

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 debris of the age-long forgotten cities of Ostia and Paestum.

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.

Rights of Employes Laid Down. Framers of the earliest laws which have come down to us gave particular attention to the question of the rights of employes.

"Those wonderful statutes which the great Babylonian king, Hammurabi, codified over 40 centuries ago have laid upon law devoted to the rights of servants.

Restricted Conversation. "I said to myself," said the careful man, "that never again in New York would I ask a man how his wife was.

Object Was Not Purchase. Managers and clerks in large department stores of necessity have to deal with all classes of people.

After the Entertainment. "She has a magnificent hat," said one, "but it is badly arranged.

Ready Trained. "She is positively lazy," said the man.

Its Awakening. She (sentimentally)—Love is a dream—that never goes wrong.

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."

FIRST TO UTILIZE GAS. Credit Accorded William Murdoch, 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 Murdoch, a Scottish mining engineer employed in the Redruth mines, Cornwall.

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.

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.

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Japanese at Home on the Sea. The Japanese are natural sailors, and they swarm on the seas because of the scanty economic resources of their country.

Method in His Profriggacy. 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.

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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.

"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 look 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 sloop over, in the true sense of the term.

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.

The Wanderings of a Seagull. On October 25 last there was shot at Ouchy, on Lake Leman a seagull, aged about 15 months, which, the Country Gentleman states, was found to be wearing on its claw a silver ring engraved with the words "Vogelstation, Rossmitt 20."

Impossible. Two barristers of the names of Doyle and Yelverton were constantly quarreling before the bench.

A Gross Libel. Gaddie—I saw you at the tailor's yesterday, looking at trousers.

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

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

SHE FOUND AN ANCESTOR. But the Record was a Shock to the 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 clerk, says the New York Times.

"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.

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

HENPECKED KING OF BEASTS. "Should some of the strenuous ladies of the United States happen to visit a zoological garden," said the animal painter.

It Was All Right Back There. They had evidently been quarreling before entering the summer street car at the ferry.

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 elderdown quilt.

According to Fashion. "Another new hat?" asked her husband, in an ominously pleasant voice.

No Chance at All. "That Martel is really a terrible bore. He talked last night for hours and only stopped to cough."

Drinking a Long Toast. "I ask you all to drink in the guest of the occasion, Baron Frederick Jacobus Artemus Abington Lefurgus—"

Good Advice. Reformer—Men, I don't see how you can drink that whisky.

Red Nose—Didn't you ever drink any? Reformer (with scorn)—Never a drop in my life.

Red Nose—Well, don't you start in. There's hardly enough to go 'round as it is.—Toledo Blade.

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COULDN'T FOOL THE BOY. No Matter What They Called It, He Recognized "Sop."

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.

"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'.

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.

"Wall," the boy said, doubtfully, "they done had something they called 'grave-eye,' but it looked like sop, an' 'bout taste like sop, an' I b'lieve 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.

"Oh," she replied, "I'm only an ordinary little woman, but my friends persist in trying to make me somebody."

"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 head during the rest of the journey.

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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 best on sleds, my six dogs bringing out two sleds at a time.

"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 Dawson."

BUFFALO ROBES ARE SCARCE. 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.

Five of them have 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 buffalo 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, bottle packing pasteboard, rubber, etc., yet the click-click-click can be heard a block away by the 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 is 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 porcelain set in 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 Shanghai 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 Shanghai had changed her mind and decided to return to England. The couple had not seen each other for five years.

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