Great City of London Wants a Sabstitute for the Vehicle That Wounds and Kills.

London is sorely in need of a public vehicle to supersede the bansom cab. The streets of the metropolis are more slippery and more crowded than those of any other city. Horses drawing hancom cabe are notoriously prone to atumble on the shiny surface of our asphalted and wood-paved thoroughfares. And when a hancom cab horse falls the passenger has little chance of eccaping injury.

He is generally flung head foremost over the "curtain" on to the body of the horse, struggling frantically on the ground. If the window is down he is thrown through that as well; if the window is up, the sudden stoppage of the cab frequently brings it sliding downward with such force that the glass is shivered into pieces, and the sharp dragments isocrate his face and head.

An authority who has spent years in studying the question of street passenger traffic mentioned several cases to a Daily Mail representative where hansom cab passengers known personally to himself have had glass extracted from the face, head and Begs in consequence of the horses' merely slipping.

Another fruitful source of accident In the kicking in of the footboard by a restive horse. The apfinters are showered into the passenger's face; as in the other cases he has no means of escape, for if he attempted so jump out he would probably be struck by the lunging hoofs of the horse.

In fact, no matter what the mature of the accident, the hansom cab passenger is perfectly helpless.

The authorities appear to be realfring what a real danger the hansom cab is. The latest figures obtainable from the commissioner of police show that in 1899 licenses were granted for 340 fewer hansoms than In 1898 and 366 fewer than in 1897.

The covered van, against which an agitation is afoot, is regarded as the most deadly rehicle in the streets. Now, in 1899, the hansom injured 1,404 persons, compared with 948 hurt by the covered van. The latter, however, caused 46 deaths, while of the hansom's victims 18 died.

The continent will have none of the mansom. It is practically unknown dn Paris. Berlin and other cities in Erance and Germany. The popular public conveyance in those countries is the victoria. This style of carriage has not one of the disadvantages which we have shown the hansom to possess. It is airy, elegant, safe and speedy. Moreover, it is cheaper to

Mr. Ernest Windover, chairman of Messrs. C. S. Windover & Co., Limsted, the carriage builders of Longmere, informed a representative of the Daily Mail that victorias suitable for public hire, fitted with rubber milires, could be built for 110 guineas 🚁 sach, while a hansom costs from 125 Jac 3to 130 guineas.

"The only drawback the victoria has," said Mr. Windover, "is that it occupies three feet more space than the hansom. But this slight disadvantage is, in my opinion, more than compensated for by the safety of the wictoria, its greater comfort and bet-

ter appearance." Another style of vehicle which is recommended to take the place of the hansom is called the broughamhansom. There are already a dozen on the London streets, and the fact shat they are seldom disengaged is a sure indication of their popularity. No harm can befall a passenger in Athis carriage as a consequence of the horse falling. The driver sits behind. In hot weather a large window in the front can be let down, in addition to the side windows, while in ordinary conditions a small shutter supplies

all the ventilation needed. But it matters little what type of varriage is adopted so long as it is mafer to ride in than the present y hansom, which slays its score of people annually and injures many hun-

Can Animals Cryf Lady Burton says she has seen horses in the Syrian desert cry from thirst, a mule cry from the pain of an injured foot, and camela shed tears in streams. A cow, sold by its mistress who had tended it from birth, wept bitterly. A young soke ape used to cry from vexation if Livingstone didn't nurse it in his arms when it asked him to. Wounded apea have died crying, and apea have wept over their young ones alain by hunters. A chimpanzee trained to carry water juga broke one, and fell a-crying, which proved sorrow, though it wouldn't mend the jug. Rats, discovering a young one drowned, have been moved to tears of grief. A giraffe which a huntaman's rifle had injured began to cry. Ben lions weep for the loss of their young. Gordon Cumming observed tears trickling from the eyes of a dying elephant. And even an orang-outang, when deprived of its mange, was so vexed that it took to crying. There can be little doubt, therefore that animals do weep from grief, or pain, or anpoyance. - Cassell's Little Folks.

Billed Attractions, Stranger (at restaurant, reading from bill of fare). Give me some -chicken croquettes.

Walter-Very sorry, sir, but there ain't none.

"Then give me oyster patties." "Extremely sorry, sir, but we have only roast beef, corned beef, and istewed beef to-day."

"But where are all these things that I see on the bill of fare?" "Ther're on the bill of face siz."-Marlem Life.

PSYCHOLOGY OF TIME.

Esplanation of the Early Rising. Problem by Concentration of the Mind.

"The other day, while looking over some old newspapers in a musty collection which I own," remarked a scrapbook fiend, "I happened to glance at an article headed 'The Paychology of Time,' and I thought I had found something that would partake of the beariness of a treatise by Porter James Mill or Herbert Spencer, or some other intellectual giant whose musings on psychological questions are of a high rank. I found instead that it had reference to a very commonplace thing, but still a thing which is scarcely understandable from the viewpoint of the layman," says a writer in the New Orleans

Times-Democrat. "Even psychologists have not explained it satisfactorily. Why is it that some men can awake at a certain time, almost on the last tick of a watch? I can do it without being able to explain why it is. If I make up my mind at night to wake at six a. m. I wake up promptly at that time. Now, why is this? Other men can do the same thing. There are men, however, who cannot, but this is beside the question. The fact that the time is fixed in one's mind is, of course, the starting point.

"But what force recalls the fact at six a. m. or at the hour agreed upon for waking when one falls asleep? I have a theory of my own, and, while it does not solve the problem, it may stimulate speculation and wiser heads may pull away the mystery of it all. It is wound up to go off at six a. m. just like an alarm clock. Certain processes will have to intervene. Things happen in the brain in regular sequence, and in spite of the fact that sleep is a state of restfulness and relaxation, there is continnously certain molecular activities going on in the lobes of the brain.

"These activities are aggravated and become more intense in dreaming, when the pictures of things remembered becomes more vivid, and when fragments are sometimes thrown together, presenting the grotesque and unnatural things which are so often seen in dreams. Six a. m., is the mental picture. It is stored in one of the cells of the brain. At the appointed time it recurs, and the picture is thrown out vividly, and one is immedi-

ately aroused. What causes the recurrence on the instant is unexplainable except on the hypothesis that even in aleep one listens unconsciously, if I may say it, and the intensity of the impression six a. m. makes the mind more sensitive to sound waves and thus the delicate vibration of the last tick on the hour calls the picture up from its hiding place, and we rouse from our slum-

IN OLD-TIME CARDLAND.

Gamos Played with the Pasteboards-Gambling in England Two Hundred Years Ago.

After the advent of the house of Hanover, the favorite games at court were "quadrille," an improvement of "ombre," and "commerce." The gains and losses of the kings and queens were as a rule restricted to 100 guineau, but on twelfth night it was customary for thousands to change hands, says Longman's Magazine. On one occasion Lady Cowper, a lady in waiting, refused, for the sake of her children, to take part in the game, as none sat down to the table with less than £200. About the year 1740, a rage of "whisk," or whist, set in, but at first it was considered too wise a game for ladies to join in. Hume, the historian, never went to bed without his whist, and even the great Johnson regretted that he had not learned to play cards. In 1742, "Horry" Walpole finds it absolutely necessary to learn "whisk," "having " waited in vain for its being left off." We find him in another letter threatening to build an alter to "Pam" to commemorate the escape of his charming duchess of Grafton, who, it appears, had been playing cards in Rome, when she ought to have been at a cardinal's reception, where the floor fell in and all the monsignors were precipitated into the cellar! Cards were so very much en evidence in his time that even invitations were frequently issued and notes written upon the backs of playing cards, which on that account were usually plain without any design. The chevalier's famous order to retreat at Culloden was written on the back of the nine of hearts.

A fresh attempt was made in 1739 to remedy the state of gambling in England by passing an act which provided that "any person keeping a house or other place to game in forfeits £200, half to the prosecutor and half to the poor of the parish." Whereupon two ladies of title, Mordington and Casselia, who kept open houses for gambling, claimed their privilege of peerage in order to intimidate the peace officers from doing their duty and suppressing the public gaming houses kept by them.

Too Realistic Altogether.

The drama has sometimes a curious effect on the mind of the people, and an incident proving this occurred here recently. The drama "Inez de Castro" was being played by a Lishon tournee company at Evora. In the fifth and last act Inex is cruelly murdered by three men, who stab her and her children to death in a most harrowing manner. This aroused such indignation in the hearts of the occupants of the gallery that a party of them waited at the stage door for the murderers to come up, and attacked them with sticks and bludgeons, to the great dismay of the actors.-Lisbon YanTAVERN TIMES IN THE WEST.

Thus of Forty Years Age That Diepeased Much Respitality and Had High Sounding Names.

There were stage coaches and tavern days in the western states 40 years ago. But while these still 'exist in some parts of the country, and in England, one would look in vain to find either now in the states where they used to be frequent and numerous, says the Chicago Chronicle.

Here and there 40 years ago the traveler found men and women of dignity and stateliness who seemed to belong to an older country. They were people who stood upon the heights of honor. A man's word was his bond, and the stranger who passed over the threshold of the home far removed from what was then the center of population was entitled to the confidence and protection of the owner until he proved himself unworthy.

As the new country filled up later from immigration, and the population became more diversified, the old types gradually passed away. They moved out into the greater west, and were finally lost.

But to return to the times and places when and where they lived when Indiana and Missouri were called western states. Pleasure travel then was confined to steamboats. When a man left the river and traveled inland he went by stage. Towns were far apart, and so it came

about that taverns intervened. At these the traveler got out to eat and stretch his legs, while the driver of the stage watered his horses and readjusted the harness and baggage. The tavern was usually nothing more than an ordinary house, but before each, swinging from a tree or pole, was the same sort of sign seen in old English towns, on which, after the name of the tavern, always a name of pretension, were the words:

> ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAN AND BEAST.

There are not many persons living who recall these places and signs in the far west 40 years ago, because the new country which was opened up in later times wiped out old customs and manners, whereas in New and Old England the same customs and manners still exist in many

The landlord of the western tavern was always a man of influence and pretension. He usually wore a high hat, carried a cane and took sauff. The latter was generally affered to the weary traveler who halted for the hour. In exchange for the latest news from "down the river" the landlord told the traveler something of the next town and the people whom the traveler was journeying to

If the stage came to the tavern at a late hour in the night, as it often did, the driver called out his long "hellow" until it awoke the help in the tavern. This was always a darky, who came out with a lighted tallow candle in a tin lantern.

When the traveler left the stage and entered the tavern the landlord was on hand to greet him, and if the traveler was "inclined" the landlord invariably produced a bottle of applejack or peach brandy from the sideboard. This was the landlord's cheer, and the guest could offer no insult greater than a proffer to pay. If there were any "lady travelers" they were shown to the room of the wife of the tavern keeper, who, instead of offering tea, ordered the maid to bring in hot rum, spiced.

After this hospitality the travelers resumed their journey. The darky with the tin lantern stood in the doorway until the stage rumbled away in the night, and then the tave ern lights were out.

Some of these taverns stood on the river wharf-the steamboat landing. If the stage arrived in the night the travelers were quickly informed, as nearly as the landlord could reckon, about the time when the next packet was due, bound up or down.

The tavern by the riverside in the western town 40 years ago was known to every boatman and traveler. What the tavern lacked in those modern conveniences now required by travelers was made up for by hospitality on the part of the landlord and his wife, which, like the taverns themselves, long since perlahed from that part of the earth.

The names of some of these western taverna, as recalled by the man who tells the story, were the Orleans, the Oriental, the Raleigh, the Traveler's Rest and, most frequently, the Mansion house.

The Gold of the "Dead Rivers." Among the remarkable geological features of California are the gravelly channels of ancient streams, known to miners as dead rivers, which often contain gold in paying quantities. The rivers ran generally from north to south, and some have left beds more than two miles in width. Some of them, after their waters had disappeared, served as channels for lava, which hardened over and concealed the gold-bearing gravel. Particular attention is -8 present being paid to mining these deposits. In prospecting them, "melon-seeds" of gold, varying in size from minute grains to particles a quarter of an inch in diameter, are found. The gold was brought down by the vanished rivers from the mountain ledges.-Youth's Companion.

His Experience. His Friend-And you can't get monsyed men to consider the matter? The Promoter-No. Money talks, but I've found it a mighty poor liePRATTLERS IN COLORADO.

Cowboy's Trick of Slieing Of a Saake's Head with His Kuife When It Strikes.

"Did you ever see a cow puncher kill a rattlesnake with a knife?" asked a Colorado citizen now in town, relates the Chicago Inter Ocean. "When I first went west I punched cattle on the Sunset ranch, one of the largest in southern Colorado. I was a tenderfoot, fresh from the east, but no swell head about me. This saved me a lot of trouble. Among other things I learned how to kill a rattler with a bowie knife. I killed one with a knife, to make my standing good, but after that a gun or a pitchfork was good enough for me.

"Dick Haynes was a young daredevil who would go out of his way to play with a rattler. I have seen him kill at least a dozen with a knife, and I saw him when he got such a close call that he dropped the game and used a gun forever after.

"We were out together one Sunday. It was warm, and as we rode he fanned his face with his sombrero. Suddenly he clapped his hat on his head and started his bronco on a lope. 'Watch me get that pison,' he shouted.

"Fifty yards to our right was a rattler. It was trying to get away, but we headed it in an instant and were off our horses. It immediately coiled. and then I saw the biggest snake I have ever seen. It was a diamond rattler and about 20 years old. It had the ugliest head I ever saw, enormous in size, and with a mouth that reminded me of a bulldog's jaw. Dick stopped just long enough to size up its length so as to get an idea of its spring, and then went in on it. He reached the knife nearer and yet nearer to that swaying head. I knew he was getting too close, but I feared to speak to him. Then came the strike, with that marvelous dart of speed. Dick's knife flashed and the snake lay squirming, a headless thing, upon the ground.

got me in the thumb." 'We jumped for the saddles and started on a mad run for home. Dick rode with his thumb on the saddle horn and his knife in his other hand. "'If she begins to swell, off she

"'Let's get to camp,' said Dick; "t

comes,' said he. "We reached the ranch and while Dick poured down whisky we examined the thumb. We could find nothing, not the slightest wound. The snake had struck the handle of his knife and the strength and suddenness of the impact made Dick lose his nerve. It was a good thing for him. He never went after a rattler again without a long 44."

HE WAS BIG BROUGH.

Def of a Plucky Street Gamin That Aroused a Man's Sease of Humor.

He wasn't very big, but he was a sturdy little chap with a face that bore the marks of much thinking and premature responsibility. I learned afterward that he was supporting a crippled mother and an invalid sister who had been left helpless in the world by the death of her father. He might have run away from home and eraded the responsibility, but he didn't think of it. He just sold pa-

pers, says the Denver Times. At the loop on Fifteenth street a crowd was gathered, waiting for the evening cars. A ragged little girl was selling flowers at the Fifteenth street end of the waiting station when a man, rushing to catch his car, knocked her against the side of the building. Without stopping, probably not having noticed what he had done, he continued his rush, when the boy stepped in front of him, defiantly. "Say, what do you want to knock a

girl down for? Hit me; I'm big enough." The man paused in surprise and then glanced around. He saw the flower girl picking up her wares, and understood. Without a moment's hesitation he went back to her, gave her

money enough to make her eyes sparkle with joy, and said: "I'm sorry, my dear, that I hurt you. I didn't see," Then, turningto the boy, he continued: "You said you were big enough, young man, but fou're a great deal bigger than you think. Men like you will have lot to do with keeping this old world in a condition of self-respect."

Then he caught his car and the boy and the girl stood there wondering what he meant.

a A Nelson Relie.

An interesting piece of history hangs around the section of the foremust of Nelson's flagship, the Victory, which King Edward has just presented, together with other relies, to the museum of the Royal United Service institution in Whitehall. The mast in question, the one against which the great admiral was leaning when he received his fatal wound at Trafalgar, was originally erected in a small temple in the grounds of Bushey lodge, then occupied by William IV., to whom it was presented. While there a pair of more than ordinarily aggressive robins built their nest in the shothole which went completely through the mast, and reared a brood of young ones, to which his majesty and Queen Adelaide were greatly attached. Subnequently the retic was removed to the dining-room, where it supported the famous bust by Chantrey; and upon the death of George IV. it was placed in the guard chamber at Windsor castle, with the inscription: "Auspice Gulielmo IV."-London News.

Instally in French Army. A French specialist in mental discases has discovered that 166 out of every 100,000 soldiers and sailors become hopeless lunaties. Among mechanics the average is but 66 per MEN WERE FIRST ON BARTH.

German Scientist Says Human Beings Rad an Existence Before Their Alleged Progenitors.

Sensitive persons who object to being confronted with their poor relations may find comfort in the theory advanced by Prof. Klastsch, of Heidelberg university, and summarized by our Berlin correspondent, says the London Standard. We are no longer bound to believe that man is descended from apes. The mystery of evolution has been cleared up, the search for the missing link is rendered futile by the learned doctor's discovery of the proper significance of a muscle in the upper part of the thigh. The short strand, as one part of this is called, is attached to the fibula, and is fitted with a special nerve. After years of investigation Herr Klaatsch has convinced himself that this "short strand" is a rudimentary form of a muscle common to a considerable number of mammals, such as marsupials, carnivores and many rodents. In fact, it is very frequently present, but only anthropoid apes and prehensiletailed American monkeys possess it in the same modified condition as man. Some climbing creatures indeed have entirely lost it, such as the lemurs of the old world. That indicates that the muscle cannot be serviceable for life on trees, its modification being the result of disuse when the progressive creature began to walk upright. Thus it is an inheritance, common indeed to man and area, but derived from some remote mammalian ancestor. So far from proving the ape to be the father of the man, it suggests the contrary view. Both can claim a common ancestry in some long extinct mammalian form, but that is all. Though the savants may be right in inferring, from the fragmental remains of the Javan pithecanthropus, that it was either the most manlike of apes or the most apelike of men, the creature does not supply the missing link in a pedigree beginning in a simian and ending in homo sapiens. The professor also tells us that the

existing apes are for the most part degenerate forms. Are we, then, to reverse the line of pedigree and declare that an old-time self-indulgent race of men have degenerated into apes, as little Tom was taught, according to the "Water Babies?" But to check any human conceit which he may seem to have encouraged. Her Klaatsch informs us that it is quite wrong to consider man, as a mammal, the most perfectly developed in every way. That is not true of his teeth and limbs; only in the matter of brain is he facile princeps. Well, it is a relief to get this admitted, and as for the other organs, we concede much to animals which have to get their living by cracking nuts or gnawing hones; we do not profess to leap like tigers, run like deer or climb like gibbons. In all these we grant the advantage to the savage and are aware that an edentalous or nearly toothless being is to be the ultimate result of civilization. But, we suggest, is not the professor building up a very large superstructure on a rather small base? His argument, though it comes to a different conclusion, reminds us of the famous controversy in which Huxiey and Owen once figured as to whether the ape did or did not possess a small structure called a hippocampus in its brain, for on that depended whether or not the ape was the "long-lost brother" of man. It is doubtful, indeed, whether the professor has proved more than the most thorough-going evolutionist is ready to grant. The latter does not asseri, so far as we know, that man is descended from a gorilla, or a chimpanzee, or an orang-outang. He holds, rather, that, as sometimes happens in the social scale, one branch of a family has greatly risen, while all the others have remained children of Gibeon. Charles Darwin stated this quite clearly in "The Descent of Man," and it is still generally accepted. As an evolutionist he admitted a kinship between all mammals, since their pedigrees had a common origin. Sometimes the parting had been very remote, sometimes more recent. The platyrhine and catarhine monkeys are consin-german. In fact, to an evolutionist it would seem strange for ancestors to be flourishing side by side with their offspring, for nature works very slowly and will not be hurried over the origin of a species.

Nice Alternatives. Notwithstanding its traditional antipathy to any kind of compulsory military service, the British nation will before long realize that one of two things is indispensably necessary -either to embrace conscription, or give up England's position as a great power. Before ten more years have elapsed Britons will be paying their toll to their country, not merely in income-tax assessments, but in the shape of a couple of years of their life spent in military barracks as conscripts.—Stockholm Svenska Dagbad.

Girls and Boys in the Orient. While the birth of a girl is not mourned over in France, as in certain oriental countries, still it certainly does not call forth the triumphant joy caused by the advent of a boy. The tiny outfit has been tied up with blue ribbons in expectation of the hoped-for boy; should a girl be born these are changed for pink.-Ladies' Home Journal.

Taken On. Hoax-Funny! Did you ever notice

Joax-Notice what!

"Why, in the beginning of the world a rib became a woman, and now it's ribbons that become a woman."-Philadelphia Record.

RAGE FOR SUN DIALS

A Craze for Them Is Now On in the United States.

11 : 27.5 Some Old Once to De Found in New . England and the leuthern States-English and Fronch Doolgns.

"We are just gotting around to them," a few hundred years behind time, and to see the honest pride we take in the things one would really think we had discovered them or invented them." "Who started the craze?" asked a New York Sun raporter. "Oh, it's part of the general interest in antiques. All the world is col-

"Sun dials are all the rage new in

America," said a New York sculptor.

lecting antiques, and we are going in for it harder than anyone else, because if we have anything antique we've got to sollect it. If we can't collect it, we manufacture it. I've had more orders for sun dials than for anything else this last year. "Still, America has some good old" sun dials of her own. There are a number in Virginia and other parts

of the south, and a few in New England, all dating back to prerévolutionary times. Some years ago a few rich Americana took a fancy to old European sun dials and began to bring some of them over for their country places. Other Americans saw them and followed suit. "There was quite a disturbance

about it in the English papers at one time. You see, England used to be, particularly long on sun dials. They were put on almost all of the old English church towers and in the splendid formal old gardens and in the graveyards, but they are thinning out now. The English climate is hard on them, and there have been, few new ones made. So the English didn't like our carting any of their dials over here.

"I've studied sun dials a good deal since the interest in them revived and have taken many a long tramp in search of an old dial of which I had heard. I collected mottoes and made sketches. The best are in England, I believe. Almost every old estate there has at least one, and the pursuit of the sun dial led me into the most charming corners I've ever found in my wanderings; but one needs to be a philosopher to live with sun dials. They ruh in the 'mementomori business unmercifully.

"The English dials have old English or Latin mottoes—usually the latter. There's a nice old one in Edinburgh marked: 'As the sun runes, so deth comes. One at Nottingham has: 'Now is yesterday's to-morrow.' 'Take lent of time ere time betint," The night cometh' and 'Thy houre, too. comes apace' are other mottoes.

"That's the sort of thing the Engfish put on their sun dials. The French were a trifle more cynical and not so solemn. There's an epicurean ring to some of the old French mottoes, and there's a good deal about love in them. The English said: 'Bove your soul, for you will die, and the French said: 'Love and be happy while you can, for you will die.' The sun dials reflect the national temperament, you see.

"I confess I have a sneaking fondness for the French dials, but they aren't, as a rule, so fine in their setting as those in English gardens. The French gardens always leave something to be desired. The English gardens are ideal.

"Germany hasn't many sun dials, but there are some charming ones in the old Italian gardens, and a great many of the old Italian churches have sun dials on their walls. I've heard that sun dials are common in Japan, but have no mottoes.

"There have been several competitive sun dial contests, at the art schools here within recent years, and the same thing has been done in Paris and in London. Some of our best sculptors have designed sun dials for beautiful country places here in America, and I know several artists who have made stunning sun dials for their own gardens. The formal garden is coming back to favor, with colonial architecture, and the sun dial fits in with the stiff hedges of box and the clipped yew trees and the rows of hollyhocks and wall flowers."

Professional Hat Finders. Every night some six or seven sun-

burned men come uptown from the waterfront laden with hats. They have hats of straw and felt, silk hats, eaps, bonnets-everything, in short, that is worn upon the head in this city. How they get their strange burdens is a strange story. They are, by trade, hat finders, and their business begins and ends with them with the beginning and ending of the river excursion season. It is the hats of river excursionlats that they find—the hats which the strong wind blows off into the water, much to the owners' anger and mortifieation. The finders lie in wait in boats, off shore, and when they see a bat it is theirs. These hats are usually in pretty good condition, and sell readily to the dealers in second-hand clothing. -Philadelphia Record.

Carries a Shetland Pony In Her Arms. Think of a Shetland pony so small that a little girl can pick it up and carry it about as she would a pet dog. And yet out in Guthrie Center, In., there is such a wee bit of a horse, and the picture represents the little maiden as she holds it in her arms. The little girl is Lulu Lemon, and the pony is owned by her father. The pony weighed only 17 pounds at the timethe picture was taken and was 14 days. old. Miss Lemon is II years old. It is meedless to say that she is very food of her little pet.-Chicago Tribung.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS