

FROM A NOVEL.



She stood gazing into empty space.

A Bare Possibility.

In his diary, which is incorporated in the "Life and Letters of Sir Richard Claverhouse Jebb," the great Greek scholar recorded a flash of his own wit which is of a most appealing variety.

"Perhaps other organs may have something to do with it," he proffered in reply.—Youth's Companion.

Water, Water, Everywhere.

During the flood of 1903 an old dandy living in the East bottoms awoke one morning to find his premises four feet under water.

"Good gracious, men," said he, "what do you think Ah am a-doin'?"

Omaha Directory

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AT NAPLES

The Funny Things One Sees in Smiling Round the World

By MARSHALL P. WILDER

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We spent five days at Naples, and filled every hour of it with sight-seeing.

We walked upon the crust of the seething volcano of Solfatara, now half extinct—in fact, it has laid torpid for seven centuries and is now spread with lush vegetation in the spring-time, and the walk to it, at that season, is through an inclosure like a lovely park of winding alleys and flower-edged paths.

It is said that they keep a little dog which they offer up as a sacrifice on the altar of the tourist's curiosity.

The lovely Bay of Baiae, that was once lined with the palace-villas of the wealthy Romans, much as Newport's shore is today, held our interest for a couple of hours.

In Egypt it was "backsheesh!" in our ears from morning till night; throughout Europe cries of "pour-boire" and "trinkgeld" haunted one's footsteps; but ancient little Naples had a word all her own.

Beside the Lucrine lake we stood and conjured up the spot where the villa of Agrippina, mother of Nero, probably stood; but the thought of her cruel murder at the hands of her monster of a son did not mingle pleasantly with the peaceful lapping of the waves against the reeds, so we turned away and asked to be taken to the Grotto del Gato, or Dog Grotto, that amazing sepulcher of animal hopes and fears which year by year has drawn thousands of visitors to its rocky sides.

As if in keeping with its treacherous fame the guide who shows you the place is a full-fledged brigand, who, "when work is slow," ekes out a subsistence by playing at guide.

Cigar "leasers" have been busy up and down the country during the past few weeks, collecting dead cheaters' leaves for the making of cheap cigars.

The dog. Fixing him with your eye you begin: "The fleas bothered my dog so, I concluded I'd teach 'em a lesson I learned long ago, but never put in practice. I sent and got a piece of liver and put it near the dog. The fleas all hopped onto it and stuck. Just as I was getting ready to throw it in the fire I turned my back a moment and the dog ate the liver, fleas and all. Now, he's fleas lined."

But about the Dog Grotto. Well, it's filled with carbonic acid gas, and for generations guides have made money out of tourists by showing some poor little canine into the cave and keeping him there until his legs began to totter and his head to whirl, when they would haul him out and souse him in the near-by lake until he revived; and revive he must, for there was not another tourists' carriage coming down the hill? But sometimes doggie didn't revive. Well, he was only a dog, and there had been instances where men had perished in the foul-smelling cave. But that was ages ago. There was a French king who brought a donkey to the grotto and tried the effect of the gas on him. The animal died. But why the king tried it on a donkey I don't know, unless that a fellow-feeling makes us—but, no—I won't. Then there was an early Spanish viceroys who wanted to decide whether the gas was in prime condition or not, so he put two of his slaves in the cave and they were brought out dead. Spoke well for the gas, at any rate.

Nowadays the question as to the virtue of the gas is more humanely settled. The guide takes a burning torch and plunges it into the cave. Instantly it goes out. But if the act is repeated several times the gas, impregnated with smoke, "assumes the appearance of a silver sea, flowing in rippling waves against the black wall of the cavern."

And the guide will say—making a shrewd guess—"I think you are American. Englees he say. Yaas, bah Jove, 'row leetle beggar een!"

But once there came along an American, whom the guide took to be English, and when he asked, "Shall I 'row leetle beggar een?" the American replied: "If you do, I'll throw your d-d carcass in after him!"

The thing to do while at Naples is to go to the pink coral grotto, so to the pink coral grotto we went. It lies between the Bay of Pozzuoli and that special little bay where Pliiny kept his navy. We went out in a boat with four rowers, the chief of whom gave us large bunches of taffy about our country—"becyuteeful America," ("the New York," etc.—he had traveled, oh, yes! he had been to Jib-latter (Gibraltar) and to America—"becyuteeful country!" etc., until it came time to return, when the fellow demanded that we pay them a franc each then and there, instead of the equivalent of ten cents each on the return to the shore.

In Egypt it was "backsheesh!" in our ears from morning till night; throughout Europe cries of "pour-boire" and "trinkgeld" haunted one's footsteps; but ancient little Naples had a word all her own.

Suppressing the laughter which his ridiculous terror evoked I consented to relax and peace was restored.

When we entered our carriage the rowers were waiting cap in hand, quite civil and ingratiating; but I ignored them completely, and we drove off, followed by a storm of curses and maledictions hurled at the American whom they found they couldn't bluff.

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STRONG ON THE PROPRIETIES.

How Could She Be Expected to Address Perfect Stranger?

A traveler in the mountains of Tennessee had been stowed away in the best bed of the cottage afforded. Late in the night he was awakened by the voice of the paterfamilias addressed to the daughter, who was entertaining company by the fireside.

"Mandy," growled the old man, "is that young man there yet?" "Yep, pap."

"Is he got his arm around yer waist?" "Yep, pap."

"You-all tell him to take't away." "Aw, ye tell him yerself, pap," replied the girl, in a dull, lifeless voice. "He air a plumb stranger to me."—Success Magazine.

INVALID'S SAD FLIGHT.

After Inflammatory Rheumatism, Hair Came Out, Skin Peeled, and Bed Sores Developed—Only Cuticura Proved Successful.

"About four years ago I had a very severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. My skin peeled, and the high fever played havoc with my hair, which came out in bunches. I also had three large bed sores on my back. I did not gain very rapidly, and my appetite was very poor. I tried many 'sure cures' but they were of little help, and until I tried Cuticura.

An Important Line. "She is a most accomplished woman."

"Why, have you heard her sing?" "Yes."

"And seen her paintings?" "Yes."

"Then how can you ask?" "I have never tasted her pies."

HOT ONIONS FOR PNEUMONIA.

Dread Disease Robbed of Its Terrors by Simple Remedy.

Owing to the prevalence of pneumonia and the great mortality which attends its ravages during the winter and spring, several boards of health in northern New Jersey have been taking measures to protect the citizens of their towns from the disease. The health board of Washington, N. J., has published a remedy which is said to be a sure cure for pneumonia, and other health boards are looking into the matter with a view of having the same thing published for the good of the general public.

"Take six or ten onions, according to size, and chop fine, put in a large spider over a hot fire, then add the same quantity of rye meal and vinegar enough to form a thick paste. In the meanwhile stir it thoroughly, letting it simmer five or ten minutes. Then put in a cotton bag large enough to cover the lungs and apply to chest as hot as patient can bear. In about ten minutes apply another, and thus continue by reheating the poultices, and in a few hours the patient will be out of danger. This simple remedy has never failed to cure this too-often fatal malady. Usually three or four applications will be sufficient, but continue always until the perspiration starts freely from the chest. This remedy was formulated many years ago by one of the best physicians New England has ever known, who never lost a patient by the disease, and won his renown by simple remedies."

A Family Matter. Eph was before the high court of justice for the usual offense.

"Now, look here, Eph," said the judge in an admonitory way, "don't you know it is wrong to steal chickens?"

"Deed I does, jedge. I's a plumped Bapts, I is."

"Then why did you steal those chickens?"

"Dey wuzn't chickens, jedge; dey wuz ducks."

"That makes no difference." "Deed it do, jedge," Eph pleaded, "ducks is kinder kinfolks to us Bapts, an' it's all in de family, suh."

Severe Reproach. "Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I had a dream about a race horse that won three times in succession."

"Great Scott," answered her husband, who has a touch of superstition; "what was its name, what did it look like?"

"I've done my best to remember, but I can't."

"That's the way! There never was a woman who could be relied on to keep her head in business matters!"

WISE CHE-ILD.



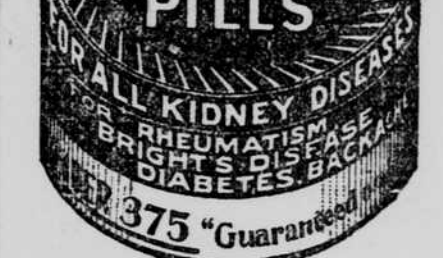
"That horse must love his work, uncle."

"Why so, Egbert?" "He's so attached to the wagon."

Nothing to Speak Of. "You are to take these capsules," said Dr. Pussy, "before meals, not after, remember."

"Oh!" said the patient. "I guess it doesn't matter much."

"But it does matter, sir!" "You wouldn't say that, doctor, if you had ever had a meal in our boarding house."—Catholic Standard and Times.



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