the palais in summer during his lifetime, availing himself finally of the use of Mr. Bright's justly celebrated disease and dying at the dawn of better institutions for beautiful, but unhappy, France. I visited the Palais, which was burned by the Prussians in 1870. The grounds occupy the programs which I offered to buy and fit up. 960 acres, which I offered to buy and fit up, but probably I did not deal with responsi

ble parties.
San Cloo has a normal school for the training of male teachers only. I visited it, but did not make a bit in my address to the pupils for some cause until I began to speak in their own national tongue. Then the closest attention was paid to what I said, and the keenest delight was manifest on every radiant face. The President, who spoke some English, shook hands with me as we parted, and I asked him how the stu-

dents took my remarks. He said: How They Appreciated His Speech. "They shall all the time keep the thinkness-what you shall call the recollect-of monsieur's speech in preserves, so that they shall forget it not continualle. We shall all the time say we have not witness something like it since the time we come here, and have not so much enjoy ourself since the grand assassination by the guillotine. Come next winter and be with us for one week, Some of us will remain in the hall each

At San Cloo I hired of a quiet young fel-At San Cioo I hired of a quiet young fel-low about 35 years of age, who kept a very neat livery stable there, a sort of victoria and a big Percheron horse, with fetlock whiskers that reminded me of the Sutherland sisters. As I was in no hurry I sat on an iron settee in the cool court of the livery stable, and with my arm resting on the shoulder of the proprietor I spoke of the crops and asked if generally people about there regarded the farmer movement as in any way threatening to the other two He did not seem to know. great parties. He did not seem to know. I watched the coachman who was to drive me as he changed his clothes, so as to give PURSUING PLEASURE.

advance on the regular price, to treat a very ordinary man with unusual respect and esteem. This surprised and delighted me beyond measure, and I often told people there that I did not begretch the additional expense. The coachman was also hostler, Bessie Bramble Finds a Great Deal of Truth in Pessimism.

VANITY OF THE SUMMER OUTING.

or tunic and putting on a long, clive green coachman's coat, with erect linen collar and cuffs sewed into the collar and sleeves. He were a high hat that was much better than Rambling Discourse in Which Some Bright Quotations Appear.

mine, as is frequently the case with coach-men and their employers. My coachman gives me his silk hat when he gets through SHATTERED IDOLS OF THE GREAT

> (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH, The philosophers of the school of pessimism all endeavor to prove that love is an illusion and happiness a delusion. The broken ideals, shattered idols, ruined hopes, troubles and disappointments of this life go far to confirm this conclusion in many minds. "History," says one writer, "is the best witness to the reasonableness of pessimism." From the days of Job down, the evil and misery and suffering that prevail in the world form the factors in a problem that most perplexes mankind. The enjoyment of the senses, the continuance of happiness, an immunity from suffering, fill their ides of a state that is never to be

reached in this world. People who are poor imagine that wealth gives everything, but those who live in change of scene essential to health of mind palaces and fare sumptuously every day know what trouble and suffering are, as well as paupers. Victoria, though occupying the highest throne in Europe with the wealth of England and the Indies to draw wealth of England and the Indies to draw from to keep her comfortable, has had enough trouble to convert her to the belief bray a fool in a mortar yet will his foolishenough trouble to convert her to the belief of the Grecian philosopher that fate has power to break up the fondest hopes, and intercept the richest blessings.

bray a fool in a mortar yet will his foolis ness not depart from him. But travel give to others an intellectual banquet, a store new knowledge, a fund of fresh though and approximately that prove an unending the provention of the control of the contro

carload of cows to pay for it, he told me.
The process of making the Sevres ware is
not yet published in book form, Lillian,
especially the method of coloring and Examples Among the Nobility. Not all the wealth of Russia and absolute enameling. It is a secret possessed by duly authorized artists. The name of the town is ower of sovereignty can make for Alexander a bed of roses, or grant to him a night of sweet repose. Nor can her proud position give to Dagmar, the Czarina, relief from constant anxiety and fear of misfortune close at hand. Poor Elizabeth, of Austria, Madam Pompadour is said to have been the natural daughter of a butcher, which I regard as being more to her own credit than though she had been an artificial one. Her name was Jeannie Antoinette Poisson Le breaking down with grief over the awful death of her son and her domestic infelicities, and Empress Frederic, whose marriage to a noble man had given her all the joys of Normant D'Etiotes Marquis De Pompa-dour, and her name is yet used by the authorities of Versailles as a fire escape, so I am told. She was the mistress of Louis XV., who never allowed her to put her hands in dishwater during the entire time love, and who, on the edge of her ambitious hopes, lost all by the death of her husband by malignant disease, have certainly reason to know that high position, wealth—all that hands in dishwater during the entire time the world deems good-are, as ecclesiastes puts it, "of no profit under the sun" in the she visited at his house. D'Ediotes was her first husband, but she left him for a gay but face of calamity.

Who that contemplates the life of Lin-

coln, whose youth was given to unrelenting toil, whose manhood was marked by domestic sorrow, whose years in the high position he attained, were made joyless by the griefs and distresses of the Civil War, can fail to feel and understand the spirit of his favorite poem: "Ob, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" Writers tell us that Henry Clay died of a broken heart caused by disappointment and defeat. Daniel Webster's last years were darkened by the 'discord between his aspirations and facts' and his humiliations at the hands of his friends. Roscoe Conkling's proud spirit was humbled to the dust by the ingratitude of those he had trusted. Blaine with all of those he had trusted. Blaine with all his brilliant talents has never "got there," and now, with shattered health probably realizes that

The world can never give The bliss for which he sighs. while Harrison proudly Seated in the White House,

the representative of the greatest nation in the world—does not find the unclouded hap piness his heart desires, and doubtless feels the spirit of the old verse of Isaac Wat:s:

Oh, could we make our doubts remove, These gloomy doubts that rise, And see the Cansan that we love With nnbeclouded eyes! Then poor Mrs. Harrison, with all he

honors, has her trouble with the bores, not miseries over the papers, and that crowning sorrow of only six bedrooms in the White House, and the doubt of not having them very much longer, if the Republicans should take a notion to nominate Blaine or McKinley, or an unexpected tidal wave

McKinley, or an unexpected tidal wave of Democracy should plunge the administra-tion into dark despair.

High and low, rich and poor, young and old are compelled to realize sooner or later that "man was made to mourn." Youth is filled with the loveliest visions of the future. The ships are to come in laden with every pleasure and delight. But chil-dren have their sorrows, defeats and ruined hopes, and feel them as keenly perhaps as do their elders. Stories come through the papers every now and then of children committing suicide because of failure in their studies of despair over some deeply felt trouble, or some over-mastering terror. The records of the times turn with suicides from disappointed love committed by those who, to all appearance, had all the world before

What the Young Expect.

But the young are in the main full of hope. Whatever of hardness and darkness the present gives, they are persuaded and taught that bliss is to be found in the future. This is a reading age, and the novels which assume to give pictures of life are the mental food of young readers. The girls find the lesson in these that a soon as they meet their hero, and courtship soon as they meet their hero, and courtship is followed by marriage they will realize the happiness of which they have dreamed so long. But they soon find that happiness is as intangible in that state as any other. The lesson for the boys is that they must make love, and be liable to fits of distraction and jealousy, and withal, make money To become a millionaire is to reach the summit where they can enjoy life and get all the good there is in it. But millionaires are no more happy than other men. Cutting coupons and drawing dividends seem to be a mos fascinating and delightful occupation to the men who are struggling with small salaries and big families, but they do not protect men from Bright's disease, or gout—from erring wives, dissipated sons, or the insect rities of life.

rities of life.

The exaggerations of romance do much toward making the life of reality a state of discontenument to the young. Would it discontentment to the young. Would it not be b tter to teach them on the plan of Dr. Johnson who savs: "So large a part of human life passes in a state contrary to our natural desires, that one of the principal topics of moral instruction is the hearing of calamities; and such is the certainty of evil that it is the duty of every man to furnish the mind with such principles as will en-able him to bear it with decency and pro-

priety. The Regulation Orthodox Teachings. But with all the evil in life it is a duty, say the preachers, to think upon your mercies; to reflect that, as Adam sinned, all are under condemnation and deserve worse than they get; to remember that whatever there is to bear might be worse. They fail to tell us that, owing to sin, this world is a wilder-ness of woc, a vale of tears, "a fleeting show for man's illusion given," a state of proba-tion in which all the evils and miseries are ordained for man's ultimate good, to make him humble, preserve him from vain glory, and teach him "to put no trust in any worldly thing," but prepare himself for "the land of pure delight."

precincts of Kimberley, were to find a dia-mond and were not immediately to take it have the fact of its restoration registered he This is regular orthodox teaching, but the would be liable to a punishment of 15 years' penal servitude. In order to prevent illicit idea is creeping into many people's minds that this is the best world anybody knows traffic the quantities of diamonds produced by the mines are reported to the detective department both by the producers and the anything about, and that anyhow, as the mass of mankind under divine decree, are doomed not to realize any of the blessedness of the better world, the best to be done is to get all the good they can out of this. It is natural for man to pursue pleasure. It is natural for man to pursue pleasure. The "truly good" may attain unto such heights of holiness as Thomas A. Kempis when he said: "I am not worthy of anything but to be scourged and punished, and deserve nothing but hell and everlasting fire," but the common, everyday people nowadays want as much of the happiness of this life as they can get out of Madras is the only place in the world where unborn animals are cooked and eaten. The most delicious curry is made from an unborn lamb, the mother being killed and the young extracted. The natives declare the meat is infinitely more tender. I have heard some people express repugnance, but it is the same with a person who has

enjoy them wisely and virtuously.

HEATING OF HOUSES Seclusion Is Out of Fashion

One of the old saints enshrined in history has said: "It is commendable in a religious person seldom to go abroad, to be unwilling to see or be seen." Times have changed since his day. One of the pleasures of life in this nineteenth century is to travel to see and be seen. To go abroad is a lust of the flesh that is stronger now in no one than a and be seen. To go abroad is a lust of the flesh that is stronger now in no one than a religious person. The preachers of to-day have a rage for holidays and the delights of traveling. The railroads, the rapid transits, the coaches, the steamers give the people nowadays such pleasures as their ancestors never dreamed of enjoying.

The continents of the wide world are open from sea to sea. The Puritan forefathers left "Merrie England" for freedom to put on long faces, make blue laws and

to put on long faces, make blue laws and take in the miseries of life after their own doleful fa hion, while imposing the same on those who did not conform to their own ideas on the vanity of life. What a forlorn, the time of the laws dry time they must have had in that day of slow coaches, sailing ships and post horses. What wonder they were dull-witted, wooden-headed and given to religious views marked mostly by melancholy and depression—shut in as they were. Now what with trips to Europe, to Asia and Africa, to Florida, to Colorado, to California and Alaska, to the Yellowstone, and with seashore and mountain open and easy to reach, preachers and teachers and all sorts and conditions of men can take in the world and its wonders, its scenes famous in song and story, its renowned cathedrals, castles and cities and can enjoy the delight of travel and the and body.

The Benefit of Travel.

Travel has a tendency to make bigots broad, to enlarge the narrow mind and to take the cranks out of character. Of course ness not depart from him. But travel gives new knowledge, a fund of fresh thoughts and memories that prove an unending pleasure. The going away somewhere for an outing

is one of the charms of life. The prospect of nothing to do but to follow out your sweet will for a short two weeks is full of delight to everybody. To the man in the workshop or the office to get away from the "demnition grind," to think the no relight to switch to think the no relight to switch to the contribution of the c think that no relentless whistle, clock will call him to his daily toil is a thought that fills his soul with gladness. He will go forth and work ten times as hard as rowing a boat, working a bicycle, or going a fishing and thinks it fine fun. The teacher for pleasure and health goes to Chautauqua and studies herself nearly to death taking in all the systems, and lectures and intellectual hash there provided, and imagines she has had a lovely time. The preachers and professors go to take a holiday in making money by speaking their pieces and in promulgating pet theories. These will all do well, if in this persuit of pleasure, they do not absorb enough malaria to last them the balance of their lives. At the Outing Places.

Others love a holiday by the sea, the open sea, with its cool, fresh breezes and health giving air. At Ocean Grove, Asbury Park, are gathered crowds of the religious, who wish to pray and praise and take in sermons with their sea bathing and holiday doings. The worldly go to Atlantic City, Cony Island and other points in easy reach of the great teeming cities. The great excursions our forth vasts crowds of pleasure seekers for whose amusement are provided every-thing that can attract their attention and extract their cash. Thousands whose idea of fun is in doing many things they would never dream of doing at home come back in worse health than when they started and

"dead broke."
The fashionable folks find their summer sojourn at the fashionable places-Saratoga, Newport, and others well known, where they pursue pleasure by "putting on style," and endeavoring to snub those whom they deem pushing and pretentious or independ-ent, and by displays of dress, diamonds and "turnouts." Some women, it would appear, seek happiness in their holidays by pear, seek happiness in their hondays by showing off 42 costumes in two weeks, but these are few, and they do not find the joy for which thep pine after all, for such ambi-tion aims to excite envy and jealousy, and the pure enjoyments of life can never be felt by those filled with such mean desires.

How Other People Enjoy Themselves. Thousands find their summer rest at form houses, but they are disappointed, for they must have the comforts and good things of living for the material body, in something beyond cheap boarding house fare. Busy men take their holidays in their conventions and trade associations, where they find pleasure in meeting those in their own line and in comparing notes in a business way. Banquets and excursions are more of a feature than anything else. Friendships are formed, and friends true and good are the richest blessings in life. The camp meetings so numerous give rest and change to thousands. The good people find pleasure in their services in the open air. In the camps of the Spiritualists they build up their peculiar delusion more firmly than before. They revel in exhibitions of spooks, and swap and swallow ghost stories with the same undoubting faith with which little children drink in fairy tales. The trick mediums are there in full

force, and the clairvoyants and fortune tellers and readers of the stars.

However, every one to his taste in the taking of holidays. Wise men take them wisely and the fools foolishly. Holidays are good for everybody, but, alas, how little after all is the real pleasure found in them. The winged winds that round their pathway roar, the mighty deep whose billows round them play, the serenest moon that looks upon the earth, when asked if they could

tell the invored spot-Where weary man may find The bliss for which he sight Where sorrow never lives And friendship never dies,

answers no! no! no! One of the chief joys of the summer holiday is getting home, away from the stuffy rooms, the tiresome bores, the toil of pleas-ure, the wearisomeness of the whole business, and settling down in the comforts and snuggery of home, sweet home. BESSIE BRANKE.

ENGLISH IDEAS OF JOKES. Little Marshall Wilder Tells One That He Says Is Quite Characteristic.

New York Telegram.] "It's odd how people of different nations take jokes in different ways," said Marshall P. Wilder to a party of Americans in the moking room of the Victoria Hotel, London, one afternoon. "Here's a story for instance, showing the cockney's idea of humor. Bill tells it to a number of his

"I had such a laugh the other day,' says Bill. 'Me and a friend were walking along and we came to a 'ouse that was afire. An old covey was up in the windy. 'Better jump out, old man, says I; 'if you don't, yoo'll get burnt up. Me and my pal will hold a blanket for you.' So the old covey jumped. We didn't 'ave no blanket and 'e broke 'is blooming neck! Oh, I did laugh!'

Flower Pots of Paper. Pall Mall Budget.]

Having used paper for railway wheels, for collars, and for writs, yet another purpose has been discovered to which it can be have been tried and are very favorably re-ported on. Their light weight and non-liability to breakage mark them as peculiarly suitable for transport purposes, and a severe test proved their ability to withstand the necessary damp. The time when tumblers will be made of paper is evidently not far

distant. Turning the Column Rules.

It was customary on the death of a great man for newspapers all over the country to turn their column rules. The practice has gradually diminished, and on the occasion of Hannibal Hamlin's death, some days happiness of this life as they can get out of it. The philosophy of the present is not so much to "bewail griefs" and sin as to column rules.

By the Electrical Current Is Not an Economic Possibility.

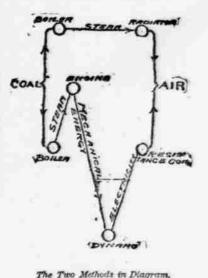
FIGURES THAT TELL THE TALE.

NO ADVANTAGES TO MAKE UP FOR IT

Cost Is Ten Times What It Is by the Steam

Radiator System.

[WRIFTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] 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 and was about to be made use of 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, such as welding, heating rolls for

photographic burnishers, heating wires for cauterizing purposes and in many other cases where a comparatively small amount of energy is transformed into heat; but it is proposed to show that the broad statement that the dynamo and its adjuncts can be made to take the place of the steam radiator, hot air furnace and other systems, which may, in comparison with the electrical, be termed direct systems, is erroneous and that the plan cannot be a success in the present state of the art of generating the electrical current.

To show this I will confine myself to a comparison of the fuel bills for a steam heating and electrical heating system respectively. The steam heating plant will consist essentially of a boiler and furnace to generate the steam and a number of radiators to transmit the heat to the air in several rooms to be heated, together with the piping, traps, cocks, valves, etc.

The Cost of Steam Heating. I will assume that the building is heated

12 hours per day for six months in the year and that the steam system requires 100 tons of coal at \$1 80 per ton to keep the rooms at the required temperature during this period, giving a fuel bill of \$1.80 multiplied by 100 or \$180. Now this \$180 covers a period of 12 multiplied by 30 multiplied by 60 or 2,160 hours. Therefore the cost per 60 or 2,160 hours. Therefore the cost per hour will be 180 divided by 2,160 or .0835—that is 856c. The amount of coal consumed each hour will be 100 tons multiplied by 2,000, for there are 2,000 pounds in a ton, divided by 2,160 hours, which gives 92.6 pounds. I may fairly assume that the steam plant will evaporate nine pounds of water into steam for every pound of coal used in the furnace and that all the latent heat of the steam that is, the heat which the steam steam, that is, the heat which the steam gives out on being condensed in the radiators, is utilized in heating the air

This latent heat amounts to 965 heat units for every pound of steam, and as I have assumed above that every pound of coal pro duces nine pounds of steam it is evident that for each pound of coal used we transmit to the air in the rooms 9 multiplied by 965, or 8,685 heat units; and since there are 200, or o,000 heat units; and since there are 22.5 pounds of coal used each hour the heat transmitted per hour will be 8,835 multiplied by 22.5, or 834.231 heat units. This latter fig-ure is the actual amount of heat necessary to warm the air in the building for one hour, and as far as the amount is concerned is matters not in what manner we get it.

The Cost for Electrical Heating. If derived from electrical energy a plant must be installed, consisting of the follow-ing essential items: First, a boiler and furing essential items: First, a boiler and furnace, by means of which the heat energy of
combustion is made to appear as potential
energy in the pressure of steam; second, an
engine by means of which this potential
energy is transformed into a mechanical
equivalent; third, a dynamo to convert the
mechanical energy into electrical energy;
fourth, a set of resistance coils, which in
this case we may call radiators, whose
double function is (a) to transform the electrical energy into heat, and (b) to transmit
that heat to the air.

Now, let us proceed to estimate what this
heat will cost per hour when maintained in
the manner above outlined. It has been
shown that the heat per hour must be 894,234
heat units, and as the heat equivalent of one

shown that the heat per hour must be SM, 231 heat units, and as the heat equivalent of one horse power per hour is 2,5.5 heat units, the horse power of the electrical current would be 891.231, divided by 2,565, or 312.5. Taking the efficiency of the dynamo and line at 35 per cent, that is, allowing for a loss of 15 per cent, that is, allowing for a loss of 15 per cent in converting the mechanical into electrical energy, the horse power of the engine driving the dynamo must be \$13.5 divided by .85, or 36.8 net, on "brake" horse-power, which is that power delivered at the rim of the engine puliey, and does not include the friction of the engine itself. The average engine likely to be used for this work will maintain a horse power for an hour, with an expenditure of 2½ pounds of coal, and to maintain 28.8 horse power will require evidently 28.8 multiplied by 2½, or 922 pounds. From this we can readily calculate the cost per hour, for if a ton of coal cost \$1.80, one pound would cost \$0.009, and \$22 pounds would cost \$3.00, end you he first calculation the cost per power was only \$½ cents, so the electrical heating costs ten times as much.

The Advantages Inconsiderable.

The Advantages Inconsiderable, Now, are the advantages secured by using electricity sufficiently great to offset such an increased cost? It is hard to see what these increased cost? It is hard to see what these advantages are—possibly a little greater facility in regulating the temperature, less steam fitting and danger of loss from leakage of water and a few minor items of not much importance and that is all.

The comparative directness of the two systems may be shown graphically by the figure accompanying this article, in which the lines represent conditions of the energy

the lines represent conditions of the energy in the several steps of transmission, while the small circles represent the machines or appliances by meass of which the trans-formation is accomplished. The common source of heat is, or course, in both cases formation is accomplished. The common source of heat is, or course, in both cases coal and the common point to which the heat is transmitted is the air in the soveral rooms. The upper course represents the steam system, the lower the electrical plan. It will be seen that the steam system takes the heat directly to the point of application without any transformation weatever, while the electrical system requires that the heat energy must pass through three transformations, two of which are accompanied by unavoidable losses, before we can get it into the necessary form for utilizing.

Nothing has here, been said as to the relative cost of the two plants and of the outlay for wages, wear and tear, interest or depreciation, which are plainly in favor of steam. The more direct systems can never be replaced by the electric current until the problem of generating electricity directly from coal is solved and the question will even then depend on the cost of production of the current, as this element is the ultimate test by which all inventions or processes stand or fall.

Sarner's Baysar.] She_It is better to have loved and low than never to have loved at all. He-Yes. It is better for the florists, for the lewelers, and sometimes even for the