A STEAM TRICYCLE.

SUCCESSFUL TRIAL OF A FRENCH INVENTION.

(Le Rubber.)

Mr. Serpollet's inexplosive generator was described by us at the time that it was presented to engineers and the public. As is well known, it consists of capillary metallic tube, in which water, when injected into it, is immediately converted into steam. This remarkable generator, which contains not a few cubic centimeters of water and no steam in reserve, seems to us at the very outset admirably adapted for satisfying certain exigencies, and especially those of the economical and practical propulsion of vehicles. After first operating a steam tricycle, Mr. Serpollet has within the last few years successfully constructed experimental vehicles that have many times been operated at Paris, and that in January, 1889, permitted him, in company with Ernest Archeleoun, to make a long trip to Lyons. These preliminary studies led the inventor to devise an absolutely practical type that we propose to make known to our readers.

The carriage is handsome and luxurious. The work, however, was done by one of our best specialists. It has the form of a large pinaton and is capable of seating seven passengers—three upon each seat and one upon a tracked seat put opposite. Nothing of the comfort found in ordinary carriages is lacking in this. The suspension is easy and the seats are soft. In case rain the hood in front can be put up as in other phaetons.

The generator is concealed from view. It is situated in the rear between the coal boxes, with which it is connected by two passageways, through which the fuel is fed automatically. The chimney is inverted. A similar chimney, used only for firing up, is carried in a box. The water tank is placed under the seat to the left. The supply of water permits of making a trip of thirty kilometers and the supply of fuel permits of a run of sixty kilometers. In either the fuel to be preferred is coke, on account of the absence of smoke. The total weight of the carriage, charged with water and fuel, is 1250 kilograms. It carries then seventy kilograms of fuel and ninety of water. The mean vaporization of the generator is eighteen kilograms per hour. The consumption per horse and per hour does not exceed fourteen kilograms.

The engine has two cylinders, the cranks are keyed at right angles, and the admission of steam is made at 65 per cent. The power which is that of four horses, may momentarily attain that of six. The arrangement of the transmission is such that two speeds may be employed, one for gradients and the other for leveling a level. With the latter speed of twenty-five kilometers is obtained and maintained practically upon a good road. This speed it would be impossible to exceed or even at times maintain. With the other speed the carriage loaded with its seven passengers has ascending gradients of eight centimeters per meter over heavy roads charged with patches.

Firing up is effected as in ordinary stoves, and in twenty minutes everything may be put in a state for a trip. The starting is effected by means of a hand pump. The water introduced into the generator instantly vaporizes, and the carriage begins to move. The feeding continues automatically. The steering handle serves also to regulate the speed. It is capable of making a rotary motion upon its axis and of opening and closing an orifice for the return of the water to the tank. It requires but one hand for the steering. As with stationary generators, stoppage is effected by cutting off the fuel. The most sudden stoppage is effected through a brake with a pedal placed within reach of the driver's foot. No inspection apparatus is necessary, and it is, therefore, possible (as experience has demonstrated) to travel during the darkest night with a simple lamp for lighting the roadway.

The carriage is provided with a pressure gauge, which, without being necessary, gives some very interesting readings. It renders evident one of the great merits of the Serpollet generator, and that is its capability of reaching high pressures instantaneously and without danger.

If, on throwing the carriage into gear, it is in a tight place and a pressure of 10 atmospheres does not suffice to set it running, the injection is continued up to 15, 16 or 20 atmospheres if need be, and this rise of temperature takes place spontaneously at the very moment that it is necessary, and that, too, without danger. The Serpollet generators are tested to 100 atmosphere and are registered at 91. They are tested to 500 at the works before the fleet of the administration of mines.

There is another interesting point to be mentioned. According as the carriage is running on a level or up or down a hill, the pressure, without one's having to occupy himself with the apparatus, remains stationary or decends or rises of itself, according as the motor meets with a greater or less resistance. The peculiarities of the Serpollet generator explain the facility with which a new effort may be given to the motor of the carriage in difficult passages, either for avoiding an impediment or for traversing a bad road. A simple supplementary injection with the hand pump suffices to obtain the desired effect. The pressure rises, the quantity of steam produced increases, and the new stress is exerted as if by a horse. No inspection is necessary on stopping and no obstruction occurs in the generator, whatever be the quality of the water.

Mr. Serpollet's steam carriages have been authorized by the prefecture of police to be run freely in Paris, with a single restriction, and that is they must not exceed sixteen kilometers per hour.

Mr. Serpollet was kind enough recently to offer us a seat in his first steam carriage. After taking us to the Bois, he brought us back to Paris through the Champs Elysees and the great boulevards, running his vehicle amid carriages and crowds with remarkable precision.

A Hoodoo Boy.

(Seattle Message.)

Mr. and Mrs. Stalk, who reside on Montgomery street, have a little son, four years old who is a natural curiosity. He seems to be hoodooed, or if he has issues they are rabbit's feet. He cannot stand, for his little legs are so limber he extract his body, and his weight is twenty-five or thirty pounds. He can scratch the back of his head with his foot and can sleep with his head between his legs. He can roll himself into a ball and is a wonderful contortionist. His parents come from Oregon.

THE OLD BOAT.

A warmest heat upon the shore,
The children's playground is it now;
The mossed deck is simple no more—
It lies at rest the rusty plow.

And yet it looks in bright mornings,
It shows gaudy childish vanity;
A sailor's wife treats here, and sits
Her contented life her heart regrets.

Here brown nest when dark frowns roar,
Their voyages have starts begun;
All may they keep rows true and dead,
Until their resting days are was.

For 'Tis not every craft that lies
Its calmly on a kindly shore;
And 'tis not every heart is wise
To discern joys which reach a rise.

—Emerie L. Tolmanche in Academy.

A TALE OF TURGHUELA.

"Turghuela, Turghuela!" That's where Manuel Rhodes lives, and that settles the question. I'll go and course it."

So Geoffry Dasent wrote off there and then to the colonial office, accepting the semi-honor offer of the post of government medical officer in Turghuela at a salary of £300 a year.

It could surely be only the light of Manuel Rhodes' name that would induce a man from England to Turghuela, seeing what a remote, unknown scrap of a place it is, compared with which the other West Indian isles are great continents and are with the outlook of mighty issues.

In fact, it is so small that it is not mentioned by name in "Whitaker," and otherwise Dasent had not a map than by a dim, surrounded by dots equally nameless, but all bearing the general title of "The Virgin Islands." For fertile localities it is a garden of Eden. Its miniature ranges of mountains are wooded up to the top with mahoganies, cinnamons, silk cotton trees, and palms, whose pulmy branches speak the sides in broad patches of gold. The air is thick with the scent of bananas, custard apples, sour sops and mangoes that grow round the little homesteads and the fields of tall, green canes, on the score extent the island boasts of, rivals pleasantly in the cool sea breeze. The people, too, seem picturesquely happy; the few whites in their clean dull suits and straw hats, the negro women with stately figures set off by the vivid poise of their heads clad round with handkerchiefs of gaudy red and yellow, and the little nigger children running about, with naked little bodies shining in the sun.

All of these things seemed Geoffry Dasent's delight as he landed in Turghuela and was shown round the place by the vice president of the island, a versatile gentleman combining the functions of stipendiary magistrate, registrar commandant of police and general factor in home and colonial produce, and introduced him with some Spanish affection, and put his house, his servants and cattle at the service of the new comer. Dasent was in such a whirl of new sensations that it was some minutes before he found an opportunity for inquiring after Miss Rhodes.

"Dear me!" exclaimed his new friend, "The idea of Manuel's any one being I suppose you mean Manuel Rhodes that was. She's married now. You never heard of it? A man called Conway—lucky beggar. Came over here a year or two ago as overseer on Mount Pleasant, married Maisie, and, on the death of her father, came into possession of the whole estate."

Dasent scarcely heard the latter part of this little speech. The blue faded from the sky and the glory from the little. Maisie married! A vague sense of the futility of things came over him, and he wished himself back in England. But in Turghuela he was, and in Turghuela he had to remain, and to learn the quaint ways of his cheap patients, and to fraternize with the spiritual colleague, Rev. M. Jones, who officiated in the tiniest little stone church secured sit over with the bell apple vine, and to meet Maisie as if nothing had ever caused between them, and to dine at her husband's table, and finally, to keep a stiff upper lip while working out like a man the job he had appointed unto himself.

A surprise even more disagreeable than the news of Maisie's marriage was his introduction to her husband. Mountains most sensitive, says the proverb, and then earthquakes follow. There was no earthquake in this case at Turghuela, but the two men joined issue at moments each other, until Conway put out his hand, and with an outburst of rough cordiality, said:

"Come, we mustn't be bad friends here. Let bygones be bygones."

And then Dasent had perforce to accept the olive branch proffered in the shape of the great red glazed hand, although he felt in the ashes of an ancient Turghuelan dispute burst into flame within him.

Maisie received him with a glad welcome she hardly strove to hide. She was still the same sweet, unsophisticated little girl he had fallen in love with two years before in England, in spite of a certain nervousness of maternity dignity which seemed to him quaintly incongruous.

"What on earth made you come out to this heaven-forsaken place?" she asked one day. He had been dining at Mount Pleasant, and it being long time Conway had pushed off to the works, leaving the two alone on the veranda.

"I don't—I don't think it is that," he replied, lazily enjoying the moonlight and the scent of the orange blossoms in the garden. "I had no idea that Turghuela was such a paradise—so far as God made it."

"You are so bad as a woman. You attack side issues instead of coming to the point. I asked you why you came out."

He looked up quickly at her. Her head was turned aside in critical contemplation of a twig of jasmine she was twisting, and he could see only her profile. Presently she added:

"What makes men do silly things?"

"Then it was simply jeka'ousy that brought you here?"

"As it has turned out. How have you managed to become so argumentative? When I knew you in England you were the least logical of little girls."

"I have tired many years since then. I am an old married woman now." And then, after a pause, "Why did you never write to me?"

"Why did you leave England so suddenly without letting us know? One fine day you were full of plans for exploring your rich, and then, when I had worked ten miles to see you, turned that you had sailed away on Wednesday."

"I knew," she said, rising suddenly and throwing away the jasmine stalk, "it was a mistake. I must go and see what Peter-ne is doing with that coffee."

"It was a mistake." That was enigmatical. Dasent walked homeward very thoughtful, not without certain misgivings, which the sound of Conway's voice and that of a woman, raised suddenly in angry alternates, soon made in front of him on the road, did not allay.

"You lie, you black beast," said Conway, and he now looked hardly upon the moonlight stillness.

"Whether I'm black or whether I'm another, don't make any difference. That's what people don't good enough to pull pigeons out of each people's feed. I go to them. Mr. Conway, you're real bad. When you're not drinking rum, you're hanging around respectable people's daughters, and poor Miss Maisie up yonder treated like a dog."

"Hold your tongue," said Conway savagely. "Here's five dollars."

"Not for free nor for fifty dollars. You can keep your dirty dollars," replied the indignant negroes, and then she passed as Dasent passed up.

The moonlight was too strong for two men to present and to recognize each other. They exchanged a curt good night, and Dasent went on his way.

The scrap of conversation confirmed in his mind the vague rumors that were afloat to the island concerning Mr. Conway's domestic affairs.

"It is hard enough," he wrote to his sister in England, "to see the girl one cares for married to another man; but when this man has been known to rise as a young, and shows himself now to be a drunken brute, it makes one simply frantic. And Maisie——. Well, she regrets. Don't be afraid, sis. If I felt I could not bind myself to be a good husband to her, or I should come home. But I must stay here. A man can't escape his responsibilities by hiding his head from them, ostrich fashion."

So Dasent resolved to abide in Turghuela, and see the play played out. Meanwhile he led an easy, pleasant life, as far as material pleasures were concerned. He discussed the lazy, good natured sources to their hearts' content, and gained their sincere esteem as much by his kindness as by his conspicuous ability, when he was called upon, and in his leisure hours filled the free away, fishing in the inner colored seas, playing strange Arcadian tunes on the coarse, burnt up patch of dull adjacent the parsonage, or chatting in the cool of a veranda while the tropical noonday sun was blazing. He saw as little as he possibly could of Conway, when, in his mode, tried to affect his policy of conciliation, but it is not easy to avoid meeting one's neighbor in Turghuela, and Dasent saw more of him and Maisie than was good for his peace of mind. He noticed, too, that Maisie was beginning to look haggard and anxious, as would such a spare, fretting glance she directed at her husband, and, worse than all—from a certain point of view—he saw no unmistakable light in her gray eyes when Conway had fired them of his presence. Once he vaguely hinted at returning to England. She looked at him half frightened and laid her hand upon his arm in her impulsive fashion.

"You must not go yet awhile. You must stay and help me—as a doctor—with Philip. Promise me that you will not."

One morning about a week after this he rode up to Mount Pleasant to see Conway professionally. Dogs and mules and salutations had all passed, and Dasent was to cure it, much against his will. He had scarcely hitched his pony up to the gate post when Maisie, with great, bright dark eyes and white face, with a stamp red mark across it, rushed out upon the veranda, followed by her husband. He had evidently been drinking. His eyes were bloodshot, and he was twirling a thick riding whip in his hand. Dasent sprang up the step with fury in his heart.

"Conway, brute!" he shouted, as, with a little cracking sob Maisie ran to him for protection and clung to his arm.

"Stand back, or by heaven! I'll kill you!" cried Conway, brandishing his whip. "I'll kill the two of you! You and that!"

Dasent shook himself free of Maisie and dashed his fist full in the speaker's face. Conway reeled, struck his head against the lintel, and lay stunned.

"He's dead!"

"Oh, no, he isn't. Maisie, darling, how did this happen?" asked Dasent, losing his self control.

"We quarreled because I said you had forbidden him to drink, and then—oh, my poor, poor head! help me." And she fell sobbing into his arms.

"Come, Maisie, this won't do," he said, with kind roughness. "Get your hat at once and go to Mrs. Jones. That's the only thing to be done for the present. I'll stay and look after—him."

That night Maisie slept at the parsonage, while her husband remained a sullen invalid at Mount Pleasant.

Early the next morning Dasent was summoned by a little black boy.

"Please, sir, Mr. Conway's very sick, and old Jim thinks it is yellow fever."

There was no doubt of it. The ghastly yellow face, the delirious eyes and the raging fever left little room for doubt. Dasent made a few hurried necessary arrangements in the sick room, sent one messenger off to the doctor and another with a note for Maisie, telling her briefly what had occurred and peremptorily forbidding her to come near the house.

He saw at once that it was a bad case—almost hopeless, in fact. Still his professional pride was aroused, and he intended to contest the disease desperately. He was pouring a draught of quinine down the patient's throat when the door softly opened and Maisie came into the room.

"Go away, Maisie, go at once! I'll send you news of him," he said rather impatiently.

Maisie took off her hat and threw it on a chair.

"He is my husband, and I am come to nurse him."

"It's madness. You are not strong. You will be making into certain death."

"And yours."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It's a doctor's duty," he said.

"So it is a wife's. I am staying. Just tell me what you want done and I'll do it."

Dasent could not gainsay her. He shrugged his shoulders again in token of reluctant submission.

Hour after hour during that awful illness they watched together by the sick man's bed, trying all that science and unremitting care could do to win him back to life. In his delirium he muttered things that made Dasent's blood boil and Maisie's face grow white and set. The brutal language of a man in the whip had not her still remained. Dasent was seized with a terrible temptation to let him die there and then. It was only too easy, and it would hardly be considered murder.

It seemed monstrous injustice that this drunken ruffian should live to ruin his way and Maisie's to happiness. What if he died? Who would miss him? Who would care? Who would mourn? Who would be the less still remained. Dasent was seized with a terrible temptation to let him die there and then. It was only too easy, and it would hardly be considered murder.

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