

THEODORA'S HORSELESS CARRIAGE.

By H. E. ROOD.

(Copyright, 1899, by H. E. Rood.)
Most of the neighbors say they are unable to understand why Theodora purchased a horseless carriage in the first place. But of course one's neighbors are not supposed to know all of one's domestic affairs—although I am free to confess that in a rural community, such as that wherein we reside, there is very little to escape the neighbors' knowledge. However, that is neither here nor there. The reason Theodora bought a horseless carriage is because a grand uncle of Theodora's died and was considerable enough to bequeath unto her the sum of \$1,400. If the old gentleman had left her \$1,300 or \$1,500, I have no doubt but that the money would now be drawing 5 per cent on mortgage. But Theodora saw an advertisement of a horseless carriage costing \$1,100, delivered free, and she decided at once to invest in it.
"Just think!" she exclaimed. "Now we won't have to worry and bother ourselves about a safe investment for dear Uncle John's money. If we let it remain in bank the cashier is sure to run away, and if we put it in real estate I am certain the mortgage will be burned up. Besides, the highest interest we could reasonably expect, you say, would only amount to \$70 a year, and I know we will get more than \$70 worth of enjoyment out of it riding around our

resolution when I pulled the bar, and the carriage began to roll forward. With a certain degree of nervous foreboding I stirred it around the corner upon the main street, and then increased the speed gradually as the agent had done. It worked to a charm. I found that it could make it go faster or more slowly by exerting a little pressure, and that it would swerve to the right or left with ease. Once I put on the brake hard and reversed the motor to see how quickly the carriage could be stopped in case of sudden emergency. And it stopped so suddenly that I was almost hurled over the dashboard. The experiment was satisfactory, and none other was tried. When I reached home safely, and guided the new purchase up the little driveway and into the barn, I thought that Theodora might be right after all. There it was, safe and sound, needing no harnessing or rubbing down or water and fodder. If I wanted to go away and leave it for a week, well and good. There it would be, needing no attention, and it would be there when I went into the house, and during supper we planned a picnic for the next day.
"Well start early," said Theodora, radiantly happy. "I can sit beside you with Dorothy between us on that big, wide seat and Jack can curl up at my feet on the bottom. We can stow away the baskets somewhere, and we'll go."
"Hooray!" shouted Jack.
"Good!" cried Dorothy.
"You're a genius," I added, "and we will

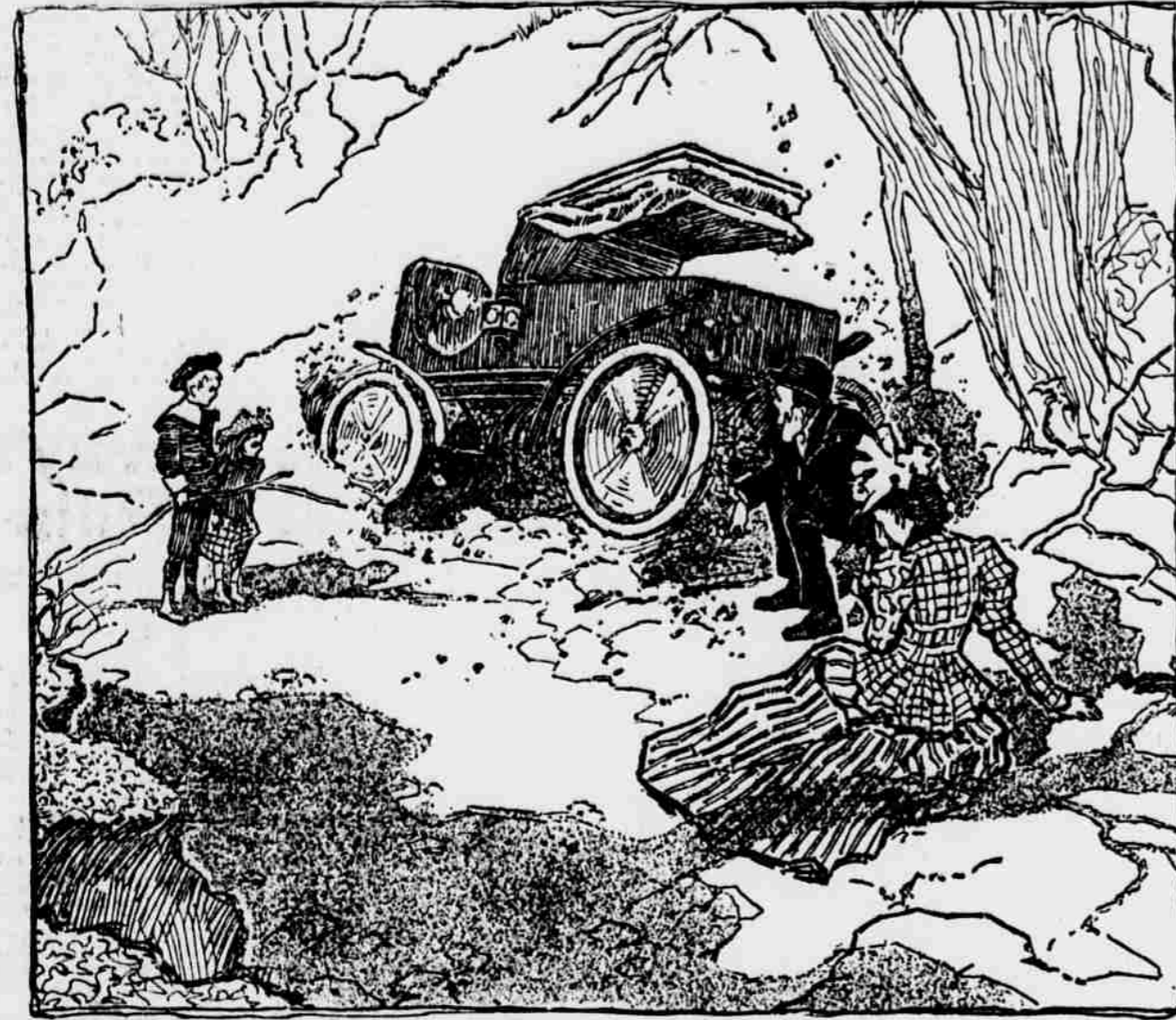
would penetrate very far. And it didn't! When my wife and children reached the spot they found me sitting on a log smoking a pipe, and observing the horseless carriage in the interesting process of kicking itself to pieces. The machinery was clattering and whirling, the rear wheels were revolving at a rapid rate, and the front wheels were burrowing a few feet into the sand. Now Theodora is a woman of action; and when she grasped the situation she also grasped something else, namely, a long stick, one end of which she immediately shoved into the motor. But a little thing like that didn't discourage the cogs and wheels. They simply creaked it up into five pieces and went on whirling. Then Theodora and Jack lugged a branch of a tree to the carriage, and jammed one end of that in among the machinery with a like result. So Theodora sat down by the roadside and cried. She dried her tears soon, however, because Farmer Wortzel and his wife and five children and a hired man came out and formed a circle with us. And there we sat in a prosopocoped manner, saying very little, but thinking a great deal, while Theodora's carriage continued to kick itself into fragments. After awhile the motor seemed to rawn and stretch itself. Then it gave a few loud thumps and fell to pieces. Mrs. Wortzel took Theodora and the children into the farmhouse to eat their lunch, and Farmer Wortzel and I hitched up Don to the wreck, with which the hired man was sent to my home, having instructions to drive back in the surrey after us.
When we were quite alone I said to Wortzel:
"How much do you want for that horse?"
"Seventy-five," he replied.
"I'll give you \$60."
"All right," he replied. Then we went to join our respective families at the midday meal.
The following Sunday Rev. Mr. Winfield's discourse was upon the text found in Proverbs, chapter xx, 26th verse: "A wise king scattereth the wicked, and bringeth the wheel over them."
A MILLS HOTEL FOR WOMEN.
Speculation as to Whether It Will Fall or Succeed.
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Mr. Stewart's hotel was intended to be a home for the better class of working women. The Mills scheme is for a lodging house on the East side. Women who may patronize it are not likely to make demands of this nature, for men visitors under any conditions do not enter into their scheme of life.
Girls and young women of the East side never receive men in their homes. It is not the custom. There are reasons for this. One is that the whole family live in two or three rooms, so that no privacy is possible. Another is that many of the girls are ashamed of the appearance of their parents and do not wish them to be seen by the young men with whom they may be "keeping company."
By hook or crook the girls—most of them earning less than \$5 a week, out of which they pay board—manage to rig themselves out in cheap imitations of the fashions. This season big velvet hats, curls in the neck and even trailing skirts prevail in the evening in the Bowery. The young men, too, are up to date in dress, very high as to collars and gay as to ties when they have donned their "Sunday best."
In the matter of clothes parents can

scarcely be said to stand comparison with their children. Fathers are seldom presentable and mothers are worse, except possibly in the street, where a shawl and wig are called upon to cover all deficiencies. No east side mother is too poor to have a wig. As she does not commit the extravagance of wearing the indoors, she would hardly be regarded as an object of admiration by her friends in the streets. Every girl has a meeting place. A girl with a "steady" has the distinction of being called for by a whistled signal outside her house. Girls without "steadies" stroll about in twos or threes and meet their friends at any corner. In the summer they crowd the Battery. In the winter many of the best of them turn to the College Settlement and the neighborhood zullid for diversion. Both of these houses are well recognized meeting places and powerful factors in the social life of the young people of the neighborhood.
So it would seem that Mr. Mills, in providing a lodging house for these women and girls whose habits of life are fixed, would not have to wrestle with the problem which confronted and eventually defeated Mr. Stewart.

QUININE IN DEMAND.
The amount of Quinine Consumed Greater Than Ever Before.
It is estimated that during and since the war with Spain over 125,000,000 grains of quinine have been issued to American soldiers suffering with fever. In some cases men who were in the hospitals were dosed with as much as 300 grains per week, and almost every man in the army took the drug at some period of his service, either for its curative or preventive effect. Yet, as large as the figures are, they are hardly as surprising as those for the entire population of the United States. We are a race of quinine eaters in the street, where a shawl and wig are called upon to cover all deficiencies. No east side mother is too poor to have a wig. As she does not commit the extravagance of wearing the indoors, she would hardly be regarded as an object of admiration by her friends in the streets. Every girl has a meeting place. A girl with a "steady" has the distinction of being called for by a whistled signal outside her house. Girls without "steadies" stroll about in twos or threes and meet their friends at any corner. In the summer they crowd the Battery. In the winter many of the best of them turn to the College Settlement and the neighborhood zullid for diversion. Both of these houses are well recognized meeting places and powerful factors in the social life of the young people of the neighborhood.
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Another series of stamps of equally appropriate design will be made for Porto Rico and a third set for the Philippine Islands. They will be furnished by the United States, but the proceeds of their sale will be turned into the local treasuries until congress shall order otherwise. All three of the new colonies are to be treated by the postoffice department as foreign countries until some permanent form of government has been adopted for them, and the old rates of postage will be maintained. It will require a 5-cent stamp to carry a letter to Cuba and Porto Rico as before.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is an excellent remedy for children. For croup, whooping cough and measles-cough it has no equal.
Richard Harding Davis Very Ill.
NEW YORK, Jan. 20.—Richard Harding Davis is very ill at his home in this city. He has been attacked by a return of the fever contracted in the campaign at Santiago.



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own lovely mountain roads, and the fresh air will do us and the children lots of good."
"But, my dear," I responded, "we get all the fresh air we need now. We go driving every day with Don and the surrey."
"Don," she cried scornfully. "Why, do you know that poor old horse was a wedding present? And we have been married twelve years? And he was 7 years old then."
"Yes, you're right, but he seems to be a pretty good horse yet."
"Good for use on a small farm," responded Theodora. "I am afraid to trust him going down hill, he's so old and feeble, and I feel morally certain he can never pull us to the top every time we start up a mountain."
I said nothing further. The money was Theodora's, and she had a right to do with it as she desired. Besides, in my inmost heart I did cherish imaginary dreams of sailing over the roads, up hill and down dale, in an automobile, passing the slow-going horses of acquaintances who had been in the habit of jeering somewhat at old Don. But I confess that it hurt me when we sold the faithful animal to a farmer named Wortzel, especially as I had determined not to let him go for less than \$50, and the farmer finally led him away in triumph after paying just \$47.85.

The horseless carriage arrived the following week, accompanied by a young and active man sent on by the manufacturers to explain the working of the machinery. At Theodora's request I went to the station and saw her purchase unloaded from a platform car. Then the young agent inspected the motor casually, announced that it was all right, and invited me to step into the vehicle. I did so, sitting beside him, and he pulled a lever which started the wheels. We went slowly at first until we reached the broad, main street of the village, and then he gradually "let 'er out," as he expressed it, and we were whirling over the ground like an express train. Fortunately, we met no team, and the children were waiting at the gate, and all three cheered as we arrived. Then the agent said he would "exhibit her fine points," and he made the carriage go forward and backward, and describe circles to the right and left, and perform other feats equally interesting with equal ease. Finally he opened the box containing the machinery and carefully explained every part. Then he glanced at his watch, and found that by hurrying he could just about catch a train for the city.
"Better take me down to the station in the carriage," he suggested. "Then you can run it alone and I can keep an eye on you."
Of course I hailed the plan with joy, and off we started, my hand on bar and brake, he sitting beside me. It was no trouble at all to manage the thing, and when we met a bicycle I steered by with ease.
"You'll do," the agent said approvingly, as he jumped out at the station. "Just be careful, and as a matter of common precaution glance at the motor before you start out every time—as a good horseman glances over the harness before taking a drive."
He waved his hand in farewell, and ran across the platform and jumped aboard the train.
I glanced at the motor, as he had suggested, and it certainly looked all right, especially to a quiet professional man who hardly knows the difference between a cog-wheel and a beowpirt. By the time I had entered the vehicle again it was surrounded by ten boys, the station agent, three expressmen and a group of loungers. They spoke audibly and not at all in complimentary terms concerning the new purchase, and one of the loungers said he was willing to bet two front teeth against a cabbage that it would run away and kill somebody before the week was out. I think that loungeer is the man to whom Theodora gave my overcoat a few weeks ago under the mistaken idea that it was worn out. I shall see that he obtains no more clothing at our house.

was partly open, his eyes had a wild, indignant expression. The horseless carriage ran over his soft felt hat, and we soon left our worthy rector out of sight. Just before I was ready to collapse from the nervous strain we reached the spot near which we were to picnic, and without realizing what we did I alighted, and stepped down toward an open space by the side of the road and put on the brake. Theodora's carriage stopped gracefully and without a jolt—as if it were the most docile creature one could wish for. When we had recovered from this shock of surprise we all stepped down upon the ground.
"Well," said Theodora, with a self-congratulatory tone, "we didn't kill anybody!"
"No," remarked Jack, "but by gee! we come mighty near it once 'r twice."
I was too much flattered to reproach him, notwithstanding a natural abhorrence of slang. Instead, I suggested:
"Let's go down to the spring and get a drink."
This idea was approved by all and we strolled through the woods to a rock whence gurgled a stream of cold, pure water. It was refreshing, very; and after we had rested I sent Jack after the lunch baskets. He returned with the information that they were not in the carriage.
"I do believe you came away and forgot them!" Theodora said, looking me in the eyes.
"Who?" I demanded.
"We," she replied.
Then little Dorothy began to whimper. It had been time for her luncheon half an hour previous, and she was becoming fretful.
"I'll tell you what we can do," I said, "Farmer Wortzel's place is at the foot of the mountain, and only a mile or two distant. The children can get bread and milk there, at any rate, and we can procure something for ourselves, I suppose."
"And see don't you!" Dorothy said, with sudden glee. She had wept when I sold him.
We retraced our steps through the woods, climbed into Theodora's carriage, and started again. I put on the pressure this time, and when we reached the summit of the mountain I suppose we were traveling twelve miles an hour.
"Better go slow," said Theodora.
I put on the brake, without appreciable effect. By this time we were descending the steep road at what seemed a terrific rate. Trees, fences, rocks, simply sailed by us. The machinery whirred and clattered. I was struggling with the brake, which somehow failed to work.
"Don't you dare jump," I commanded, as Theodora made a slight movement. "You hold Dorothy in your hand and back, you hold on to your mother's ankles as tight as you can, so she can't jump!"
"What will become of us?" asked Theodora.
"We're all right if we don't meet a team on the mountain," I shouted in return. "When we get to the level I'll reverse the machinery, which I can't do now, for the sudden stop would throw us all out on our heads!"
I never knew before how the young women feel who drive from the top of a circus tent far down into the net spread a few feet above the sawdust. And I never want to know it again. At last we reached the foot of the mountain and I reversed the motor. There was a sudden stop, during which Jack and Dorothy and Theodora hurried out of the carriage, which thus started end of half its load, immediately started again. When she saw the wheels revolving again Theodora shrieked:
"O, jump! Do jump!" But I made no reply. Like a flash I remembered that a few hundred yards further on was a saddle reaching close to the road, quite near Mr. Wortzel's farm house, in fact. I succeeded in steering the carriage straight into that bank. I knew there was a whole mountain of rocks and forest back of the bank, and I didn't think Theodora's purchase

would penetrate very far. And it didn't! When my wife and children reached the spot they found me sitting on a log smoking a pipe, and observing the horseless carriage in the interesting process of kicking itself to pieces. The machinery was clattering and whirling, the rear wheels were revolving at a rapid rate, and the front wheels were burrowing a few feet into the sand. Now Theodora is a woman of action; and when she grasped the situation she also grasped something else, namely, a long stick, one end of which she immediately shoved into the motor. But a little thing like that didn't discourage the cogs and wheels. They simply creaked it up into five pieces and went on whirling. Then Theodora and Jack lugged a branch of a tree to the carriage, and jammed one end of that in among the machinery with a like result. So Theodora sat down by the roadside and cried. She dried her tears soon, however, because Farmer Wortzel and his wife and five children and a hired man came out and formed a circle with us. And there we sat in a prosopocoped manner, saying very little, but thinking a great deal, while Theodora's carriage continued to kick itself into fragments. After awhile the motor seemed to rawn and stretch itself. Then it gave a few loud thumps and fell to pieces. Mrs. Wortzel took Theodora and the children into the farmhouse to eat their lunch, and Farmer Wortzel and I hitched up Don to the wreck, with which the hired man was sent to my home, having instructions to drive back in the surrey after us.
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"BROWN CLOTH TUNIC COSTUME FROM HARPER'S BAZAR"

The tunic, pelum and redingote are to be the favorite overdresses of the coming season, for overdresses having been excused no attention. The favorite spring gowns will be of fine clinging cloths, and will show great variety and development of the tunic, which at present is the popular novelty with the Parisian designers. The one which accompanies this number as a pattern garment is an early example of the skill and art of these busy folk. The cloth skirt, a plain circular, extends only half the length of the skirt, being covered by the circular tunic. The latter and the bodice are joined by a narrow waist band. The cloth bodice is then in two pieces—the back and two front parts, which are adjusted over a fitted lining. The long sleeves are close-fitting until they reach the wrist, where they end in a funnel-shaped cuff. They are capped at the shoulders by double shoulder-capes and stitched bands. The collar and chemise are of contrasting silk, and the belt and fastenings are of wood-brown velvet.
The fastenings represent a fantastic development of the moment, in the Louis XVI. bows. They are always made of satin or velvet, and are formed of two very small ruffles, perhaps an inch deep, cut circular, like the ruffles worn at the wrist. These ruffles are closely gathered, and the two form the complete bow. Sometimes these are divided, one being on the under side and the other on the lapping side. The two meet and are interfolded like the petals of a poppy. The only other trimming used in this model consists of a row of small scallops and stitched on a stiffened foundation before being applied to the gown. The proper cut of this costume can be obtained only by the use of Harper's Bazar cut paper patterns.
Nine yards of cloth, fifty-four inches wide, will be required for the making of this garment; also three-fourths yard of velvet and a similar quantity of contrasting silk for collar and chemise.

WINE OF CARDUI
DOCTORS DON'T UNDERSTAND.
VILLA RIDGE, ILL., Dec. 18.
I am glad there is somebody in the world who understands women's diseases and can save them from suffering. I do not know that I have tried seemed to understand or help me. But Wine of Cardui and Black-Draught greatly helped me. I couldn't do my work half the time before I took them, but I can do it all without difficulty now.
MRS. MARY E. DALTON.

Most physicians are busy treating hundreds of different ailments. They try to do too much. Life is too short for them to master all diseases which afflict humanity. That is why so few of them understand women. They make mistakes and give medicines of very little benefit. Wine of Cardui, on the other hand, is compounded of certain herbs which act directly upon the delicate feminine organism. That is where "female troubles" are located. From that part of the system pains spread all over the body. Wine of Cardui cures the cause and the source of nearly all the suffering endured by women. It restores vigor and strength; stops drains; helps girls through the gate to womanhood; takes wives safely and comfortably through the ordeal of childbirth; and when Change of Life comes on it mitigates and modifies the suffering which usually accompanies that critical period of life. Wine of Cardui cures nine times in ten.

Druggists Sell Large Bottles at \$1.00.

WINE OF CARDUI
RESCUE FOR WEAK MEN
Prof. Jules Laborde's Wonderful French Preparation of "CALTHOS" that Restores Lost Manhood.
FIVE DAYS' TRIAL TREATMENT.
Absolutely Free by Sealed Mail.
NO C. O. D. OR DEPOSIT SCHEME.
The marvelous French remedy, "CALTHOS," recently introduced into the United States, has attracted the attention of the entire medical profession because of the wonderful cures effected. It is a French discovery by Prof. Jules Laborde, famed in Paris as France's foremost chemist.
"CALTHOS" is the only remedy recognized by the medical profession as a specific cure for weak men.
It has the endorsement of the German and French governments, and is largely used in the standing armies of those countries.
"CALTHOS" is put before you on its merits alone. Try it and put it to the test. TRY IT FREE!
There is no security required—no C. O. D. scheme.
Send us your name and address, and we will send you a "CALTHOS" trial treatment. Five days' trial will be sent in a sealed envelope by mail. In the quiet of your home you can try it and see what it does.
We neither recommend nor furnish testimonials.
Address applications for trial treatment to THE VON MOKL CO., 632B, Cincinnati, O., Preparationists in the United States.