

EVOLUTION OF THE JAUNTING CAR

In Ireland the evolution of the modern wheeled vehicle in its perfection as the jaunting car can be seen in all its stages, says the Boston Transcript. The jaunting car is peculiar to Ireland and is a very highly developed vehicle, far more suitable to the wants of the country than would be either the hansom cab or the brougham. Rich and poor alike use the jaunting car, and show daily that they prefer it to the vehicles in general use in other countries.

Side by side with the most up-to-date vehicles one sees the ass with the paniers on its back. Now the jaunting car is the lineal descendant of the panier.

There is, for instance, the slide, which is barely a step in advance of the panier. Then comes the solid-wheeled, low-backed car, of the sort in which fair Peggy charmed her admirers. Then comes the spoke-wheeled car, and next in development is the vehicle with which the tourist of to-day is familiar.

While other countries have departed from the panier principle in their vehicle development, Ireland has clung to it from first to last. The jaunting car of to-day practically carries its passengers on either side of the horse's back, just as the paniers did a thousand years ago.

Strolling through a Donegal village the writer met a peasant on his way to the nearby market town. With him was his beast of burden—an ass, and strapped on either side were two huge baskets in which was carried from bog to home the turf that the peasant used as fuel.

A bit of sacking lay across the back of the ass, and over this the baskets were slung. In each basket sat a child, pictures of happiness.

The writer asked the peasant where he had found the idea of transportation he had developed.

"It's not new," he replied. "I learned it from my father, and he from his. They do say it comes down from the old, old times."

A little farther on was a group of peasants cutting turf in a bog. Some had only baskets, which, when filled, they would carry home on their backs.

Another peasant, the owner of an ass, carried home his turf by means of a slide consisting of two long poles harnessed each side of the animal, shaft fashion, and with the ends dragging on the ground. The basket is lashed on the top of the poles, and the animal is thus relieved of the weight of the load.

The slide, the second stage in the evolution of the jaunting car reminds one much of the method of the American Indian transporting his lodge or tepee, from place to place.

The third stage of evolution may be seen in almost any Irish village. It is a rough wheel, approaching more the square than the round. It is usually of home manufacture.

The load, however, is raised from the ground, and the rolling motion substituted for the sliding method. The body of the car is of the roughest construction, consisting simply of a few boards so arranged as to retain the load.

The fourth stage in the evolution process shows no advance in principle from the third. It is merely a refinement of the block-wheeled, low-backed car. This is the vehicle in use to-day among the more prosperous of the peasantry.

The wheels are of the spoke pattern, and are made by a wheelwright, while the body of the car is generally put together by the village carpenter. Such a car is used by the peasantry for both freight and passenger service. Often the tourist gets his first jaunting car experience on a springless vehicle of this sort, and prefers walking thereafter.

The really modern Irish jaunting car beautifully upholstered and mounted on the best of springs, is a comfortable vehicle. As an aid to sight-seeing it is far superior to most methods of transportation.

Still, it is true to the principle of the panier. The passengers sit back to back on either side of the horse, but the load, instead of being over the animal, is a little farther back and supported by shafts.

It Didn't Work

His knock on the door of a certain house was answered by a demure little woman, and he felt quite sure of a cold bite, as he led off with:

"Madam, do not think me impertinent, but let me ask if it so happened that you had a son wander away from the family fireside years ago?"

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"Yes, I did," she replied, as she opened the door a little farther.

"He went out into the world and became a wanderer o'er the face of the earth?"

"Yes, he did."

"Days and weeks and months ran into years and you heard no word of him? You know not whether he lived or died?"

"As you say, I knew nothing," replied the woman as she stood in the door and looked fixedly at the tramp.

"Well, ma'am," he continued, "I don't want to raise any false hopes, but—but—"

"But you are just a little too late!" she finished, as he swallowed the lump in his throat and tried to wipe away a tear. "My wandering son returned about two hours ago and is now taking a soak in the bathtub. Had you called early this morning, you know—"

"Then, the situation is filled?"

"It is."

"Just my luck, ma'am; but of course, you are not to blame for it. I congratulate you and your wandering son, and will bid you good day and try the family next door."—Ex.

An Excellent Piano.

Mr. S. L. Barrowclough, the well known musician and western manager for the Morris Piano Co., has just unloaded a carload of fine pianos. He says, go were you will, search every piano wareroom and every piano factory from coast to coast, and you will not find a piano that will give you more solid, permanent satisfaction than the Morris piano. Viewed from any standpoint, it will justify the most extravagant praise. "In tone quality this piano possesses an individuality that at once places it in a class of its own. It is looked upon by musicians, piano experts, and the trade, as one of the few really artistic pianos in the market. Mr. Barrowclough says that the Morris piano finds a ready sale because its discriminating buyers are quick to recognize the many excellent qualities of its tone and action. He invites the most critical comparison of the Morris pianos with those of other high-grade makes. Whether you wish to buy or not, you will be a welcome visitor at the Morris warerooms.

Theatre-Goers in Germany

By Cornelia Cross, in December Donahoe's.

A favorite amusement is the theatre. It is a very comfortable one, no trouble, no fuss. At a little before seven the maid or the man servant takes the girls to the performance; they mount the dusty stairs, leave their wraps in the "garde robes," and go to their box, where they pass the whole evening unchaperoned. At first, this seems rather a strange exception to the usual custom; the explanation is, however, that there is no visiting in the entrance, and as German girls of good family only sit in boxes for which they

have subscribed they know quite well who is on each side of them, and very probably are surrounded by acquaintances. The two first rows of orchestra chairs are reserved for officers.

A kindly feeling reigns between the audience and the actors; many of the latter are engaged for life; and though there are no stars the average is decidedly higher than with us, and therefore according to European ideas, the whole is smoother, and more artistic than under the opposite rule.

At half-past ten even the longest play or opera is over. The officers wait on the pavement to see the audience come out; the girls slip by, a little embarrassed by the glances of the "Herr Lieutenant," and get into their carriage; the stout shop-keeper turns up his coat collar and goes to his customary inn, where at his usual table he discusses the play, and drinks his last glass of beer; and in a quarter of an hour the street is silent again. Early hours are so much the rule that if a performance requires more than three and a half hours, it begins at six or half-past.

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A Scene in the Dawson Hospital

From the "Klondikers' Friend," in December Donahoe's

As Father Judge entered the room with a brisk step and serious mien, every patient that could, raised himself up in the bed, while all heads were lifted. Oddly enough there was a smile on every sick face; only the priest looked dull and old. He passed at once to the centre bed, containing the man I heard named as "Jack." Jack had a rather uncouth, stolid face. He tried to rise as the priest approached, reached out and took one of the priest's hands tenderly in his own. H— and everyone else had stopped all conversation. All looked on. H— whispered softly to me:—

"Jack's going to die. The scurvy's got up into his spleen and he's all swelled up. They all die when it gets there. Two died last week that way."

I was sitting nearest Jack's bed. I watched the priest's solemn face slowly light up as from a glow within. The age disappeared. Patient and priest looked earnestly into each other's eyes for a full half minute. Then in the softest tones ever heard from a man's lips, Father Judge said:—

"I've been praying for you, Jack. If it is the good Lord's will you're going to get well. The medicine is beginning to come down river. Nurse will be here in a minute with what you need. Your good old mother is going to see you again if prayers and medicine can avail. Say your prayers, my boy. I'm going down to the chapel again, and I'll leave your case in good hands."

The priest smoothed back the sick man's hair from his forehead, and then I saw the man was crying. As the Father turned away, Jack raised the hand he held to his lips, and kissed it fervently, then buried his face in his pillow.

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How Japs Cheat

(New York Times)

While Minister Takahira was at Portsmouth, he, one morning, chanced to overhear a remark made by a Rockingham guest, who ventured the opinion that lazy and slothful nations naturally disliked the earnest, progressive little Japs—disliked them because they dreaded them. Half smilingly the diplomat from the Land of the Rising Sun turned and, with an apology for taking part in the conversation, said: "Excuse me, gentlemen, but I heard only the other day, something which bears most closely upon what you say. "I was in Washington, and two ladies whom I have the honor of knowing, were talking. Said one: "The Japanese should be excluded from America. No sooner do their young men come over here and matriculate in our schools and colleges but they begin a systematic course of cheating." "You don't say so," exclaimed the other; "why, how is that?" "Quite simple," returned the first speaker. They only pay for one tuition and they always learn enough at least for two."

HOW TWAIN GOT RICH.

Mark Twain says that in his earlier days he did not enjoy the exceptional prosperity which came later in his career. It is commonly the lot of genius to suffer neglect at first, and experience did not affect his abiding good nature. In a conversation with William Dean

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Howells on one occasion, the subject of literature vicissitudes was broached by the humorist.

"My difficulties taught me some thrift" he observed. "But I never knew whether it was wiser to spend my last nickel for a cigar to smoke or for an apple to devour."

"I am astounded," observed Mr. Howells, "that a person of so little decision should meet with so much worldly success."

Mark Twain nodded very gravely. "Indecision about spending money" he said, "is worthy of cultivation. When I couldn't decide what to buy with my last nickel, I kept it, and so became rich."