Sir John was quick to note was one of pleasure, but when they got into the little sitting-room off the narrow hall she looked at him piteously, her lower lip trembled like a child when it is about to cry. "Don't, my dear, don't!" said poor Sir John, taking her hand in his. The sound of his voice seemed to overset the small measure of composure she was mistress of. With a little inarticulate protest, as if begging his pardon, she sank down upon the couch, and, hiding her head on the cushion, sobbed as if her heart would break. The baronet in great distress stood beside her, looking at her; he was powerless to console her. His own eyes were wet with a suspicious moisture. "My dear child," he said at last, "you will make yourself ill. Shall I go away, and come another day?"

"No, no," sobbed Polly, and the hand he held tightened its clasp. Some way these words gave Sir John courage. He sat down beside the weeping girl. The sofa was horsehair and very lumpy and hard, but what did that matter? He bent tenderly over the slight girlish figure, and gently raised the bent head.

"My dear," he said, still adhering to the paternal style of address, "I behaved very badly to you once. I dare say you forget all about it, but I don't; and I came here to-day to tell you that anything I can do to repair my fault I will do, if you will only say you forgive me."

Polly's eyes were lifted to his face; they were blurred with tears, but they had the old confiding look. "Forgive you," she said, "for what? You were always so kind, only I would like to know what it was that changed everything. You remember the day of the picnic?"

"I do. I was a fool—an odious, ill-tempered, jealous fool!"

"Jealous!" repeated Polly. "If you only knew?" then she stopped, her face flushing crimson.

"Knew what?" cried Sir John. "Oh, Polly! do not let us make any more mistakes; we have had enough of them. I have lost two years of happiness by my folly; do not punish me more. I loved you then, I love you now, but I am old enough to be your father. Oh, my love, my sweet Polly! could you care for me enough"—here his voice trembled, and sank almost to a whisper, but Polly heard—"to be my wife?"

Polly's answer must have been satisfactory, judging by the time he stayed. He came nearly every day after this, and by and by there was a quiet wedding one morning at St. Paul's, Kensington, at which Lady Elizabeth did not put in an appearance. Frank, however, was his uncle's best man: he said it was awfully jolly to have an aunt the same age as himself; but then, according to his mother, Frank was always a fool.

One word more. In the library at Biddulph Towers, where all books are duly honoured, there is one set aside for special reverence; it has a case of its own, and its name is the Nuremberg Chronicle.

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# ABOUT TRAMS.

BY F. M. HOLMES.

WAITING FOR HIS CARRIAGE.

"NO, I never shake hands; I have not enough electricity. Shaking hands takes away one's electricity!"

And looking askance at his companion, the speaker passed on, and resumed his harmless occupation of feeding the birds.

To see him without knowing his name, no one would suspect him to be the founder of a great system of travel, the results of which are to be seen in many cities.

Yet so it is. The harmless old gentleman who in his later days, we have been told, loves to feed the birds in the New York public gardens, and refuses to shake hands, is none other than Mr. George Francis Train, the introducer—or the populariser—of street tramways as we now know them.

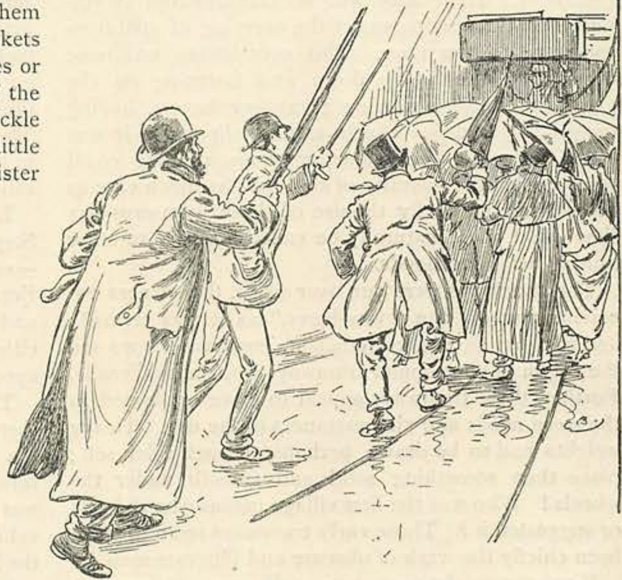
And we know them very well. It is only twenty-one years since the Tramways Act of 1870 was passed. Yet we have nearly a thousand miles of road open, and millions of capital invested in them. All kinds of people use them: from the grimy coal-heaver to the neatly attired lawyer—from the tawdry "'Ariet" to the elegantly dressed matron.

"Yes, I always say that my carriage is at my door," exclaimed a popular public man jocosely to me one day, as I was taking leave of him; for outside his garden gate ran a line of tram-cars, by which he could easily and cheaply be taken to many parts of the city where he lived.

"When I was getting better," said another, who had recovered from a long illness, "I used to take the air on the top of a tram;" and a capital method no doubt he found it. This particular line ran from a certain point in the north of London to Euston Road, and he was wont to ride as far as the car went, and then return by it. In the pleasant sunshine, and

with the varying panorama of London streets spread out before him, he would find it an agreeable change.

Damsels who work appear to patronise the convenient cars very largely; and numbers of them always carry baskets. What those mysterious baskets contain we cannot conceive, unless it be sandwiches or bread and butter—perhaps pickles: for some of the London work-girls seem to love the pungent pickle very much. The work-girl delighteth in her little basket, with its shut-up lid, even as her wealthier sister loveth the dainty reticule or the pleasant purse. And if the car be full when work-girls enter, one bulky person will probably deposit herself in the lap of another. Whereupon there is hilarity!



"Hold tight!" sings out the conductor as a new passenger grasps the rail or commences to climb the stairs to the top. "Hold tight!" and he pulls the gong-strap with a will, and on jogs the car. He has to keep time, and he does not want to lose some of his precious minutes of rest at his journey's end, nor does he want an accident; so "Hold tight!" has become quite a phrase of tramway travel. Perhaps this is partly due to the numbers of women who now ride on the roof. The tramways themselves have played their part in a marked change in social habits, for the easy ascent to the roof has led many women to enjoy the breeze on the top; and indeed it sometimes seems that the position of affairs is reversed, and that more men now ride inside and more women on the roof. Yet the prejudice against women riding outside lingers, for we know a certain hospital which has a rule forbidding the nurses so to demean themselves.

"Quite a different class of people on that line," vouchsafes a conductor to us, mentioning a certain route; and much more unpleasant, we suspect, he found them to get on with. Indeed, he went on to hint that the managers punished a man for slight derelictions of duty by taking him off his own line and placing him on that route.

On the one, the people would be quiet, orderly, and well-behaved generally. Should they exceed the distance of their fares, they pay directly their attention is called to it, and a passenger changing cars at the junction sometimes finds himself in quite a different social atmosphere.

For on the other there might be loud talking, roughness, drink sometimes, and grumbling little manœuvres to ride farther than the fare paid for. What is a wearied conductor to do, when, late at night, a man sticks his hands in his pocket, and resolutely refuses in strong language to pay more? On, on jogs the car, and every minute brings him nearer his goal. The passengers stare gloomily, the defaulter asserts roundly he never paid more than a penny to so-and-so.

Conductor pulls the gong; car stops; deadlock worse than ever. Driver, impatient outside, roars that the man must pay or turn out. Is the conductor to take the man by the shoulders and turn him out? Is he to call a policeman? The defaulter generally yields after the tram has stopped, because he cannot compel the car to go on, and he is not now nearing his journey's end. He sheers off, and the car jogs on with objurgatory remarks shouted as the distance between them increases.

Sometimes a woman is the defaulter; with much volubility she shrilly declares that she always had been to such and such a street for the penny, and the conductor points to his table of fares and argues in vain. Perhaps the car has to be stopped in her case also, but she, too, in time departs, vociferating.

But of the number of persons who daily use the popular trams, how many know or care as to their origin or the cause of their name? Even the doctors disagree —a charming little way they have at times—upon the latter point. Who invented the trams? and how came they to be called by that strange name?

Well, one opinion is that "tram" is an abbreviation of the surname of Benjamin Outram, who, about the year 1800, improved railroads for vehicles used in the north. Certainly, if they were called Outram roads, or ways, the descent to "tram" is likely enough.

But there is an explanation even more feasible. Tram, it appears, was an old provincial word for waggon, and these roads being for waggons to run upon more easily, might very naturally come to be called tramways or tramroads.

Nevertheless, there is a reason even still more likely. Tram is an old word for a wooden beam, and of wooden beams the rails were originally made. So the word tramway would be literally accurate.

Thus we have three explanations, and we can select which we please, or regard them all with equal favour. For ourselves we incline to the last of the three. It throws some light on the early history of trams—and

appears closely connected with the origin of tramways themselves.

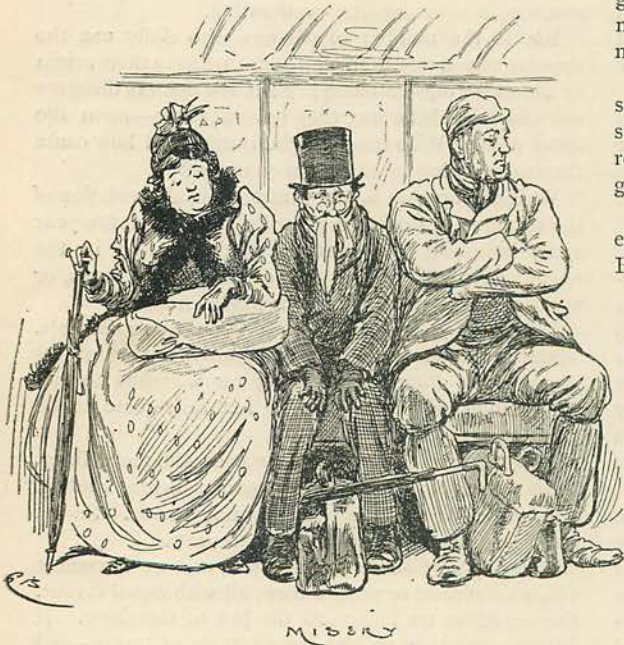
For in the early part of the seventeenth century a contrivance came into use in Durham and Northumberland rendering easier the carrying of coal from the mine to the river. This contrivance was none other than the laying down and fastening on the ground of lines of wooden planks or beams, having flanges to guard the wheels against slipping. It was found that on these beams, or trams, a horse could draw double the quantity of coal with as much ease as before, and gradually the use of these tramways—as they could most naturally be called—spread to other mining neighbourhoods.

The tramways were run over fields, the owners receiving rent for the "way-leave," as it was termed; and in those simple, yet efficient, contrivances we see the origin of our popular tramways and giant railroads. Further, these tramways appear to have originated in the stern needs and circumstances of the day. Heavy weights had to be drawn, perhaps, through thick soil; place then something solid and smooth under the wheels! Who was the first village genius who did this or suggested it? Those early tramways seem to have been chiefly the work of obscure and illiterate men.

Now comes the next step. Of course, the wooden beams wore out; so someone or some set of men placed iron slips on the beams of wood. But this achievement was not reached until about the year 1700, and it was not found to be the height of success.

So, some forty years afterwards, rails of cast iron were substituted, fastened on cross-beams or sleepers of wood. This kind of tramway became general in mining neighbourhoods after the famous year of the rebellion of 1745.

But canals soon after came into favour, and their supporters viewed the tramway or railway with jealousy. Although, therefore, the ideas became adopted of putting flanges on the wheels instead of on the rails, also of fastening three or four waggons together and hauling them by horses, yet the railroad had to wait in sullen silence until the genius of the good fairy George Stephenson touched it into jubilant life and spirits with his magic wand—the locomotive. Then the railway went ahead with rushing speed, and it was the turn of the canal to become slow and sullen.



But the street tramways had to wait for their George Stephenson—in the person of Mr. George Francis Train—some thirty years longer. Toubât, an engineer from France, constructed a tramway in New York in 1852, and others were soon after laid down in some other cities of America. With these operations Mr. Train appears to have had much to do.

The rails, however, were not exactly as we know them now, one side of the groove being higher than the other. Then came the step-rail, one part being raised about an inch higher than the remainder, which was smooth. On the latter the wheels of ordinary vehicles could run, while the tram-car wheel ran on the higher, the "step" down being for the flange.

This does not seem a very acceptable form for preventing accidents, and we are not surprised when Mr. George Francis Train endeavoured to get an Act through the British Parliament for this sort of tramway in London that he failed. However, he obtained the consent of road authorities at Birkenhead in 1860, and there—so far as we can discover—the first street tramway, as we now understand the term, was laid in Britain. The rails had a three-quarter inch step. Soon after one with half an inch step was laid in Victoria Street, London. The flat part of the rail, however, was slippery, and with the "step" caused great inconvenience and many accidents. So we are not surprised that the tramway was removed in a few months.

Nor was it entirely due to insular pride and Conservatism: indeed, one tramway was indicted with success as a nuisance. But in Birkenhead the rails remained, until in 1864, after an experiment with the grooved rail, the whole length was re-laid with it.

That grooved rail, with the sides of the groove equally high, made all the difference to the careful Briton. The rail, too, was placed even with the road, so that the danger of accident was reduced to a minimum, though the step rails are still used in some places in America. The tramway was a failure here until that grooved rail appeared. An Act of Parliament in 1868 authorised nearly seven miles of tramway to be constructed in Liverpool, and two years later the Tramways Act received the Royal assent, empowering the Board of Trade to authorise the making of tramways, with consent of local authorities. Since that time an immense vested interest has grown up in tramways.

At the end of 1889 there were about 950 miles of tramway open, and the capital expended

had been £13,700,000. The Act of 1870, however, provided for the purchase by local authorities of tramways after a lapse of twenty-one years.

To speak broadly, the cars in London are running for sixteen hours daily: that is, from about eight in the morning to near midnight. But the men have periods of relief, so that a day of about twelve-and-a-half to fourteen hours is made. One Company—the London Tramways Company—has reduced its working day to twelve hours, and also increased the pay of its servants. This twelve-hour day is the object at which the men's Union aims, and the only way in which it can be arranged is by introducing additional men to take certain journeys; for the public must be efficiently served, and would not be content to see the cars cease running at ten o'clock at night.

COMFORT.

Perhaps the best way to understand the difficulty is to regard the matter as one of journeys rather than of time. Thus, on some lines the cars make thirteen journeys, of an hour and a quarter each; on others a few less, according to distance, bearing in mind that a journey is the travelling of the car to its destination and back. Now, it will be clear that the only way to give a man fewer hours is by releasing him from a certain number of journeys. He cannot, like the happy tourist, break his journey at given points; he must accompany his car throughout, and if he be a conductor, perhaps have to wait at night to pay his money in.

Curiously enough, it seems to be easier to effect the relief journeys on the tramways than on the 'buses. And the reason throws an interesting light on tram and 'bus life. The 'bus driver does not like his horses driven by an unknown hand. He grumbles that his steeds are spoiled by improper treatment or unskilful driving. But it is much easier to guide the jogging pair of tram horses along their beaten track. With them, there is no zig-zagging from one side of the road to the other. There are no briskly careering cabs to evade, no heavy waggons to canter round. No; other vehicles must make way for the steady-going tram-car. The driver whistles shrilly, and the lumbering coal cart must get off the track; and as for the smart cabman—why, he touches his horse without deigning to look round, and away dashes his hansom, showing a very fast pair of heels to the stolid slow-coach behind.

The wages of a tram-car man appear to be about thirty shillings a week. They are certain and steady. The work, no doubt, is often troublesome, and in inclement weather very trying; but it will compare not unfavourably with other forms of slightly skilled labour. The time for a man to learn his work in driving or conducting a car appears to be about four months, during which time one Company at least pays him four-and-sixpence a day. There are few other forms of labour for which a four months' apprenticeship would be considered sufficient.

On the other hand, a day of ten or twelve hours, with its periods of six to twelve minutes' rest at the completion of journeys, should be aimed at by the management, and certainly the granting of one day's rest in every seven. The London Tramways Company appears to follow this wise arrangement, and by its scale of payment its servants attain to a wage of a little over £90 per annum, with an opportunity of rising to the ranks of superior officers. Now, if one Company can make these wise arrangements, why not others?

No doubt the directors have a difficult task. They have to keep running for about sixteen hours daily a constant and regular service of cars: they have to pay shareholders a fair interest for their money: they have to consider the welfare of hundreds of men. Further, there are the horses and their forage to be looked after. One Company had no fewer than an average of 3,254 horses during the first half of the year 1891, and of these, at the close of the year about eighty were reported unfit for work. This speaks well for the care bestowed on the animals and their satisfactory state generally. But the public are not perhaps aware of the vast difference the varying price of food makes to the Companies. As compared with the preceding half year, the six months ending June 30th, 1891, made a

difference to the Company in question of nearly a shilling per horse per week—to be more precise, the difference was 11·02d., or, in round figures, about £160 per week for the entire stud: *i.e.*, about £4,000 for the half-year. The great difference in price appears to have been in maize.

In truth, the two greatest difficulties with which tramway directors have to deal are both beyond their control: viz., the price of food for their horses, and secondly, the weather. In consequence of the bad weather in the early part of 1891, the receipts of this same Company went down in the half-year some £13,000: that is to say, while in one half-year the earnings were 10·38d. for every mile covered by the cars, there were only 9·55d. in the half-year in question. That small difference per mile yet made this large total named. Thus in six months this Company may be said to have lost no less than £17,000 from the two causes mentioned.

In bad weather, of course, Tommy's mother and the last new baby do not take a penny ride to see Tommy's grandmother, and show her the new tooth, and hear how fares she with her rheumatics, and listen to the misdeeds of Juliana, her next door neighbour. Neither does Mrs. Aspyringe Mynde convoy her fond husband from Brixton to Kentish Town to excite her sister's envy by showing how completely she has brought her "lord and master" under control. The tram-cars have to travel, even though Sarah Jane goeth not forth to wander with Richard in London's lovely open spaces, and capture him with seductive arts and the wiles of the eye. No; many and many a penny is lost to the Companies in bad weather, and the pence mount up to many pounds. Then in the snow time—that decks the earth with its white beauty, but is deemed an intolerable nuisance in tramway land—four horses have often to be harnessed to the slow moving car to urge it on its wild career; salt has to be thrown down to make a disgusting slush through which the wheels can pass, but into which the pedestrians plunge with dreadful shuddering; terrible also is the destruction to boot-leather!

And in the foggy days, when the horses are rendered jocund with bells to warn other travellers on the route, the lamps burn hazily all the day long. All these aids to the working of the tram-cars cost the Company money. And if rain should drive into the cars frugal passengers, who otherwise would walk, yet the balance is heavy on the adverse side.

It is on these wet evenings that the cars are seen at their worst. Crowded to excess, with a line of passengers standing up in the middle, with the close air made closer yet by the steam from damp raiment, everybody seems more or less in a terrible state of crotchetiness, and the aspect of affairs is not inviting. The disgust of the gentleman in the spick and span new coat is scarcely veiled at being crushed between a bulky coal-heaver in damp and greasy attire and an expansive female, also damp and greasy, and both seem to take delight in spreading themselves out and trying his patience. Some woman has probably a portentous bundle which she persists in nursing on her knees, to the great discomfort of those about her. To the polite suggestion that she should place it under the staircase outside, she returns a supercilious stare, an insolent answer, or a turned-up nose and a curled lip.

Equally trying is the position of the neat young lady clerk or shop-woman who finds herself sat upon by a burly bricklayer, wet and dirty, smelling of beer, tobacco of the rankest, and perhaps also unsavoury with stale onion! So the tram-car jogs slowly on through the mud and the rain, the passengers anxiously trying their eyesight through the dim windows for their moment of release, the conductor working his way through the crowd with his bell-punch to issue and mark the tickets, or answering inexorably to some weary would-be passenger: "Full inside, lady! Full inside!"

Quite another view is presented on a fine morning, or even in the middle of most days. Then, after the rush to business is over, there is usually plenty of room. Of the forty-two passengers the cars may seat, there are perhaps not above a score. Now there is ample space for damsels to spread out their skirts, and to raise their arms to touch up their back hair: a proceeding in which many of them seem greatly to delight.

In hot and sunny weather a green blind and open windows endeavour to keep the car shady and cool. And if a refreshing breeze is blowing it may be enjoyed on the roof, and the varied sights of London's streets surveyed.

THE GARDEN SEAT

Of late the garden seats have come much into vogue. These are seats placed on the sides of the car roof, but all facing the front, and capable of holding two persons each. Certainly they divide the travellers much more

than the old knife-board—as the one seat running the length of the vehicle is called, and on which the passengers sit back to back. But the garden seats are much heavier, and persons seated on them offer much more passive resistance to the air than on the knife-board. Thus in two ways the garden-seated cars are a much greater tax on the horses; in fact, this was given by the chairman of one Company as the reason why the expense of horse renewal was rising.

The introduction of electricity as a motive power appears likely to be another great help to the development of tramways. In the States the electric car seems everywhere. Steam appears to be a failure. It is both noisy and dirty, and moreover, a menace to the equanimity of that timid animal, the horse; although the engine is boxed round, and looks something like a huge square block of iron advancing on the rails. But it is believed that the quiet and clean electric car can be run for threepence per mile cheaper than steam trams; and three midland towns, Walsall, Wednesbury, and Darlaston, have agreed to adopt electricity in the place of steam.

As we are likely to see a great advance in the use of electricity in the propulsion of tramway cars, we may briefly sketch various methods of applying it. There is first the conduit system, in which the electric power is supplied from a pipe or conduit along the track and below the cars; then there is the accumulator principle, in which each car contains its own electric power, hidden in accumulators or stores placed under the seats; third, there is the overhead plan, where lines like telegraph-wires run beside the track, and the electric power is transmitted to the car by a travelling line or a contrivance called a "fishing rod."

The last is said to be the best for suburban districts and rural roads, and is largely used in America. The second system is to be adopted by the North Metropolitan Company when they can get Parliamentary permission. In this case the accumulators are charged or stored with electricity at a central station, and then can run for about half a day without further attention. An electric car for fifty passengers does not fill nearly so much space in the road as a steam or horse car for the same number. It is strange that despised East London should lead the way in the use of these electric cars, which appear destined to become so popular; yet so it is. Accumulator cars are already running on the Barking Road, and in Birmingham the electric trams, where they run side by side, so to speak, with cable, horse, and steam cars, have been very successful. It is possible, therefore, that if the electric cars prove to be really cheap and reliable in working, as well as elegant and comfortable for passengers, they may solve some of the most pressing difficulties of tramway directors, and lead to a great development in this form of public transit. We shall then be treated to the curious spectacle of numerous cars gliding silent and spectre-like through crowded thoroughfares without any visible means of progression.

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# "YOU'LL LOVE ME YET."

**By FRANCES HASWELL.**

> "You'll love me yet, and I can tarry
> Your love's protracted growing;
> June reared the bunch of flowers you carry
> From seeds of April's sowing."—Browning.

## CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

### DISAPPOINTMENT.

THREE months have passed away, and the curtain rises on the drawing-room of Beverston House. Mrs. Hornby and her children have come and gone; no one is visible in the spacious, lamp-lighted room except one lady, whom we have not met before. She glances up with an air of anxious expectation as the door opens; but it only admits Sylvia, clad in a white gown of some washing material, which clings rather gracefully to her slight figure. She has pinned a bunch of chrysanthemums at her neck; she has also bestowed an infinitude of pains on her hair, without any marked success.

"I really think it's quite time they were here," says Mrs. Colville. "Can there have been an accident?"

"I hope not. Shall I go to the door and listen?"

"If you please, my dear; one can't help feeling uneasy when trains are behind time."

Sylvia ran out to the front door (not for the first time, by any means), stood still, and listened. Surely there was a rumbling; perhaps it was only the roaring of the hall fire, which had deluded her once before; no, there was the click of the opening gate; the moment which, during the last few weeks, she had rehearsed a hundred times, was close at hand. An overpowering shyness seized her; she left the door open, and fled back to the drawing-room.

"He's come! I heard the gate open!"

"*He*, did you say? Are they not both come?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so; won't you come out into the hall?"