

THE AUTOMOBILE OF 1833.



Hancock's steam-coach, which plied between London and Greenwich, resembled two stage coaches on end, with a third compartment like a mail or luggage van. It was mentioned in the Parliamentary Report of 1833 as a machine in daily use on common roads. The Report continues: "Mr. Hancock reckons that with his carriage he could keep up a speed of ten miles per hour, without injury to the machine."

CAN REMAIN SILENT

HOW COURT ADJUSTS FEUD OF AN AGED COUPLE.

Will Live Together in Same House, But Need Not Notice Each Other—Quarreled on Their Honeymoon.

Los Angeles, Cal.—A feud of long standing between Mrs. A. W. Ackerman, of Pasadena, and her husband, Morris Ackerman, has been temporarily settled, and although both of the old people will have to live in the same house, they are not compelled to speak to or notice each other.

The Ackerman case first became prominent in the local courts many months ago, when Mrs. Ackerman filed suit for divorce on the ground of cruelty. Her husband, Morris Ackerman, is 74 years of age and an old soldier, but in spite of his age he entered such a contest of the case that the complaint was withdrawn and the old people lived apart, waiting the time when the grim hand of death would separate them more surely than any court.

But her troubles increased and Mrs. Ackerman filed suit for maintenance and the case was threshed out in the higher courts after days of argument.

Judge Wilbur has decided that Ackerman, who has extra live real property, must give his wife \$25 a month for her support so long as she continues to live in the same house with him, but that if through any act of his she is compelled to leave, then the maintenance is to be doubled.

The Ackermans are at present living in Pasadena, although they own property in Los Angeles. They were married in 1902, and according to the story of family troubles cited in the papers produced in court they began quarrelling almost immediately thereafter.

On the honeymoon trip Mrs. Ackerman was accompanied by her grown son, and war resulted between husband and stepson. As a result of the disturbances the couple separated and have been doing so about once a month ever since.

Mrs. Ackerman, in stating her reasons for the trouble, testified that her husband had taken exception to her son and had given him an advertisement, clipped from a newspaper, in which a wealthy widow wanted to marry a young man. The elder Ackerman is alleged to have suggested that the son stop loafing and get married, or make a fortune some other way.

The final disturbance occurred when Mrs. Ackerman attempted to get her husband to go to bed. According to her allegations, she went to him in the library of their home and told him that it was time for him to retire and that he might catch cold. She alleges that he became enraged and told her he would choke her if she bothered him again.

In answering the allegations against him the old soldier carefully refrained from saying anything to hurt his wife's feelings. He simply stated that she had bothered him when he had a right to sit up all night if he wanted to. He further alleged that she threw a saucer of hot blackberries at him on one occasion when he invaded the kitchen to ask her a question.

Judge Wilbur, however, found for the plaintiff and ordered that both the old people stop interfering with each other and that the husband pay for his wife's support.

Aged Man to Give Up Riches.
South Haven, Mich.—Although he is 73 years old and has been obliged to work as a street sweeper to earn a living, Edward Pinchin says he will give away the \$60,000 which he recently inherited from a relative in England and remain at his work. Pinchin's life has been a long series of misfortunes. Now that he has an opportunity to take advantage of good fortune he has decided that his money would do more good for others than for himself. "I am an old man and won't live long," he said. "I know what it is to want things and not to be able to have them. So I think I'll give away the money to persons who are in need and keep on sweeping streets."

Woman a Hermit 20 Years.
Trenton, O.—Kate Zimmerman, of Fraser street, who has been living alone in one room, refusing to have anything to do with other persons for 20 years, will be visited by the health officers to-morrow. According to the police reports to-night, neighbors have complained. Charles Heigher takes her food in a basket, which she hauls up with a rope. It is believed the woman is a miser and that this accounts for her secrecy and strange manner of living.

NEW DIVORCE RECORD IS SET.

New York Judge Files Sixty-Five Decisions in One Day.

New York.—After holding up more than half the undefended divorce cases tried before him in June and several others from the spring months Justice McLean, of the supreme court, the other day broke all records by filing decisions in 65 cases. In 45 he granted the interlocutory decrees. He dismissed 20 suits. He had still undecided 32 cases. Eight of these were held up for technical reasons, such as insufficient proof of marriage. It was the most remarkable record of divorces granted in the supreme court on a single day by any judge.

Most of the cases adjudicated are of the undefended class. Of the 20 suits dismissed one of the most interesting is that of David Zyskind against Salka Zyskind, in which Justice McLean declines to accept the evidence of these men who professed to have knowledge of her guilt.

"Not one of these," the justice says, "can be believed, excepting vaguely as to one instance, testified to as an occurrence since the plaintiff came from Russian Poland, where the defendant, according to an affidavit, lived as recently as December last. Mayhap the defendant is more than ordinarily entitled to protection by the court."

HAS CURE FOR JUNGLE FEVER.

Dr. Senn Returns from Africa, Where He Studied All Phases of Malady.

Chicago.—Dr. Nicholas Senn, who has just returned from Africa, where he studied every phase of fever prevalent there, hopes to include in his forthcoming book some suggestions of great value in the treatment of the disease. He went to Beira, on the east coast of Africa, and journeyed up the Zambezi river into the country known as the death trap. Dr. Senn devoted himself especially to discovering some means of checking the disease in its incipient stages, its devastating effect being largely due to the fact that the symptoms have been allowed to develop unimpeded. Dr. Senn is said to have found some specific which strikes at the root of the malady to replace the copious doses of quinine which have been almost the sole medical agent used in the tropics.

Dr. Senn followed the course of Dr. Jameson and his raiders during the Boer war and studied the sturdy Dutch settlers who made such a vigorous stand against the British government in South Africa.

SEEK EDEN ON THE PACIFIC.

Self-Styled Adam Leads Band of Half-Creed Followers.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—James F. Sharp, who says he is Adam, and a band of half-clad followers numbering about 50, marched through the streets the other day from their abandoned camp outside the city. They are on their way to the Pacific coast. Sharp, as will be remembered, led a parade of nude persons through the streets here about a year ago, which resulted in several arrests and one of the band being sent to the asylum.

Sharp returned here a few weeks ago and established a camp east of town, where many of his followers went without clothing, under the belief that they were in the Garden of Eden. They were arrested time and time again, and fined. Sharp says that it was a case of persecution, and decided to go to the coast.

In the parade through the streets were many little children, who had marched for eight miles without stopping, and were hardly able to walk. Covered wagons containing a dozen or more babies brought up the rear of the parade.

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Overheard On The Smoker

By W. Pett Ridge

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The 5:30 evening train backed carefully into the city station as one conscious of having important passengers to carry.

The stout florid old gentleman with a white carnation in his coat flopped down into the corner seat of the smoker, puffed very hard at his cigar, and glowered resentfully at the other passengers, and fixed a long lad next to him with a definite eye, and when the long lad lighted a cigarette the stout man growled.

"Did you say you wanted the window down?" asked the long lad.

"No, sir, I did not say anything of the sort. I don't want my head blown off, and I've had quite enough worry in the city to-day without having half a ton of coal-dust in my eye. I'm not a polar bear, sir."

The long youth asked "Why not?" but the florid gentleman fortunately did not hear the question.

"There is a class of people in this world," he said, flicking the ash from his cigar to his boily capacious waistcoat, "who must always be interfering with everything. If they see a window up they want it down; if they see a door shut they want it open; if they see the gas low they want it up. Always restless, always pottering about. Great heavens, man! why can't people keep still? It's the great curse of this present so-called generation of ours that every one must be continually on the go. Why in the world don't people keep quiet and mind their own business, eh?"

The long youth had found an enchanting inquest in his evening paper and did not answer.

"What I can't stand, what I never could stand, and what I never will stand," he went on oratorically, "is the man who forces his conversation on other people and bothers them when they want to be quiet. It's one of those foolish, stupid blunders that youth commits simply and wholly and entirely from the want of experience, and the worst of it is they won't be told. Oh! fear no! You mustn't attempt to teach them anything." (With much bitterness.) "Tell them they're wrong, tell them they're making a mistake, tell



The Stout Man Growled.

them they're making a blunder, and, bless my soul, they're ready to bite your head off. No, in the present day it is only the very young who are rich in experience. There's a set of half-baked young fools looking like dough who are going about at the present day who, lumped all together, have got just about the intellect of a hen."

He chuckled a little with satisfaction at having found this simile, and said it thrice over for luck. The long youth nodded.

"After all," went on the stout gentleman, softened by success, "after all I suppose it's what I might venture to call the spirit of the age. I look at girls nowadays, and what do I find? What do I find, sir, eh?"

The long youth slightly interested, looked up.

"I find a desire to reverse their sex and to upset the arrangements of—Providence in every shape and form. In fact," he smiled, "I made rather a good sort of joke—you might call it a pun perhaps—the other evening after dinner. We were talking on this very subject, and I happened to remark quite casually—I didn't think over the joke at all, it came out just as naturally as I'm giving it to you at the present moment—I said that whereas in the old days girls wanted to get married and cried 'Altar, altar,' now their cry is 'Alter, alter.'"

The stout gentleman laughed very much at this, and when he had wiped his eyes and relighted his cigar he spelt the joke carefully, and laughed again. The long youth muttered some suggestion about sending it to Puck, and turned to the sporting extra.

"Take my two girls at home now," the youth shook his head and said he wasn't having any.

"If I didn't keep them well in hand and put a stopper on every little—what shall I say?—tendency that way, why I've no doubt they too—would want to smoke their cigarettes and ride their bicycles, and play the cornet, and carry on like one o'clock. Fortunately for them, sir, I say fortunately for them, they have a parent."

The long youth said that he knew lots of girls who had parents.

"In the case of my daughters it's an uncommonly good thing for them. Uncommonly good, sir. Why, you see girls in other families go and blunder into marriage before they've finished cutting their teeth almost. You don't find my girls like that. I don't mind telling you—you seem a fairly intelligent young man."

He laid an emphasis on the word "seem" in order to prevent any idea that he was assuming responsibility.

"I don't mind telling you in confidence that the plan I have is this. It's a very simple one. Say that I find some young fellow walking home with them from church, or sending them books, or lifting hats a little too much to them when they pass them. What do I do?"

The youth opposite said he didn't know.

"Why I take the first opportunity of having five minutes' talk with that young gentleman. I take him by the coat button in a friendly way, a perfectly friendly way, and I say, 'Look here, sir, what the deuce is the idea of all this nonsense? What does it mean, eh? What are you driving at, eh? Do you mean straightforwardness, prompt, and manly business, or do you mean only to foolery. That's the way I talk to them. I'm a blunt outspoken man, mind you, and I don't mince my words. What's the result? Why simply this, that having adopted that policy for a certain number of years my girls are at the present moment as single as they were when they were born. One's 33 and the other's 31, and in a few years' time they'll be old enough to select husbands for themselves, and then—he flattered his newspaper—and then I shall wash my hands of all the responsibility. All the responsibility, sir."

The stout, florid gentleman sat back and frowned at the long youth. The long youth shifted uneasily but said nothing. Being pressed, however, for an opinion he submitted respectfully that it was a bit rough on the girls.

"I knew you'd say that," declared the florid gentleman triumphantly, "I could have sworn those were the very words that you were going to use. I could see them coming. It's just what I should have expected from a young man with absolutely no experience of the world."

The youth said, with some show of spirit, that he'd knocked about as much as most chaps of his age.

"Yes, yes, yes," said the stout gentleman, testily, "I dare say you have, but that's not the point. Don't let us get away from the main argument or else we shan't know what we are talking about. The whole gist of the matter is this. A young child of a girl, of say 28, sees somebody she likes, and there" (with sarcasm) "there she is, in love as she calls it. But, my good sir, she doesn't know when she's in love and when she isn't, unless she's got some one close at hand to give her advice in the matter. For instance, what they call falling in love, I might call an accident that has to be prevented just like any other catastrophe. You see the great thing about me is this, I've argued all these matters out with myself and thought them over and settled them. They haven't. And that's why I think that a good many of these affairs ought to be submitted to those of us who know instead of—"

The train slackened and the florid gentleman collected his newspapers.

"Here I am," he said, craning himself into position "here I am at what I may perhaps venture to call my—er—destination. If any words of mine have been of use to you, my dear young sir, why all I can say is that you are as welcome to them as though they were your own. Above all let me counsel you to avoid any tendency of forcing yourself on—"

"We can't keep this train all night while you argue," said the conductor. "In or out, one or the other."

LAUGHED AT NAME OF FILLY.

Turf Critic's Humor Offended Texas Sportsman.

A turf critic who learned to read and write before he learned to race once made a bitter enemy of a highly-respectable Texas sportsman by having fun with the name he gave his pet two-year-old filly. The filly was the foal of the pet of the ranch, Little Pearl, and the sire was Gallantry. The Texan called the offspring Little Pearl of Gallantry. The first and the only time Little Pearl of Gallantry started the young critic took occasion to chide the gentleman who hung that title on the filly. In the course of his playful tart remarks he undertook to name the future product of the ranch whence came Little Pearl of Gallantry. Among the names he suggested were Little Things to Think About, Little Jars of Marmalade, Little Bales of Timothy, Little Is My Hat on Straight, Big Bill With the White Hat and such. The Texan could not have been more aggrieved had he been accused of cheating.

The combination of the names of sire and dam often results in beautiful if meaningless names, but even more frequently in laughable or absurd groups of letters.

New York City Far Ahead.
New York city consumes nearly 1,000 million units of electricity per annum, while London, with nearly double the population, consumes not more than one-fourth of that amount. The consumption per head of population in New York is stated to be 352 units, against only 42 per head in London.

Will Read About Himself.
A volume of clippings covering the visit to the United States of Earl Grey, governor general of Canada, has just been completed in New York, and will be sent to the earl's home at Ottawa.

Cemetery for Deceased Canines in Fashionable Part of London



New York.—A paper of this city printed some pictures of the New York dogs' cemetery a short time ago. Here is a picture of the place where the pets of the well to do are buried in London.

It is a tiny plot of ground in the very heart of fashionable London, a remarkable bit of Hyde Park. It is not far from Kensington Gardens, but it is so hidden from the gaze of the vulgar that one looks in vain for it unless one inquires of the gatekeeper.

He directs you to the man in charge, an affable person in livery, who unlocks a little door to the right of the gate house and shows you in with a smile, which implies both pity and amusement. But at last you are repaid for all your trouble, for here is a miniature graveyard, where are buried pets of all kinds, from dogs and cats to birds and monkeys.

It occupies not much more space than the back yard of a city house, and yet it has three avenues. Grass and flowers cover the graves, while small monuments preserve the memory of these pampered darlings. And the tributes on the headstones! They are in all degrees of tenderness, from "In loving memory of our Robble" to the tragic announcement that with the death of Timmie "Sunshine has passed out of our lives."

DUKE DYING LIKE AN OUTCAST

Otto of Austria, Once a German Court Favorite, Victim of Cancer.

Berlin.—The tragic fate of the Austrian Archduke Otto, who is dying of cancer, excites sympathy nowhere



ARCHDUKE OTTO OF AUSTRIA. (Nobleman Who Has Been Overtaken by a Tragic Fate.)

greater than at the German court, where he was formerly a great favorite.

Archduke Otto, who is now 41, is separated from the Austrian throne only by the aged reigning Emperor Francis Joseph and his own elder brother, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, whose children by his morganatic marriage are debarred from the succession.

Archduke Otto during his earlier years enjoyed life with a reckless disregard to all proprieties. On one occasion he was riding in a rural dis-

trict when he met a funeral procession. He compelled the bearers to deposit the coffin in the center of the road, whereupon he leaped over it on horseback and proceeded on his way rejoicing.

Soon after his marriage with Princess Maria Josepha, sister of the present king of Saxony, he was blind drunk in his own palace in the company of a score of dissipated young officers. When the revelry reached its height Otto exclaimed: "Gentlemen, if you would like to see how a royal princess of the blood looks in bed I will conduct you to my wife's room." They had almost reached the door when the archduke's own aide-camp drew his sword and said: "Your imperial highness will only go further over my dead body." Archduke Otto turned back from his design, but no credit was due him personally for so doing.

When a member of the Austrian parliament, Pernerstorfer, denounced the archduke's proceedings in the reichsrath, Otto hired three ruffians who forced an entrance into Pernerstorfer's house in broad daylight, gagged his servant and locked her up and then beat Pernerstorfer himself almost to death.

More recently Otto, in a state of helpless drunkenness, appeared in a fashionable restaurant in Vienna wearing nothing but his officer's cap and a sword attached to a belt around his waist. A great Austrian nobleman who was present with his wife immediately complained to the emperor, who is said to have summoned his nephew and boxed his ears.

A terrible punishment overtook him at the age of 38, when cancer in the throat, due directly to the mode of life which he had led, made its appearance. Since then the archduke has been slowly dying. His sufferings during these three years have been appalling. He lives almost alone in a comparatively small residence not far from the Austria-German frontier. His wife never goes near him, nor are his two sons allowed to visit him.

SEARCH FOR GOLD IN EGYPT

Several Exploration Expeditions Have Recently Been Made.

London.—Prominent among the features of the modern development of Egypt are the expeditions which have been undertaken to explore the ancient gold and precious stone workings which exist in the region between the Nile and the Red sea.

Ancient records tell us of the marvelous yield these workings afforded, and several modern expeditions have been made to explore the various districts with a view to ascertaining whether they could be reopened with profit—some of the leading London engineering firms having taken part in the exploration. Remains of ancient villages and numberless abandoned mines have been found, together with stone grinding mills and mining implements, and assays made of the quartz and soil. The labor question presents little difficulty, as there are plenty of fellahs ready to work at a cheap rate.

Our illustration refers to an expedition to one of the best-known of the ancient mining districts in the Allaki valley, to the southeast of Assouan. These are stated to have been the mines worked by the early Egyptians, and after them by the Romans and Arabs. Indeed, continuous records of mining can be traced from the earliest ages down to and including the Roman occupation of Egypt, from which time little or nothing is known until we reach the Mussulman epoch, when we are told by El Macrizi, the Arabian historian, that the Arabian chief Omari was forced by the Egyptians to abandon working the mines over 1,900 years ago, at which time they were being actively worked.

El Macrizi relates that during the reign of Ahmed Benahmed ben Teilon, an Arabian chief, and a Syrian

named Abou Abdul Haman Omari, about 868 A. D. had with a large tribe worked these gold mines between the River Nile and the Red sea, and he



Native Miners Sinking a Shaft.

states that there was marvelous activity in the districts between the River Nile and the heights of Assou and Berber and the Red sea.

Pauper Insured for \$5,000.
A pauper lunatic belonging to the Haslingden union, who recently died, was found to be insured by seven different persons for amounts ranging up to \$5,000, but when asked to defray the cost of the burial the beneficiaries unanimously refused. The workhouse master stated that there were other men similarly insured in the workhouse.

A Monarch's Resource.
If the shah of Persia were to be deprived of his income he could still make sure of being one of the richest men in the world. He would only have to sell his ornaments, gems, and precious stones to become possessed of about \$35,000,000, the sum at which the magnificent collection is valued.