

CORNER FOR THE JUNIORS

ON APPROVAL.

How Katherine's Visit to Grandmother Turned Out to Joy of Both.

It all happened just like a story, and when Katherine told of it afterward she always said it was the most interesting tale she could recall.

Katherine was 16, and when her father and mother died way down in the southern part of California, there was no one but Uncle Mark, her father's partner, to look after her. At least, there was no one else but Grandma Martin in New York, and a grandmother who had never taken any interest in you since you were born, and at that distance, too, could hardly be called anybody. But Uncle Mark decided differently.

"You can come back here, child," he said, "and Heaven knows you will be welcome. Your father has left a tidy fortune in my hands; but I think



She Soon Found Her Former Seat-mate.

you grandmother should know all about you and have a chance to look upon you, should she so desire."

Katherine knew that her grandmother had disapproved of her father's and mother's marriage, but she did not ask Uncle Mark anything; unless some one of the family told her, she concluded, she would rather not know.

So Uncle Mark wrote to the stern grandmother and told all Katherine's pitiful little story, and in due time came this letter in reply:

"You may send the child on for a visit, but understand it is only upon approval. Her mother displeased me by her marriage, and I shall not keep the girl unless I like her. I am glad she has plenty of money, for I do not feel in any way responsible for her."

Katherine was to travel from San Francisco alone, and Uncle Mark had only been able to procure her a whole compartment on the train as far as St. Louis; farther on she must share it, as the tide of travel from that point was setting due east.

At St. Louis, and while the train made the long stop Katherine went out upon the platform to take the air. When she came back a very beautiful lady sat in her compartment.

"Dear me!" sighed Katherine, "I had quite forgotten, my room mate!" The old lady eyed her critically. "I suppose," she smiled so sweetly that her sharp words were forgotten, "you are as sorry to see me as I am to be here; but, comfort yourself that

you were fortunate enough to obtain the lower berth. I must gasp and tremble in the upper one!"

"Not at all!" Katherine replied. "I insist upon your taking the lower."

There was a little conversation upon this point, then the two settled down as comfortably as could be. Of course on the long trip it was natural that the two should chat by the hour, but it was strange that it was the older woman who grew confidential—and the girl who became the confidant.

That night there was a sudden awful crash as the train was tearing on; shrieks filled the air, and people were hurled hither and yon. Surprised and shocked, Katherine found herself among a lot of debris on the roadside, with an excited crowd pressing around and calling out orders. Fearful as the collision had been, there was less loss of life than one might have expected, but many were injured, and great excitement prevailed. Fortunately, Katherine had escaped anything worse than a bad shaking up, and with the knowledge came a desire to know how her companion had fared. She began to hunt around among the groups awaiting carriages to bear them away, and soon she found her former seatmate. The dear old lady was pale and trembling, and when she saw Katherine she stretched forth a welcoming hand.

"My dear," she said, "my leg is broken. They are going to take me to the nearest hospital, but you are able to go on?"

"Yes," whispered the girl; "can I do anything for you?"

"When you reach New York go to 33 Terrace place. I will not send a telegram; after all, there is no one but the servants to care. Tell them about all this delay, and when that—that granddaughter of mine arrives, tell the servants to make her comfortable until I can get on. Poor child! She will have a rather dreary time waiting. I am sorry; I was going to try to like her!" There were tears in the old eyes. "You have been so good to an old woman, my dear!" The feeble hands were clutching Katherine's. "I shall never forget you. Had my granddaughter been like you, how happy we might have been!"

Katherine smiled even in the face of this grim disaster.

"Grandmother!" she whispered, with her warm lips on the cold hand she held; "dear grandmother, you have never guessed that—that I might be your granddaughter?"

The old lady forgot her broken leg and almost leaped to her feet. Katherine held her back.

"Now that you see me, grandmother," she said, "do you approve?"

"My dear! My dear!" whispered the weak voice, "I do believe I can stand anything now! By and by we will go home together!"

"But each year I must visit Uncle Mark!" said Katherine. "I approve of you, you dear, delightful grandmother, but my heart will always be faithful to Uncle Mark."

"And quite right, too!" groaned the grandmother.—Kate Balden, in Washington Star.

Called Him "Pop."

In the province of Loraine, Germany, a boy 12 years old and his father went to the depot to make a journey by rail. They were looking about and talking to each other when the boy called his father "pop" instead of father. The station master overheard it and asked of the father: "Do you allow your son to be so familiar with you as that? If so, then we must see about it."

He had father and son taken into court, and the father was fined 60 cents and the son sent to jail for three days for being too familiar with each other. Had the boy called his father "governor" or "old man," as some American boys do, perhaps he would have been hung.

Monty—Will you love me if I give up all my bad habits?

Zella—But how could you expect me to love a perfect stranger?—Royal Magazine.

A SMART BEAR.

How He Fooled the Sailors Who Sought to Trap Him.

The captain of a Greenland whaler being anxious to procure a bear, without wounding the skin, made trial of the stratagem of laying the noose of a rope in the snow and placing a piece of meat within it. A bear ranging the neighboring ice was soon enticed to the spot by the smell of the dainty morsel. He perceived the bait, approached and seized it in his mouth; but his foot at the same time, by a jerk of the rope, being entangled in the noose, he pushed it off with his paw, and deliberately retired. After having eaten the piece he had carried away with him, he returned. The noose, with another piece of meat, being replaced, he pushed the rope aside, and again walked triumphantly off with his capture. A third time the noose was laid; but excited to caution by the evident observations of the bear, the sailors buried the rope beneath the snow, and laid the bait in a

deep hole dug in the center. The bear once more approached, and the sailors were assured of their success. But Bruin, more sagacious than they expected, after snuffing about the piece for a few moments, scraped the snow away with his paw, threw the rope aside, and again escaped unhurt with his prize.

Needn't Take Off His Hat.

There is just one English nobleman who doesn't have to take his hat off to King Edward. This is Baron Forester, whose ancestors in the time of King Henry VIII. were granted this special privilege because of some service they performed for the crown. This was a noticeable feature of the king's coronation, but Lord Forester, after wearing his hat for a few moments just to confirm this peculiar privilege of his family, took his hat off like the remainder of the crowd of English, Scottish and Irish noblemen.

The true critic is one who can appreciate something he doesn't like.—Life.

CATACOMBS OF ROME

CURIOSITIES OF THE EARLY CHRISTIAN CEMETERIES.

Their History and Purpose Made Clear by Modern Research—Galeries Extending Hundreds of Miles Under Ground.

Rome.—Modern research has established beyond doubt the original exclusive use of the catacombs by the Christians as places of burial and of holding religious assemblies, and the various other theories put forth to explain the origin of these cemeteries have all been proved to be unfounded. The Christian mode of burial in the catacombs seems to have been copied from the Jews. A short time before the birth of Christ Judea was made tributary to Rome by Pompey and many thousands of its inhabitants were transferred to Rome, where a special district on the right bank of the Tiber was assigned for their habitation.

These first Jewish settlers adhered to the customs of their forefathers,



Entrance to Catacomb of St. Petronilla.

especially in a matter so sacred as funeral rites, and they laid their dead in rocky sepulchers outside the gate nearest their quarter. Here, in fact, was discovered in 1860 the so-called Jewish catacomb, which it may be assumed was the prototype of later Christian sepulchers.

The earliest Roman Christians were very probably converted Jews, were naturally familiar with the Jewish mode of burial, and in all probability adopted it for themselves. A gravestone discovered in one of the Roman catacombs bears the date of the third year of the reign of Vespasian, A. D. 71, and thus affords proof of the antiquity of the catacombs as places of burial.

In early times Christians were probably buried on property, a garden or vineyard, belonging to private families, and in fact nearly all the ancient names of the catacombs were taken from those of the owners of the land.

With the passing of time and the increase in the number of Christians the original cemeteries were extended, excavations on a larger scale were undertaken and gradually the catacombs were formed.

The catacombs originally were used exclusively as cemeteries, but later they provided places for religious assembly and in some cases worship. In apostolic times they generally met in the house of some wealthy member of the community. Later they built churches. After Diocletian in 303 ordered the churches to be destroyed the Christians evidently then took refuge in the catacombs, which, although known by their persecutors to exist, could not be reached or entered, as neither their precise position nor their entrances could be ascertained.

The catacombs were also used occasionally as places of concealment. Several popes used them as hiding places from the beginning of the second century onward. St. Stephen was murdered in the catacombs, where he had lived for some time during the Valerian persecutions, and his suc-

cessor, St. Sixtus, was also martyred in the catacombs.

For several centuries the catacombs were used as places of devotion. The entrances of the catacombs were rendered public. Shafts or air holes called luminaria were opened for purposes of ventilation.

About the middle of the fifth century a portion of the catacombs was rifled by the barbarians in hopes of finding treasures, and thus began the devastation which led ultimately to their neglect and ruin.

From the thirteenth to the fifteenth century all knowledge of the ancient cemeteries seems to have perished. The accidental falling in of a portion of the high road outside the Porta Salaria in 1578 led to the discovery of the Catacomb of St. Priscilla. Public interest in the subterranean Christian cemeteries was awakened and archaeologists turned their attention to their examination and study.

The name catacomb is, comparatively speaking, modern. The Christian cemeteries were named either after some saint buried in them or the person who originally owned the land where they were situated. The use of the present name dates back to about the sixteenth century.

Almost all the catacombs are outside the walls of the city. The aggregate length of their galleries is said to be about 587 miles, and they are excavated on different levels and cross and recross each other. Hence although the area which they underlie is not considerable, yet if the galleries were stretched in a continuous line they would extend through the whole of Italy.

IS NOTED FOOD FADDIST.

"Chew-Chew" Fletcher a Believer in Thorough Mastication.

New York.—Horace Fletcher is the most noted of the food faddists of the day. He is known as the "chew-chew" man because his fad is careful mastication. He does not eat expensive food because he gets more satisfaction in inexpensive food—there is more



HORACE FLETCHER.

"chew" in it. Mr. Fletcher lives at the Waldorf when in New York, but it must be that Mr. Boldt, the manager, does not take him seriously for his theories would break up the restaurant business. Mr. Fletcher says he lives on a few cents a day for food and is as active at 58 as most men at 40. One of his kindly critics points to the fact that in his youth Mr. Fletcher was an all-round athlete as pretty good evidence that he had a better physique than the average man and should therefore bear his years better. Mr. Fletcher when at home lives in a Venetian palace. He has written many books on nutrition.

Its Only Use.

"Will you please tell me if this mammoth blanket ballot has any use?"

"Oh, yes; to keep the voters' wrath warm."—Baltimore American.

An Idler's Gratitude.

"Several groups of young women and girls gave me an unexpected fillip of pleasure the other afternoon," remarked an elderly New York idler, "and in a way they were unquestionably completely innocent of it. I saw them in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in the central court, where they were studying with the keenest interest the models of the Parthenon and of Notre Dame cathedral in Paris, and I couldn't help but think how much better they were employed there than in idle strolling along Broadway or in the shipping district. More than that, it struck me that there was a prospect of the dinner table talk in their homes that night being of a more interesting and varied character than such talk usually is. They were unconscious benefactors, as far as I am concerned, and I've simply got to express my gratitude to them."

A Question.

At just what age, Now do you think, Our pretty girls Learn how to wink?

Peculiar Municipal Franchise.

Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, has a peculiar municipal franchise. Every person who pays a \$2 dog tax is entitled to vote in elections for mayor and aldermen. The system has led to abuses. It has been discovered that six enterprising women voted on the strength of a single dog. Worse still, one ingenious woman, unable to get a real dog in time to qualify, took out a license for a china dog on her mantelpiece. Municipal franchise reform is now regarded as a question of urgency in Victoria, and the unkind association of dogs with mayors and aldermen is doomed.

Temperance in Scotland.

A generation ago water-drinking occupants of civic chairs were very rare in Scotland. Total abstainers, however, can claim as a result of the recent elections that 46 Scottish burgs are presided over by abstaining provosts. The list includes Sir William Bisland, Bart., lord provost of Glasgow, and Lord Provost Gibson, Edinburgh.

Expensive Municipality.

It costs nearly as much to pay the salaries of the municipal servants in New York city as it does to support the entire army of the United States. The salaries amount close to \$70,000,000 annually.

Women Teachers.

There are in the United States 34,579 women who are teachers of music and 19,000 who are teachers of art and artists. Altogether there are a quarter of a million of women teachers. There are 11,000 telegraph operators who are women.

Property.

The last thing we need to be anxious about is property. It always has friends or the means of making them. If riches have wings to fly away from their owners, they have wings also to escape danger.—Tom Lowell's Address on "Democracy."

Joy in Doing Good.

Never did any soul do good, but it became readier to do the same again, with more enjoyment. Never was love, or gratitude, or bounty practiced, but with increasing joy which made the practitioner still more in love with the fair act.—Shaftesbury.

"Clear Shining After Rain."

Sunshine is never so beautiful, never so welcome as when it breaks through the heavy clouds, and the trees scatter diamond showers on the earth. And no sunlight of the soul is so beautiful as that which turns sorrow into joy.

Not Sure About It.

"You have myopia, haven't you," asked the eye doctor, who had called at the public library to look at a reference book. "I don't know, sir," said the near-sighted attendant, blinking at him; "but if we have you'll find it in the catalogue."

Vermont Man Edits Korean Sheet.

Henry Hurlburt, editor of the Korean Review, published in Seoul, the capital of Korea, and the only paper in that country printed in English, is a former resident of Bennington, Vt., and was at one time a student in the high school at that place.

Quite True.

A class of Norwich, Conn., primary scholars were given a language lesson in which the word "organic" was to govern the sense of the sentence. One little fellow wrote better than he knew when he intoned: "The Italian is the most organic man on the face of the earth!"

Hoss and Hoss.

After being married 24 hours an eastern young woman quit her husband and went back to her \$25-a-week job. It may be pointed out that very few wives get \$25 a week to spend on themselves. Yet there are mighty few husbands who have that much to spend on themselves, either.

To Mend Hot Water Bags.

A hot water bag will oftentimes suddenly spring a leak when most needed. Adhesive plaster placed over the break will stop the leak immediately and will stay in place for quite awhile. It can easily be renewed, and proves a most satisfactory first aid to an injured rubber article.—The Circle.

Horse Flesh as Food.

Horse flesh has been prized as food in China for six centuries, but in Europe was first eaten 100 years ago by the Danes. At Liege, Belgium, 2,000 horses were slaughtered in 1905, and the rapidly increasing demand promises to open a new market for American horses. Only young animals are sent to the slaughter houses.

Plants That Are Poisonous.

Many harmless plants contain poison. Daffodil and narcissus pickers are troubled with a skin disease known as "daffodil poisoning." Gatherings form under the fingernails. They are caused by minute crystals in the juice of the stems. The bulbs of the white Roman hyacinth have similar unpleasant properties.

For Children's Amusement.

Children, as a rule, tire much sooner of their toys than they do of their playthings which they make themselves out of any oddments which may be at hand at the moment. If a child possesses sufficient imagination, a lump of modeling clay, a piece of punched cardboard, and a wool-threaded needle will take a number of new forms which will satisfactorily occupy lengthy afternoons.

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