

VICTIMS OF VESUVIUS

BURYING OF THE CITIES OF POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

The Memorable Eruption by Which This Grim Destroyer Spread Horror and Death Under Its Rain of Volcanic Ashes.

Pompeii is believed to have had rather more than 20,000 inhabitants. The city stood on an elevation overlooking the sea...

It was the city of the clan of the Pompeys, founded by the Oseaans, an ancient Italian tribe, in the sixth century B. C.

Small earthquakes were frequent, but not much was thought of them. On the 5th day of February in the year 63 A. D.

The eruption which was destined to be so memorable began early in the morning of Feb. 24, 79 A. D.

Admiral Pliny, with a fleet, was not far away, and letters brought by mounted couriers reached him as early as 1 p. m.

Early in the afternoon of Feb. 24 the hail of pumice began to fall upon doomed Pompeii, the pieces averaging about the size of a walnut...

The pumice fell in Pompeii until the streets of the city were covered eight to ten feet deep with it.

This was completed the destruction of Pompeii. When it was all over, the roofs of many of the houses still emerged above the volcanic debris...

Verbs From Proper Names. We say "to mesmerize," "to galvanize," "to guillotine," "to macadamize," "to gerrymander."

A Frank Confession. "When beauty is not skin deep, it becomes a sort of skin game," observed the wise young woman as she transferred her creamy complexion from the powder box to her face.

In Russia the hair of rabbits and other animals is converted into bows, dishes and plates, which are valued for their strength, durability and lightness.

Milk is suggested as a good extinguishing agent for burning petroleum. It forms an emulsion with the oil and by disturbing its cohesion attenuates the combustible element as water cannot.

All the emery in the world comes from the little island of Naxos, near Greece.

A GAME THAT TWO COULD PLAY.

Only Old Man Ritchie Played It Better Than His Partner.

"Old man Ritchie was a great character in the early days on the Mississippi," said a local sportsman, spinning yarns about antebellum gambling and gamblers.

"I have \$3,000," said Gridley, "and if you can raise a similar amount we will start a nice little gentlemen's club, catering to none but the boiled shirt trade, and the chances are we can clean up a big pot of money."

"The following evening the old man said he didn't feel hungry and offered to look after things while Gridley got a cup of coffee. The New Englander was back in about three minutes.

"Well, partner," said Ritchie, sighing, "fortune certainly does seem to be in us." "Why, how is that?" asked Gridley, looking startled.

BUYING A GLASS OF SODA.

An Experience Which Caused a Sign to Be Changed.

"Ah," said the young man to himself as he caught sight of a sign which read, "Soda Water, All Flavors, 5 Cents."

"What's that?" asked the customer as he was asking a question, but had neglected to add the verbal interrogation point, replied:

"Yes, sir, we have all flavors." "That's what I want."

"That's what I said. Your sign there informs customers that they can have all flavors of soda water for 5 cents, and I want to go clear through the list."

There was a wicked leer in the drug clerk's eye as he took up a glass and went from end to end of the soda fountain, taking from each tap a few drops of the flavor it contained.

The clerk wore a triumphant smile, but next day the sign was altered to read: "Soda Water, Any Flavor, 5 Cents."

An Artist's Sarcasm.

Frederick Sandys, whom some one called the greatest of English draftsmen and Millais said was worth any five academicians, was waited upon in his young days by a deputation from a corporation which wanted a portrait of an estimable grocer, their mayor.

When the question of terms was reached, the spokesman of the party announced that they were willing to pay the magnificent sum of \$250.

"Oh, of course, that makes a difference," said the artist urbanely. "Which half would you prefer, gentlemen?"

Towers of Silence.

The "towers of silence" are two tall towers in Persia, so called by the Parsees. They never bury the dead, but leave the body exposed on the top of one of these towers until the sun and the rain and the fowls of the air have cleaned the bones of all flesh.

Very Bitter.

Jones—I tell you, Miss Flyingwings is the most realistic actress I have ever seen. "How's that?"

"Why, the other night, in 'The Maiden's Moan,' she laughed so bitterly that she had to eat a piece of sugar to get the taste out of her mouth."

VICTIMS OF A HOODOO HAT.

Such Things Seem Remarkably Queer, but They Do Happen.

"Speaking of luck," said a New Orleans insurance man after somebody in the crowd had told a story about hoodoo, "I had a queer experience once with a straw hat. I bought it one evening on my way home and had walked hardly two blocks after putting it on when a piece of lumber fell off a scaffolding under which I was passing and struck me on the shoulder. It knocked me over, and as I fell my new hat flew off and landed in the gutter. I was pretty badly bruised, and the hat was so soiled that I sent it next morning to the cleaner's."

"I believe that's an unlucky hat!" he declared, looking around, wamlike, for a handy scapegoat. "Every time you wear it you get hurt. My brother-in-law, Jim, was in the house at the time, and he laughed heartily. 'Give it to me,' he said, and I'll break the charm."

"Now comes the really queer part of the story. Two or three days afterward a boy came to the house at about dusk with a message from police headquarters, saying that Pete, a faithful old darky who looks after our horse and buggy, had been arrested for fighting. I knew him to be a very peaceable old fellow, so I hurried down to investigate and found him sitting in a cell with his head swathed in gory bandages. It seemed that he had been set upon by a couple of darky roughts and severely beaten before the officer arrived and put all hands under arrest. I offered myself as his surety."

"I don't get it," he said, "but I'll be true to mine." "He was a red-headed man, but he had a good heart."

EASILY MANAGED.

Witty Pat Found the Place, and the Clergyman Dined.

An Irish priest was standing at the corner of a square in London about the hour of dinner, when one of his countrymen, observing the worthy father in perplexity, thus addressed him: "Oh, Father O'Leary, how is your rinvence?"

"Mighty put out, Pat," was the reply. "Put out! Who'd put out your rinvence?" "Ah, you don't understand! This is just it: I am invited to dine at one of the houses in this square, and I have forgotten the name, and I never looked at the number, and now it's 7 o'clock."

So saying, away flew the good natured Irishman round the square, glancing at the kitchens, and when he discovered a fire that denoted hospitality he thundered at the door and inquired, "Is Father O'Leary here?"

As might be expected, again and again he was repulsed. At length an angry footman exclaimed: "No; brother Father O'Leary. He is not here, but he has to dine here today, and the cook is in a rage and says the dinner will be spoiled. All is waiting for Father O'Leary."

Paddy, leaping from the door as if the steps had been on fire, rushed up to the astonished clergyman and cried, "All right, your rinvence, you dine at 43, and a mighty good dinner you'll get." "Oh, Pat," said the grateful pastor, "the blessings of a hungry man be upon you!" "Long life and happiness to your rinvence. I have got your malady. I only wish I had your cure," returned Pat.

Variations in Littleness.

Some Louisville fathers of families were discussing recently the various occasions on which they had been made to feel small. Each had his special tale of woe. One tall small when his mother-in-law had sat down on him in the presence of visitors and his wife. Another when, after preaching economy to his better half, a bill had come in for wines and cigars which he had told her were presents. Another when he had brought home a game bag full of birds, and then found that the measly merchant from whom he bought them had sent in a bill for the same, and his wife had reckoned the bill called for 24 birds, when he had only brought home 20. Every one had a tale of woe and each declared no one could have felt more insignificant than himself on these occasions, but the boss man took the banner. "Boys," said he, "if you want to feel like 30 cents just go with your wife to a milliner's store when she is going to buy a hat. You sit in a chair like a piece of putty, and you can't say your soul is your own."

Why He Kicked.

For reasons which will assert themselves herein the names of the parties who figure in this story cannot be mentioned. Both, however, were well known actors.

They met one day, and the following conversation took place: First Actor—I understand you are attacking my character among friends.

"Well, I warn you now you'd better quit." "I haven't said anything which isn't so."

"That's just what I'm kicking about. You can lie about me all you please, but you've got to quit telling the things you have been telling."

The Difference.

Mother—Clara, I wish you would take this package of cornsack over to Mrs. Goodwin's. Clara—Mother, you know how I hate to lug a bundle around. I know it isn't heavy, but then it's such a bother.

And then she took her bag of golf sticks and carried them all the afternoon over a 20 acre lot without so much as a murmur of discontent.

The Easy End.

Lady—Are you willing to saw wood if I give you your dinner? Tramp—No, but I'll do the other half.

Lady—The other half of what? Tramp—The adage. I'll say nothing.

WITH OR WITHOUT.

Wine as It Is Served in Some New York Restaurants.

"I noticed," said the observant Cleveland man who recently returned from a trip, "that probably 90 per cent of the patrons of the better class of New York restaurants drink wine—at least they call it wine. It comes in bottles and is sour. Perhaps wine is as good a name as can be devised for it. Anyway they throw it in with the rest of the table d'hote menu."

"I don't care for any wine," I said to the waiter one day as he put a pint bottle before me. He spread out his hands. They were fat hands and not overclean. "Get makes no deference whatever," he politely said. "But if m'sieur will drink it he will confer ze lasting favor. We have too large of zee stock, and we are anxious to r-reduce." Then he went away and brought me another bottle.

"It is undoubtedly true that nobody ever became intoxicated on table d'hote wine, but I have no hesitation in believing that a man might get dreadfully acidulated if he drank enough of it. I don't know how much enough would be, and I never heard of anybody who had the patience to try the experiment. At the same time it is certainly true that the restaurant proprietors seek to produce a taste for wine in their patrons. In several of the higher class places the menu bears the following warning: 'Guests who do not order wine will be charged 25 per cent extra.' When I caught sight of this announcement, I said to the waiter, 'It is against my principles to drink wine.' He shrugged his shoulders and coldly replied, 'Ve also haf our principles, m'sieur.'"

"He always call you 'm'sieur,' no matter what dialect they speak. An Irish waiter on Forty-second street who asked me in a highly threatening manner if the clams were good, was particular to address me as 'm'uchee.' The clams were bad, but he was a large and belligerent waiter, and I hastened to assure him that I wasn't hungry for clams.

"Ve also haf our principles, m'sieur," said the waiter in the high priced restaurant. I hesitated, and just then a kind hearted stranger on the opposite side of the table helped me out of the dilemma. Leaning forward, he said in a hoarse whisper: "Order the wine, and I'll drink it. You can be true to your principles, and I'll be true to mine."

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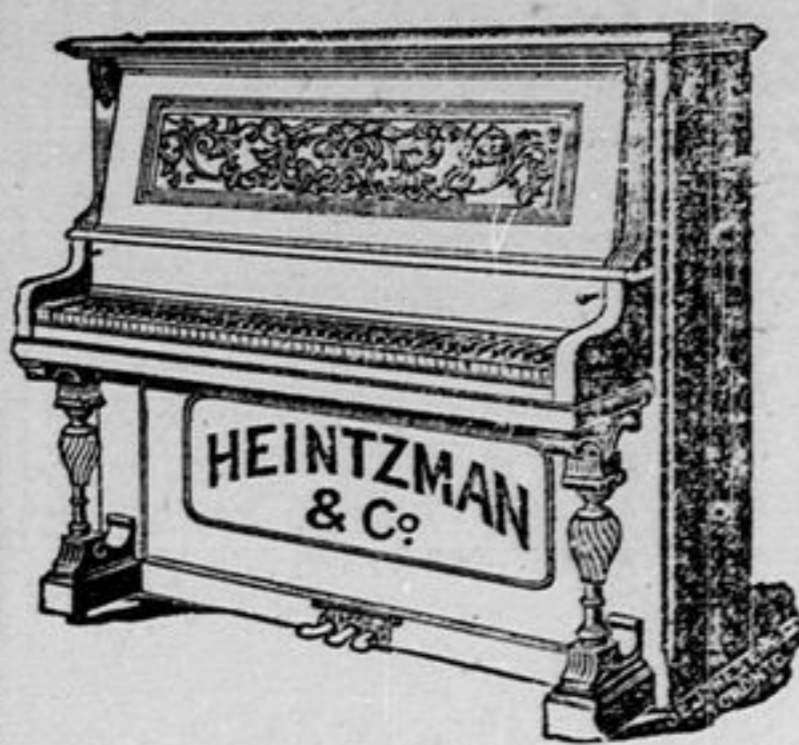
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