

YOUNGER THAN EVER

SARAH BERNHARDT THINKS BICYCLING IS THE CAUSE.

Looking to Bloomers—Doesn't Know Yvette—Thinks Castillane a Miser—Loves Camille—Irving Her Ideal—Talks of the Fashions.

Sarah Bernhardt arrived in New York on the French steamer La Champanne. She went immediately to the Hoffman House, where apartments had been prepared for her on the second floor. Game, a spangled, which was a member of her numerous retinue, seemed to be the attentions Mme. Bernhardt was bestowing upon her visitors. The great French actress looks in decidedly better health than she did the last time she came to this country. She has the appearance of a woman who has been in good health that she has been enjoying for some time.



SARAH BERNHARDT.

"I came again five years hence," she said, with a laugh, "I would be too young then. Americans would not recognize me. You know, I'm a bicyclist. I've found bicycling. All Paris is on wheels now. Perhaps the improved appearance people notice is due to that. I wear the costume that is most fitting for bicyclists—the bloomers—but I always ride in the Bois de Boulogne or some secluded place.

"I shall appear here in a new play, 'Gismonda.' I will produce two new plays—'Magda' and 'La femme de Claude,' by Dumas. I fear produce 'L'Artesienne.' That is not play the ladies would like. I am re-arranging 'La Princesse Lointaine,' putting new action in it. Of course I shall play 'La Dame aux Camellias' and 'Adrienne Lecouvreur.' I play it every time I come here because it was in that character I made my debut in the United States and was successful in it. I like all the characters that I play, but I do love Camille. I can cry every time I play the role. Oh, I feel the character so much in the pathetic parts of it that after while I fancy I am participating in a drama in real life. You know, there are many such scenes in real life. I added, with a suggestion of a sigh, "How long will I play here? Ma foi, no main pas." Suzanne (her company manager, a member of her company), "How long do you play here? Till the 15th of February. Upon my word, I didn't know. Suzanne, where do you go then? Canada? Oh, yes, I remember now! I will then make a tour of the United States, going as far as New Orleans. Then you go to England.

"So Yvette Guilbert is getting \$4,000 a week? Suzanne, how much is \$4,000? Twenty thousand francs. Ah, that's a big price! But I suppose she is good in her line, although I don't know her. I heard she was quite successful in Paris, but I never saw her. You see, I never go into concert halls. But I'm glad she is successful here. Got \$1,000 for a private soiree? Suzanne, how much is \$1,000? Five thousand francs! Ah, well! "But how is it, then," she asked earnestly, "that Rejane, such a real, good artist, was not successful here? I don't understand this. But the public has a riddle that she shall never solve." Yvette Guilbert said recently that Mme. Bernhardt was "passée" in Paris; that she had lost her sweet voice, and that Yvette had found it.

"What do I think of Irving's interpretation of 'Macbeth'? I can't criticize him impartially, for I simply adore him. Oh, I ad-o-r-e him! He is the acme of art. It is no longer Irving as Macbeth, but Macbeth as Irving. Oh, I adore him! Now, there is Sibly Sanderson, who is a great friend of mine. I love her very much. She is a charming girl—a charming girl. She has been very successful in Paris, and she deserves success. Massenet loves her very much too. He wrote 'Eclaircissement' for her, you know. He thinks she is a very talented woman. And she is."

"Have you met the Comtesse De Castellane?" "Often. I know her well. Do you know, she has got pretty since she has been in Paris? She is a charming woman. She is very successful socially. She has been received in the best society in Paris. She has dined with Mrs. Mackay and Mrs. Ayer and will in time have a salon of her own that is likely to become a feature of Parisian society. She is to build a house that will doubtless surpass all other private establishments in Paris. There is no reason why she should not be received in the best society of the families of France. I've a lot of matter to the effect that the comte buys his wife's wearing apparel. That is the proper thing to do, as a Parisian, you know. He knows better what is suitable in Paris than she, an American."

"It is said he is very extravagant—that he has already spent \$1,000,000 of his wife's dowry." "Lui! Mon Dieu, non! He is a veritable miser. But he is a good dresser. The reports that he was seen at the Trouville races (Ah! Ah! Yes! I've read that) in a Prince Albert mode of white linen, wearing a pink shirt, a white collar and red necktie are only big jokes.

"No, I don't believe France would form a passive alliance with Germany in case the latter went to war with England. I don't think co-operation in war between these two countries will ever be possible. But I'm not much of a politician. Yes, I have followed the Venetian trouble. We in France never thought a war possible. England would go to war with this country anyway. She is generally submissive when hard pressed.

"The new fashions in Paris? I think they are simply horrid. I don't like

GENESIS OF A SONG.

HOW "IN THE SWEET BY AND BY" CAME TO BE WRITTEN.

Its Author Tells an Interesting Story of Its Composition—Within an Hour After the Idea Came Four Gentlemen Were Singing the Song.

In Richmond, a little town of less than 1,000 inhabitants, almost on the southern boundary line of Illinois, lives the author of "In the Sweet By and By." He is a practicing physician and is under 60 years of age. The immortal hymn was written when he was only 31 and is the single song of his life.

During the civil war a wave of moral elevation and intellectual activity passed over the country. In this grand awakening of the conscience there was a flood of music—martial, religious, domestic. George F. Root and Stephen J. Foster were both writing songs that lived, and Sunday school hymns passed out of the driving period into one of elevated simplicity.

Just at this time Samuel Fillmore Bennett was graduated from Ann Arbor, Mich., and began a newspaper career at Elkhorn, Wis., on The Independent. J. P. Webster, the musical composer, was living in the same town, and it was only a few months before the editor and the musician were collaborating. The war intervened, and Lieutenant Bennett of the Fortieth Wisconsin volunteers returned to Elkhorn to open a drug store and resume his verse writing. He and Mrs. Webster began in 1867 to work on a Sunday school song-book, called "The Signet Ring," which was afterward published.

This period of his life is the most precious of all his experiences. Dr. Bennett of Natick, he told the whole story to an interested group of listeners, his eyes filling with tears as he vindicated his friend from calumnies: "Curency has been given to the shameful story that Mr. Webster was drunk when he wrote the music, and another account has it that we were both drunk. I am thankful to do justice to one of the noblest men that ever lived—a fine, sensitive soul, with the true artistic feeling. Again, it has been said that we were both infidels, and the song the ribald jest of a carouse. As to my religion, that is my own affair, but the hope and longing of every immortal soul as expressed in that song were the faith of both of us. To both creation would have seemed a farce if infinite love and immortality had not overshadowed us and promised a life of bliss beyond the grave.

"Mr. Webster, like many musicians, was of an exceedingly nervous and sensitive nature, and subject to fits of depression. I knew his peculiarities, and when I found him given up to blue devils, I just gave him a cheerful song to work on. One morning he came into the store and walked to the stove without speaking.

"What's up now, Webster? I asked. "It's no matter. It will be all right by and by." "The idea of the hymn came to me like a flash of sunshine—"In the Sweet By and By." Everything will be all right then. "Why wouldn't that make a good hymn?" "Maybe it would," he replied gloomily. Turning to me, I wrote as rapidly as I could. In less than half an hour, I think, the song as it stands today was written. Here it is:

"There's a land that is fairer than day, And by faith we can see it afar, For the Father waits over the way To prepare us a dwelling place there. On the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore— In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore. The melodious songs of the bliss, And our spirits shall sorrow no more— Not a sigh for the blessing of rest. To our beautiful Father above We will offer the tribute of praise For the glorious gift of his love, And the blessings that follow our days. In the meantime two friends, N. H. Carswell and S. E. Bright, had come in. I handed the verses to Mr. Webster, a little tremulous with emotion. As he read it his eyes kindled. Stepping to the desk, he began to jot down the notes. He picked up his violin and tried them. In ten minutes we four gentlemen were singing that song. Mr. R. R. Crosby came in, and with tears in his eyes said, 'Gentlemen, that hymn is immortal.' We were all excited, elated. Within two weeks the children of the town were singing it on the streets.

"In 1868 'The Signet Ring' was published, the published distributing circulars to advertise it and on the sheets was 'The Sweet By and By.' On the strength of that one song nearly 250,000 copies of the book were sold. The song was afterward brought out in all musical, and it has been translated into a number of foreign languages. "Webster, Crosby and Carswell are all dead. S. E. Bright of Fort Atkinson, Wis., and myself are the only living witnesses to the origin of the song."—Louisville Post.

Warriors Enjoy a Joke. General McAlpin always relishes his little joke, and he always has a good stock on hand. Now, Captain A. A. Yates of Schenectady is another great joker, and is never so happy as when propounding an apparently unanswerable conundrum. The captain's friends know this, and never lose an opportunity of bringing conundrums at him. The other day Captain Yates called at general headquarters, and had the following launched on him by General McAlpin: "Why is Police Commissioner Roosevelt like a tailor?"

Auty pondered and puzzled and finally reluctantly gave it up. "Why, that is the easiest of the easiest," said the general. "Because he made the saloon keepers close."—Albany Journal.

Married Almost Seventy-seven Years. Wayne county, Ind., probably possesses one of the most remarkable old couples in the state, or the country for that matter. They reside on a farm in the northwestern part and are John and Martha Cates. The former is 95 and the latter 98 years of age, and they have been married almost 77 years.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Matthew Arnold on Salisbury. "Lord Salisbury is a dangerous man. I know of no one, indeed, more likely to provoke shocks and collisions than men like Salisbury."—York Gazette.

CAUGHT HIS TRAIN ON HORSEBACK.

A Runaway Locomotive Had Many Sleeping Passengers in Tow.

Early one morning the engineer and fireman of the Santa Fe overland train, bound east, when near Cajon pass, imagined they saw something on the track right ahead. Thinking the train was about to be wrecked they both jumped. The engineer was rather badly hurt, but when the fireman picked himself up out of the dust he found that the engine had made kindling wood of a wagon to which two horses had been attached. Their driver had seen the headlights of the engine and had jumped in time to save himself, and the animals themselves were cropping the dried grass along the roadside, which showed that they had not been greatly disturbed by the accident.

But the train, with nobody at the engine's throttle, was plunging away through the darkness, the passengers asleep in their berths, utterly unconscious that they were being drawn by a wild locomotive. The fireman, who had been left behind, thought he would try to overtake the flying train on foot. Then he changed his mind, and, jumping astride one of the horses, he set out for the runaway train. He knew it must stop shortly, as it had to climb a very steep grade, and if the fire under the boilers was not kept up the supply of steam would not furnish sufficient pressure to keep the wheels going around. The vagrant train did stop a mile and a half from where the accident occurred. There did not seem to be any reason for an interruption of the journey just at that point, and so the conductor and brakeman hurried ahead with their lanterns to ask the engineer what had given out.

When they found the cab empty, of course the trainmen were very much mystified. They asked each other a good many questions, and were engaged in looking up theories to account for the strange disappearance of the engine crew when the fireman came loping down the hill on the horse he had borrowed. After explanation had been made, he turned his horse toward this city and brought the first tidings the railroad people had of the missing train. A hack was sent out to the scene with another engineer, and as soon as steam was raised the overland went on over the bill through Cajon pass. The same carriage brought the injured engineer to the city.—San Francisco Examiner.

ARTISTS AND TRADESMEN.

In the Early Days the Former Had a Struggle to Live.

Among the artists resident in Glasgow who had acquired before 1840 somewhat of a reputation Graham Gilbert, Horatio Macculloch and Daniel Macnee are those most widely known to general fame. To these men fell the prize of the profession such as they were at that time. Prices were then on a scale that would not please the popular landscape and portrait painters of today.

The smaller men—not very numerous, it is true, and yet some of them most deserving—had a tolerably hard struggle for existence and had to eke out their income by other work than that of regular picture painting. Macculloch and Macnee themselves made money in their younger days by decorating the lids of snuffboxes. The average painter was frequently pretty much of a bohemian, living from hand to mouth and glad to clear off a tradesman's bill by painting the portraits of the worthy shopkeeper and his wife.

One of our best known artists tells how on occasion in the long years ago when he was engaged at a sifter's house on the portraits of a successful clergyman and his family the dinner hour arrived. He was not considered a gentleman enough to be asked to take a place at the table, but to mistress of the house kindly sent to the parlor, where he was working, a plate of stewed rhubarb to keep him from wearying while the family fed.—Magazine of Art.

Is a Coquette and a Brewer.

A unique occupation for a woman is reported from Berlin. The proprietor of a large brewery there received a request from a Russian lady to be shown the interior arrangements of the brewery. After looking at various processes through which the golden beverage has to go the lady inquired for several details of the pneumatic machinery in the malt-house, which proved to the brewer, to his great surprise, that she was perfectly familiar with every detail of the entire complicated machinery. Upon inquiry it was learned that the lady, a Russian countess, had a large acreage of barley growing on her estate, and in order to increase her revenue from this source she had built a brewery, which she managed all alone. She was interested very much in the pneumatic malting apparatus because she could not get skilled labor necessary for the production of malt on her Russian estates. Tasting the product of the Berlin brewery, she stated that her own beer was not so much inferior to the German product. When a few days later the brewer received some samples of the lady's Russian beer, he pronounced it excellent and not inferior in any respect to the best Bohemian or German beer. This lady is believed to be the only woman brewer in Europe.—Philadelphia Record.

An Indian Taboo.

The penalty for violating, even unwittingly, the taboo of a gens is a visitation of sores, livid spots, inflammation of the eyes and even blindness. The In-shan-dun, or thunder gens, do not touch reptiles, toads or beetles. Some years ago the vegetable garden of the Omaha mission was visited by the potato-bog. The good missionaries in charge engaged the children in the work of extermination by offering a bounty of 5 cents a quart, solid measure, for defect bugs. As the extinction of the species became imminent, some of the young wits adulterated their bugs by the addition of spurious beetles. About this time one of the little girls became suddenly covered with sores. Her parents, hearing of it, came in consternation to the mission. She belonged to the thunder gens, and the child's bug income ceased at once. She had unwittingly been carrying on a traffic in her taboo.—Alice C. Fletcher in Century.

Understood of Slippers.

Slippers play an important part in the life of almost every man. In childhood they are laid on him; in manhood, just after he has been married, they are thrown after him, and for a considerable part of the rest of his life they are under him.—Roxbury Gazette.

NOAH'S CURSE OF HAM

POOR AFRICA FEELS IT EVEN AFTER THE CENTURIES.

The Partition of the "Dark Continent" by the Powers of Europe—But Twenty-two Million Square Miles Not Appropriated. What Each Nation Claims.

The continent of Africa has been carved out by Great Britain, France, Portugal, Spain, Germany and Italy. The area claimed by each of these is as follows:

	Square miles.	Population.
Great Britain.....	2,370,000	45,750,000
France.....	2,822,754	27,780,000
Portugal.....	841,652	8,419,000
Spain.....	281,767	47,000
Germany.....	822,000	5,850,000
Italy.....	302,000	6,203,000

Besides these appointments Belgium owns the Congo State, with a population of 8,000,000 and an area of 802,000 square miles. Turkey claims, but England practically owns, everything in Egypt and Tripoli—population 7,950,000 and area 826,000. Liberia is a black republic, with an area of 14,000 square miles and a population of 1,000,000. Swaziland, under the protection of the Boers, includes an area of 6,370 square miles and 60,000 people under a tribal monarchy. The Boer state, the South African Republic, has a population bordering on 1,000,000 and an area of 112,700 miles, within which lie some of the richest mines on the continent. There remains unappropriated a total estimated at 22,000,000 square miles.

Great Britain has been openly anxious to extend her protectorate by intrigue, stealth or filibustering, but France, Italy and Germany shall combine to preserve the balance of power in Africa further aggression on her part will be checked effectually. Numbers, it is true, are in her favor. Population to the square mile is 16 for Great Britain against 8 for France, 7 for Germany and 10 for Italian Africa. Fleets, however, and diplomatic menace will be convincing against a disparity of colonizers and natives whose fidelity cannot always be relied upon. The other partitioning powers are likely to profit by the Venezuelan contention and leave no boundary lines for future Schomburgkists to readjust or British pressure to refuse to arbitrate.—Chicago Times-Herald.

TO COLONIZE ARMENIANS.

New Mexico Capitalist Offers the Oppressed People 500,000 Acres of Land.

Anado Chavez, territorial superintendent of public instruction for New Mexico, has addressed a letter to Edward F. Cragin, chairman of the Chicago executive committee to aid the Armenians, thanking him for his suggestion of colonizing these people in New Mexico and offering to supply the necessary land free of cost. Mr. Chavez considers Mr. Cragin's idea the happiest solution of the Armenian problem that has yet been advanced. He has looked into the character of the Armenians and regards them as a very desirable class of settlers. In West Valencia county, along the line of the Atlantic and Pacific railroad, Mr. Chavez has extended landed interest, and he proposes to place at the disposal of the Chicago Armenian association, free of cost, all the land it may desire to colonize up to 500,000 acres. Or if the committee deems best to locate the colonists on public lands Mr. Chavez offers his services to enable the people to secure such locations.—Washington Post.

STOLEN, A POSTOFFICE.

Was at Top of Allegheny, Va., and Paid \$4 Per Year.

When Uncle Sam gets the present weighty affairs of the nation straightened out and can give attention to minor details of the government, some of the people living in Pocahontas county, Va., will be glad to have him scatter a few handbills worded somewhat as follows: "Lost, Strayed or Stolen.—Postoffice known as Top of Allegheny. Description: Plain county office, paying a salary of \$4 per annum. The above named postoffice has been kidnaped. Prior to 1895 T. J. Williams had been postmaster. Then he changed his residence, leaving W. F. Willifong as deputy. A few days since Williams carried away the entire postoffice paraphernalia, and when last heard from he and the postoffice were in Green Bank, ten miles away. Some of the patrons of the abducted office went to Monterey making inquiry as to how to proceed to get the office back.—New York World.

GREATER ON EARTH.

Edison Thinks We Can Beat Every Nation. His New Phonograph.

Edison, the great inventor, was recently interviewed in regard to his opinions on the war question should we get entangled in one. The reporter says: Edison was busy. He was working on a phonograph. He had been trying for 14 months to make a phonograph that would reproduce the music of a piano without a tin pan and spare drum accompaniment. He had just succeeded and was glorying in the success, finishing up the last details. This thing was fully occupying his time, but he dropped everything and talked for an hour or more about the most terrible contrivances of offense and defense.

"But there isn't going to be any war," said he. "If there is and England fights those fellows on the other side, she'll whip them, any one of them or all of them put together. She's the greatest nation on the globe except America. She's the workshop of the world, the machine shop of the earth. They can't beat her."

"But how about her commerce?" "They can't destroy it," answered Mr. Edison. "They can't know how America is the only nation that can do that. We are the only people who make privateersmen. There never was a successful privateer who wasn't an American."

"Yes, there are a lot of schemes for killing men that I've thought about since this thing began," he said a moment later, "but what's the use of talking about them? I've told of enough already to do the business. Come and hear a phonograph play the piano without sounding like a tin pan."

And Nothing Succeeds Like Success. Two weeks ago Cecil Rhodes was "unwarranted king of Africa." Now the London papers call him a "restless adventurer." Nothing in England's policy of territorial aggrandizement fails like failure.—Chicago Journal.

HAVE YOU NEURALGIA?

Something About That Maudering Ill That Flees Its Heir To.

Though it may appear strange to us who think we are familiar with the commoner forms of neuralgia, or nerve pain, such as toothache, headache and the like, it is not easy always to say whether the pain we are suffering be really a neuralgia pure and simple.

In point of fact, neuralgia is a name for a condition rather than a disease, and only implies that in the course of the nerve in question there is pain that is not caused by any disease of the parts supplied by that nerve or of the nerve itself.

The causes of neuralgia, then, are to be found in conditions outside of the trouble itself. For instance, there may be a tumor pressing upon the nerve and continually irritating it. In the same way foreign bodies, such as bullets, may set up a persistent neuralgia. Ends of nerves, by becoming involved in the contraction of a scar, may become sufficiently compressed to give rise to unbearable pain. Sometimes veins that are near nerves, or follow their course through long, bony canals, become sufficiently distended to irritate the nerve.

Or there may be poison in the blood, like malaria, arsenic or lead, which, by lowering the general vitality of the body, contributes to a general nerve weakness and irritability.

In a large proportion of cases the real cause of neuralgia is so general as to be quite obscure. The exciting cause—of occasion—a single attack of neuralgia is usually getting chilled or over-exercising the part subject to the complaint.

As many of us know by experience, the course of an attack of neuralgia is extremely varied. The pain may be continuous, remittent or intermittent, temporary or persistent, located at one spot or diffused over a large area, and may be shooting, aching or burning in character.

By way of treatment we may use locally any good liniment, blistering, hot fomentations or electricity. Iron and quinine are of the greatest value internally, especially where the system is run down or there is a malarial taint in the blood. Antrheumatics must, of course, be resorted to in cases of a rheumatic origin. In these latter cases there is nothing like absolute rest and regular and nourishing diet.

Morphine or other opiates should be used but sparingly in neuralgia, and never in cases of debility or old age.—Youth's Companion.

Who's Gambetta?

Your improvised chiefs of the national defense are simply so many 'knights of the pavement' (chevaliers du pave), said Bismarck to Jules Favre at their interview at Ferrieres a fortnight after the fall of the second empire. Bismarck was not absolutely within the truth, though he was very near to it, but in this instance he reflected the feelings of the courts of Europe with regard to the men whom we now complacently term "the founders of the third republic." Europe had heard of Jules Favre himself, of Jules Simon, of Garnier-Pagès, of Eugene Pelletan (the father of Camille Pelletan), but Gambetta, Picard, Ferry, Glais-Bizoin and a half dozen others, who suddenly professed to pick up the sword that had fallen powerless from the hands of the marshals of France, in order to stem the tide of foreign invasion, they did not know. It is doubtful whether the French themselves, outside of Paris, knew much about their self-elected would-be saviors.

When on the 5th of September, 1870, Victor Hugo, his son and daughter, Mme. Drouais, his son and daughter, Brussels for Paris, where the poet expressed a triumphant welcome, their train was brought to a stop at Maubeuge by the side of another containing part of Vinoy's army that had escaped the disaster of Sedan. Men and horses were huddled pellmell in cattle trucks, the men silent and depressed, brooding over their unexpected and blatant defeat. Hugo tried to cheer them. He leaped out of his carriage and shouted: "Vive la France! Vive la republique!" There was no response, not even when Mme. Drouais told the men who were speaking to them. On the platform, though, just as the train moved once more, a franc tireur waived his kepi and yelled: "Vive la republique! Vive Gambetta!" "Who's Gambetta? I do not know Gambetta," remarked the poet to M. Antonin Pronst, who was seated by his side.—Fortnightly Review.

Mendelssohn's Songs. Nor must we forget to acknowledge Mendelssohn's power, displayed in many of his best songs, of producing effect on the emotions of his hearers by the simplest means. It is true that many of his melodic creations have a strong family likeness, but it is none the less true that a considerable number may be extracted from his works which have a perfectly distinct individuality, which can hardly be surpassed in pure melodic beauty, and which require no elaborate orchestral framework to set them out with adventitious interest. I was much impressed by his power in this respect when turning in one during the dead period of the London musical season to a "classical evening" at one of the promenade concerts at Covent Garden.

The house was crowded in every part, and promenade concert audiences are not always very quiet, but the song "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges" was listened to in breathless silence, followed by a burst of applause and a redemand, the repetition being listened to with the same reverence as before. I remember thinking at the time that to be able to hold a large and very mixed kind of audience spellbound in this way by a perfectly simple song melody repeated in each verse without ornaments or embellishments of any kind and supported only by an equally simple pianoforte accompaniment was a test of genius not to be despised, while the applause of the "popular" audience seemed a very suitable tribute to the composer, who said in his kindly way when suggesting that the programme for a proposed concert was a little too severe in its character, "For the people have rights."—Fortnightly Review.

Cloth Made From Peat. Peat fiber can be bleached to snowy whiteness and will dye any color. One of the great advantages of cloth made from peat fiber is that it is entirely antiseptic and possesses properties which render it invaluable to parasitical organisms. In appearance the fiber makes are quite equal to the best wools and closely resemble the camel's hair cloth.

THE SEA IN HARNESS.

A MARVELOUS INVENTION FOR PROPELLING VESSELS.

Movement of Sea and Ship Compresses the Air Which Supplies the Power—Successful Test Made of Device—Company Already Formed to Exploit the Idea.

A new invention, which promises to revolutionize the coastwise freight carrying trade of the world, was successfully tested in Providence a few days since. A number of the leading men in local financial circles were present at the trial, and all were enthusiastic at the success of the device.

While many of the foremost inventors have been spending years in attempting to harness Niagara falls an old sailor has succeeded in harnessing the ocean, and, if one may judge by the success of the model, it will not be long before the cost of fuel will be one of the smallest items in the expense of running a freight steamer. At present the inventor, George W. Price, has no intention of applying his invention to the use of the ocean greyhounds, but an attempt will be made to use it upon the slower Atlantic steamers.

The invention is nothing more nor less than the utilization of the force of the ocean to obtain therefrom a means of motive power for craft at sea. If there are any two things of which there is an overabundance on the ocean, they are air and motion, and the inventor has succeeded in obtaining his motive power from these simple factors, by an ingenious device of using a swinging cargo attached to air compressors in such a manner that every motion of the vessel, however slight, whether pitching or oscillating, acts as a means to compress the air, which, being conveyed to an ordinary upright boiler, quickly attains the necessary amount of pressure, which, let into the engine, starts it in motion, and the propellers or twin screws send the craft trailing over the waves.

The details of the device are simple. The air compressors are housed on deck, and any motion of the water forces the air into them by means of a piston. In a vessel of 3,000 tons only one-third of the space would be used, and in this space there would be a large steel compartment, which would be hung on trunnions in such a manner as to meet every motion of the waves. In this 1,000 tons of the cargo would be housed, so that the cargo would provide its own motive power, and when the vessel is empty the compartment will be filled with water. In this way, the inventor claims, the vessel would not have to go into a coaling station, but little fuel would have to be carried, and the services of an engineer could be dispensed with, as a common seaman would be able to manage the new power, the turning of a screw being all that is needed to regulate the speed.

As yet the inventor has devised no scheme for storing the air, so it would be necessary for vessels to get up steam when entering a harbor. The test, however, has demonstrated that the invention can be used with the greatest success at any point not less than two miles from shore.

Mr. Price has also succeeded in putting his invention to other uses. As was demonstrated, the same power can be utilized to run a dynamo, by which the boat can be lighted by electricity, and to run the donkey engine with which the sails are hoisted and lowered.

The invention is one of plain mechanics, the force of weight and the power contained in the roll and swell of the ocean having been used to furnish the motive power. It is estimated that the cost of placing this complete device in an ordinary boat will not exceed \$5,000. It can be used in any large or small sailing vessel.

All of the stock in the present company has already been taken by Providence capitalists, and New York and Boston financiers men are already considering the advisability of forming a syndicate to control the subcompanies in this country and Europe. The company has already been capitalized for \$250,000, but the secret of the invention has been kept so close until the public test was made in Narragansett bay. The working model is seven feet long and is built like an ordinary barge. It is supplied with a swinging cargo and an ordinary rudder and propeller.

The inventor, George W. Price, was born in Smithtown, N. Y., Jan. 14, 1850. On March 14, 1864, he made his first voyage as a cabin boy, and from that time until June of last year he has followed the sea. On Sept. 4, 1876, he was wrecked on the steamer Senora, from San Francisco to Liverpool. He has also been in the United States revenue service, and his last position was first mate on the Benjamin F. Poole.

For more than ten years Mr. Price has been at work upon his invention, but early last year he made a practical demonstration of the device, and it was so successful that he decided to leave the sea and perfect his plans. His first step was to obtain the support of local capitalists, and, being a skillful mechanic, he took charge of the work of building his model, which was done at the works of the Crutcher company in Providence. Mr. Price does not claim that his invention will at present make more than from 7 to 12 miles an hour, so, while it would be of little value to the fast ocean steamers, the great saving in fuel and running expenses will make it of inestimable value to the slower ocean steamers and the freight and other vessels that are engaged in the coastwise trade. It is to be placed on the market at once.—New York Journal.

True Test of Knowledge. "Watts, you know something about this Transval affair, don't you?" "I thought I did until I tried to tell my wife something about it."—Indianapolis Journal.

Curious Duels. About eight years ago a curious duel was fought in Paris when two rivals met at the house of their divinity. After a few high words an immediate encounter was decided upon, and neither swords nor pistols being at hand two ornamental crossbows were taken from the walls of the drawing room. An adjustment into the garden was made, and in a few minutes one of the lovers was pierced in the arm by his opponent's shaft. In 1851 a still more singular duel was fought, the weapons in this case being umbrellas. After a furious struggle one of the combatants fell, run through the eye, and soon afterward died.