



CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)
"Well, Duff, what do you think of it? I knew it was only a question of how much."

"You'll never be mad enough to go?"
"I shall, and you will, too. Bah, man, are you going to be frightened about a little negro juggler? They are children, and their acts are the same."

"But you heard what she said. Those who fight against the serpent die."
"If they let him sting of course. But we shall not do that. Deffard, I have won. The day is not far off when I shall be at the head of affairs, and you shall be my most trusted chief. Yes, we will take our revolvers to-night and we will go."

They walked back in silence, while, without heeding the laughter and chatter which sprang up as soon as the two young men were out of sight, Madame sat for a time motionless and rapt in thought, her hand that stretched out upon the bar clutching the coin.

A louder burst of laughter than usual brought her back to herself, and she slowly drew in her arm, opened her hand, gazed at the coins for a few moments with her face wrinkled up into a look of disgust, and then deliberately spat upon them.

"A curse upon his money!" she said, hoarsely; "but I was obliged—I was obliged."

She turned the coins over in her hand, and her face softened into a pleasant smile as she seemed to gloat over the money just before taking out a bag, and dropped the pieces in one by one, the clink they gave making her eyes brighten with satisfaction.

"More, and more, and more," she said aloud as she replaced the bag, and then, resting her head upon her hand, she sat there thinking, while the laughter outside became more boisterous and loud. But the mirth of the black people who spent so much of their lives basking in the sunshine outside her veranda did not interrupt her train of thought, which was with Etienne Saintone and the risks he would be bound to run that night at the feast.

CHAPTER VI.

"Hallo! old fellow," cried Bart Durham, "going out? Phew!" he whistled, "What a damp!"

"Don't fool, Bart," cried Paul, excitedly. "Thank heaven, you've come."
"My dear boy, what is it? Something wrong?"

"Wrong!" cried Paul. "Read that!"
"From your sister," cried Bart, taking the letter handed to him and running through it quickly.

"Left the convent. Staying with a Madame Saintone, at the Hotel Devine—going back to the West Indies at once. My dear old fellow!"

Bart Durham caught his friend's hands in his.

"Paul, old chap," he said, "is it so serious as this?"

"Serious? Man, I love her, and she is going to be dragged away from me perhaps for us never to meet again. I've often laughed with you at these sentimental French fellows, who shut themselves up with a pot of charcoal, but I can feel for them now."

"No, you can't," said Bart, savagely; "and don't talk like a fool. You're an Englishman. But, I say, this is very absurd. What are you going to do?"

"Go to the hotel at once and see her. Come with me."

"I—really, old fellow, I don't think—"

"Lucie is there with her."

"Oh," said Bart, quickly, "I'll come. Do I look very shabby?"

"I must talk to her and persuade her not to go," said Paul, excitedly. "She must not, she shall not go."

"Gently, old fellow, gently. Your sister says that the mother has sent for her, and you know it was expected."

"Yes, I know it was expected, but don't stand there talking, man. Come on!"

Half an hour later the two young men stepped out of a facade in the Rue Royale, and after sending up their cards they were ushered into a handsome room, where a tall Creole lady, whose perfectly white hair shone like a gleaming yellow face, rose to meet them with their cards in her hand, while a pale, fragile-looking girl of about twenty also rose, and looked sharply from one to the other, and, evidently satisfied with the young artist's appearance, let her eyes dwell longest upon him.

"Madame Saintone," said Paul, quickly, and then hesitating slightly, "my sister is staying with you. May I see her?"

"Oh, certainly," said the lady, speaking in French, with a very peculiar accent. "Antoinette, my love, will you ask Mademoiselle Lowther to come?"

The girl gave her head a slight toss, then darted a keen look at Paul, and moved toward a door at the farther end of the room. Bart hurrying to open it for her, and receiving a very contemptuous bow for his part.

"Your sister is with us for a day or two to try and keep her friend good spirits. Paul's child. Mademoiselle Dulan—you—er—know?"

"Yes—yes—well," said Paul, hastily. "That is, I have seen her once or twice, when visiting my sister at the convent."

"Indeed," said the lady, with her eyes contracting, and her two lips seeming to grow thinner as a thought flashed through her brain.

But at that moment the door was reopened, and Lucie entered with her arm round Aube, pale, excited, and trembling.

Lucie fled to her brother's arms, and as she kissed him she whispered:

"Oh, Paul, darling! I made her come with me."

"Miss Dulan—Aube," said Paul, as he took both the hands which were resigned to him, cold and trembling, while Aube's dark eyes looked full in his, with a sad, desponding expression that thrilled him to the core.

Paul did not loosen his hold of those hands, but led her over to a settee, while following his example, Bart took Lucie's, making her turn scarlet, as she faltered half hysterically:

"You have come with my brother, Mr. Durham?"

"I am afraid I shall be dropped," said Madame Saintone, shrugging her shoulders, and looking meaningly at the young couples, her eyes resting longest on Paul with a slight frown; but no one spoke.

"As chaperone to Mademoiselle Dulan, I hardly, perhaps—"

"Oh!" cried Lucie, quickly, "we are all such very old friends, madame. You need not mind at all."

"Indeed," said the lady, with a forced laugh. "Ah, well! I will leave you then."

for a little while. I shall be in the next room if you want me. No, no; do not disarrange yourselves; and she swept out of the room, her magnificent silk rustling as if the leaves on the carpet were real, and dead.

"Thank heaven!" said Paul to himself. Then, leaving Aube for the moment, "Bart, old fellow," he whispered, "keep Lucie with you. I must win my darling now, or I shall go mad."

"Trust me," said the young doctor, hoarsely; and then to himself: "And if I don't make much of my chance I'm an ass. I only wish though that she was ill."

Paul was back on the settee, and Lucie not unwillingly allowed Bart to take her hand, as if he were about to feel her pulse, and lead her to a chair in a window recess, where they were out of sight of the others.

"Aube, dearest," said Paul, excitedly, as he took one of the cold hands, and gazed into the blue eyes again, "tell me, is this all true?"

"Yes," she said, almost in a whisper; "and it seems to me a dream."

"A dream!" he said passionately. "No, it is a terribly reality. Aube, I must speak out now. For years—since the first time I saw you with my sister yonder, I loved you."

"Oh, hush!" she whispered, faintly. "No, I must speak—as a man should when his happiness is at stake. Ever since then my life has gone on happily, for though I have hardly seen you, I have felt that Lucie was with you, my sister, and she has grown to like you."

"Yes—yes," said Aube, faintly. "She has written to me constantly. It was she who sent me your photograph, which has always been near me, so that I could see you and think about you, and dare to hope that some day the love which has gone on growing would be returned. No, no, let your hand stay here. Don't tell me it is presumption. For the past year I have felt that I must tell you of my love, but something seemed to say, wait, the time will come. For how could I dare to suggest such thoughts to you in your calm, peaceful retreat. And I have waited, and should have waited longer, but for this dreadful blow. Aube, dearest, give me some hope. Let me feel that you are not really mine."

She shook her head sadly.

"What?"

"How can I promise you that?" she said in a broken voice. "I have always thought of you as Lucie's brother and what is dear to her has become dear to me."

"Ah!" he cried, and he would have pressed her to his heart, but she shrank from him.

"No," she said, half reproachfully. "But, Aube, dearest, you must not—"

"What?" cried the girl, with more animation, and her eyes dilating.

"You must not leave me—Lucie, who has treated you as a sister—dearest, you must not leave me. Aube, you are no longer a girl; be my dearest honored wife. I am rich."

"And my mother—her prayer to me to join her again," said Aube, reproachfully.

"She has not thought of the danger—of the cruelty of dragging you away from those who love you. When she knows she will withdraw this terrible command, Aube, dearest, you will stay?"

She looked at him again with her large eyes full of the reproach she felt as she slowly shook her head.

"It is impossible," she said. "I must go."

"Then you never loved me!" he cried, passionately.

"Loved you?" she said, dreamily. "I do not know. You have always been Lucie's brother to me, and I would have suffered sooner than have given you pain."

"And yet—now you know all."

"Paul, brother, you are cruel to me; you will break my heart," she said, faintly, as the tears began to fall silently.

"Then you do love me, Aube?"

Her lips were silent, but her eyes, as they rested on his, said yes; and again she would have clasped her arms about him, but she shrank away.

"No," she whispered. "I must go—she has waited all these years—my mother. I must go."

"Aube!" he cried, wildly. "I shall never forget the happy days I have passed here—never forget you—never have pity on me. These partings—I am so weak, and ill, Lucie, Lucie—help me—what shall I do?"

At the first cry Lucie darted to her side, and Aube threw herself in her arms, whispering, as she laid her head upon his shoulder:

"Tell me," she whispered, faintly. "What shall I say to him, Aube? All that you have said to me—that you will never forget us, and that some day you may meet again—that you think you love him?"

"Hush, hush!" whispered Aube. "But I must speak," whispered Lucie, in a broken voice, "that you will never think of anyone but him, and that some day—"

"May we come in now?" said a sharp, thin voice, and without waiting for consent Madame Saintone entered with her daughter, who fixed her eyes in a half-mocking, contemptuous way on Paul, evidently meaning the look to be provocative, but it failed of effect.

"We are quite ashamed to have driven you from your room, madame," said Lucie, hurriedly, as Aube hastily dried her eyes.

"Oh, it is nothing, my dear. I am glad to help you all to say good-by, but our charming Aube will soon forget all this. There is all the excitement of the visit and welcome. All so new to one fresh from the seclusion of the convent. I wish you were going, too, my dear. We should be so happy. I could show you our lovely seas and skies, so blue as you cannot think, and our charming land, where our dear Aube's sweet mamma is waiting to take her darling to her heart. You will say good-by now, for we have to go to our dinner."

Aube looked wildly at Paul as Madame Saintone passed her arm about her waist, sending a chill through her as if she were the evil angel whose mission it was to part her from him she felt that she must love.

"Adieu, Monsieur Paul Lowther. I will take great care of your dear sister till she goes back to the pension—the day after to-morrow, when we set off for Havre to sail. So, be cheerful to see you all like brothers and sisters together. Adieu, adieu."

"If I am afraid I shall be dropped," said Madame Saintone, shrugging her shoulders, and looking meaningly at the young couples, her eyes resting longest on Paul with a slight frown; but no one spoke.

"As chaperone to Mademoiselle Dulan, I hardly, perhaps—"

"Oh!" cried Lucie, quickly, "we are all such very old friends, madame. You need not mind at all."

"Indeed," said the lady, with a forced laugh. "Ah, well! I will leave you then."

"To be bowed out like that," cried Paul, as soon as they were in the street. "Oh, I feel as if I could kill that woman. Has she some designs of her own?"

"Stuff, man, stuff! What designs could she have? Come, cheer up, old fellow. Some day perhaps Madame Dulan may come back to Paris and bring her daughter here. She is young, and there is plenty of time."

"Confound you! Drop that wretched stereotyped phrase about patience and waiting. Bart, she loves me. It is breaking her heart to leave me, and as for me I—"

"Look here, Paul, old man. If you talk any stupid stuff about suicide I'll kick you—no, I'll poison you myself, and bring you back again."

"Who talks of suicide?" said Paul, with his face glowing, "when life is opening to him—a very paradise which an angel will share."

"What?" cried Bart. "I say, old fellow, do come down off those verbal stilts."

"She loves me, Bart, and this business has made me certain of the truth."

"I wish you would speak plain English," muttered Bart.

"And there will be no parting, old fellow; no more sorrow."

"My dear boy, what do you mean? The poor girl must be mad."

"Yes, old fellow, and I go, too. In the same boat."

"Hatter's nothing to it," cried Bart. "You're mad as a March hare."

(To be continued.)

A ROMANTIC MINE.

The Owner Got It Through the Gratitude of an Indian.

A bit of romance will often help the sale of mining property. And it is a poor hole in which some legend or tradition does not attach.

"I think," said Col. J. J. Vroom, "that the most ingenious story to account for the discovery of a mine was told by Col. J. W. Craig."

"Craig," interrupted a listener, "was the man who sent out from Fort Union, when he was in the army, a train of four-mule wagons which were never heard from afterward."

"Craig," continued Col. Vroom, "is dead. He was buried with all of the honors. I am not telling his history, but dealing with a picturesque incident in his career. After he left the army he went into grants and mining. He told me that he won the confidence of a Taos Indian by some favors that he had done him. The first full moon of August, the anniversary of the revolt against the Spaniards in 1680, was approaching. This Indian had said to Craig that in return for his kindness he was going to reveal to him what had never been made known to any white man. On the night of the anniversary the Indian came to Craig and asked him to go with him. They went out of Taos to a hill and ascended it. The Indian pointed to fires burning in various directions, some near and some far, but without apparent significance.

"Those fires celebrate the revolt against the Spaniards in 1680," said the Indian. "They are lighted every year. To the white men they mean little or nothing. To us they mean a great deal. You have heard that when the Pueblo Indians arose, drove out the Spaniards, destroyed the churches and restored freedom, they filled up and destroyed all traces of the gold mines which were worked under Spanish dominion. That is true, but our ancestors desired to preserve for us the knowledge of the locations of those mines. So they adopted the plan of lighting fires every year when the first full moon of August comes around. This has been done for 200 years. The anniversary fires are built on the exact locations of the old gold mines. Every fire which you see burning is over what was once a gold mine. You are the only white man to whom this has been revealed."

"Col. Craig told me that he noted in his mind as carefully as he could the location of one of these fires and then went back to Taos. Some time afterward he set out on a prospecting tour in the direction of the hills which he saw the signal fire. He discovered what he believed was the place, although most of the ashes had been blown away. On that spot Craig opened a prospect hole. He sold the mine for \$15,000."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Almost Human.

We take the following from the Massachusetts Ploughman:

Farmer William H. Ellis, of Bloomingburg, N. Y., owns a little white mare called Whitefoot. Every school-day morning Whitefoot hauls Mr. Ellis' two little girls in a wagon to the school house, a mile from home, and after leaving the children there the little mare turns round and trots back to her master's house without any driver.

When the school-closing hour approaches, Mr. Ellis hitching Whitefoot up and starts her off alone for the school house and in due time she comes back with the little girls. She is so careful and expert in passing vehicles on the road that she has never had a collision or damages her harness.

On Sunday night last Mr. Ellis' hired man drove Whitefoot over to Middleburg on his way to New York. Before embarking on the cars he tacked a piece of paper on the wagon seat containing this notice: "Don't stop this mare. She belongs to William H. Ellis, Bloomingburg, and will go home all right," and then, turning the mare's head homeward, he let her go. Sure enough, she covered the distance, a long nine miles, in safety, and at a pace that brought her home in about an hour.

An Indiana Dwarf.

There lives at Marion, Ind., a dwarf, Janie Loder by name, who is 54 years old, 47 inches high and weighs about 64 pounds. She is the daughter of wealthy parents, who at death left her a fortune. Her favorite pastime is playing with children and dolls, having a family of about fifteen of the latter. She speaks of herself as a little girl, and her favorite topic of conversation is what she will do when she "grows up." One of her peculiarities is that among gentlemen friends the larger in stature are her choice. She is in good health and may live for many years.

New Use for a Coat Pocket.

A farmer at Iford, in Sussex, England, did a very common thing when he hung up an old jacket in one of his outbuildings, and when Jonny Wren came along, she saw it, and was glad for forthwith she proceeded to build a home in one of the pockets. Judge of the owner's surprise, however, when he took his jacket down, to discover that it contained a nest and five eggs.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE New York Evening Post asserts that prize fighting enjoys more real liberty in New York and Boston than anywhere else in the country.

While there are no complete statistics available, careful estimates from all possible sources of information make it probable that, at the time of the discovery, there were no more than 500,000 Indians in all North America.

The deaths always outnumbered the births in France. Since the beginning of this century the percentage of childless couples has increased from 5 to 10. The doctors seem agreed that this is generally due to gout, maybe the gout of ancestors living too well one hundred and more years ago.

MADAGASCAR has improved on the Chinese treatment of defeated Generals. Ramamonbaya, Governor of Boneni, ran away from Marovosy without resisting the French, and was burnt alive for his cowardice in the outskirts of Antananarivo. Some other Malagasy Generals are to be treated in the same way when they are caught.

The meeting of the letter carriers in annual convention in Philadelphia, reminds the Record of that city that three years ago they handled in twelve months 5,500,000 registered letters, 1,385,000,000 unregistered letters, 275,000,000 postal cards and 600,000,000 newspapers, besides collecting 2,115,000,000 pieces of mail matter. These figures are almost incredible. But then so is the country.

REV. ANNA SHAW says there is going to be a new man worthy of the new woman, no longer the prey to drinking, smoking, or the latest fashion in neckties, receiving a larger salary for playing ball than he could as a minister, but a man, always a strong moral force in this community, playing ball for recreation, and in every way fitted to walk through this world of temptations with a serene and unflinching step.

The operation of the system of paroling prisoners from the penitentiary is well illustrated by a case that came up in Springfield, Ill., the other day. Frank Evans was sent up from Petersburg for burglary. He was so well behaved at the Joliet penitentiary and made such a good impression on the authorities that he was paroled. It was but a few days until he was caught in a highway robbery at Springfield.

PROF. MOORE, the new head of the weather bureau, thinks that captive balloons can be of great use in collecting meteorological data. A North Pole expedition, by means of balloons, has been projected, and inventors are constantly struggling with flying machines. The possibilities of ballooning are just as attractive to scientists now as they were a hundred years ago, when Benjamin Franklin was foremost in predicting results, but little of much value has been accomplished.

At the recent Anthropological Congress, held in Cassel, Professor Waldeyer, of Berlin, in an address before that body, said that European boys at birth are from one-half to one centimeter longer than girls, but when fully grown the men are ten centimeters longer than the women. The average weight at birth of boys is 3,333 grammes, and of girls, 3,200 grammes. The muscles of the tongue, he said, are much more highly developed in the women than in the men—which is an unkind statement on the part of the scientist.

An authority on European affairs recently, in speaking of the Japan-China war, declared that it was easy for the Japanese to win from the Chinamen. It was simply, he added, the victory of a gamecock over a big clumsy mud-turtle, which is so awkward and slow that he can hardly get out of his own way. "But wait," declared the war prophet, "and see this gamecock when he jumps up against the great Russian bear, and you will see more feathers fly than you can shake a stick at." He says that war is inevitable, and predicts that all the feathers will be plucked off the Japanese fowl.

A FRENCH medical authority has decided that death by falling from great heights is absolutely painless. He says the mind acts with great rapidity for a time, and then unconsciousness follows; and now a scoffer has come to the front with a pertinent inquiry as to how the Frenchman knows anything about it. The argument is made that no man has fallen from the height of, say, a mile or so, and landed on the earth in a condition to tell anything as to his feelings. Most of the people who have fallen great distances have not been greatly inclined to talk of their adventures, in fact, most of them on arrival from their trip have, if any acquaintances have been handy, made quick trips to an undertaker's shop.

It may be of interest for ladies to know that one need not be very much of an heiress these days to catch a nobleman, even of some of the most ancient houses in France. Before the revolution there were some 50,000 noble families that flourished in that country, but it is said that to-day less than half of them have the means to live up to their titles, while many of them are in absolute poverty. Among the servants, artists, mechanics—everywhere there are hundreds of noblemen without means, many of whom might, no doubt, be had for the asking, by appreciable parties. The comte de St. Merdis, a cab in Paris, the comte Jean de Retz is a grave digger in the Normandie; a descendant of the "Lolois is a letter carrier in Saint-Casinas; the comte de Saint-Jean peddles mousetraps, etc. Of course, the newly rich in France are as ambitious as those elsewhere, and generally endeavor to ally themselves with some noble family; but the supply of marriageable noblemen and noblemen is not exhausted by this demand.

CLEAR LAKE, seventy-five miles north of San Francisco and 1,317 above the sea level, having its outlet in Cache Creek, a stream supplying 827,000,000 gallons of water daily, is to have its forces translated into electricity, sent on overhead copper wires, 20,000 horse power and upward, to the motors at San Francisco, besides doing lots of useful work all about the region and on the line of transit. On the way, the waste water is to irrigate hundreds of thousands of acres of land, making it bud and blossom like the rose. The water will be shot through Pelton wheels, which will be connected directly with the dynamos, the latter being among the largest and most powerful known. The transmission of the electricity under the water of the bay has been an intricate and difficult problem, but has found its solution, and now presents no obstacle of a serious character. Compared with the potentiality of Niagara, which is equipped to send abroad 700,000 horse power over its electric channels, the forces generated by the descending floods of Clear Lake are not very great, but are enough to help along the industries of San Francisco greatly, besides those subordinate and various utilities on the way. California is taking a front rank in electrical enterprises, and has enough power stored up in her mountain lakes and streams to make her one of the greatest manufacturing and industrial regions in the world, at the same time promoting her fertility in an immeasurable degree.

VIOLETS CURE SNAKEBITE.

And Rattles' Oil Declared a Remedy for Deafness.

Everybody in the upper part of New Jersey has heard of Richard Cook, the snakecharmer. He has studied the habits, peculiarities and characteristics of snakes until they are as familiar to him as the multiplication table. His home is at the foot of a mountain range about two and a half miles southwest of Glenwood and is contiguous to a number of snake dens in which are pitvipers and blacksnakes, and rattlesnakes are frequently seen sunning themselves upon the rocky slope.

Sometimes, when Mr. Cook has leisure, he climbs up to the dens above mentioned and by some hocus-pocus (he declines to tell how) he entices the reptiles from their dens and captures them alive, and the next day he puts a big boxful of the writhing creatures on exhibition in some nearby town. Many a dollar has he picked up by this means. Last year was an unusually good season, and he captured 180 pitvipers and 75 or 80 blacksnakes, one of which measured 11 feet.

It looks more like a boa constrictor from South America than a common Jersey blacksnake, and was as vicious and cunning as he was big. He would sometimes viciously enircle the body of the exhibitor until you could almost hear the bones crack. This season Mr. Cook is not devoting much time to pitvipers or blacksnakes, but has succeeded in capturing four large rattlers, from which he extracted several ounces of oil, which he has a ready sale at \$3.50 an ounce. He says that there is a growing demand for rattlesnake oil. It is said to be a swift and sure cure for deafness, and as a balm or lubricator for sore muscles or stiffened joints, is far ahead of chloroform liniment or any other remedy known to materia medica.

In regard to the poison injected by the bite of a rattlesnake, Mr. Cook said it was far more deadly in its effects than that of a pilot and required prompt attention. He had a painful but not serious experience with each, as his scarred hands testify. When bitten he never thinks of consulting a doctor or drinking whiskey, but gathers a handful of blue violet leaves and stems and, crushing them, makes a poultice which he applies not on the wound but on the swelling around it. Upon the bitten part he applies equal parts of salt and indigo. This application is renewed every half hour. Three applications are generally sufficient to effect a cure.

Mr. Cook says he has observed that all snakes lie dormant until blue violets appear in the spring and that they all disappear after the leaves of white ash trees begin to fall in autumn; and so great is their antipathy to ash bark or leaves that they will recoil from them as from fire.

Expensive Bird Skins.

Skins of the great auk are still more valuable than eggs, but the number of transactions has been very much fewer; in fact, it is believed the last one previous to the sale this year took place in 1869. This had belonged to Dr. Troughton, and he sold it for \$44. The Edinburgh Museum had an opportunity of acquiring one in 1870 for £100, but the offer was declined. However, in 1895, a fine specimen was secured for 350 guineas. The great auk preserved in the Natural History Museum of Central Park, New York, cost £180 in 1868. Previous to this the value rapidly declines, so to speak, as in 1860 Mr. Champey bought a skin and an egg for £45. It is safe to say that they would fetch ten times as much now. The skin possessed by Mr. Malcolm of Poltalloch, Lochgilphead, New-Brunswick, is thought to have cost originally, about the year 1840, only £2 or £3.

Mr. Bullock's great auk, sent to him from Papa Westra, Orkney, was, after his death, sold in the year 1819 for £15 5s. 6d., and although it was a genuine British specimen, and therefore almost if not quite unique in this respect. Yet—and this must close the summary of prices—the value of a skin in 1834 was only about £8. Truly, tempora mutantur.

Swallowed a Rock.

A cloud of sorrow hovers over the ostrich farm on the Atlanta exposition Midway. One of the finest birds lingers between life and death and his existence may end any minute.

Yesterday afternoon a great crowd gathered around the farm and a colored youth tossed a large rock at one of the birds. It hardly touched the ground before one of them swallowed it. The rock lodged in the bird's slender neck and to keep it from choking to death it was necessary to perform a surgical operation.

Dr. Cook was called and he cut the neck open and pulled the rock out. The wound was sewed up. The ostrich is in a precarious condition. The attendants do not believe that it can recover.

The only bird that sings while flying is the lark.

HORSELESS CARRIAGES.

A Consul's Report of Recent Experiments.

C. W. Chancellor, United States consul at Havre, France, says, in a recent report to the State Department regarding horseless carriages in France, that the "time comes approaching when automatic road carriages, propelled by steam, electricity or petroleum will come into general use and take away from the patient horse the worst part of his daily toil. The odds at present seem to be rather in favor of petroleum."

"A most interesting competition has recently taken place in France between varied specimens of motor carriages. The course prescribed was from Paris to Bordeaux—a distance of 358 miles—and back again, any vehicle to stand disqualifying if it consumed more than one hundred hours on the road. The big prize of the day—10,000 francs (\$1,720)—was for four-seated carriages, which was won by Les Fils de Peugeot freres, while Messrs. Panhard & Levasseur secured second place with a two-seated carriage, making the trip in twenty-four hours and fifty-three minutes."

"The winning conveyances were propelled by gasoline, and the rate of speed was about fifteen miles an hour, which is regarded as an extremely creditable performance, the long lines of hills being taken into account. These hills appear to have proved too much for the carriages propelled by electricity, of which only one got through, the others having abandoned the contest. One of the steam carriages was brought to a standstill at Versailles early in the race, owing to an accident, and the others lost time by frequent stoppages of fire and steam engines, made for the purpose of taking in coal and water. The electrical conveyances had also to stop, from time to time, to renew their dynamic charges, but the petroleum machines carried enough force for a twenty-four hours' run, and on the return journey the run was made without a single stop. In comparing the merits of the different propelling agents, the palm must, so far, be awarded to petroleum, which is clean, and can be easily carried. The ordinary feeder used for short distances contains less than four quarts of oil, which will last over a journey of twenty miles, or two and one-half hours. For long distances, a receptacle capable of holding enough petroleum for a run of at least twenty or twenty-four hours is provided."

"We hear also of bicycles propelled by petroleum, in which great interest has been exhibited, and half a dozen of such machines started in the race to Bordeaux, one, at least, holding its own among the larger vehicles. It is believed that light petroleum bicycles, tricycles and even four-wheelers will soon come into general use, which will tend to relieve lady cyclists from the necessity of wearing short skirts. Altogether, it seems that petroleum is destined to become the popular agent for solving the problem