BETTER NEWS FROM INDIA.

MONSOON RAINS MARK THE TURNING POINT IN THE FAMINE.

Cholera Still Raging, Though, and Much Hardship Still to Be Endured by the Natives—Interesting Discoveries of Life of 3,000 Years Ago in the Capital of Minos in Crete.

LONDON, Aug. 10.—Better news comes from India with regard to the famine. The monsoon rains have fairly set in over a considerable part of the country and the famine totals show signs of diminishing. But even yet there are some districts, notably Gujerat, Rajputana and the southern Punjab, where the monsoon has not established itself. Here the poor remnant of cattle left is kept alive with the greatest difficulty. Indeed, that is the case everywhere, for even with the combined influence of ample moisture and tropical heat fodder must have some time to grow.

On the whole, however, things have taken a turn for the better. As soon as the rains have begun in a district the people leave the famine relief camps, return to their villages and prepare the land for the autumn crops. But it must not be supposed that with the advent of the rains and the consequent decrease of the famine totals there is an end of distress. People on the spot consider that the traces of this stupendous calamity, which has almost overwhelmed a large part of India, will be visible for the best part of a generation. The people are now going back to their homes broken and well-nigh helpless. They have practically lost everything. The mortality among the cattle, their main source of wealth, has been so great that it is estimated by authority that in many districts not more than 5 per cent. remain alive. Much good land, therefore, will not be under cultivation at all this year, simply because there are no oxen to plough and prepare it.

Again, before they came to the Government relief works the people had sold all their household goods. Their furniture, their superfluous cooking-pots, the bangles and beads of the women, all the scanty possessions of an Indian household had gone. And now countless thousands are without money or credit, and remain practically dependent for the necessaries of life on charitable funds and the benevolence of the Government. Six months must elapse before any proportion of them can be once again self-supporting. The Government, it may be assumed, will deal generously with the peasant and make large remissions of revenue in the affected districts. The consequent loss on the land revenue made it seem inevitable a few months ago to have recourse to a further rupee loan of considerable magnitude. Now, however, it seems that this may be avoided. The despatch of the Indian contingent to South Africa in the autumn of last year made a very large saving to Indian finances. And now India is in the act of sending some 10,000 men to China. In this way India has been, and will be for several months to come, relieved of the cost of a large body of troops. In addition to this the immense movements of grain during the acute period of famine caused a considerable increase in the railway returns.

Although there is this improvement to note in the famine returns, there is little sign of any in those for cholera. The latest published returns show but little improvement. Sixteen out of the eighteen districts are still affected, and the figures for two weeks in June show 13,525 cases, with 8,524 deaths. The returns make it clear that the epidemic is now in its most virulent form in the extreme western, instead of the eastern, portions of the provinces. Nimar and Betul show heavy increases, while Chanda, a southern district bordering on the Nizam's dominions, shows 3,600 cases, with close on 2,000 deaths. These are the districts which suffer most from the water famine, allusion to which has been made in former letters. The stagnant pools and foul wells resulting from the long drought help to spread the epidemic with alarming rapidity.

In an interesting account of the excavation work now being conducted in Knossos, the *Athens* correspondent of the *Times* writes:

"Among the prehistoric cities of Crete, Knossos, the capital of Minos, is indicated by legend as holding the foremost place. Here the great lawgiver promulgated his famous institutions, which like those of Moses and Numa Pompilius were derived from a divine source; here he established a Thalassokratia, or maritime empire, suppressing piracy, conquering the islands of the archipelago, and imposing a tribute on subjected Athens. Here Daedalus constructed the Labyrinth, the den of the Minotaur, and fashioned the wings—perhaps the sails—with which he and Icarus took flight over the Ægean. In historic times the city waged a protracted struggle with its neighbor, Gortyna, for the hegemony of the island. The attention of archæologists has long been directed to Knossos; the late Dr. Schliemann was anxious to excavate the site, which was partially investigated by Mr. W. J. Stillman. The difficulties attending the prosecution of research in Crete under Turkish rule have now been removed, and it has been reserved for Mr. Arthur Evans to make a systematic exploration of the ancient stronghold, with results which equal, if they do not surpass, in importance the discoveries of Schliemann at Tiryns and Mycenæ.

"Like Athens, Megara, Corinth and other towns which played a part in Greek maritime history, Knossos was situated at some little distance from the sea. The Akropolis, or fortified palace, now excavated, lies about four miles southeast of Candia, which, under the name Heraklion, was the seaport of the town in classical times. The palace stands on a slight eminence, overlooking a brook and surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, over which the ancient city apparently extended. Its site was marked by a wall of cyclopean masonry, the only vestige of the structure remaining above the surface. A considerable portion of the building has now been brought to light. The entrance, which is approached from a paved court on the eastern side, is flanked by two columns and leads into a large ante-chamber furnished with stone benches.

"Hence we pass into a singularly interesting apartment, which, adopting the system of nomenclature initiated by Dr. Schliemann, we may designate the Council Chamber of Minos. Against the wall on the right stands a throne of gypsum—the oldest throne in Europe by about two thousand years—with a low seat and a tall, curiously-carved back, which still shows traces of painting. Along the walls on either side are continuous stone benches like the seats in an old-fashioned family pew; on the opposite side, protected by a high parapet to which seats are also attached, is an oblong rectangular depression, constructed with finely compacted slabs and evidently intended to contain water. This was probably a kind of ornamental *impluvium*, open to the sky; it is approached by gradually descending steps, but no outlet for the water is visible. The walls of the council chamber are ornamented with frescoes, still sufficiently preserved to enable us to distinguish landscapes, flowing water and flowering plants; on either side of a door leading into a smaller apartment are two griffins seated on baskets and apparently engaged in hatching.

"On the southwest side of the palace we find another and larger paved area leading to what appears to have been the principal portal of the structure, as distinguished from the royal entrance on the eastern front. We enter a long corridor, on each side of which are a series of frescoes representing male and female figures arrayed in rich costumes. Unfortunately in many cases only the lower parts of the bodies have been preserved, but a large fallen piece shows the figures of two men to above the waist, draped in long, flowing mantles. On the left side the central figure is a lady, distinguished from the rest by her wide flounces, and evidently a queen. In a room near the northeast corner were found parts of a fresco in an entirely new miniature style, showing groups of elaborately dressed young women, seated in what seems to have been the *haremlik* of the palace and engaged in animated conversation. Most interesting of all is the well-preserved form of a graceful youth or maiden—it is not easy to determine the sex—holding aloft a tall, slender vase and apparently walking in a sacrificial procession. The color is still wonderfully fresh and the outlines are clear and well drawn. A strange fascination is attached to this beautiful life-like figure, this visitant from a long forgotten world, recalled to the light of day and the gaze of mankind from a night of 3,000 years.

"On the same side of the palace are also the royal magazines or store rooms, approached by a long corridor which leads to a succession of twelve apartments. In many of these stand rows of enormous oil vases five feet in height, some highly ornate and furnished with numerous small handles through which ropes or bands were possibly drawn; one has a pair of handles on the inside, perhaps intended for the insertion of a strap to counteract the pressure when the vessel was full. Beneath the floors of some of the chambers and passages are curious receptacles of closely fitted stonework, one above the other, apparently designed for the concealment of treasures or the storage of supplies in case of a siege.

"But of all the discoveries hitherto made in the course of the excavations the most important is that of the prehistoric Cretan script, by which the long-debated question of the existence of writing in the Mycenæan age has been definitely solved. A series of signs both of the linear and of the pictographic class had already been observed on early Cretan seal-stones and other objects which suggested the conclusion that a regular system of writing was in use among the prehistoric Cretans. A number of clay tablets have now been brought to light bearing inscriptions in the indigenous linear character, and upward of a thousand examples have been secured. These tablets, which were found at various times during the excavations, are in all probability palace archives or lists of stores and munitions of war in the royal arsenal; some of them are illustrated with representations of chariots and horses' heads. Within the last few days of the operations a new discovery of extraordinary interest was made. A deposit of clay bars and perforated tablets was unearthed inscribed with pictographic characters resembling Egyptian hieroglyphics and corresponding with those already found on the early Cretan seals. Thus we obtain conclusive evidence that two distinct systems of writing—the linear and the pictographic—were employed in the island during the Homeric age.

"It is impossible to describe at present more than a few of the other interesting objects found in the course of the excavations. Numerous remnants of the Stone age, obsidian tools and specimens of early rude pottery have been discovered, some at the lowest levels, others in the immediate vicinity of the walls, having apparently been dug up when the foundations of the Mycenæan buildings were being laid. These indicate the existence of a still earlier city on the same site. A vast amount of pottery of the Mycenæan and geometric types has been obtained, together with specimens of the peculiar Cretan ware of which the cave at Kamares has hitherto supplied the best examples. Among the numerous handsome stone vases are several of the graceful, tapering form depicted in the fresco already described. A remarkably lifelike head of a Molossian hound, executed in the finest white marble, some floriated mouldings, very delicately carved, and a beautiful clay ewer with spiral ornamentation may also be specially noticed. The crowning discovery, however, was made in the last few days of the excavations, when the remains of a painted stucco bull, a marvellously realistic work, were brought to light in the northeast propylæa. The head, which is fortunately in perfect preservation, is unquestionably the most remarkable specimen of Mycenæan plastic art as yet discovered. Here we have, perhaps, the effigy of the beautiful animal which won the heart of Pasiphaë, or of the equally famous quadruped that transported Europa to Crete.

IO AND THE ELECTRIC CURRENT.

His Braid Short-Circuited a 15,000-Volt Current, and It Didn't Even Sober Him Up.

From the Anaconda Standard.

A happening which is claimed by local electrical experts to have been the most remarkable circumstance in the history of electric lighting occurred Saturday night at the sub power station of the Montana Power Transmission company, at the foot of Montana street. It was a human being short-circuiting an electric current of 2,000 horse power, or 15,000 volts, and escaping without so much as a slight burn. The circuit was that which the Montana Transmission company manufactures at the big water-power plant on the Big Hole River. The current is brought to Butte, a distance of twenty miles, at a pressure of 15,000 volts, and at the sub-station, at the foot of Montana street, is reduced for consumption in the city. The wires carrying this tremendous voltage enter the building at the sub-station and are carried to a switchboard which stands a few feet from one of the walls, and is by the mechanism of this switchboard diverted to the step-down transformers, which do the business of reducing the pressure.

Here is where the great American Indian makes his entrance into this very unusual tale, which is the story of how one lone red man brought to a standstill the entire business of a corporation worth more than $1,000,000. South of the city is the camp of a band of Cree Indians, and in travelling to and from the city the Indians have to pass the sub power station. One of the tribe had been in the city during the day, and had filled up on firewater till his natural means of locomotion was considerably impaired, and the consequence was that when he reached the light station he concluded to take a rest. The night was rainy and cold, and he looked about for shelter. The station is always kept locked at night, but Lo found an open window and crawled inside. What he did next was a forceful exemplification of the saying: "Fools walk boldly in where angels fear to tread."

The electricians employed at the station would no more think of even stepping behind the big switchboard than they would of seizing hold of the wires themselves, for to the ordinary white man it would mean almost certain death. But Lo was not up in the greatest of modern sciences, and the place, therefore, had no terrors for him. It was warm behind the switchboard and that was just the place he was looking for. He walked or staggered in and leaned his back against the wires, which carried enough electricity to kill a regiment of soldiers at one time.

There was a great flash, which for a second lighted up the station brighter than calcium. Then the machinery slowed down almost to a standstill and the lights all over the city went out. The men at the station knew something had happened at the switchboard and went to look. All they found was a grimy redskin lying quivering on the floor. They could see he was not dead, however, and they hauled him out and examined him. There was not the slightest evidence about him that he had come in contact with the current, except that his hair was singed.

Looking further, the men discovered the mystery of what had happened. The Indian had worn his hair in a long braid hanging down his back. While out in the weather the braid had become soaked with rain, and when he went in and leaned up against the wires the braid touched one of the wires just at the back of his head, and, dangling, came in contact with another just below it. This caused a short circuit and slowed down the plant, and the Indian never so much as got a shock, but his braid was cut off as smooth as it could have been done with a pair of shears.

If the Indian was not up to date in one respect, he evidently is in another, as it is stated that he notified the company of his intention of bringing suit for damages for the loss of his braid.

Raising Alligators in Georgia.

From the Macon News.

There are schemes and schemes, but the latest and most extraordinary is one projected by a prominent city court official to make a fortune by raising alligators. The official, who dislikes publicity and prefers that his name be withheld, is quite serious in his undertaking and has purchased 300 acres of swamp land near Seven Bridges, into which he will turn his herd of alligators. The entire 300 acres is to be closely fenced in, and this work is now well under way and will be completed by Oct. 1. Thirty-seven alligators have already been placed on the farm and the promoter expects to realize $600 on his scheme next year. The alligator is said to be the most prolific of all animals, the coat not excepted, and where there is a ready demand for them there is more money in raising them than any other animal. That there is a demand for them now is shown by the fact that the promoter of this farm has now filed away in his office more orders for alligators than he hopes to be able to supply in two years.

HARSH RULE AT PRETORIA.

COMPLAINTS OF THE METHODS OF THE BRITISH OFFICERS.

Civilians Ill-Treated—Martinets Running a Railway—Vigorous Protest of the German Consul—That Plot to Abduct Roberts.

LONDON, Aug. 11.—Within a month after the arrival of the British troops at Pretoria the Anglophile residents, who had suffered some molestation at the hands of the Boer Executive, became almost reconciled to President Kruger's Government. From the first day the British officer made it clear that if he could not get the better of the armed Boer in fighting skill he could make the disarmed Boer and civilians generally squirm under his official heel. By the time I left, early in July, some citizens were foredoomed to a secret trial and a heavy sentence, for it was plain that they could not long resist using a horsewhip upon the khaki. A man living not far from the Field Marshal's headquarters was likely to be one of the first to give way.

He has a pretty garden within a neat little fence at the back of his house. The road to Panaar's Poort passes near and dips through a sluit whose banks heavy wagon transports had made ragged. Two hours should have been enough to dig an easy gradient a few yards farther up. But the dry ditch slopes up to the flat, or has been levelled up long ago, at the back of the citizen's garden. When one wagon proved troublesome in crossing the officer in charge ordered the next to drive through the garden, flattening out fence, flower beds, everything. The proceeding was wanton and typical.

The citizen who protests is told to clear out and be thankful he is allowed at large. If he refuses to sit still under the outrage he is a disaffected person and gets deported, sometimes in an open truck. He may not have a seat in a passenger carriage, because the soldier servants of some robust-looking, convalescent Lieutenants want all the second class accommodation to themselves to be near their masters. These daily expulsions of the disaffected made the Pretoria railway station a very irritable nerve centre. Having had all the necessary credentials of a correspondent with the British field force since last November, and various permits entitling me to be alive, I anticipated a smooth journey to Cape Town. But not the British officer meant to be consistent and would show his authority to the last. He had the friends, themselves correspondents, who had come to wish a good journey to a colleague, persistently molested for daring to be on the platform without special permission. The members of a Dutch ambulance, consisting of three doctors and a nursing sister, were specially marked out for the attentions of the military man turned railway man. Every person in authority from Pretoria to De Aar along the railway was a military officer; and in five cases out of six the consciousness of his own unfitness only served to bring out all the worst characteristics of the guardroom martinet.

Having spent two days and nights in a railway carriage we reached Norvals Pont on the Orange River on the borders of Cape Colony on the morning of the third day, having made on an average about ten miles an hour. Till then food had not been obtainable at any of the stopping places. At Bloemfontein, which we reached on a Sunday afternoon and where we remained for an hour, there is a big refreshment establishment. The caterer was locked in his private room enjoying a card party with some friends. He refused to budge and an appeal to the military officer in charge of the station only provoked a tirade against passengers leaving the train at all. If one dared to stretch one's legs by walking to and fro on the platform tickets were testily asked for at every turn. This peevishness was shown to everybody who was not a soldier. It was a welcome surprise to read at Norvals Pont "Warm breakfasts." Joyfully we made for the refreshment room to find the door guarded by an armed sentry.

"You must get a written permit before you can come in here," said he.

"Who from?" we asked.

"The railway staff officer," answered the soldier.

We asked where the officer was to be found. The sentry pointed to a door along the platform, and we went to ask permission to eat and pay for breakfast. The moment the request was made the officer in question broke out in words and gestures that would have been extravagant even had he been importuned all the morning by the most unreasonable persons. He practically told us to clear out. One gathered that the sentry had been wrong and that the officer was angry at being questioned about such trivialities. Not at all; the warm breakfast was for an expected up-coming train, or such passengers as might wish to have it. There were two of us correspondents, and it seemed possible that the stern, unbending officer might relent and let us have some hot bacon and coffee when he knew that we were the only semi-civilians on the train. For the convalescent officers everything was ordered by telegraph in advance. It seemed worth another try, this hot bacon and coffee, after two days of cold sandwiches. The offer thought otherwise, for an order came from the sentry at his door that we were not to come on the platform at all.

With occasional aberrations into civility this was the almost uniform temper displayed by the officers one had to encounter in the journey down. It will be interesting to watch when the ordinary Britisher himself calls a halt to his soldier officials, for in the promised era of military occupation there must be a struggle between the citizen and the soldier if the former is to lead a white man's life.

It is the fashion among British officers to curse Kitchener. For half a day there was jubilation, openly expressed by at least one Divisional General, over a report that De Wet had captured Kitchener in a railway carriage. Kitchener prevented the messes of various regimental officers from adding a few thousand wagons to the transport column. These wagons could be filled twice over with cases of wines and dainties, suits of clothes and polo sticks. He is considered very "bad form" for cutting everything down to rations and ammunition. The same officers who think it rot to talk seriously on the lessons of a fight or to show any keenness in making their brigade the most useful in the army have decided that Kitchener is an overrated fellow, and that this campaign has shown him up.

Besides an overwhelming preponderance of men of indifference, there is among the British officers a sprinkling of people who take themselves ultra-seriously as born rulers of men. These seek police billets and live up to the proverb of the new broom. The chief police officer for Pretoria is one of them. It was discovered that some German subjects fighting for the Boers had been made burghers during the war. They laid down their arms on the British occupation of Pretoria, and sought to resume their status as German subjects, which naturally was not allowed. In general terms the Field Marshal decided that these men should be deported to the seacoast. The head of the military police thereupon decided to execute a brilliant stroke. He had his agents make a house to house visitation on a Sunday morning and got a full list of all German subjects. They are the most numerous of the immigrant nationalities now in the Transvaal, and comprise nearly all the cooks and waiters and chambermaids in the place. Passes were made out for them all—some hundreds—to take train for Port Elizabeth the next morning. The available rolling stock could not have taken a tenth of them. All the same they were ordered to go. But during the night the German Consul came to hear of the police official's amazing proceedings. The Consul said he, too, would go down with his compatriots and justify his conduct to his Government. Thereupon the whole list was cancelled and nobody was sent down except the ex-burghers in question.

But the Major in charge of the police still holds his appointment and is now a Colonel. He is credited in the Pretoria telegrams published to-day with having frustrated the plot to kidnap Lord Roberts, murder his staff and seize the capital during the confusion resulting from a number of simultaneous incendiary fires. Fifteen citizens are stated to be implicated. There are about eight thousand troops actually policing the capital, and no citizen dare be out after dark on pain of imprisonment. It will be seen that the chief of the military police, in view of the force at his disposal, did a big thing in looking up those fifteen citizens.

It cannot be insisted too constantly that the military administration of the areas occupied is an abject failure. It is, moreover, incurable with the present personnel from which staff officers are drawn. On the one or two occasions when civil advisers have had any latitude and shown an understanding of the permanent residents who mean to live all their lives in the country they have been flouted and their proposals ignored as coming from sympathizers with rebels.

HOBO AND RUBBER NECK.

New Jersey Explanation of an Injustice Done to Two Respectable Birds.

TRENTON, Aug. 18.—If a gentleman from Copper Hill, N. J., wearing that town's predominating style of chin-fringing whiskers and with feet cased in the customary home-made high-topped, broad-soled, substantial cowhide boots, happens to crane his neck in an endeavor to gaze upon the roof of an eighteen-story building while strutting along Broadway for the first time some urchin will startle him into fits by shouting in his ear:

"Rubber neck!"

And if he attempts to keep his eyes on the trolley cars, the horse cars, the elevated trains, the trucks and the automobiles, while he dodges under horses' necks and heels in an endeavor to cross Broadway, some unkind person will jar his nervous system by shouting:

"Rubber neck!"

If a swell eight-dollar clerk from a big city like Trenton, while promenading on Broadway, suddenly twists his head to the rear to take a second look at a necklace of real or paste diamonds upon the pretty neck of a prettier maiden some cruel corner lounger brings him to his senses by shouting:

"Rubber neck!"

If a man from New Egypt, N. J., dons his best and goes to New York to visit his city cousin, and becomes involved in the maze of electric buttons and other contrivances not common to New Egyptians and in mistake touches all the buttons the boss of the flat appears and in angry tones shouts:

"Hobo! Git!!"

If the New Egypt man, though dressed in his Sunday clothes, stops on a corner to catch a breath of air that has escaped from the high buildings to the street a policeman says:

"Hobo! Move on!"

Go where he will, in the hotels, in dry goods houses, horse cars, trolley cars, elevated trains, on the streets, in offices, it's nothing but "Rubber neck!" here, and "Hobo!" there, until the poor Jersey man returns to town with a tinge in his ear which seems with every slight jog to say:

"Rubber neck! Hobo!"

"Hobo! Rubber neck!"

And the New Yorkers do not appear to understand that by their slang they are heaping a gross slander upon the fair reputation of of America's metropolis.

An innocent South Carolina darkey is responsible for the present day slang term applied to all sorts and kinds of seedy-looking individuals, the hobo. The Northern part of the State is visited in the fall by the bird hoopoo, of the genus crow (pronounced Hō'-po'). "Rastus was picking rusty cotton balls for the seed. His mammy was standing in the cabin door. The plantation was that of John Ferguson and a pretty hoopoo came flying from a cedar tree to the side of Glassy Mountain, when Rastus shouted:

"Ho, mammy! Look a-yond'r! Look a-yond'r! Thar jist lit 'r sho' 'nough hobo!"

"Am a-dat a hobo, honey?" said aunty, gazing steadily in the wrong direction at a Baltimore drummer named Charles Bragg, who had walked the dusty road from Pickens to the plantation, and who looked a trifle the worse for wear. "Am dat a 'deed sho' 'nough hobo? Chile, yo' mus' be crazy in yo' head! Chile, dat's 'r sho' 'nough Yankey. Dat ain't no hobo, am it, fo' sho?"

But before Rastus could explain that he referred to the pretty hoopoo on the opposite side of the cabin, the drummer approached and asked the old woman why she thought he was a hobo.

"I don' wants fo't 'guit no white folks, sah, 'deed I se dos'n't. But yo' 'deed does luk all kinder fessed up like an' jist kind'r like dem hobos does, 'deed an' tru' yo' does, Marster," said aunty.

And from that day, nearly a quarter of a century ago, to the present day, the term hobo has been promiscuously applied to every species of mankind that appears "all kind'r o' fessed up like," and has gradually spread until it has become the recognized slang of the country.

The phrase rubber neck is of later creation. The chough is responsible for the slang, owing to its ability to turn its head all the way around without changing the position of its body. It was a Christmas morning, while Martin Malloy, a quarryman of Stockton, Hunterdon county, N. J., was on his way to church, when he encountered the chough, and then and there gave to the world a new descriptive phrase. The chough is of the crow family, and is rarely seen in these parts. Malloy saw the chough on a rocky peak and the bird, being a stranger to the neighborhood, he determined to catch it if possible. The chough is easily domesticated and is possessed of even more curiosity than the common crow. So when Malloy walked to the rear of the rock upon which the chough was perched the bird's curiosity was aroused and it remained to see what the quarryman was up to.

"Twas to the rare o' th' buird I'd determined to git," said Malloy in explaining. "As I wins 'round an' round the rock the strange buird't neck went 'round an' 'round, an' th' body o' him stay'd in the wan place. Faith, soir, I'll swear to't by me pride in th' saints, soir, that that buird had a rubber neck," earnestly said Malloy.

For days and for weeks the quarrymen repeated Malloy's story of the rubber-neck bird and with each repetition Malloy would be called upon to verify the story by giving an exhibition of how the bird had twisted its neck.

Malloy had twisted his own neck so frequently in imitation of the chough that it became a habit with him to turn his head without moving his body when spoken to by any one at his back. Eventually he became known to his companions in the Stockton quarry and to the railroad men as Rubber-Neck Malloy, and in a short time any person twisting his neck without turning the body was startled with the cry:

"Rubber neck!"

And so rubber neck and hobo have become part of the American language, and the pretty and innocent hoopoos and the coal-black chough wonder what sort of people we are.

HER NARROWEST ESCAPE.

A Country Woman's Experience in an Automobile Stage.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

An old lady who had come in from the country on the Northwestern Railroad stepped into one of the horseless carriages that are now run from the Wells street station to the shopping district. She approached the carriage from the rear, and didn't notice when she got in that there were no horses hitched to the thing. Her whole attention was being paid to the "runner" in the blue uniform who stood on the sidewalk looking for passengers.

"How much do you charge?" she asked.

"Five cents," he said. "Take you right over to State and Madison. Going right away. Step in. Room for just one more."

The old lady settled back comfortably in the easy seat to which she had been assigned, and a moment later the carriage was bumping along over paving stones, dodging in and out among trucks, sliding sidewise in slippery car tracks, and grazing elevated railroad pillars. A row of men sat on the cross seat in front of the lady, shutting out the view ahead, so she sat with her hands in her lap and rode contentedly along. At the corner of Madison and Dearborn streets several passengers got off, and then for the first time the lady from the country had a chance to look out in front. She saw the operator pull a nickel plated lever; then she glanced over the dashboard. There was a look of mingled alarm and wonder on her features.

"What's happened to the horses?" she exclaimed.

"There ain't any horses," said a boy who was hanging on the steps behind.

The old lady stood up just as the man in charge of the automobile rang his gong and started ahead.

"Ho! stop!" she cried. "Let me out! I won't ride in this thing! Stop it! Stop it! Help!"

"Madam," said one of the passengers, "there's no reason to be alarmed. It's perfectly safe. We are—"

"No!" she replied. "I wouldn't have got in here for a hundred dollars if I'd have knew what it was! Let me past!"

The carriage had stopped and she began to tramp on the feet of the other passengers in her hurry to get out.

"We're almost there—only half a block farther," some one said. "You better stay in."

"I wouldn't stay in if it was only half a foot farther," she declared, as she scrambled down the steps. Then she stood on the sidewalk, watched the automobile move on through the crowded street, put her hand over her heart and said:

"My! That was the narrowest escape I ever had! And me with all that money in my pocket to pay pa's insurance, too!"

TRIFLES OF PARIS LIFE.

DETAILS THAT MAKE UP A PICTURE NEVER SEEN IN AMERICA.

Cruelty to the Cab Horses—The Noisy Streets—The English Beggar—Independence of Coquelin—The Dangers of the Streets—Ways of the Parisian—Extremes of Dress.

PARIS, Aug. 10.—The midday sun glares upon the wooden pavements of Paris with the same blistering July persistence and penetration as elsewhere, but your peasant still wears the ghastly, enormous corduroy trousers and sometimes coat, whose very winter thickness makes one shudder.

People living in Paris like to sleep late into the morning better, perhaps, than any other race on earth, yet a boiler shop is like the stillness of a cemetery as compared to the average Parisian street in the early hours of the day.

Horses are the most valuable animals owned in this cab-crowded city, yet two years is the average life of the poor creatures that are literally driven to death. If you chance to have in your personality a love for the dumb animals leave it in America when you start for this vicinity. For one must ride here, notably in summer, and every other horse that hurries you to your destination under the goad of an always busy lash will arouse your mingled pity and anger. Twice in less than a week we have remonstrated bitterly against a refinement of cruelty which compelled a poor beast to work under a collar bearing directly upon hideous running sores. Of course it was not the driver's fault, as he must take the horse given to him by the company owning and controlling the principal cabs of the city. All he can do is to ask for a better horse when he makes his next shift at the stables, and then he is quite as likely to fare worse. If you are persistent and go to the police, a typical shrug of the official shoulders is their prevalent reply to your well meant, but really wasted argument.

It is against the rules here for strolling musicians to sing or play in the streets, yet directly under our window very early one recent morning a wandering warbler bellowed in a deep bass voice for nearly one entire hour. His was a most doleful refrain, something about Germany having whipped France a few years ago, but they really could not do it again, &c., and the worst of it all was, he sang only this one song. After each verse, and while his companion in crime was droning out the interlude on a horrible violin, the vocalist sold copies of his dirge to sympathetic bystanders, ever ready in this gulleless country to be done as they do others. At last, when the sweet slumber of the morning had hopelessly vanished, we were forcibly reminded of home by the approach of a gendarme the usual hour late.

It takes a stranger about one day to catch the peculiar accent and inflection of the newsboys, or rather newsmen, selling the *Soir*, *La Patrie*, *La Presse* and the other less familiar French papers. There is rather more of an effort to make these cries musical than is noted at home, but even this novel feature does not prevent the terrible monotony which gets on one's nerves very early. One hand organ only is the marvellous but most welcome record to date, after ten days' sojourn.

At home your generous diner must have his demi-tasse of coffee properly to end his meal of the day; here it is never served at dinner unless specially ordered, but drunk as an evening beverage at one of the million cafés. Everybody knows the sidewalks of Paris are but another name for cafés, and the café proper indoors is as empty as the café improper outdoors is crowded. In many restaurants at home, the opener of the delicious oyster, which is an unknown luxury here, keeps an absolutely accurate check on your capacity by retaining one-half the shell of each bivalve opened. In Paris, if you order "un bock," as they style a glass of beer, a lemon squash or a café glacé, with each and every glass served is brought a china saucer with the cost of the drink painted in colored figures on the inner edge. Add these all up, and again add the waiter's fee, and as you pay the latter he turns down all your saucers as an ocular receipt for your bill.

Yesterday a man approached me and said, "Do you know where the English hospital is? I am broke; they have turned me out of my hotel; I am half sick and very hungry. Could you give me enough to get a bite to eat?" A franc was the answer to this appeal, for the chap looked very seedy, he spoke my own tongue, and it was my first experience with an English beggar. This morning, exactly twenty-four hours later, in quite a different part of the city, strolling along unmindful of the surroundings, there came in a voice, recognized immediately, the question, "Can you direct me to the English hospital?" This time no franc; on the contrary, just a quiet, "I had that yesterday." A reminiscent grin off the stroll with the reflection that a memory for faces is frequently a great convenience.

An experience of a well-known American actor staying at our hotel with his wife, also in the profession, is perhaps worth the telling, not altogether for the fun of it, but rather as much to illustrate a phase of French character. The actor, famous throughout America as the elder of the deacons in "The Little Minister," was exceedingly anxious, as was his wife, to see Coquelin in "Cyrano." He tickled vanity, secured a seat in advance for the Monday night of their last week in Paris. On going to the theatre on the evening of the performance, these astonished members of the dramatic profession found the house closed because Coquelin, with a freedom charmingly Parisian, refused to play, it was so hot! Fancy an American comedian dismissing a full house under such conditions! The incident is nevertheless a fact, and the theatre remained in darkness the rest of the week.

Here is a suggestion for some enterprising Yankee, which if acted on is absolutely sure to bring a fortune. Open a place in Paris, first-class in every detail, where one can buy a genuine American ice cream soda with a light lunch of honest sandwiches, ices and the like, and your reward will be sure, and it is perfectly safe such place exists in Paris to-day, to the outspoken disappointment and disgust of hundreds of our thirsty race.

The oft-repeated tales of the Parisian cabman and his reckless disregard of the human race, whether French or foreigners, have been in no the least exaggerated. These knights of the whip drive faster over the street crossings than anywhere else, and in addition to nearly running you down at every possible chance they also scare one nearly stupid by their discordant shout of warning. Then, too, there is the proverbial war of tongues when two of these crazy Jehus come to a quarrel, but the student of French quite familiar with the most involved idioms of Molière or Rabelais would struggle in vain to understand the choice and really comical expletives and nicknames exchanged by these yelling and infuriated Parisian drivers. Automobiles, propelled almost universally by petroleum, are nearly as thick as cabs, are driven at a high rate of speed, are, as a rule, exceedingly noisy and quite expensive. Most of them are heavy and cumbersome, for the problem of a light, serviceable and attractive-looking vehicle of this class seems as yet unsolved. Accidents and breakdowns are quite frequent and suggest the room for improvement. Races from Paris to outlying cities are frequent and competition sharp.

There are a great number of buses with a fare of three cents outside and six cents inside. Every vehicle you see is entirely different from anything at home from an undertaker's wagon to the undertaker's black funeral, which is a curious composite of a hack in front with an elongated box some seven feet in length for the casket. A two wheeled delivery van having wheels six feet and a half in diameter will be followed by a truck with enormously thick wheels no higher than those on an American child's cart. Bicycles are the princes of the road here, as everything else yields to them the right of way. Their note of warning, as well as that of the automobiles is not our bell, but a blast of ear-piercing trumpets worked by a rubber bulb like those on our instantaneous cameras. In the busy hours of the day it is a perpetual trumpet solo in the streets, but above so one monotonous note.

It seems indeed odd to see street venders selling peaches, tomatoes, grapes, everything in the fruit line, by weight rather than by the dozen. They have no license, and are really violating the law to hawk their wares in this way, but the infringement is winked at by the gendarmes, while one most restful feature of the trade is the absolute silence of the only street peddlers, who for obvious reasons refrain from yelling.

The water supply of Paris is taxed to the danger limit these terrible midsummer days, and warnings are in evidence all over the city that the supply will be cut off from 2 to 6 every afternoon, and from 10 at night until the following morning.

A curious illustration was afforded yesterday of a characteristic of these impulsive people. Every body on top of a certain stage refused to pay fare because of what they declared to be a senseless and aggravating delay in the movement of the vehicle. Arguments, threats, abuse, persuasion, all were in vain, and, finally, the entire party were driven to the nearest police station. When the matter was finally carried through the endless red tape of official Paris and adjusted by the payment of half fare by the passengers, the bus went on its way more than four hours late.

We saw 300 people watch a poor cab horse die in the Rue de Rivoli one afternoon last week and not one sickening detail of the death struggles of the wasted vermont beast was lost by this insatiate audience. Truly the passion of the Parisian for anything outre or bizarre is abnormal and seemingly never satisfied.

The attitude of the average Frenchman toward woman had best be left alone and without discussion. Yet, strangely enough, they do not always fancy the taste of their own medicine, as witness the following absolutely true incident at the Grand Hotel. An American rather upset by liquor stared so pointedly at a beautiful French woman seated at an adjoining table as to offend her husband. So the latter very quietly approached the American and said: "The lady is my wife. Your stare is an insult, and here is my card." Now a half dozen people took in the situation, yet it meant a duel. The American was just drunk enough to blurt out his defiance instead of offering the apology which would have ended the incident. As he never had a foil in his hand in his life, was an equal novice with a revolver and was too good a fellow when sober to pay a serious penalty for his indiscretion, he was quietly spirited away to Berlin that very same night.

One can do the most unusual thing in the street here and escape notice by the very freedom with which it is done, but should you try to conceal the action, in a moment you would attract a crowd. If you shop in the enormous and famous Bon Marche, no cash systems, either human or mechanical, prevail, for you go with the salesman to a desk conveniently near and pay there.

Just here there must be paid to American newspapers the most grudging tribute possible as compared with local editions. There is more news in the average paper at home than in the entire press of Paris. Some idea of their score can be gleaned from the method of securing telegraphic news from the outside world, which consists in employing one man in London to sit up all night in order to crib the telegrams from the very earliest editions in that city and wire them here.

Eccentricities of dress are more marked here than in any other city the writer has visited. Men in full evening dress at midday funerals and a freak seen on the street this morning wearing a brown coat and knicker bockers, tall white hat, white stockings, black shoes and white lisle thread gloves are only two of the many extremes which prevail. Almost no drunkenness is seen, in fact, it must be admitted in all fairness that the only intoxicated persons noticed to date were three gilded youths from my own country. The time-honored drawing on the imagination with signs in the store windows was exemplified by one produce dealer who began his sale with "Fresh-laid eggs, 32 cents a dozen," and ended with "Eggs, 10 cents a dozen, just as good as new." A young man pushing a delivery cart has just returned from his route to the wine store across the street, and after taking out the bottom and sides of his vehicle he proceeds to fold the whole affair together until the two wheels touch, hub to hub, and the compact mass easily goes behind the cellar door. A workman passes, wearing huge wooden shoes weighing easily five pounds each, with no socks to protect his feet. And so it goes, detail after detail, each small, almost trifling in itself, yet making an altogether never seen in America and most attractive to one who delights in the study of human nature.

ODD NAMES FOR DRINKS.

The Wet Hen, the Nose Cooler, the Li Hung Chang and the Horse's Neck.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Mr. Regular Drinker finished his mint julep, and with a cautionary wink waved the beverage mixer down the bar a few paces from where a later customer was burying his face in a tumbler. Leaning far over the bar, the regular drinker asked in a confidential whisper:

"Say, what'n the thunder did that fellow order? Say, what is he drinking, anyway? I didn't quite catch it."

"Oh, he asked for a 'wet hen.' That's another one of those new drinks that crop up in every hot spell, along with various brands of fizzes and rickeys."

"And pray," asked Mr. Drinker, "what's a 'wet hen?'"

"Well, now, you know tart or sour drinks are liked best on hot days, and yet some cocktail drinkers love their dash of bitters. A 'wet hen' is made exactly like a plain cocktail, with a strong dash of Pechaud bitters and half a lemon squeezed into it; so it's a cross between a whiskey cocktail and a whiskey sour."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Drinker, as another game in and ordered a "nose-cooler." Then Mr. Drinker watched the process of making the said cooler, and the barkeeper explained in this way:

"That drink is simply the discovery of a customer of mine, who declares that with the lips and nose kept cool while their owner swallows an iced draught the coolness spreads itself throughout the entire system.

"The 'nose-cooler' is in reality but a whiskey sour, with the glass handed up to the customer crammed full of cracked ice. Never use syrup for the sweetening; just a small teaspoonful of pulverized sugar and shake the drink up as if your life depended on it. The pulverized sugar spreads a creamy, light amber tint and makes the whole drink. Serve it, of course, without straw or strainer, for the man who orders it wants to cool his nose."

A man ordering a "