

fair advantage. He gave a sigh for all that he had lost.

He knew that Hunter did not stand in his way. Hunter had had the decency to tell him that, as the ambulance lumbered home with them.

"She never even let me come to the point," he had said lightly. Getting back to life had made the world seem once more gay and rosy to Hunter's careless eyes, and he bore no lasting or serious malice toward anybody.

As Colt lay there in the darkness, there was the rustle of a woman's skirt on the ve-

randa, and a man's voice speaking to the striker.

"Can Mr. Colt see a lady?" Mr. Stanberry asked.

Colt was not slow. Through his quick intelligence the question carried all its meaning. She would not come to him, unless—— Her father would not bring her, unless——

And when the white figure came through the door, half shyly, alone, Colt, silhouetted against the moon white window, with all his burning heart on his lips, sat up to meet her.

*John Lloyd.*

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#### ESTRANGEMENT.

TONIGHT I feel the magic of a spell  
That steals upon me—whence I cannot tell—  
That breathes of thee, O tender, manly heart;  
And in the silence of the night I start  
And seem to feel thy hand within my own.  
O friend, I dream! For still am I alone.  
In some far land where summer ever smiles  
Thou hearest sighs of winds from sunlit isles;  
Light airs bring scents like ruby hearted wine  
From strange, sweet flowers that round thy window twine.  
Ah, in that land how swiftly fly thine hours,  
Woody unto rest by sun kissed lotus flowers.  
Fain would I have thee sleep in peace—and yet,  
O friend, the lotus blooms make men forget!  
Half glad, half sad, I dream my dreams of thee,  
And heart seeks heart o'er countless leagues of sea.  
The wan, white moon is cold, dear heart—how cold!  
And night's black shades with fears my dreams enfold  
Lest thou forget our boyhood's careless days,  
When arm in arm we trod enchanted ways,  
No sin to mar, no doubt to cloud our love,  
That shone as steadfast as the stars above,  
The holiest passion known to life's brief span—  
The heart to heart pure love of man for man!  
O best beloved, beware the strange perfumes  
That, breathing Lethe, lurk in lotus blooms!

*Guy Wetmore Carryl.*

## THE HORSELESS AGE. <sup>9</sup>

*Facts and forecasts which seem to indicate that "the horse must go"—The opinions of Chauncey M. Depew and other notables on the carriage of the future.*

THE question, "When will the horse cease to be a necessity for traffic and pleasure in America?" is perhaps nearer solution than the public imagines.

The Paris-Bordeaux race of automobile carriages, to be run in June, or the beginning of July, promises to foreshadow the approach of the horseless period. The retirement of the graceful quadruped in favor of an inanimate machine of superior speed, and requiring a minimum of outlay in care and cost, has been threatened ever since 1805 or 1806, when John Stevens of Hoboken memorialized the Legislature of New York, urging the building of railroads "which would permit locomotion at the rate of twenty to thirty miles per hour, with the prospect of increase to one hundred miles."

When, twenty years later, Gridley Bryant ran his pioneer steam cars over four miles of "iron ways"—as rails were then called—to connect his quarries in Quincy, Massachusetts, with the nearest tide water, enthusiastic advocates of steam power predicted that the days of the horse were numbered. The fact that steam carriages were about to take the places of mail coaches was adduced as an additional indication of progress in that respect.

But, lo, "opposing interests"—horse breeders and owners, not to mention the sporting fraternity—killed the automobile carriage undertaking. The very factor that had given it birth—the railroads—helped to bury it. Oliver Evans drove a dredging machine by its own steam through the streets of Philadelphia in 1804; in 1833, twenty two steam passenger coaches were employed in and about London; but during the following quarter of a century all experiments of the kind were discontinued, and the horse once more held undisputed sway on the streets and highways for purposes of utility and pleasure.

Next to "hostile legislation," the competition of the locomotive, and, in a lesser degree, the unsuitableness of the roads—next to these, the crude construction of the automobile vehicle was responsible for its failure. The engines of all the early types

were not economical, and they required constant supervision. The large amount of fuel necessary to produce low pressure, and the cumbersomeness of the whole affair, tended to keep the speed below the horse standard, though, of course, the propelling power of the machine was comparatively great.

Even in those days, it needed but a person of average intelligence to see that the true motor vehicle, for passenger service, must be little heavier than the ordinary carriage, while the traction engine, for freight, should not be more cumbersome than the regulation wagon or cart. Ability to start and stop instantly, and to dispense with a professional conductor, is also requisite. A power vehicle, built on those lines, would make not only the mare, but the horse go.

The forthcoming Paris-Bordeaux races—"the competition of carriages without horses"—are to demonstrate whether the end of the century will fulfil the promise of the beginning; whether the long delayed, oft attempted invention has been completed by the creation and adoption of a type of automobile carriage that is at once free from danger, and the management of which calls but for the exercise of ordinary skill. The *Paris Petit Journal*, as it did last year, will manage the affair; the race is to be international in the broadest sense, and unrestricted as to the employment of motive systems. In 1894, one hundred and two different types of vehicles were entered, but of actual competitors there were only forty two; the majority begged to be excused at the last moment, either because they were not ready to take the world into their confidence, or because their contrivances had in one way or another failed to fulfil expectations. Among the disappointed, it is understood, were several inventors of promising gravity motors, which proposed to utilize the weight of the passengers, or the dead weight of the load, respectively, for motive power.

Of the competitors who started, and took prizes, eleven employed petroleum motors,