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 Volennic Ashes.

Pompeii is believed to have had rather more than 20,000 inhabitants. The city stood on an elevation overlooking the sea, the whole of the bay of Naples being in view, while in the background loomed grim Vesuvius, the destined destroyer. Close by flowed the river Sarno, which was crossed by a bridge. The vol cano was supposed to be extinct, and its sides were cultivated all the way up to the summit. Grapes were largely grown, and wine making was an important industry in the neighborhood, which likewise produced cabbages famous for their excellence.

It was the city of the clan of the Pompeys, founded by the Oseans, an ancient Italian tribe, in the sixth century B. C. or earlier, afterward conquered by the Samnites, a rival tribe, and evenually absorbed by mighty Rome. The culture of the people was very Greek. They worshiped various Greek gods and used the Greek names for their weights and measures. Being so beautifully situated and having a delightful climate, Pompeii was a favorite resort of wealthy Romans, many of whom had villas there. Cicero had a handsome "cottage," as it would now be called, and the imperial family maintained a palace close by. The villas were mostly on the high ground back of the town toward Vesuvius and facing the

Small earthquakes were frequent, but enet much was thought of them. On the 5th day of February in the year 63 A. D. there came a tremendous shock, which was a warning of what was to follow. It threw down a large part of the city, including the beautiful temples of Jupiter, Apollo and Isis, but most of the damage was repaired by the time of the great catastrophe.

The eruption which was destined to be so memorable began early in the morning of Feb. 24, 79 A. D. Spectators looking from a great distance saw a mighty cloud spread and overhang the city like a vast and ominous umbrella. There was still plenty of time to get away in safety, and doubtless a majority of the people did escape before the impending volcanic storm began. Judging from the number of skeletons thus far discovered it seems probable that not more than about 2,000 persons actually perished. However, a great many who attempted to leave in boats may have lost their lives.

Admiral Pliny, with a fleet, was not far away, and letters brought by mounted couriers reached him as early as 1 p. m. that day begging him to come as quickly as possible with his ships and help to rescue the people. He set sail immediately and, arriving within sight of Vesuvius at nightfall, ran into the rain of pumice that was then falling. It was impossible to make a landing at Pompeil. and so he disembarked at Stabiæ, where it was hailing cinders at such a rate that during the night he was obliged to leave the room in which he slept for fear lest the door might be blocked up. On the following morning he died, being suffocated by volcanic fumes.

Early in the afternoon of Feb. 24 the hail of pumice began to fall upon doomed Pempell, the pieces averaging about the size of a walnut, together with torrents of rain. It must then have been almost too late for anybody who remained in the city to get away. Repeated shocks o earthquake contributed to the horror o the scene, incidentally demolishing the bridge over the Sarno and so shutting off escape in that direction. Meanwhile riv ers of pumice mixed with water flowed down the slope of Vesuvius on the other side and overwhelmed the neighboring

Herculaneum.

The pumice fell in Pompeii until the streets of the city were covered eight to ten feet deep with it. Its weight broke in the roofs of many of the houses, and the destruction of lives must have already been frightful. Nevertheless many of the people still survived, seeking refuge in cellars and other such places of retreat. They must have imagined that there was still hope when early in the morning of the next day (Feb. 25) there came a great shock, and ashes began fall ing in a continuous shower with the rain. Though day had arrived it grew darker than ever, if possible, a cloud of frightful blackness settling down over the land, while the lightning and thunder were appalling. Shock followed shock, and the survivors must at last have concluded that their last hour was at hand. Such was in truth the case. The storm of ashes lasted nearly all day long. They drifted in through the windows of the houses and suffocated all who remained alive. They covered the city with a sheet of death six to seven feet thick.

Thus was completed the destruction of Pompeii. When it was all over, the roofs of many of the houses still emerged above the volcanic debris which had overwhelmed the city. Herculaneum, however, had wholly disappeared ander th streams of mud, 65 feet deep in spots, which had flowed over it. This mud, be ing a sort of natural concrete, soon hard ened into stone, which is today of such solidity as to make excevation work extremely difficult.

Verbs From Proper Names.

We say "to mesmerize," "to galvanize." "to guillotine," "to macadamize," "to gerrymander." If the heroes of the Homeric epos were real persons, we may add "to hector" and "to pander." Pamphylla, a Greek lady who compiled a history of the world in 35 little books, has given her name to "pamphlet" and "to pamphleteer." "To pasquinade" is due to l'asquino, a cobbler at Rome, in whose ugly face the Romans detected a resemblance to the statue of an ancient gladiator which was erected near the Piazza Navona, on whose pedestal it was the practice to post lampoons. sandwich" is derived indirectly from the Earl of Sandwich, who invented a repast which enabled him to dispense with regular meals when at cards .- Notes and

Queries. A Frank Confession.

comes a sort of skin game," observed the she had to eat a piece of sugar to get wise young woman as she transferred her creamy complexion from the powder box to her face.

In Russia the hair of rabbits and other an mals is converted into bowls, dishes and plates, which are valued for their strength, durability and lightness. The

A GAME THAT TWO COULD PLAY. Only Old Man Ritchie Played It Bet-

ter 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. "He had made a living out of cards for years and, of course, was up to all the tricks of the trade, but he was such a bland, innocent looking old boy that he was continually being picked out as a mark by sharpers. On one occasion, while he was loafing around Little Rock, a very smooth individual of the name of Gridley, who had just drifted into the country from somewhere up in New England, made his acquaintance and, after sizing him up pretty carefully, took him aside and proposed that they go in together and open a game of faro.

"'I have \$3,000,' said Gridley, 'and if you can raise a similar amount we will start a nice little gettlemen's club, catering to none but the boiled shirt trade. and the chances are we can clean up a big pot of money? 'I guess I can get the three thousand all right,' replied the old man, 'but we will have a mighty small | horror. capital. Somebody may come in and break us in an evening.' 'Oh, that's a risk we've got to run,' said Gridley, 'but we won't encourage high play. Our specialty will be tone and respectability.'

"To make a long story short, they went in together, and on the first night Ritchie went out to get supper, leaving his partner in charge. When he returned, Gridley pulled a long face. 'We've had bad luck,' he said. 'While you were gone a little bowlegged fellow came in and won \$500.' 'Oh, well, that's a risk we have to run!' replied Ritchie and said no more about it. Next night it was the same story. 'That confounded bowlegged fellow was in again while you were eating,' said Gridley, 'and won out another \$500.' 'Too bad,' grunted Ritchie, 'but I guess we'll catch even on somebody else.'

"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 ag'in us.' 'Why, how is that? asked Gridley, looking startled. 'That doggoned bowlegged feller was in ag'in,' replied the old man, heaving another deep sigh. The New Englander changed color and for a moment seemed at a loss to know what to say. 'Well-er-what did he do?' he finally managed to inquire. 'He busted us,' said the old men calmly."-New Or-

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," "I will even buy me some."

He sat down in front of the soda wate dispenser, and that functionary asked: "What flavor, please?"

"All flavors."

The clerk was surprised at the answer at first and then, supposing that the cus tomer 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." "Well, which one?"

"All."

"All?"

"That's what I said. Your sign ther informs customers that they can have al flavors of socia water for 5 cents, and . want to go clear through the list." "A glass of each kind will cost you an

even dollar, for there are 20 flavors." "That isn't what your sign says. I says all flavors for 5 cents, and I demand the fulfillment of its promise. It is in the nature of a contract. You agree to give me all flavors of soda water for 5 cents. Here is a nickel. It seems cheap to get 20 glasses of soda water for onetwentieth of a cent a glass, but it is you who fixed the price, not I. You may as well begin to draw that soda, for I de-

"You want soda water with every flavor we have and for 5 cents, do you?"

mand the fulfillment of that promise on

"All right." 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 sizzing soda and the concoction was set before the

He tasted it, but seemed not to like it Then he put his 5 cent piece on the counter and walked hurriedly out.

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 on 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. As the painter's face fell, the worthy town councilor | tioned. Both, however, were well known hastily added that they only wanted a half length.

"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. Then the bones are collected and placed in the other towers. The Parsees are followers of Zoroaster and are very devout, but there are only about 8,000 of them at the present time.

Very Bitter.

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

"Why, the other night, in 'The Maid-"When beauty is not skin deep, it be- en's Moan,' she laughed so bitterly that the taste out of her mouth."

> 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.

articles have the appearance of varnish- All the emery in the world comes from the little island of Naxos, near Greece.

VICTIMS OF A HOODOO HAT.

Such Things Seem Remarkably Queer, but They Do Mappen.

"Speaking of luck," said a New Orleans insurance man after semebody in the crowd had told a story about hoodoos, "I had a queer experience ence 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 was laid up for three days by the accident, and just as I was leaving the house for the first time a messenger bey came to the door with the hat. I put it on and started for the office, but as I was crossing Carondelet street I missed my footing and fell into a partly dug conduit trench. A sprained ankle was the net result of that mishap, and when I came home in a cab my wife held up her hands in holy

"'I believe that's an unlucky hat!' she declared, looking around, wemanlike, 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.' 'All right,' said I, and he carried it off. Early next morning his servant girl brought it back neatly wrapped up in tissue. 'Mist' Jin. says he ain't got no further use fer dis yere hat,' she announced. 'He done put is on las' night, an er hack run inter him an like ter bust him open.' It was a fact. He had collided with a cab in front of the theaters and was badly hurt. Of course that clinched the sinister reputation of the hat, and to satisfy my wife I gave it to Aunt Mandy, our cook, and told her to throw it into the trash barrel.

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 l 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 roughs and severely beaten before the officer arrived and put all hands under arrest. I offered myself as his surety. and in a few moments he was released. 'I done got er mighty bad crack on th' head,' he said in telling about the fracas, 'but I wouldn't keer if that triffin nigger hadn't spiled my new hat.' As he spoke he held up the wreck by the brim, and something about it struck me as being familiar. 'Where did that hat come from?' I asked with a sudden misgiving. 'Aunt Mandy give it to me,' he replied. I snatched it out of his hand and kicked it into a sewer opening. 'Pete,' said I selemnly, 'you'd better thank the Lord that you're alive.'

"The hoodoo hat hasn't been heard from since, and I trust sincerely I have put a period to its mission of crime."

POETIC LEGEND OF PECOS.

The Fall of a Tree That Fulfilled a Prophecy.

Through all the grotesque darkness of Pueblo superstition runs a bright thread of poetic legend, and one legend, since it is woven around the ruined estufa in the ruined pueblo of Pecos, has a right to be

Pecos was founded by the man god, the Montezuma himself, and he therefore probably felt a protective interest in it. At any rate, when the usurping Spaniards laid upon the conquered Pueblos a cursed rule of restraint and wrong Montezuma invoked against them the aid of his brother gods in heaven. These told him to plant a tree upside down beside the chief estufa of Pecos and to light a holy fire apon the altar, and if the fire were kept burning until the tree fell then would there come to the rescue of the oppressed a great pale faced nation and deliver them from the Spanish thrall.

So the fire was lit and a sentinel was posted to guard its sacred flame, and the tree was planted-under the circumstances the planter would be excusable in planting the tree as insecurely as possible. But year after year passed, and the tree remained standing. Sentinel succeeded sentinel and the flame lived on. was then introduced into the mixture, Generations withered away, yet deliverance seemed no nearer. One day there came a rumor from old Santa Fe that the city had surrendered to a white faced people. Was this the band of deliverers? That day at noon the sacred tree toppled and fell. Spanish rule was no more. The prophecy had been fulfilled.

If there is any unbeliever of this legend let him go to the ruins of Pecos and see for himself that, whereas the city was built upon a mesa so barren that no trees are there nor ever have been there, yet across the crumbling estufa lies the fallen body of a pine of mighty growth. The like of it is not for many miles around. Whence, then, did it come?-

Why He Kicked. For reasons which will assert them-

selves herein the names of the parties who figure in this story cannot be men-They met one day, and the following

conversation took place: First Actor-I understand you are at-

tacking my character among friends. Second Actor-What of it? I admit I said a number of things about you. "Well, I warn you now you'd better

"I haven't said anything which isn't

"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 cornstarch 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 such a bother.

And then she took her bag of gold 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 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. 'Eet makes no deeference whateffer,' he politely said. 'But if m'sieur will drink eet he will confer ze lasting favor. We have too large of zee stock, and we are anxious to r-r-reduce.' Then he went away and brought me another bottle.

"A man who looked reliable teld me one day that there was a down town restaurant where they give you wine with table d'hote for 35 cents; without wine, 33 cents. 'It's cheaper to take the wine,' he said. 'It disguises the taste of the

"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 preprietors seek to preduce 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 brinciples, m'sieur.'

"Now comes the really queer part of | "They 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 'muckeer.' 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 brinciples, 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.'

"He was a red posed man, but be bad 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 rivirence?" "Mighty put out, Pat," was the reply. "Put out! Who'd put out your rivirence?" "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." "Oh, is that all?" was the cry. "Just now be aisy, your rivirence; I'll settle that for

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; bother 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 spoilt. 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 rivirence, 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 rivirence! 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 felf small when his motherin-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 bil! 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 Wie 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."

Voting In France.

In France voting is by ballot. The persons who help in receiving and counting the vote are volunteers drawn from the ranks of the electors. Prior to the open ing of the poll at each station the presiding officer unlocks the urn provided for the reception of the votes and satisfies those present that it is empty. He then locks it again, places the key in his pocket and hands a duplicate to one of his helpers, who are termed assessors The poll is open from S in the morning until 6 at night, and at the close the votes are counted on the spot by the volunteer helpers. The result is then forwarded to the central bureau.

His Accompaniments.

Young Lady-You are a wonderful master of the piano, I hear. Professor Von Spieler thired for the occasion)-I blay aggompaniments zome-

times. "Accompaniments to singing?" "Aggompaniments to gonversations."-

Exchange. When the doctor decides that a woman must go away for her health, she imme diately recovers and chases after dress

makers to get ready .- Atchison Globe.

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