WITHOUT HORSES.

SOME HORSELESS CARRIAGES EXHIBITED IN ENGLAND

By the Modern Solomon—A Road Exhibition Impossible in England—Omnibus to Seat Five—A Petroleum Bicycle—Carriages of Every Style.

I took a run down to Tunbridge Wells the other day, not for the drinking of the waters, nor even with the object of seeing the very pretty little town which nestles there in the hollow of the hills, but for the purpose of witnessing an exhibition which I thought might be of interest to our numerous readers. This was a show of carriges without horses, and it was not a bicycle exhibition either.

Tunbridge Wells is a watering place about thirty-five miles from London, which one day had its vogue, but now is seldom visited, although perhaps its waters have not lost whatever efficacy they once possessed; nevertheless healing properties were perhaps the least important of the factors that went towards the making of a mineral spring in England. Tunbridge Wells has run down at the heel merely because royal favor has been withdrawn from it.

Now in Germany, where thy take their mineral waters seriously, and actually be-

HORSELESS CARRIAGE TO SEAT FOUR.

lieve in them this state of things does not obtain. There are many popular health resorts on the continent that have never been patronized by royalty. In England all this is different. A history of the various health resorts of Great Britain would give one a history of the kings who have ruled over the country. The study of the health resorts would afford one an insight into the petty jealousies from which even monarchs are not free. No king or queen would put up at a health resort that his or her predecessor had made popular. One monarch gave the vogue to Tunbridge Wells, another to Brighton, another to Epsom; another to Bath, and so on down the list. As England has had many monarchs she has accordingly many health resorts, for, when once the place got its boom, as it were, it kind of held on, up to the present time. Bath, for instance, being situated in a dry spot on this damp little island, has retained its hold upon the people, although no king has lived there for years, except Clark Russell, the king of sea story writers.

The Tunbridge springs were discovered in 1606 by Lord North, and at that time the surrounding was a forest. In 1630 Queen Henrietta went to Tunbridge Wells, and that at once made the place. For a long time, however, it was a unique resort which might well be copied in these modern days. A great many cottages were built near the wells, but they were all movable. These huts were rented by men

HORSELESS OMNIBUS TO SEAT FIVE.

of fashion from London for the season, and whenever a person got tired of his near neighbor, he could have a horse hitched to his cottage and change his location. A man could thus live in the wilderness in peace and quietness, or move out into the main street just as suited his purpose. It seems to me that a watering place conducted on this principle nowadays would be a distinct boon and would be nearly as good as camping out.

Tunbridge Wells has always been a favorite resort, and Lord Macaulay has written very favorably of it in his history of England, and besides liked to take a run down there himself whenever he got the chance. Samuel Johnson liked the place, and so did Garrick and Richardson and Cibber.

Tunbridge Wells lies in a hollow of the hills, and all round it are woods and fine estates. A broad park or common, right in the center of the town, adds much to its attractiveness, and the walks about are extremely beautiful, with their views over hill and dale. From the old church at Frant, two or three miles from Tunbridge Wells, is one of the finest views in England, overlooking a fine extent of country with shining blue lake in the center of the picture.

There is a grave in Frant churchyard that always appealed to me. It is the grave of a young man of twenty who died a hundred years ago somewhat tragically. The epitaph on the tombstone says that the foot-stone of the grave falling from the church tower killed the young man.

A PETROLEUM BICYCLE.

And so, in the eternal fitness of things, they have made the stone the guardian of the unfortunate youth's resting place, thus anticipating Mr. W. S. Gilbert's Mikado, in making the punishment fit the crime.

But I went to Tunbridge Wells, as I have said not to see the place, but to witness an exhibition of horseless carriages gotten up by Sir David Solomon, who, like his namesake of old, is evidently a wise man and sees into the future. Not long ago there was a road race of horseless carriages from Paris to Bordeaux and return in France. It was a long journey and the race was won by a carriage worked by a petroleum engine, which made quicker time on the high road than the usual French expresses do on the railways. In England the law makes such a road exhibition impossible. The law says that any carriage not drawn by horses must be preceded by a man carrying a red flag and that it must not travel faster than two miles an hour. This law was evidently framed with an eye towards the crushing steam roller; nevertheless, it prevents any steam or electric vehicle running on the queen's highway, and the wonder is that it did not step in in time to prevent bicycling. There is an agitation just now in England to have this law repealed, and doubtless, it will be repealed ultimately. As it was, the exhibition at Tunbridge Wells could not take place on the high road, but was held in the agricultural grounds, which, with its damp, sodden grass, was about as poor a place for such an exhibition as could well be imagined.

England, of course, is far in the rear in the invention of machines of this kind, and accordingly only one English carriage was to be seen there, which was more than ordinarily clumsy and by all odds the poorest vehicle on the grounds. All the rest were from France, and some of them were very neat carriages indeed, without any perceptible machinery about them that would show that they were not to be drawn by horses. The one steam carriage exhibited could hardly be called a success, as every now and then a cloud of steam and smoke enveloped the carriage, which made it rather uncomfortable for the occupants. The petroleum and naphtha engines are evidently the practicable and workable machines of the future; although the advance of electricity may yet oust the petroleum engine from its place. No electric motors were shown at work there, however, and so one could not judge. The carriages worked by petroleum engines, it was said, would run 200 miles without needing a fresh supply, and the cost was something like a cent a mile.

A bicycle, made in Paris, was shown worked by a petroleum engine, and these are said to be becoming very popular in the French capital. There was also a tricyle worked by the same means, although a person had to do some pedalling at the start and also to work with the feet when going up hill. These machines did not look as cumbersome as might have been expected.

My own idea is that the tricycle and bicycle of the future will be fitted up with storage batteries that will be, as it were, interchangeable and that all along the main travelled roads a person can get a charge battery in exchange for his exhausted one, just as now a fellow can get drink at various refreshment places, which, in a way is a kind of physical storage arrangement for putting new energy into the cyclist.

Although England made such a poor show at this exhibition of road machines, she claims to have been the first to introduce a practicable horseless carriage. In 1827 a steam carriage was run in Regent's Park, and about the same time another ran, carrying passengers, between Paddington and the Bank, charging twelve cents for the trip.

If America takes to the invention of horseless carriages she ought to make the business hum. The machines shown at Tunbridge Wells cost, they told me, from $800 to $2,000, so there ought to be a good margin of profit in the making of them. By and by when the United States quit fooling about trivial questions as the presidency, the silver question, the tariff and such, and turns its attention to the real live and important problem of good roads, there ought to be greater future for horseless carriages. Several of those on exhibition, made in France, had no difficulty in going fifty miles an hour, and a carriage that can run along like that, only needing filling once every 200 miles, is going to be no unimportant competitor of the railroads.—Luke Sharp.

Discovery of Lithography.

Next year a century will have elapsed since the discovery of the art of lithography. The story goes that the originator of the art, one Senefelder, was a young actor of Munich, who, having written one or two comedies, and not having the means to publish them, was trying various methods of engraving his works, by etching them on copper plates, with a view to becoming his own printer. But, as his writings had to be executed backward on the plate in order to read forward when reversed in printing, he was obliged to practise his back engraving on some cheaper substance than copper plates.

Accordingly he produced some pieces of smooth, soft stone, which he found to be a suitable material for his purposes. In his etching experiments he made use of an oleaginous, inky compound, capable of resisting the acid in the etching process. On one occasion he was desired by his mother to make a list of articles about to go to the laundry, and, as his most convenient writing materials were one of his stone slabs and his etching ink, the list was duly made out upon stone. When the time came to rub it off, it occurred to him that by eating away with acid the parts of the stone uncovered by the writing ink, so as to obtain the writing in relief, he might be able to print from it. This he succeeded in doing.

Improvement followed discovery, and, having devoted considerable attention to the perfection of a press and suitable printing appliance, Senefelder got a partner with some means to help him, and in 1796 published his first lithographs — some pieces of music.

Excavations at Pompeii.

Excavations at Pompeii have, for many years past, been progressing slowly under the superintendence of the Italian Government. Some 80 men are now at work clearing away the debris from the ruins on the side of the town nearest Mount Vesuvius. Quite recently the workmen unearthed a house, not perhaps remarkable for its size, but containing objects of great interest and beauty. Eighteen fluted columns supported the roof of the great central hall and all are little worse for their long repose in the dust and ashes. Seven of them are now quite perfect, though it is evident they have been restored to some extent.

The walls are decorated with frescoes similar to those with which all visitors to Pompeii are familiar. Their great charm is their freshness and wonderful richness of color. One little painting of a cock-fight is especially interesting, as giving a hint at the sporting proclivities of the owner. Some pictures, representing fruit, fish and game, are surrounded with festoons of flowers. Fresh as these paintings are, a few months' exposure to the air will probably do them more damage than their centuries of burial.

"His Sisters and His Cousins."

It is getting to be quite a matter of course that every new author should, after securing his own welcome, introduce to us some relative or other who likewise writes. This was the case with Craddock, and Harding, Davis and Kipling, and it again proves true with the author of "Dodo," who now makes us aware that he has a sister, and that she can perform a little on the pencil, as Dr. Holmes used to say. Miss Margaret Benson, daughter of the Archbishop of Canterbury, is too delicate to have done much literary work as yet, or to have effected more than a promise of possible ability. She was obliged to spend the whole of last winter in Egypt for her health, and is not at this time recovered so that she does not still betray her invalidism in her looks and habits.

THE ARTISTS' COTTAGE

By HENRY S. BROOKS,

Author of "Dona Paula's Treasure," Etc.

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I have lived all my life in Seaport, a little town on our north coast. Father was a clergyman, pastor of the First Congregational church. Never was there a more faithful man, and never had spinster a more devoted helpmate. There was a residence attached to the church which was called "the parsonage," and there we lived for many years until father and mother died. Father was greatly beloved by all his congregation, but he was not a popular preacher. Why he was not I have never been able to analyze. Mother, who was very clever, used always to read his sermons. She declared that from a literary standpoint they were beyond criticism; but when father delivered them they sounded like something that one had heard over and over again, which, of course, was not the case, for every word of them was original. Father knew this defect of his delivery, and for years made the most painstaking effort to master the art of eloquence, but he was never successful, and I always thought, after he decided it to be in vain, that he bore the aspect of a defeated man. The congregation was very poor, and that being the case it is needless to say that we were still poorer. There are never many rich people in a small seafaring town. There were only two rich men in our congregation, and as they had become rich by a long life of resolute refusal to spend any money, even upon themselves, they might as well have been poor, so far as we were concerned; but they were worthy men, and I may say here I am well aware there was not an unworthy person in the church.

There were three of us children, my sister Phoebe and I and Edmund, our brother. I was the oldest, Edmund, or Ned, as everybody called him, the youngest. He was a handsome, gallant boy. We all pinched ourselves dreadful to get him through college, but we were all so proud of him and so hopeful of his future that our little sacrifices never appeared to us in the light of self-denial. Once only I felt it, when he complained of my dress, one Sunday, as we were about to start for church. "Why don't you look smart, you and Phoebe," he said, "like the rest of the girls?" When I told him that gowns were very expensive, he answered, "Well, even if they are, there is nothing to prevent you from having them cut right; they needn't be as straight in the back as a deal board." Just as though the material was everything and the cost of making nothing. That is all a man knows about it.

This remark, which I could never forget, was made in summer. In winter we could get along well enough. There were no heart-burnings in winter, but when the stylish summer visitors appeared and took possession of the town, our church included, then we all felt our trials. Father never worried about his want of eloquence in winter, but when the clergymen from the cities arrived and took turns to preach in his pulpit, the church being crowded almost to suffocation, I could see that he weighed every word and tone they uttered and labored constantly to discover the secret which enabled them to attract the people and render themselves popular and influential. We also concentrated our attention upon the same problem, but there seemed to be no key to its solution. Eloquent they were most certainly, many of them, but as unlike as possible, and mother declared them to be—nearly all at least—"florid and superficial." But to see the contribution plates after collection, heaped up with bank notes. They are a most generous people the summer visitors, I will say that for them. On one occasion I can positively declare that I saw a fifty dollar bill in one of the plates! Just think of it! Why there have been some seasons when we did not collect fifty dollaars during the entire winter! Of course that wonderful generosity of the visitors did not help us, personally, in the least. Those contributions were made for the heathen, or for the several charities, or to assist a new church or mission.

Still, it was trying, to some of us, at least, to see this superfluity of wealth, the more especially because the summer taxed our resources to the utmost, while at the same time we received nothing from its abundance. Our house was then always full of visitors—one or more of the summer clergymen and any poor members of our church in good standing who chose to remain with us. Nearly every summer Phoebe and I roomed together in order to have one spare room more, so that it was really quite a relief to us when the beautiful summer days came to an end, and the first of the cold rain storms announced the approach once more of the long, dull, trying winter.

We never could understand why Edmund, with all his college education, never could find profitable occupation; but it is certain that he never did. He was a high-spirited generous boy, always full of the fortune he was going to make for the family, and particularly of the manner in which we girls were to be arrayed when his ship came home; but because of his inability to find suitable occupation, he drifted into bad company, and one day he shipped before the mast, and that was the last we heard of him for many years. That broke mother's heart; she was never very strong and the very first winter following we buried her.

I can scarcely remember when it was that we girls took seriously to painting. We were both of us somewhat gifted that way. One summer a poor artist, of all men, took refuge with us! He was a man of exceptional talent, who afterwards made a great name. He soon detected some of our crude efforts, and to our surprise praised them. He insisted upon taking us with him and made us work by his side, out of doors, from nature, constantly. I developed what he termed "a remarkable gift of color," and Phoebe took to animal painting in emulation of Rosa Bonheur! I know now that we really had exceptional talent, although, but for his efforts most certainly it would never have been developed. His encouragement and example kindled our ambition, and the hope of achieving some sort of pecuniary independence nerved us to perseverance. Before the artist left he painted us a picture. After he became famous we learned that it was very valuable. Phoebe and I still own it. We would not part with it on any account. That was the only acknowledgement we ever received from any source, although we girls were frequently taxed to the uttermost during our dear father's lifetime.

When father died it became a serious problem how we should make a living. We could not continue to occupy the parsonage, of course. Poor as the living was, there were many ready and eager to obtain it. Still, it had seemed like ours, and we never realized how absolutely destitute and homeless we were until called upon to surrender it. We had been painting and decorating a little for the Decorative Art Association, or "Woman's Exchange," as some people call it. The remuneration we received was very trifling, but it was, at least, better than needlework or any occupation we could obtain in Seaport which we could consent to accept. After leaving the parsonage we rented a couple of rooms at the extreme north end of the town, near the beach, and there we began to paint small studies of landscape and marines, Phoebe sometimes indulging in animal painting for which she had a passion, but which appeared to us both like dissipation, because no one could be induced to buy such pictures. The landscapes and sea bits we placed in the book stores for sale to the summer visitors at prices ranging from $2.50 to $10. When we received $10, which was very rarely indeed, we felt that we were on the high road to wealth.

Three years after our father's death we were still very poor, but we had saved a trifling sum and felt safe unless sickness or some extraordinary misfortune should overtake us. One evening Phoebe was reading the paper aloud when she stumbled upon a paragraph announcing the extraordinary success of Sidney Herbert, our poor artist friend, in New York. He was now rich and famous, it appeared, and a member of the Academy! "Why not write to him," said I, "and send some of our best works. You have three or four excellent animal pieces, and we can both send two or three marines and landscapes. He was always very kind and grateful to us and perhaps might do us a good turn. I am perfectly certain that our work is worth ten times the price we are receiving for it here, but we can never do better unless we are so fortunate as to be appreciated at some great art center." That was the first daring suggestion. It was long before we could gather sufficient courage to carry it into execution. Nothing we had on hand seemed good enough to encounter the criticism of an academician, or the probably scornful inspection of the New York dealers. So we devoted several weeks to painting masterpieces, and certainly succeeded in producing far better work than we had ever done before. Finally we forwarded six pictures to Mr. Sidney Herbert, accompanied by a long letter, telling him of the death of dear father and mother, and the sad fate of poor Edmund. We requested him to sell the pictures for us, if possible, at the best price attainable, telling him at the same time the poor prices we received at home, and our modest confidence that we ought to realize something more for our conscientious work.

It was a month before we received any reply, and we had almost given up all hope of hearing from Sidney Herbert. "Why should an academician care to interest himself in the fate of two poor women?" we said again and again; when one afternoon we received a letter bearing the New York postmark, which for a long time we had not the courage to open. Then Phoebe, with trembling hand, extracted the letter from the envelope, and on opening it, a check fell to the ground, folded! I am constitutionally a coward, but was the first to seize that check, and unfold it. It was for $900! Nine hundred dollars, think of it, for two poor women who had been glad to get $10 a piece for conscientious efforts! But the letter, oh, the letter! Blessed be the name of Sidney Herbert, and of the august academicians for ever. A large number of them had passed judgment upon our work, he said. It seemed good, critical, intelligent judgment, calculated not only to help, but to encourage us. The picture dealers, whose names he enclosed, would gladly receive our work, he wrote, and we could rely absolutely upon their integrity and best efforts in our behalf.

That was the foundation of our pretty "Artists' Cottage." We did not call it the Artists' Cottage. It was our townspeople, who are now very proud of us. They cannot afford to buy any more of our pictures, but much of our early work is still here, not to be bought at any price—so at least they declare.

Edmund returned about two years ago, his dreams of fortune faded, but he is still the same dear bright enthusiast. He has settled down to the study of the law, and living with us, our happiness is complete.

Frightening Children.

Not long since a little child was taken seriously ill, and the doctor was sent for. The moment the little one knew that the physician was expected she went into the most violent attack of crying and semi-hysterics. When she heard his voice at the door it threw her into convulsions, and so severe were the paroxysms that it was feared she would never come out of them.

The astonishment of the family knew no bounds until they discovered that the nurse had been in the habit of telling the child that if she was disobedient the doctor would come and cut her up into little pieces.

She had never been ill before, and, of course, knew nothing of physicians. It took a long time and much labor and trouble to disposses her mind of this unreasoning terror.

A great many children have been seriously injured by frights of this kind and other sorts. The parents themselves are not always blameless in this particular, for they sometimes make threats. They tell the youngsters that the dark will get them or something equally wicked or cruel. The result is that they bring up a race of timid, shrinking, cowardly children, who are good for nothing for many of the extremest emergencies of life.

Cowardice can be cultivated as easily as any other faculty, and this characteristic in this practical world of ours, is very sadly out of place.

Friendship of Christ.

"Any man, any soul, may have the friendship, or His words are without meaning. His heart aches with pity for our loneliness and for the poverty that we misname riches. He will listen to what we have to tell Him; He will take what we have to offer Him, however simple the story, however humble the fare. And He will give to us the heavenly food wherewith His life was sustained—the meat that men know not of. They who have set wide the door of their being to Him have caught from the presence of this divine guest their first hint of the possible rapture of living; they have had in the face of Christ their first true glimpse of God."

Don't say cunning for small, smart for bright or quick-witted, 'cute for acute.

Don't say had rather, had better, for would rather, would better.

Don't say above seven, but more than seven.

MONT BLANC'S OBSERVATORY.

All the Delicate Astronomical Instruments Carried Up.

The highest permanent astronomical observatory in the world—on the summit of Mont Blanc—was at last completed and fully equipped with instruments a few days ago. There has been a temporary station there for some years, but the instruments have been small and of little power compared with those now in place. The establishment of this observatory was a task which at the outset seemed impossible, and the obstacles which M. Janssen, who headed the quartet of French astronomers, had to overcome, was unparalleled. Mont Blanc is nearly 16,000 feet high, and its ascent, even under the most favorable conditions during the summer months, is difficult as well as dangerous. The transporation of many heavy and delicate scientific instruments to the top of this loftiest mountain of the Alps was therefore a labor so great as to seem beyond the range of possibility, yet it was accomplished without the loss of a single life. The telescope and the other instruments had to be taken to pieces before being carried up the precipitous mountain sides; even then some of the packages weighed a hundred pounds, and most of them about fifty.

One of the guides who assisted in the work holds the record of having made the ascent more than five hundred times since the beginning of of his professional career, and it was he who found recently the bodies of the Austrian professor and his two guides who lost their lives not long ago.

In place of being entirely movable about a pivot, like ordinary telescopes, the telescope on Mont Blanc is fixed and directed towards the polar star. A movable mirror placed near the lower opening enables the observer to study whatever star he wishes, its image being thrown upon the glass. This makes necessary a protective cupola of comparatively small dimensions.

The particular advantage to astronomers in having an observatory at such high altitude as this one lies in the transparency and purity of the atmosphere. The study of the stars, however, will not be the sole task of the observers, for some of them will devote themselves especially to meteorology as on the summit of Mont Blanc, says Prof. Janssen, they will be in the very origin of atmospheric phenomena.

A Bicycle That Fits in a Valise.

A Frenchman has invented a bicycle that can be taken apart, packed in a valise and carried, it is claimed, with ease and comfort whenever the wheelman is travelling by rail. If the wheel breaks down on the road the rider can uncouple the parts and carry it slung over his shoulder. The machine is not built for fast riding, but only for ordinary road work. The wheels are 11¾ inches in diameter, the toothed wheel which communicates the power from the pedals being nearly as large. The horizontal bar is in two parts, which are securely screwed. When this bar is unscrewed the machine is in two parts, the first step toward packing. The saddle is removed and the handles are taken off. The four pieces are then packed into a valise measuring 23½ inches by 15¾ by a little more than 8 2-5 inches. The whole weight of the machine is 18¾ pounds. If the wheelman breaks down on the road he divides his machine into four pieces and balances the parts over his shoulder with a padded strap provided for this purpose. The inventor insists that this is a great deal better than having to hold a crippled machine up and trundle it. The machine can be put together or taken apart in about two minutes. The pedals are so close to the ground that the rider can at any time come to a stop by putting a foot to earth. For this reason there is said to be little danger of a serious accident with this wheel. It is asserted that a single revolution of the pedal will drive the wheel 15 feet and 6 inches, which is not bad traveling for a roadster. The machine is quoted at a comparatively low price, and the replacing of the tire is much less expensive than in the case of a larger wheel.

SOME SAYINGS.

Look out for satan. A biler allus busts in its weakest pint.

Prejudise is a good frend, but a mitey bad enemy.

I never no which is the wust, pride fur fancy dress, or pride fur plain dress.

Sayins 'thout morels are like morels never sed—no good.

Charity begins at hum. Sumthin must a damed the stream purty near the head, fur very littl of it ever gits away from its startin' plut.

A man what won't tell the truth without his oth, mite furgit how when he's took his oth.

Honesty's the best policy, if it wuzent I wudent pursoo it.

Dide—The man hoo luved his nation az hizself.

A mother's love is pure—selfishness.

The man wot dize hiz mustac only deceives hizself.

All roads lead to heaven—except them what don't.

Whisky is a long-winded rasler. After a man has downd it a good meny times, it usually throws him at last.

Selfishness is like asbestus, it don't ware out.

You can't walk thro smut without gettin' black.

I'm allus a leetle suspicious of the man wot knows everything.

The man what holds onto a thing, cuz hiz father did, ort to mo hiz wheat with a sickle, and rock his babes in a sap troff.

Tradition iz good enuf in its place, but its place is 100 miles west by west from the west coast of Urup, and sixty fathums antipodeanically.

His Only Magic.

The old story of the Irishman who, when he was asked how he played upon the fiddle, answered, "Be main strength, be jabers," is outdone by the answer of a celebrated violinist to a lady who asked him the same question.

"Oh, signor!" exclaimed the fashionably dressed lady, with a gushing air, "by what magic do you evoke such divine strains from your violin?"

"I have no magic, madam," answered the musician, bluntly. "I have nothing but the bow and my hand."

Realistic.

Painter A.—I have just finished a portrait of the professor, and when his wife came to see it yesterday she thought it was really her husband. Painter B.—Indeed! You know my picture of Hercules? Well, last week I thought I would touch up his nose a little, and directly I put my brush on it he sneezed!