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TWO GENTLEMEN OF HAWAII.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

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CHAPTER XV.

CONTINUED.

Gordon met me at the wharf in Honolulu.

"God bless Warren!" he said, as he clasped my hand. "All Honolulu is ringing with his praises. Dole is beside himself with joy at his success. It means so much for Hawaii. But enough of that. Your uncle is waiting for you on the porch at The Corals. He would have come to meet you, but feared the excitement would be too great."

"Dear old uncle!" I replied. "I wish Warren could do something for him. But it is mental worry that is killing him. There is no cure for that."

"But your return will do much to distract his mind."

"But for a short time only. Uncle Tom will never be himself again until Winnie is found."

Gordon said nothing. He had gotten, of late, so that when Winnie's name was mentioned his manner changed. But with the exception of the day before I left The Corals for Molokai, he did not mention the fact that he loved my sister.

It was a rapid run that we gave the horses up the Nuuanu Valley to The Corals. Minutes were precious.

When we turned in at the gate, Uncle Tom stood facing it. He saw us coming, and stood trembling with excitement, waiting for me. I jumped to the ground and rushed up to him.

He folded me in his arms and sobbed like a baby.

"Tom, my dear boy, what a day this is," he cried. "God be praised! What a glorious crown awaits Warren when he goes to meet his last reward. Oh, Tom, Tom! How I have missed you! How I have waited and prayed for this day! But Warren would not let me tell you a word of it. He said there must be no false hopes aroused—no effort made in your behalf until he was sure. Oh, he was sure! We are sure at last. Thank God!"

My uncle was exhausted, and I led him to his chair, and sat down beside him, patting his white head and speaking encouragingly to him.

"Well, old fellow, you don't need me any more to-day," said Gordon, "and I must be off. I am quite busy. I will ride up this evening, though."

"Do, Gordon," I replied; "and there is one thing I wish you would do for me. Find out if the government will sell the ground where my cottage stood at Molokai; or if not, if they will accept a proposition from me to make it a public spot."

"Dole is in a position to give you all Molokai if you want it, he is so elated over the thing. But what do you want of that ground?"

"I shall erect there a monument to Warren. I shall not wait till he dies. It shall be done at once, and it shall be a worthy tribute. I will have space left upon it for the addition of the date of his death. But upon that spot, the scene of hopeless waiting for death, and my wonderful rescue by Warren, there shall be a tribute—a life-size statue of the man, with his noble record carved in undying letters of stone. It shall stand facing Father Damien's monument. The one sacrificed his life in tenderly caring for the sufferers at Molokai; he died too soon; the other has lived to see the grandeur of the accomplishment of his life-work. What do you say to the plan?"

"A good plan—a splendid one! I'll see the secretary of the interior and fix it up. There will be no trouble about it."

"There's a monument to Warren in every honest heart in Hawaii," said my uncle. "He deserves not only our thanks, but our worship."

"And in the fulfillment of this great hope, may there not be an augury for hope that Winnie may yet be found, and that we may be a united and happy family?"

"Ah, Tom, Tom!" cried my uncle, breaking down completely. "If it could be so, if it could be so, I would die content!"

CHAPTER XVI.

From the day I returned to The Corals almost the entire management of the plantation fell to me. My uncle was too much weakened by the severe trials he had gone through to carry on the labor of overseeing the work while I was constantly gaining in strength.

On the plantation my uncle employed, beside Chinese and Portuguese, a great many natives. To these he had always been a kind friend, standing ever ready to help them in time of sickness or trouble. Most of them were old, and while still wedded to the forms of royalty and their old customs, seemed at least to bear none but good-will toward my uncle and myself.

I followed in the footsteps of my uncle.

Whenever a native was ill he always sent for me. I would go to his cottage and have medical attendance with proper care, procured at once and talk with the sufferer as a friend.

So it was not a surprise to me when my boy, Malliauki, came to me one day and said:

"Master, old Lowai wants to see you."

"Old Lowai? Is he ill?"

"Very ill, sir. He is a very old man—is Lowai."

Lowai was a native that had been on the plantation for many years. He had grown old in my uncle's service.

"I will go to him at once. Where is he—at his cottage?"

"Yes; his daughter is with him."

I had been lounging on the porch with Uncle Tom and had on slippers.

"Put on your shoes, Tom, my boy," said my uncle. "The ground is wet. I see that the old fellow has everything he wants. If he is dangerously ill, I will get over and see him myself."

"Probably only the trouble of age," I said. "Lowai is very old, and cannot last much longer."

"That is so. He was a great chief in his day."

"So old as that?" I asked.

"Lowai must be nearly a hundred."

I followed my uncle's advice and put on a pair of shoes capable of keeping my feet dry; for we had had a shower, and, as he said, the ground was still wet. Lighting a cigar and taking a bottle of wine and some dainties from the larder, I started off to see the old ex-chief.

A woman, old herself, met me at the door. It was Lowai's daughter.

"Lowai is ill?" I said, half questioningly, as I entered.

"Ah! He is worse than ill. He is in a very bad way—is my father."

"What is the trouble?"

"I know not. He tells me nothing. He lies upon his couch and calls for you. And he cries to the Goddess Pele to have mercy."

"Pele? I thought all that nonsense was done away with long ago."

"Not so. He believes in Pele. But he wants you. Will you see him now?"

"Yes. Take me to him at once."

She led me into a small room, where an old shrunken figure lay upon a bed.

So old was Lowai, that his skin was like leather stretched over his frame of bones.

He saw me enter, and smiled.

I stepped to the side of the bed and took his hand.

"What is the matter, Lowai, you are never ill."

"No," he said, with an effort. "I am never ill. I am not ill now. I am just going to die. That's all."

"Oh, no. I think you will get up again. I have brought you some wine, and Malliauki has gone for Doctor Villing."

"I do not need him. I need only you. Lowai's time has come. He knows it. He is not sorry."

I poured out some wine into a glass and gave it to him.

"Thank you," he said simply. "It gives me strength. And I need it. I must hurry. I have not long to live and, before I go, I must tell you much."

I was surprised at this. The old man was excited, and spoke as if under a strain.

"You have something to tell me—something you want done if you do not get well?"

"No. Something for you alone."

He motioned to his daughter, and she bent her head down to him. He whispered something into her ear and she went out. While she was gone, Lowai moaned and rubbed the palms of his hands together. When she returned, carrying a large bundle done up in leather, he became calm.

"Give me more wine," he said.

I gave him a glassful. He drained it, and fell back on his pillow.

He made a sign to his daughter.

"Leave us," he said.

I sat down by his bedside.

"We are alone, Lowai," I said. "You have something of importance to tell?"

"Yes. You must listen well. I must save my words. And upon your following my advice depends your happiness."

"Is it about my uncle?"

"No—your sister."

"Winnie!" I cried. "Do you know of her? She is dead?"

"No, she is not dead! She is alive—and well—but in horrible danger."

I sat stunned and chilled by the terrible words—words full of hope and life, yet laden with fear. Winnie alive, and yet in danger! Had she been secretly hidden only to be in danger now, or had she been tortured and ill-used since she had been stolen away?

My hand shook violently as I laid it upon that of old Lowai.

"Go on!" I said. "Tell me all."

"Give me more wine! I am growing weak."

Fearful lest he would not live to tell me the secret he held, I gave him plenty of wine. My heart throbbed painfully. A cold sweat poured from me.

The old chief fell back again upon his pillow with half-closed eyes. He feebly pointed toward the leather pack. He spoke again.

Old Lowai's voice was very weak. He was going fast. Breathlessly, my heart palpitating, I leaned over him to catch his whispered words.

"Guard that pack," he said, "and upon the use you make of its contents depends your sister's life."

"Go on, for Heaven's sake go on!" I said, as he paused.

"Don't hurry me. My strength is spent. If I become exhausted my secret cannot be told. Guard the pack with your very life. In it are all the vestments and belongings of a priest of the goddess Pele. Breathe to no living soul what I am about to tell you—save those to whom I send you. Do you promise?"

"Yes, yes, I promise. Go on."

"Listen carefully. There exists in all the islands of Hawaii a secret order devoted to the worship of the goddess Pele, who dwells in the crater of Haleakala. Haleakala is a dead volcano, and the goddess, having killed it, and being pleased at its shadiness, took up her abode within it. The goddess has killed other volcanoes—taken away their power—and she will continue to do so until Hawaii has no more eruptions. But the goddess Pele is a dance goddess, and we make sacrifices to her, to make her kind and gracious. Whenever an eruption of a volcano is threatened, a sacrifice is made to Pele. This calls her attention to it, and she slays the evil spirit who control the fires under us and send the lava out of the mountain. That is why every volcano speaks and remains silent each time for a longer period. Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes," I said. "But about Winnie, my sister—where is she?"

"Wait! Be patient! I am coming to that. Give me a little more wine."

I fairly forced the wine down his throat.

"Hurry! Tell me all!" I said.

"On each of the islands there is a representative of Pele, who is at the head of the secret order. This priestess is always beautiful, and as merciless as Pele herself. The rule of the priestess is absolute."

"How can these things be and the government remain ignorant of them?" I asked. "I think you are lying to me, Lowai."

The old man's eyes opened weakly; as had been lying with them half closed, and he gave me a peculiar, piercing look.

"Master, if you think I am lying, do not listen."

"No, no. Go on."

"When I am gone, and my story is told, you judge if I am lying; the secret is yours. You may follow my directions and save your sister, or you may doubt me and let her die."

"No; I believe you. For heaven's sake proceed."

"There are also priests of the order, but they are under the authority of the priestesses. There is but one priestess on each island; there are many priests. Each priest and priestess, when it comes his time to die, has the power to appoint a successor. It is for this I have called you. I shall make you my successor, and you shall go to the rescue of your sister. I am violating my vow to the goddess Pele in giving you the power to take away one of her chosen victims, but I am violating no vow when I tell you the secrets of the order, for I am dying, and I make you my successor."

"I fully comprehend," I said, and fairly panted for breath.

The old chief nodded and went on:

"The name of this order is 'Kanumilonkanilumavai.' It means 'Power everlasting and omnipotent.' As I have said, there is a branch of the order on each of the islands, under a priestess who represents Pele, our supreme being. It is with the priestess on the island of Lanai you have to do. She is fierce, warlike and the most beautiful being who ever lived. She is not dark like my people. She is like pure marble. She is immortal. You will fall down and worship her when you once see her marvelous beauty. But you must not anger Kaunai or she will slay you. She has many followers in Lanai, who dwell in the valleys, which are never visited by your people. They obey every word, every order she gives. Be cautious and obey likewise."

Lowai paused, and his heavy breathing showed how exhausted he was. I waited a moment. He stirred his head a little and pointed toward the bottle of wine.

I gave him some more, and under its stimulation he resumed.

"I have been a priest of the Kanumilonkanilumavai nearly a hundred years, and I have never seen in any island a priestess of Pele so beautiful as Kaunai."

"Never mind Kaunai. Tell me about my sister Winnie," I said.

"She is there. The great volcano of Kapateli has not spoken these many years, but the devils of the fire are getting powerful, and the rumbling noises in the crater tell that an eruption must soon come. Your sister is held on Lanai to await that eruption. When it comes, she will be sacrificed to Pele."

"Sacrificed! Heavens! How?" I exclaimed, nearly beside myself with excitement.

"Immersed in the lake of flowing lava."

"Heavens, have mercy! Winnie alive all this time and waiting for a fate like that! Why did you not tell me before, Lowai?"

"I did not know I was going to die," and he, as if that excused all.

"How can I find this Kaunai? How can I go into her presence?"

He pointed toward the leather pack.

"When I am gone," he whispered, "open that—not before. The curse of Pele will be on you if you do not obey me. You will find in there everything needed by a priest of the order. See, I give you this."

He took from his finger a massive and peculiarly formed ring, and by a gesture commanded me to hold out my finger. I did so, and he slowly put the ring upon it.

"Repeat after me," he said.

(To be continued.)

Quinine is made from Peruvian bark—the outer part of a medicinal plant, called cinchona. It was so named from the wife of Count Cinchon, of Peru, in the seventh century, who by its use was cured of intermittent fever.

EVOLUTION OF THE GOVERNESS.

Knows Art and Sciences and Has Many Other Accomplishments.

The familiar lady governess, who in [illegible] has always played such a [illegible] part, and who in real life, down to [illegible] a week would de[illegible] would [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of the family [illegible] [illegible] all ways to narrow [illegible] called chil[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with a [illegible] [illegible] and several special[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] instruction, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] funds for further [illegible] excursion at home or abroad.

Whether a [illegible] or [illegible] [illegible] she does not pretend to give training in all the arts, sciences and accomplishments as her [illegible] [illegible] was always willing to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in [illegible] and in biology, or higher mathematics and English, or German literature [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] at college. In [illegible] and in the city the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] Washington Star.

Feigning Fancy of the Hour.

Tailor made suits with [illegible] [illegible] are the [illegible] fancy of the hour. They are [illegible] for the most part with stitched bands of some light color, the material being either cloth, silk or linen. Mohair comes in for its share of attention, and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Chicago Record-Herald.

The Walking Stick For Women.

Certain [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] But inquiries and observa-

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] New York Commercial Advertiser.

To Wear a Shirt Waist Well.

Every woman wears a shirt waist, but not a great many wear it well. To look one's best in a shirt waist it must be put on properly and it must fit. If a shirt waist is adjusted properly the effect is neat [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] entirely out of place.

With the shirt waist of to-day [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Buy cheap ones, they wear and keep their shape quite as well as the more expensive varieties, and you will be able to afford it. Over your corset wear a corset cover that ends in the waist line. Then put on your shirt waist and pin with a safety pin the center of your waist to a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] but not so that it will draw. The [illegible] of the waist draw down nicely and smoothly and pin to the corset [illegible]. Then put on your skirt and after adjusting it properly pin the front of your skirt to the centre front of your waist. Your belt and collar are then ready to put on.

Not only will your shirt waist look well if the above suggestions are followed, but your skirt will keep in place.—American Queen.

The Open Sunburst.

Not golden, but black and white are the rays of the "open sunburst" which is executed in hand embroidery on the yoke of a bodice, the collar band or perhaps the "half bishop" [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with white and black, as they could not be in real [illegible] A [illegible] world of stars and suns [illegible] forth in the modern toilette [illegible] [illegible] of the pieces of embroidery are stitched with black to the gown. The skirt is probably [illegible] with a [illegible] and circular flounce, headed, yet may be sure with a band embroidered band of open sunbursts. If the effect is good on gold-colored linen it is just as effective in sea green linen.

It is difficult to devise a more cool-looking costume than one of sea green, relieved with knots of black, or tiny applications of embroidery in black and white. Such a color scheme rests the eye in the hot months when one wearies of the profusion of [illegible] and reds, cranberry pink foulards and glowing tints generally.

Landscape Gardening For Women.

Landscape gardening is a calling that must be learned the same as any other. A young man would be expected to devote some years to its study and practice before he could be intrusted with the commission of work of much importance, and there is no reason why less should be expected of a woman. Good work is demanded, and in order to meet the demand the worker be thorough [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] details, and this can only come through practical experience. If a woman has aptitude for the profession and is willing to serve an apprenticeship at it, as a man must, there is no reason why she should not undertake the work, provided she is physically strong.—Ella R. Reynolds, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

Famous Woman Archaeologist.

Mrs. Sarah Yorke Stevenson, of the Department of Archaeology in the University of Pennsylvania, has been made a doctor of science by the University. She was one of the founders of the archaeological department in the university, one of the first members of the American Exploration Society, and is a member of many scientific societies in different parts of the world.

She has been sent to Rome and to Egypt on archaeological tours, and through her co-operation with the British Egyptian Research Association, Philadelphia and the university have received valuable relics from the Nile Valley.

Bows For the Hair.

The use of pins to hold up stray hairs at the back of the head is passing out of fashion, and little black velvet bows are preferred instead. After the hairs are gathered up as if for the pin, the velvet may be slipped beneath them, and then tied in a bow.

Collars For Mourning Wear.

Pretty little collars for mourning have a black hemstitched edge and a bit of embroidery in the corners, with little [illegible] of black. The designs are pretty and fine, in butterflies, the bow knot, and others equally attractive.

BANDIT RAID TACTICS

HOW OUTLAWS RODE INTO TOWNS AND ROBBED BANKS.

Required Nerve of a Peculiar Order—Some Exploits of the James and Younger Brothers—Jesse's Famous Ride With His Wounded Brother.

"Would it ever be possible for a half dozen men to ride into a small town like Northfield, Minn., rob a bank and [illegible] [illegible]?" asked a Sun reporter of a man in New York who knew the Younger brothers and the James boys.

The question came up in a talk about the report that Cole and Jim Younger are to be paroled from the Minnesota Penitentiary, where they have been since 1876.

"Such a thing," was the reply, "could not be done so easily now as in 1876. Bank robbery requires nerve of a peculiar order. I never engaged in the business myself, but at one time in my past I knew men who did. I was personally acquainted, for instance, with the Youngers and the Jameses. Left to themselves, the James boys would never have been successful in bank robbery. They were better at holding up stage coaches and railroad trains. But to answer your question directly, the Northfield Bank affair will illustrate the method.

"The gang that rode into Minnesota did not plan any particular robbery. It was a sort of bandit's outing party. They rode into Minnesota leisurely. The party was composed of Cole, Jim and Bob Younger, Frank and Jesse James, Charley Pitts, Bill Chadwell and Clell Miller. They were well mounted.

"The Youngers were the brains of the party. They were always men of good presence. Bob was as handsome as a well trained soldier. He always [illegible] women [illegible]. Jim was the politician of the trio. He could talk to men and get their confidence. Cole was more reserved but he could have joined any church on his first application. His early training was in a [illegible] [illegible].

"These three visited some of the resorts in Minnesota before the Northfield affair came off. They learned a good deal in their visits about banks and the people, for you must remember they were away off their compass when they were in Minnesota. That's why they touched elbows with the people at the resorts. When the season was over they knew the best place to strike. They knew how to get into Northfield and how to get out of it.

"Northfield had about 2000 people. It was a quiet town. They didn't dash into it as some people think. That isn't the way raids on banks were made in those days. Bob Younger, Jesse James and Charley Pitts rode into the town first, very leisurely. They had no intention of creating any suspicion by doing anything else. It was a common occurrence for men to ride into town as they did. They tied their horses to a rack near the bank. They stood on the corner as country men do in a small town, and talked [illegible] as you and I would.

"At the same time [illegible] were taking note of the people. They tarried on the corner at the hour of noon, and after that was the time when people in a town like Northfield were at dinner. They eat dinner in such towns at noon. There were fewer people astir then than at any other hour.

"While they were [illegible] the other members of the gang, having mounted, [illegible] had some sort of signal, came [illegible] and [illegible] down the main street. These were Jim and Cole Younger, Bill Chadwell and Clell Miller. Every one of them had been with [illegible] [illegible], and as they rode they [illegible] the rebel yell. It was new to Minnesota. Naturally it startled the [illegible] people on the street. I'll venture to say that if a man should gallop down Broadway at its busiest hour and fire a pistol and yell, it would startle the crowd.

"As soon as Bob Younger and his two friends saw that the people on the street were confused they added to the confusion by yelling about shooting 'out all the street.' You know how easy it is for one man to control a panic stricken crowd. He can either make it run like scared animals, or he can, if he is cool, round it up [illegible] [illegible]. You have seen instances of both kinds here in New York.

"The cry of 'Get off the street' was a new one in that quiet town. That it was uttered by strangers made no difference. People in a panic don't reason. If they did there would be no panics. Bob Younger knew this. He and Cole and Jim planned the whole [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"The [illegible] Bob Younger saw that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and Pitts and [illegible] went into the bank. They [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] bank, [illegible] Haywood, had [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. He [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] of the vault, [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"It [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] as Bob Younger and Jesse James. The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. He drew a knife across Haywood's throat to scare him and make him open the safe. Haywood didn't scare. There are few men who will not quail at the touch of cold steel. Jesse James cursed and raved. Two clerks in the bank escaped and were shot at. Bob Younger knew this was a mistake, and left the bank. Jesse James followed, but turned, fired and killed Haywood. It was bad business. It only infuriated the town.

"There was no necessity for James's shooting after he knew the safe door was closed. Besides, the uproar at the bank gave the town time to think, and the citizens were after the bandits, who rode out of town on a gallop. Bill Chadwell and Clell Miller were killed on the way out. In this case the warning to the people to get off the street was given too soon. If Haywood had not [illegible] the warning he probably would not have given it.

"I read a statement credited to Jim Younger, some time ago, in which he said Jesse James was not in the Northfield Bank raid. I don't believe Jim Younger ever said that. There was nothing to be gained by such a statement. He knew Jesse James was dead.

"Frank James was not in the raid, but he was on guard. As the bandits [illegible] away he joined them. He was [illegible] sick, and that is how Jesse James escaped. His love for Frank was always like that a woman has for her child. He [illegible] and took Frank with him on the pommel of his saddle. In this way they rode by night and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] by day.

"Sometimes Jesse left Frank in a thicket, entered a town on his route and bought medicine, returned to the sick brother, [illegible] to him, and a night they [illegible] [illegible] ride. This was continued until they reached Missouri, and a Kansas [illegible] [illegible] took charge of Frank and nursed him back to health right there in the town. I knew the doctor well, and I had the story from his lips. His account of that ride was [illegible] the most exciting [illegible] [illegible] heard."

The Sun.

The sun is about 92,000,000 miles off. The only way of measuring the distance of a fixed star is by parallax, and scarcely more than half a dozen can be estimated that way. Suppose the sun is here in space on January 1. On July 1 he will be 184,000,000 miles over there. This is the base of measurement. The observer who wants to estimate the distance of, say, the star A Centauri, notes its position with regard to the [illegible] [illegible]. In six months he notes again and if they are separated by a different distance a so-called parallax is established and some calculation can be made of the distance of the nearest ones. In the most favorable cases this parallax is extremely slight.

What is the sun made of? The lines of the spectrum give an idea of its chemical properties, but beyond that all is hypothesis. Its substance, as a whole, is of much lighter material than the earth, but yet there may be a hard and heavy ivory pudding inside, for there is a light and thin outer coating named the photosphere. Outside this, again, reaching away to an unknown distance, is the sun-atmosphere, or [illegible] air, so to speak. The spots are rifts through the photosphere, coming and going, and some are so large that our whole earth could be put through, with a thousand miles to spare all around. When a total eclipse covers the sun, flames to the height of thousands of miles are seen out of the photosphere. The sun is 300 times larger than the earth, an easy thing to say, and yet our sun is believed to be a rather small one. The distance of stars is at least nine times as big.—The Imperial.

Areas of Future Cities.

We are on the eve of a great development of centrifugal possibilities. And since it has been shown that a city of pedestrians is inexorably limited by a radius of about four miles, and that a horse-using city may grow out to seven or eight, it follows that the available area of a city which can offer a cheap suburban journey of thirty miles an hour is a circle with a radius of thirty miles. And is it too much to expect that the available area for even the common daily toilers of the great city of the year 2000 or earlier, will have a radius very much larger even than that? Now, a circle with a radius of thirty miles gives an area of over 2800 square miles, which is almost a quarter that of Belgium. But thirty miles is only a very moderate estimate of speed, and the reader of the former paper will agree, I think, that the available area for the social equivalent of the favored season ticket holders of to-day will have a radius of over 100 miles, and be almost equal to the area of Ireland. The radius that will sweep the area available for such as now live in the outer suburbs will include a [illegible] vaster area. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the London citizen of the year 2000 A. D. may have a choice of nearly all England and Wales south of Nottingham and east of Exeter as his suburb, and that the vast stretch of country from Washington to Albany will be all of it "available" to the active citizen of New York and Philadelphia before that date.—H. G. Wells, in the Fortnightly Review.

Rare and Costly Gems.

The rarest and costliest of gems, though not always esteemed the most beautiful, are emeralds. Blood rubies, fine opals and diamonds that are pure or shed a distinct glow of blue or pink. A very perfect pearl of generous size and lustrous skin tinted a rarely beautiful golden green, was valued recently at more than $1500. A faultless green pearl is very rare.

A curious stone is the Alexandrite. It is a dark green stone that is polished, cut and set very like a fine topaz or amethyst, in large, showy rings, surrounded by diamonds. By the light of day the Alexandrite has no special beauty save its fine lustre, but directly a shaft of artificial light strikes the dull stone gleams of red flash out of the green, and under the gas or in the firelight one ignorant of this vagary would instantly pronounce it a ruby.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The geologist seldom gets rich, in spite of the fact that he is always out for the rocks.