WILL DELVE IN THE PAST.

Long-Buried Cities of Italy Are to Be Exhumed.

All the world will join in applauding The resolution of Italy to disinter what treasures may yet remain under the mebris of the age-long forgotten cities tof Ostia and Paestum. Both cities were unkindly dealt with by Provimence. The glory of Ostia, chief port of ancient Rome, receiving the corn and oil of Sicily, Sardinia and Africa, was slowly but surely betrayed by Father Tiber and flung contemptuous-The out of reach of the shallowest ships. Time, curiously enough, has, however, failed to rob her of her industry which first made her famous, and salt is still produced in small quantities from the little village of one hundred inhabstants that has etolen the old city's name and pays the ruins homage from the modest distance of two miles. Paestum is more Greek than Roman, and one may anticipate that if another temple of Neptune or temple of Ceres lies beneath the heaped-up dust tof the centuries it will be Athens and mot Rome that will be raised from the dead. Paestum's fate is sadder than that of Ostia, for the Greek colony on Roman soil was early smitten By malaria and an evil reputation caused her to be buried in a deeper oblivion than the wave-washed colmmns of Ostia.

TROUSERS UNDER THE BAN.

Less Than a Century Ago They Were Considered Irreligious.

It will assuredly seem more than strange that within the past hundred years the wearing of trousers has been regarded as irreligious. The fact that in October, 1812, an order was made by St. John's and Trinity col-Reges that every young man who apspeared in hall or chapel in pantaloons or trousers should be considered as absent is startling enough; but it rwould appear that eight years later the founders of a Bethel chapel at Sheffield inserted a clause in the trust deed ordaining that "under no circumstances whatever shall any spreacher be allowed to occupy the pulpit who wears trousers." This is estriking, but it is even more impressive to find that Rev. Hugh Bourne, one of the two founders of the Primi-Rive Methodist Connexion, said of his confounder, "That trousers wearing. theer drinking Clowes will never get to heaven." And it would need a student of "the Breeches Bible" to say precisely when this assumed conmection between theology and trousers Rossan and where the departure from it will end .-- Notes and Queries

Rights of Employes Laid Down. "Framers of the earliest laws which have come down to us gave particular extention to the question of the rights; of employes," writes an observer. "Those wonderful statutes which the great Babylonian king, Hammurabi, codified over 40 centuries ago have Haw upon law devoted to the rights of mervants. If the servants were free sorn then their rate of payment was fixed for them, their scale of compenmation established in the event of their suffering loss or injury. For the smost part, of course, the servants of that age were slaves. For these, too, perovision was made. If a doctor injured a servant in a surgical operation be had to pay half the price which that slave cost; if death resulted the master received slave for slave. If the patient were cured, then his master thad to pay the doctor's fee—two shekels of silver."

Restricted Conversation. "I said to myself," said tile careful man, "that never again in New York would I ask a man how his wife was, he is so likely to have been divorced and got him another wife between the times I have seen him. No. Not un-Gesa his wife is standing right in front of me will I ask him that, and then it his not necessary. But the other day, mind you, I met a child I knew, and said to her, "Maud, dear, how are your mother and father?' and she atraightway answered, 'Why, didn't you know that mamma and papa had meparated?' So now, you see, I can't msk after anybody. I must restrict my conversation entirely to the weather."

Object Was Not Purchase.

Managers and clerks in large department stores of necessity have to "deal with all classes of people, and they often have most amusing experiences, owing to the peculiarities of their customers, says the Philadelphia Record. While waiting for an exrehange at the silk counter in a Market istreet establishment a clerk told a West Philadelphia shopper a story which she has since been circulating among her circle of friends "An upwn customer," the clerk said, "last week had six yards of a most expengive silk sent C. O. D. The next day the package was returned to us and spon it was written: 'Returned I was enty teaching my daughter how to

After the Entertainment. "She has a magnificent flat," said tone, "but it is badly arranged. The parlor is too far from the dining room." The wall paper is beautiful." memarked another, but the pictures Beautiful walls. She has a lot of selegantly bound books," said still another, "but I'll be willing to wager a five that none of the leaves are cut." "In other words," said the man who Mooks on, "she has been awfully good to us. She has taken pains to enterjenin us Let us roast her."

FIRST TO UTILIZE GAS.

Credit Accorded William Murdock, Scottish Mining Engineer.

January 28 was an interesting centenary, that of the first experimental lighting of a street with gas lamps in England, for on that date, 1807, through the exertions of Frederick Albert Winsor, Pall Mall was illuminated with a series of these now familiar sources of light, says the London Globe.

Winsor's work was the development of the earlier experiments and suggestions of William Murdock, a Scottish mining engineer employed in the Redruth mines, Cornwall, Murdock appears to have been the first to suggest that gas might be conveyed in tubes and used instead of lamps and candles. He made a very ingenious gas lantern for himself, with which he used to light his way over the Cornish moors at night. This lantern consisted of a bag filled with gas and fitted with a tube, at the end of which the gas could be lighted.

Carrying the bag under his arm, Murdock used to lighten his way home at night. On meeting any one it is said that he would give the bag & squeeze and thus send out a long tongue of flame. This led to his being looked upon as the demon of the Cornish moors.

MORNING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Rest and Peace to the Jaded Dweller in the City.

What recollections these thoughts of mornings in the mountains brings us! The soft breeze, laden with the odors of pine and balsam, steals through our open window. The lazy restfulness of doing nothing, if nothing it pleases us to do, or the anxiety for action when action has been decided upon; the healthy, vigorous appetite waiting to be satisfied. Where do we find such mornings except in the mountains? And the evenings-the silent, restful evenings; the body tired, but the mind invigorated by the long tramp over mountains or strenuous work of trouting and photographing. And last, but by no means least, those campfires, with our party gathered around within a circle of light, talking over the experiences of the day, singing songs and telling stories. Who that has sat and listened to good stories while watching the climbing flames and smoke of a campfire will ever forget it? Thoughts that are impossible come then. You are carried away and become a part of the story that is being told. But we are in the city, with its noise and bustle! Let us get out of it, and be off for the mountains for two weeks sweet communion with nature. ---Outer's Book.

Biggest Man in the World. The other day a small boy asked if I would not tell him who was the biggest man that ever lived in the world, and mentioned Goliath. Why, the victim of little David was a pygmy in comparison with Og. king of Bashan. Og was 23,033 cubits in height (nearly six miles). He used to drink water from the clouds. When he ate a fish he toasted it by holding it before the orb of the sun. He asked Noah to take him into the ark, but Noah refused. When the flood was at its deepest it did not reach to the knees of this giant. Og lived 3,000 years, and then he was slain by the hand of Moses. Moses himself was 15 feet high. Og's mother was Enac, a daugther of Adam. Her fingers were a yard long, and on each she had two sharp nails. She was devoured by wild beasts. Of course, all this is from the rabbis. And I presume to say the tradition is the origin of Jack the Giant Killer.-N. Y. Press.

Japanese at Home on the Sea. The Japanese are natural sailors, and they swarm on the seas because the scanty economic resources of their country and their insular and contracted geographical position make the sea their birthright. The lesson of their success in handling a modern navy in the war with Russia is that they are equally adapted to handling a merchant marine in competition with the world. Their special advantages on the Pacific are conspicuous, and they are not a people to neglect the advantages which nature has given to them. Other countries may exclude Japanese immigrants, but on the high seas they must expect to meet Japanese competition that may be all the flercer because of the land barriers being erected against the Japanese laborer

Method in His Profligacy. The other day one of the nationalist members, raw to London, was introduced to a party of ladies in the dining-room of the house of commons. As he left he gravely presented each lady with his card. A friend ventured to hint that this was carrying politeness too far for London customs.

"Sure," was the reply, "it didn't matter. I had 200 of them printed. I've changed my address, anyway, so they're no use to me!"-Leeds Mancury.

Ready Trained. "She is positively lazy."

"Why? "She married, a widower because she was too lazy to train a husband."-Houston Post.

Ita Awakening.

She (sentimentally)--love is a dream—that never goes wrong. He (brutally)—Yes, and marriage is an alarm clock that never gets out of order Baltimore American

TO AN AUDIENCE OF ONE.

And He Was the Janitor of the Opera House.

"I never see it snow but I am reminded of one night in Colorado," said Jess B. Fulton, of the Fulton Stock company, a few days ago, as he watched the white falling flakes. "We were playing in Colorado one night stands, and we struck a small town in the mining country. It snowed all day, and at night you could not see a foot ahead for the blinding storm. Somehow the members of the company reached the theater and then waited for the audience to come. In about an hour a man entered and took a seat near the door. A consultation was held back of the scenes, and I was selected to go out and explain the situation to the audience. I stepped in front of the curtain and, clearing my throat, said:

"Sir, I am glad to see that the storm did not keep you away. We have decided to leave to you the question of whether we will have the show or not. You are the only man here, and to-, morrow night we must make the next stand. We will give the play just as billed, if you ask it, but if you have no obj---'

"Say, pardner," interrupted the man, "I wish you would cut out that flow of gab and let me shut up this here house. Don't you suppose the janitor wants to go home some time? When there ain't nobody comin' let me lock up, will you?"-Kansas City Star.

WHERE MANKIND IS KING.

Gift of Speech Puts Him in a Class by Himself.

The gift of speech is the last proof of Divine favor, in virtue of which mankind has the rest of the animal kingdom faded, and stands in a class by himself.

Some beasts are stronger than men, and some know more, but no beast can be such a bore as a man, nor can any beast slop over, in the true sense of the term. These distinctions we owe to the gift of speech.

The gift of speech, moreover, lays us under compulsion to read a great many things which otherwise we would not, in order that when we have nothing to say we may nevertheless say something. Thus we promote the publishing business, create a demand for wood pulp, assist in the deforestation of the earth's surface, stir up a new school of kickers, increase discontent and contribute, at length, to progress and petulance.

Our ancestors used to consider speech a means of concealing thought, but we have nothing to conceal.-

Wolf Raided Sheepfold.

George B. Israel, who lives on the farm of Sheriff Samuel Parks, in Johnson township, Brown county, thought his sheep were being killed by Oscar Ault's dog. Israel went to the Ault home armed with a gun, where he intended to kill the sheep-killing dog. A fight took place between the two men, and after they had paid their fines before Justice Robinson of Johnson township they learned that he had just trapped a large timber wolf.

The neighbors immediately made friends and decided that the wolf had been killing the sheep instead of the dog, as supposed. The pelt of the dead wolf was taken to Nashville. Numerous wolf tracks have been found in Johnson township, and a number of farmers are looking for other wolves which they believe have been visiting sheepfolds.—Columbus correspondence Indianapolis News.

The Wanderings of a Seaguil. On October 25 last there was shot at Ouchy, on Lake Leman a seagull, aged about 16 months, which, the Country Gentleman states, was found to be wearing on its claw a silver ring engraved with the words "Vogelstation, Rossitten 20." Rossitten is situated in the Lido of the Courland lagoon, between Konigsberg and Memel, in the Baltic, 1,500 kilometers from the Lake of Geneva. M. Forel of Lausanne communicated with Dr. J. Thienemann, director of the ornithological station at Rossitten. According to the latest notes, the gull No. 20 was batched there, and was marked with the ring when a few weeks old, before it could fly, on July 4, 1905. It seems probable that it had thus made two winter migrations before it fell a victim to the human barbartan.-Westminster Gazette.

Impossible.

Two barristers of the names of Doyle and Yelverton were constantly quarreling before the bench. One day the dispute arose so high that the incensed Doyle knocked down his adversary, exclaiming vehemently:

"You scoundrel! I'll make you be have like a gentleman!" The other, smarting under the blow as he lay on the ground, energetically

replied: "No, never! I defy you. You cannot do it, sir!"

Practical Mnemonics. Gayley-You haven't had occasion to accuse me of playing poker for two

years Mrs Gayley-Three years, my dear. Gayley--How do you know it's

Mrs Gayler-Because I've worn this dress that long and I got it the last time I caught you.

Almost a Nightmare. "Don't you sleep well on the cars?" "No I generally stay awake all night trying to remember the name of my sleeping car."

Raitien Laebdo madais 17788.00.

SHE FOUND AN ANCESTOR.

But the Record was a Shock to the ್ಷಾನ್ ಿPedigree Seacher.

A well dressed woman walked into the office of the Burlington county clerk at Mount Holly, N. J., a day or two ago and introduced herself to William S. Sharp, the search cleck, says the New York Times.

"You see," she began, "I'm engaged in getting up the genealogy of our family-a very old and honored one by the way—and I am quite sure you will be interested.? Am I right?"

"Quite right, madam," rejoined Mr.

Sharp. "My great-grandfather," continued the pedigreed dame, "as I am told, was in some way connected with the county courts here away back in the olden days. I want to get the date to complete my record."

Mr. Sharp got down a dusty old volume containing records as far back as 1710. As he opened the book his glance fell on the very name the woman was looking for, but he did not allude to the fact further than to say that he believed she could find what she wanted...

About half an hour later the woman closed the book and started for Mr. Sharp asked if she had completed the family tree. He was very much surprised when she snappily answered: "No, it was not

As soon as she had gone Mr. Sharp looked up the record. It showed that the woman's ancestor had been hauged for piracy.

LAWYER KNEW HIS CLIENT.

Therefore Matter of Fee Was Easily Arranged for.

The young lawyer was consulting in the jail with his unfortunate client,

charged with stealing a stove. "No, no," he said, soothingly, "I

know, of course, you didn't really steal the stove. If I thought for a moment that you were guilty I wouldn't defend you. The cynics may say what they like, but there are some conscientious men among lawyers. Yes, of course, the real difficulty lies in proving that you didn't steal the stove, but I'll manage it, now that you have assured me of your innocence. Leave it all to me and don't say a word. You can hand over a guinea now, and pay me the rest-".

"A guinea, boss?" repeated the accused man, in a hoarse voice. "Why don't you make it 10,000 guineas? I could pay ye jest ez easy. I ain't got no money."

No money?" The lawyer looked indignant. "Naw-ner know where I kin git

any, either.

The young lawyer seemed plunged in gloom. Suddenly he brightened. "Well," he said, more cheerfully, "I like to help honest men in trouble. I'll tell you what to do. I'll get you out of this scrape and we'll call it square if you'll send the stove round to my office. I need one."—Judge's

It Was All Right Back There. They had evidently been quarreling

before entering the Suller street car at the ferry. "I would thank you, Mr. Johnson,

not to sit by me!" she said, icily. "O, Lucy, I'll never go with her

again-never, never, dearie!" Gradually the harsh tones melted to soft endearing phrases. The car had become very crowded. It stopped at Van Ness.

The conductor, wedged among passengers, midway of the aisles could not see the rear steps. With his hand on the bell cord he suddenly velled:

"How is it back there now?" "It's all right; we've made up again," impulsively responded the

"O, Willard, he didn't mean us!"

young man.

-San Francisco Chronicle.

Beaten by a Head.

She had become engaged for the first time on the previous evening, and love's young dream had wrapped itself around her soul with the thickness of an eiderdown quilt. But she was bashful, and blushed and started whenever the name of her lover was mentioned. At last her little brother spoke:

"I wanted so much to peep through the keyhole last night while you were in the parlor with Mr. Hang-

"But, like a good little boy, you didn't, did you?" "No; the servant got there first."-

London Tattler.

A Gross Libel. Gaddie-I saw you at the tailor's; yesterday, looking at trousers. Dudley-Oh! gracious, don't you go spreading a lie like that!

Gaddie-But I did see you. Dudley-You did not. You may have seen me looking at "trouserings." "Trousers" are ready-made.-Philadelphia Press.

Lost Not a Moment. Molly-When you spoke to father did you tell him you had \$500 in the

George-Yes. Molly-And what did he say? George-He borrowed it!

Uncle Eben. "Sometimes," said Uncle Eben. when a man joins de 'Don't Worry club' de res' of his family has to look foh membership in a 'Hahd Luck asso-

COULDN'T FOOL THE BOY.

No Matter What They Called It, He

A traveler was passing through the mountains of north Georgia, and as night approached he sought shelter at the cabin of a native. He was made heartily welcome. When supper had been prepared, the larger of the two rooms of the cabin began to fill with children-the traveler estimated that there were at least 20 of them. They were denied participation in the chicken, but were provided with cornbread with which to "sop" the grease in

which it had been fried. "You have a very fine family," he said to his hostess. "They are all

yours?" "Oh, yes," was the reply; "an' thar's three mo'-I sent 'em over ter Miss Polly's fer er jug of buttermilk this mornin'. They ain't had much chance fer travel, an' I want 'en ter git a good eddication."

It developed that "Miss Polly's" was the home of a well-to-do woman who lived in "the big house," located some 12 miles away.

Presently the three "travelers" returned, and were at once deluged

with questions. "Did she let yo' all eat in the dimin" room?" the mother inquired. "Sho' she did!" the eldest replied,

patting his belt in recollection. "Have anything yo' all didn't know what 'twas?'

"Wall," the boy said, doubtfully. "they done had something they called 'grave-eye,' but it looked like sop, an' hit taste like sop, an' I b'lleve in my soul 'twas sop!"-Lippincott's Magazine.

THE "BAND" SHE MEANT.

Why Friendly Stranger Lost Interest in Flirtation.

A gentlemanly merchant traveling in a railway carriage met a lady, and politely rendered her such assistance that she reciprocated by permitting him to talk to her, says a London exchange. He became quite friendly, and desired to know where she lived and who she was.

"Oh," she replied, "I'm only an ordinary little woman, but my friends persist in trying to make me somebody." "Ah." was the gallant answer, "I am sure they act quite wisely and in

good taste." "You flatter me, sir, and yet I have no doubt a band will meet me at the station when I arrive at Windsor." "indeed!" he replied, in open-eyed

astonishment. "Yes; and the same band always meets me. Isn't that flattering?"

"Very, my dear miss; but may I ask what band it is that is always so honored?"

"Oh, yes, certainly; it is a husband." He caught on to the arm of the seat for a minute, and then went into the next carriage and bumped his bead during the rest of the journey.

Henpecked King of Beasts.

"Should some of the strenuous ladies of the United States happen to visit a zoological garden," said the animal painter, "they would be encouraged in their contempt of man. The lion is often lauded as the creature of preeminent courage. But in domestic life he isn't a circumstance compared with the lioness. When she smiles, he humbly approaches and fawns upon her. When she frowns, he lingers trembling in the corner. And if perchance she emits a' growi. he crouches close to the floor until her majesty may feel in better humor. No. indeed. Many human husbands may feel that their wives are inclined to domineer. But of complete subservience of male to female the king of beasts is the most striking ex-

The First Oil Well. With the death of James P. Smith

of Titusville, Pa., there passed the last of the group of men who appear in the famous Drake well picture, taken in the autumn of 1861 by John A. Mather, the noted oil region photographer. The group in the picture included Col. Edwin L. Drake, the man who drilled the well; William and James P. Smith, practical drillers who assisted with the work; Peter Wilson, Titusville merchant and steadfast friend of Colonel Drake, and Albridge Locke. The five men are dead. This picture adorns the walls of hundreds of oil operators and refiners, and is the only photograph of the first oil well.

According to Fashion. "Another new hat?" asked her husband, in an ominously pleasant voice. "You had a new one last week, too." "Same hat, my dear," replied his wife, with delicate well-bred calm.

"Oh, come now. I may not know much about women's goods, but that hat had a flaring brim that turned straight up, all around, while this one droops like an umbrella. You can't fool all the public all the time."

"I'm fooling one of them part of the time. The brim did turn up, it is true, but that was last week. This week the mushroom shape is the impressive demand of fashion, so I simply mushroomed my hat by pulling down the brim. No extra charge, my dear."

No Chance at All.

"That Martel is really a terrible bore. He talked last night for hours and only stopped to cough." "Well, I suppose you could get a

word in edgeways then?" "Rather not, for while he was coughing he made signs with his hands that he was going on afterward."

GREAT DROVES OF CARIBOU.

Hunter Says Big Game Is Still Abundant in Alaska.

Ed Tinker, of East Los Angeles, has returned from a nine-year sojourn in

Alaska. "It's a life," said Tinker yesterday, "of some hardships, but I enjoyed every day of it. I hunted as much

with the gun as with the gold pan. "One winter, before the law prohibited the sale of caribou for food, my partner and I hunted for market. We were 140 miles up the river back of Dawson, and brought out the heat on sleds, my six dogs bringing out two sleds at a time. We sold upward of \$6,000, worth of meat, killing 230 caribou. I had 18 caribou on the sleds the first trip out to Dawson. They weighed 2,380 pounds, and I received \$1 a

pound, including skins. "You might think the game would soon be killed off at that rate, but if you were to see the droves of caribou that I have seen in that country you would readily believe that there will be game in Alaska indefinitely for the one who is willing to endure hardships: with the mercury 20 degrees below. Of course, if a man is accustomed to a steam heated office and has not the pluck to subject himself to hard work and zero weather he can shoot a fine specimen of moose or caribou with a \$100 bill right on the streets of Daw

BUFFALO ROBES ARE SCARCE.

802."

What Few There Are Sell Readily for \$50 Apiece.

"Buffalo robes will soon be a thing of the past," said a local dealer, who has had six robes on sale this winter. the property of a citizen who could not afford to keep the precious skins

longer. Five of them bave been sold, and while \$500 has been offered for the last of the lot, the dealer is holding it for \$600, the price demanded by the

owner. The robes are not unusually large. either, and were undoubtedly bought by people who intended to use them for rugs, to retain as curios, or for

some such purpose. Imagine a carriage being driven about town, a \$600 robe thrown carelessly over the seat, while the owner stepped into a business house for a

few moments! Few people would recognize the robes as valuable, however, as they have no more style than the ordinary fur robe, but the value is there, as the purchaser will learn who pines for the skin of a real buffalo!

"I remember well enough seeing buf falo robes sell here for \$10 apiece 20 years ago," said an old-timer.--Kansas City Star.

Wanted-A Sound Killer.

Will not some sympathetic scientist tell me what to place beneath my typewriter to silence it? I have tried felt half an inch thick, bottlepacking pasteboard, rubber, etc., yet the clock-click-click can be heard a block away by the ice man, who always wants a brainstorm cocktail when the sound smites his auricular nerve. I want a non-conductor between the top of the desk and the feet of the machine. Suggestions thankfully received .- N. Y. Press.

Economy a la Mode.

"I buy me a beautiful dress when I need it," the feminine creature said, "but I economize on little things. I never have enough pins or hairpins. I never did have. Many women are like that, but so are the men. I know a man who takes me out to the finest dinners and gives me a different colored wine with every course, and when he has finished his dinner he invariably swipes enough matches from the stand on the table to last him a week."

Perfume Burners. An innovation in the way of perfume

business is an urn of old porceiain set ta gilt bronze. The lid is perforated and within is a glass vessel with a wick, wherein may be burned simple perfume or a liquid ozone. These burners are decorative, even in the most elaborate drawing-rooms.

It has become something of a fad to choose one perfume and delicately scent the entire house with it, but it is obvious that such a scent would need to be most delicate and unobtrusive.

Woman's Prerogative.

A young missionary in China traveled many miles to Shanghal to meet his sweetheart, to whom he was to be married in the cathedral there.

Guests and clergy were assembled, but a few minutes before the hour fixed came a message that the bride. having arrived in Shanghal had changed her mind and decided to return to England. The couple had not seen each other for five years.

Good Advice. Reformer-Men, I don't see how you can drink that whisky. Red Nose-Didn't you ever drink

Reformer (with scorn)-Never a dron in my life. Red Nose-Well, don't you start in.

There's hardly enough to go 'round as

it is.—Toledo Blade. Drinking a Long Toast. "I ask you all to drink to the guest of the occasion, Baron Frederick Jacobus Artemus Abbington Lefurgus-" "Wait a minute," shouted a guest

across the table. "What's the matter?" "Wait till I fill up the glasses again!"