

# PEARSON'S MAGAZINE

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1899

(All rights reserved.)

|  | PAGE                                |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| <b>THE FLOWER SELLER.</b> From the Painting by J. H. Fould . . . . .       | <i>Frontispiece</i>                 |
| <b>THE MONTE CARLOS OF AMERICA.</b> Illustrated with Photographs . . . . . | <i>James S. Metcalfe</i> 343        |
| <b>THE MASTER OF THE OCTOPUS.</b> Illustrated by H. Piffard . . . . .      | <i>E. O. Weeks</i> 351              |
| <b>CLOUD SEAS.</b> Illustrated with Photographs. . . . .                   | <i>T. C. Porter</i> 358             |
| <b>HERRICK, V. C.</b> Illustrated by J. H. Valder . . . . .                | <i>H. B. Vogel</i> 365              |
| <b>FARMING PHEASANTS.</b> Illustrated with Photographs . . . . .           | <i>J. T. Newman</i> 369             |
| <b>TOBOGGANING DOWN A VOLCANO</b> . . . . .                                | <i>G. Cunningham Cunningham</i> 373 |
| Illustrated with Photographs.  |                                     |
| <b>THE LOST CONTINENT</b> . . . . .  | <i>Cutcliffe Hlyne</i> 377          |
| CHAPTERS XI.—XIII. Illustrated by Ernest Prater.                           |                                     |
| <b>THE PETROLEUM CITY.</b> Illustrated with Photographs . . . . .          | <i>Perce Perhole</i> 396            |
| <b>THE SHADOOF WORKER.</b> Illustrated by Frank Feller . . . . .           | <i>David Beddoe</i> 400             |
| <b>THE WORK OF THE BRITISH ROYAL ENGINEERS</b> . . . . .                   | <i>Marcus Tindal</i> 405            |
| Illustrated with Photographs.  |                                     |
| <b>THE ART OF THE AGE.</b> Illustrated . . . . .                           | 413                                 |
| <b>THE ADVENTURES OF SIRDAR MOHAMMED KHAN</b> . . . . .                    | <i>Louis Tracy</i> 420              |
| No. IV.—HOW HE FED CROCODILES ON THE INDUS. Illustrated by Warwick Goble.  |                                     |
| <b>"THE DOGS OF WAR."</b> Illustrated with Photographs . . . . .           | <i>Mary Fernor</i> 429              |
| <b>LIFE'S LITTLE MYSTERIES.</b> Illustrated by Tom Browne . . . . .        | <i>W. L. Alden</i> 432              |

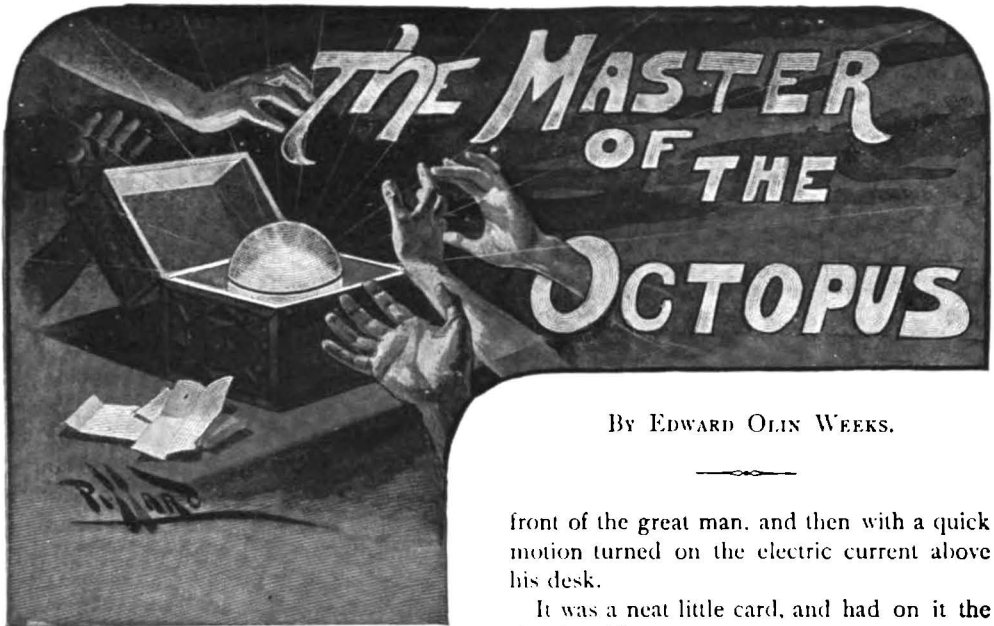
*The front cover design is from a Photograph by Lullie Garret-Charles.*

**Yearly Subscriptions, \$1.00, in advance. Single Copies, Ten Cents**

**NOTICE.**—While not holding himself responsible for MSS., drawings and photographs sent on approval, the editor will at all times be ready to consider such contributions, and where stamps are enclosed, every effort will be made to secure their safe return in case of rejection. All MSS. should be typewritten, or in very clear handwriting.

Issued Monthly by

**THE PEARSON PUBLISHING CO., 43-45 East 19th Street, New York**



BY EDWARD OLIN WEEKS.

THE Consolidated Lighting Company of America was well-known to inventors all over the land. Indeed, its offices were in a continual state of siege; yet it must be confessed that many a man only entered its portals to leave behind him the ribs and thigh-bones of his business projects. So distinctly was this understood, that a sinister legend was attached to the transactions of the company with men of inventive skill, and it came to be called the Octopus.

The man of all others that the inventors were most anxious to meet was the masterful President, who owned and operated a vast majority of the shares of the company's stock.

He was a remarkable man—everybody admitted that. His name was a synonym of commercial skill. Having consolidated everything, he had become consolidated himself, and was certainly a rare example of complete ossification of heart and head. That the "old man"—as he was often spoken of by his able assistants—should ever be unable to cope with any other man, or men, was a matter beyond actual belief.

Now, on a certain eventful afternoon the President sat in his office in the failing light. A tap on the half-open door made him look up, and a youth with a card in his hand entered. He laid the bit of pasteboard in

front of the great man, and then with a quick motion turned on the electric current above his desk.

It was a neat little card, and had on it the simple address:—

H. MOREHURST,  
Inventor of the Perpetual Lamp,  
New York.

"The gentleman desires an interview," said the clerk.

The President glanced at the superscription and then at the clerk with an incredulous smile. "This is a little too much," he said; "yesterday I had a perpetual motion fiend, and now I have another with a lamp. Does he look dangerous, or is he like the other one: mild, vague, and easily rattled?"

"No," replied Masters, the clerk, "he isn't of the same sort; he is tall, well-dressed, dignified, and exceedingly polite—a remarkable man I should say, one way or another."

"Well," replied the President, "tell the man to call again; impossible to see him this evening. Better tell him to call about two weeks later on. They often forget by that time to come at all."

The President leaned back in his chair, looking thoughtful.

His day's work was done, his mind was free for the morrow; but he sometimes wondered whether his lightning dispatch in business could keep pace with his ever widening schemes. Coming just at this



"Well," replied the President, "tell the man to call again."

particular hour, after a day of unusual mental activity, this crazy idea of a perpetual lamp, with all its grotesque possibilities, loomed up before him.

He was oppressed by the fact that he could not quite dismiss it from his mind. He felt an irritable suspicion that his nerves were getting out of order. It was, therefore, with no very good humour that he saw the clerk returning, as if with a second message. He looked sharply at the young man, who, he saw, carried in his hands a small black casket, about five inches square.

"What's that thing?" he asked harshly. "I don't want to see it. Take it up to Waxham—he's always experimenting with diabolical machines—and let him tell me what it is."

The clerk turned to do as he was directed.

"Hold on!" was the second order, given briskly, and showing that the big man was coming into command of himself again, for

no one had ever called him a coward. "Put that box down on my desk, and ask Waxham to come here, and my secretary, too."

He leaned over and looked at the little black casket.

It was exquisitely made of wood, inlaid with pearl, but showed some signs of having been used and handled.

The President drew it towards him very gingerly, and put his ear down to listen. There was no sound of clock-work, or other moving mechanism. A simple little silver hasp, staple, and pin kept the lid closed.

In a moment, Waxham, the secretary, and the clerk came up to his desk.

The President gave the inventor's card to his right-hand men and pointed to the box. "This is the very latest," was his sarcastic comment.

"Perpetual motion isn't in it," said Waxham, the Company's Expert; "if it were, we'd hear a noise."

"May be full of acids and thunderite," said the secretary; "the noise may come when the acids eat up the thunderite."

"Now what did H. Morehurst, Inventor of the Perpetual Lamp, say about his box?" asked the President of the clerk.

"He said: 'If you would open the box you would see the lamp.'" was the answer.

"The inventor is downstairs; I would propose to invite him up," said Waxham.

"Very good," replied the President; "four brave men ought to be able to face one idiot."

In a minute the clerk returned with H. Morehurst.

That he was a gentleman in every sense of the word, and in full possession of his rightful faculties, no one could have questioned for a moment.

The chief and his lieutenants were entirely unprepared for this apparition of a cultivated man, vigorous, easy in manners, with clear grey eyes shining finely under a compact and decidedly inventive forehead.

Mr. Morehurst caught the situation in an instant. He laughed with perfect good humour.

"This isn't any bomb business, gentlemen," he said; "it is all straight, innocent, and to the point. The construction of the lamp, the materials used, and how you may make another one like it will be fully explained by the inventor—for a consideration," he added abruptly, and with business-like candour.

The President and Mr. Waxham looked at one another in stupefied wonder.

The former was the first to recover.

"Mr. Morehurst," he said, "how did a man of your evident intelligence ever come to apply such a foolish designation to any mortal invention as *perpetual*?"

"Because," replied Mr. Morehurst with perfect composure, "it is exactly the term to apply to my lamp; for, unless broken by accident or otherwise, it will continue to shine for a thousand years, or, to speak more accurately, will shine perpetually."

"How long has it been burning without interruption?" asked the President sharply.

"For three years," answered the inventor, "although 'burning' is not quite the word to use, for that would imply consumption, and my lamp consumes nothing, neither gas, nor oil, nor spirits; nor is it electrical. To speak correctly, I should say that my lamp has been *shining* since I made it three years ago."

"And is it shining now under that cover, without heat?" inquired the Master of the Octopus.

"Certainly," said the inventor.

The President shook himself and rubbed his hands. "I would like to see your lamp," said he; "all this seems incredible."

"If you will allow me to turn out the light above your desk, I will show it to you with pleasure," Mr. Morehurst answered.

The inventor bent over his lamp, removed the little silver pin, and threw open the lid.

Contrary to all known rules or principles, the perpetual lamp filled the room with

light—clear, silvery light, charming to the eyes.

The Master, the Expert, and Haler, the private secretary—men who thought they knew everything about the science of lighting—were all equally amazed.

They stood up, and, pressing closely about the desk, examined the lamp minutely. It seemed (like all wonderful inventions) to be a very simple affair.

The casket was of ebony, with a deep lid, and to the solid bottom of the box was securely fastened a beautiful drum of silver, capped by a dome of crystal glass. Inside the dome was a bulb, also of glass, and firmly attached to the crown of the silver drum; and in this bulb, hermetically sealed, a radiant vapour, emitting a flood of light.

The experts looked and wondered, and were silent. But the Master rubbed his hands with positive pleasure. All the latent resources of his mind became alert and active, and while Waxham was still in the fog of wonder, he was mapping out and planning the conquest of the industrial and commercial world. At length, almost unwillingly, he turned his eyes from the Perpetual Lamp, and looked with sparkling interest at its inventor.

"This is very good, very good indeed, Mr. Morehurst," said he; "and is your invention covered by patents?"

"Not yet," the inventor answered; "it is simply a secret, known only to myself."

"And what method can you take to satisfy me that this light is perpetual?"

"I will leave it in your hands until you are fully convinced."

"Very well, that will be satisfactory," assented the President.

"I will call for it after a time," said the inventor, with careless indifference, rising to take his departure. "But let me warn you first that this is the only model I have, and, therefore, great care should be taken that it may not get broken. And let me add," he continued, "that there is nothing in that drum to generate the vapour. If the drum or glass should break, the vapour would escape, and that would end the exhibition of light."

"Have you no more definite address to

give than that on your card?" asked the Master of the Octopus. "New York is a big place, you know."

"It is not necessary; I will surely come for my pet;" and, with a polite good evening to all in the office, the man who had stolen the sun's light passed quietly down the stairs.

The great establishment was closed as usual for the night; and yet for several hours thereafter the chief and his aids continued to discuss the wonders of the Perpetual Lamp.

Eventually the President directed that a compartment should be cleared in his huge fireproof safe for the special reception of the lamp.

The others observed that he set the combination for the lock himself, instead of leaving it to Haler, as was usually the case.

The fact was significant of the value he placed upon the discovery, for he had always left the enormous secrets of the safe in Haler's charge; however, he was

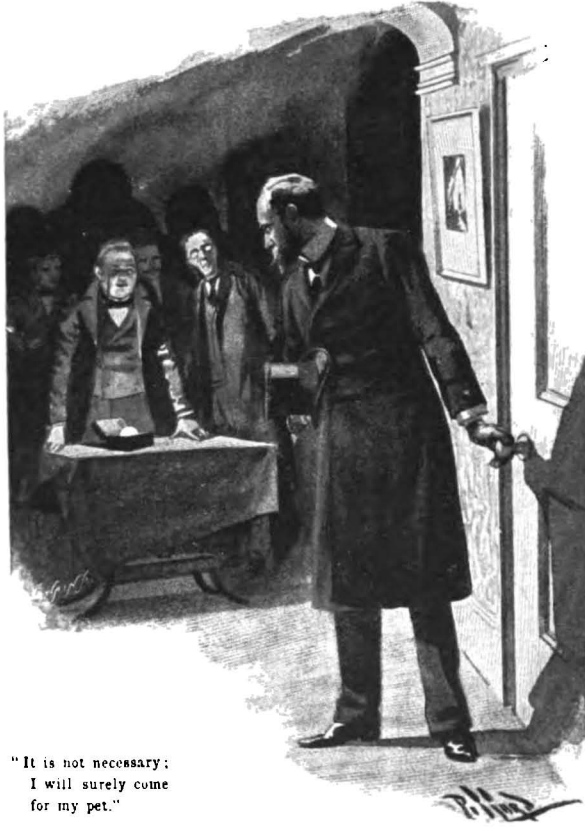
perfectly frank about the matter. He wrote the combination on a slip of paper, and then told Haler to make note that he had placed the slip in one of the pockets of his memorandum book for personal safe keeping.

He did this, he said, because he thought the precaution was justly due to the inventor of the lamp.

The time to go had come, and the chief paused for a moment while he looked around him upon the expectant faces of his

assistants. They knew that on an occasion like this it was often his habit to do them some unusual favour, perhaps to bind them more securely to his purposes.

"Haler," he said, "tell the cashier tomorrow morning to increase your salary and Waxham's and Masters' by 10 per cent.;" and then, with a hearty good-night, he hurried down to the *coupé*, which had been waiting for him, and was driven home in an unusually exalted frame of mind.



"It is not necessary; I will surely come for my pet."

On the following day, with his office door closed and locked, and Haler and Waxham at his elbow, the President looked once more at the shining bulb, and marvelled over the simplicity of the invention.

He saw clearly enough that the constructive cost was small, and that the selling price, even at an enormous percentage of profit, would still make it the most economical light in the world. He had wrestled with the giants—the gas com-

panies, the electrical concerns, the oil magnates—but, with this thing assured, how could their battalions face his fire?

The perpetual lamp in private houses, public buildings, cars, steamships, streets, municipalities, would make all the great lighting companies stagger and fall. He gloried in his chances, and gloated over the little lamp, which was to make his fame even more widespread.

In a few days, somehow, the news, more

or less vaguely, got abroad. The stock of the Consolidated Lighting Company of America rose in the market at a fabulous rate. There were bidders by the thousand, and no sellers. The gas companies, the electrical concerns, the oil magnates, all heard rumours of impending doom.

As fast as the stock of the Consolidated Lighting Company of America went up their stock went down; while trusty scouts who were sent out returned with almost unquestionable reports of lamps which burned night and day and would continue to burn perpetually with the transmitted glory of the sun.

The cables carried the strange news to Europe, and there, too, the great interests assailed began to tremble and cast anxious eyes towards America.

While all these strange sayings were disturbing the commercial peace, the one and only little Perpetual Lamp continued to shed its undiminished lustre upon the Master of the Octopus.

The more he thought and the more he worked the better had he become satisfied that all his plans were well laid.

He had wanted time before the inventor came again to fix all his connections; and now that his patent lawyers and his best experts and his most skilful mechanics had all been taught their parts he began to look forward to the inventor's visit with much anxiety.

Not even Waxham, with his ferret eyes and years of technical study, could offer the slightest idea as to how the vapour in the bulb was generated. Eminent scientists called in, in consultation, knew no more than Waxham; they were amazed, and declared readily enough that the world was just beginning to learn the secret of the sun.

So the President waited for the inventor, but the inventor did not come. In the flush of the new enterprise, the President had hardly had time to think or consider that such silence and inattention upon the part of an inventor were most unusual.

But now when he was ready and eager for the visit, the passing hours seemed weeks and the days were like months.

As the days lengthened into weeks, and the weeks into months—still without an encourag-

ing sign—the Master of the Octopus admitted that for once he had been beaten by an inventor.

The rumours about his failure to meet the enemy grew exasperating, until at last, to silence rasping tongues, he showed to a few select reporters for the press the perpetual lamp; and then the gas companies, the electrical concerns, and the oil magnates shook with fear and trembling again.

This widely published notice of the lamp, he thought, would certainly recall the inventor to his own, if alive; nevertheless, another fortnight went by, and he did not come, and in bitterness of spirit the President gave him up as dead. Indeed, he wished that he himself were dead. These months of delay and torture had broken his spirit and injured his health. The regular business of the company was suffering as much; everything had been planned for a change to the perpetual lamps, and the continued postponement had harmed the company's legitimate trade.

And now, when almost all hope had been given up, Morehurst came! At the same time in the afternoon, without prelude and without apology, he handed Masters his card and expressed a desire to see the President.

Masters flew up the wide stairs; he rushed into the office of the President without ceremony; he threw down the card, and his eager "He has come!" was heard by every person on the floor. Haler hastened to his chief, Waxham came down—a hundred curious eyes watched to see the inventor ascend the stairs.

Masters hurried below to invite him up—all were eager to see the features of the remarkable man who had startled the world with his stolen sunlight. His face was as calm, his manner as collected, as on the former occasion; but he saw before him the wrecks of the men he had left on that eventful night.

The President stood up feebly to welcome him, Waxham looked at him with feverish eyes, and Haler shook so that he was obliged to be seated; Masters alone was active and exultant.

"Why, how is this," said the inventor, "has a sickness swept your ranks?"

"Not actual sickness," answered the President fretfully, "but mental sickness, delay, annoyance. Where have you been? We are ready and willing to buy your lamp; name your price."

Morehurst sat down and looked at the men before him attentively.

"I wish to be honest," he said; "I will explain the construction of the lamp, I will sell you the model, I will give up all right and title to it for just what the experiment has cost me, namely, \$30,000."

"Masters," said the President, "go to the safe and take out thirty bills of one thousand dollars each, and give them to Mr. Morehurst."

The inventor put the money carefully away in his pocket.

"That little lamp," said he, "cost a fortune. Pass it to me, and I will explain how it is made."

Turning the lamp in his hand, the inventor thought for a moment.

"You will all recall," said he, "when I mention it, the familiar experiment of the diamond inclosed in a cavity in a piece of soft iron, the orifice being stopped with a plug of the same metal; then the mass was embedded in a combination of sand and crucibles, and the whole exposed to intense heat; when examined, it was found that the diamond had disappeared and the iron had turned to steel.

"By this simple test it was ascertained that the ugly fragment of black coal and the magnificent diamond are twin carbon-brothers; and it is not too much to say that they both contain the stored-up energy of the sun. Am I right about this, Mr. Waxham?"

Waxham nodded; he could not speak. To his astute intellect, the generation of the luminous vapour in the drum and bulb of the little lamp began to assume a more definite hypothesis; but the President and Haler did not suspect what was passing in the mind of the company's expert. The first experimental cost of an invention they regarded as of small consequence when warranted by eventual results.

Before them they saw shining the modest little lamp, simple in construction, and yet

more potent for light than the powerful dynamo running with lightning speed in the basement of their building.

If Morehurst had asserted that his outlay had been \$100,000, that amount to them would have seemed a mere bagatelle.

"Then, so far," said the inventor, "I have made my meaning clear.

"Well, to proceed, we also know that if a diamond be placed in a glass vessel containing oxygen gas, and then subjected to the intense heat of a large convex lens, or burning glass, the diamond disappears, and there remains in the vessel carbonic acid instead of oxygen.

"Now, while this test proves, as did the first one, that the diamond, like charcoal, is pure carbon, it also proves that the gem may be vaporised.

"All my experiments were made with the purpose of vaporising the diamond by a new method, for I believed that the vapour so obtained would have the illuminating nature of the sun.

"To be brief (for the rest is merely a matter of written specifications), I succeeded in my endeavour, and the proof of my success is this perpetual lamp."

Morehurst paused impressively, handled the lamp with evident affection and regard, and then passed it over to the President with a sigh of sorrowful regret.

"It is entirely your property now," he said, "but you must pardon some show of feeling upon my part when I say that."

The President smiled uneasily as he accepted the lamp; he began to see the issue of the affair.

"Mr. Morehurst," said he decisively, "let us come to a conclusion. What was the cost of that lamp, and what would one or more like it cost?"

Mr. Morehurst reflected. He seemed to be making a very careful, mental computation.

"The cost of that lamp," he answered very deliberately, "may be figured in this way. The mere drum, bulb and case are not worth mentioning; but to generate the vapour in the lamp required four fine diamonds of the first water, and for them I paid \$7,500 apiece. One or more lamps of the same power would cost, per lamp, fully as much!"

For a minute there was not a sound in the room, save the ticking of the clock above the mammoth safe.

Even Masters, who, with boyish carelessness, had not figured out the drift of the matter, now understood the case.

The silence was oppressive. Over the President's desk swung a magnificent electric lamp, noted the world over for its superb light.

As if to relieve the others, Mr. Morehurst spoke again, with his eyes fixed upon this lamp.

As he spoke, the men who listened saw a change pass over his face. A cold gleam flashed from his eye, and on his handsome lip was a curve of triumph.

"By the way, Mr. President," Morehurst said, "that grand lamp over your desk (the sole property, I believe, of your company) was the invention of my sister's husband. He never received a dollar for it, and they both died in poverty. Please remember that fact when you gaze upon the light of your innumerable perpetual lamps."

With these words, reaching out for his hat and gloves, the inventor bowed to the assembled gentlemen and quickly left the office.

For fully five minutes not a word was said.

The President's face was pallid; Waxham and Haler—who knew all about the stolen invention

—felt exquisite twinges of remorse, and no one cared to speak.

Near the President's elbow stood the little perpetual lamp, shining like a jewel.

Its new owner made a nervous motion with his hand, and by so doing brushed the fragile object from the desk.

It fell to the floor with a crash, and its beautiful light went out for ever! The President of the Consolidated Lighting Company of America barely noticed the accident.

"Masters," he said, rising to his feet, "you may go home with me to-night; I'm not feeling well. Haler and Waxham, you'll have to run affairs for a few days, until I am able to attend business as usual."



"Masters, I'm not feeling well."