

# LOST IN THE CATACOMBS

By GROVER J. GRIFFIN

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When I was a boy reading stories of the great desire of my life was to visit the Eternal City and the localities where the incidents I read about occurred. I wished to go over the seven hills on which the city had been built; I wished to see the Forum, the Colosseum, the Pantheon, the triumphal arches, the Pantheon, the catacombs where the early Christians secretly deposited their dead.

The time finally came when I reached the object of my desires. I visited Rome. On the steamer crossing the Atlantic and later steaming over the Mediterranean I met Marian Chatterbox, and sitting on dark moonlight nights with her, I caught from her a fever—the fever of love. By the time we reached Gibraltar I was down, and during the whole voyage from there to Naples I was very ill with the irritating disease. I was cured on the homeopathic principle that like cures like. The love of the girl given me gradually increased doses put me in a normal condition.

By the time we reached Rome I was ready to enjoy the sights I had counted on seeing ever since I began to study Latin. And now I had a loved companion to visit them with me. The catacombs that had interested me most I reserved till the last. Marian and I had a fancy for slipping away from those we traveled with and going sightseeing together. One morning we took a carriage, drove out on the Appian way and stopped at the entrance of those subterranean passages I had long wished to explore.

We were in time to join a party about to descend, were each given a wax taper, and a monk in a white gown, who was to pilot us, led us down a stone staircase at the bottom of which were the catacombs.

We followed the taper light procession for a while, but finally at the time I would not tell how it happened, but now I am an old married man I will admit that I was never happy for half an hour at a time without a kiss from my Marian, and I led her away from the others for the purpose of talking one. As soon as this object had been accomplished we started on after the others. Immediately we came to a split in the passage, and the party had gone so far that we could not tell which of the two avenues they had taken. Making choice of the left hand passage, we ran as fast as we could, only to find new splits and turns and corners, but not the party. We were lost.

People have been lost before in these underground burial places and have narrated their experiences. In our case there is something different from any of them. I had a box of matches in my pocket that I carried for cigar lighters. We also had two tapers. As soon as I realized that we were lost I put out both the tapers and, being in a small open space where was a Christian's skeleton in a sarcophagus, we sat down on the latter to think.

What would be the result of our thus being lost underground? We would not be missed by the party we had joined, for we knew not one of them. Parties were going through the catacombs every day, but would they happen to come our way? Besides, we might starve before we were discovered. There was nothing whatever for us to subsist on. We might try to find our way out, but there were many miles of these subterranean passages, and we were liable to wander farther from the entrance. The result of our deliberations was to remain where we were.

I will pass over some twenty hours of our captivity without attempting to describe our feelings. The most hopeless part of it was that our friends did not know where we were. We passed most of the time in the dark, for I wished to save our tapers and matches for any opportunity that might occur. While sitting on the sarcophagus something ran on my foot. I scratched a match, and its flame revealed the two glistening eyes of a rat.

I at once lighted a taper, and while Marian held it I tried to catch the rat. It would serve no other purpose we might need to eat him. I didn't have much trouble getting my hands on him. I think he knew we were lost there and was willing to help us out. Then an idea occurred to me. Scribbling a note on a letter I had in my pocket, stating that we were lost in the catacombs, I held the rat while Marian tied the note with a strip torn from her handkerchief around the little fellow's neck. Then we put him down. He gave us the most knowing look in the world and ran away.

Half an hour later I felt the rat running over my feet. I lit a taper and saw that he was without either the note or the strip by which it had been fastened to him. This gave us hope that it had been removed by a human being. Ten minutes later I heard a halloo. I replied, and after a number of calls we could see the dim light of tapers, then a party coming to search for us. They had received the message, but had not missed us when the party we had started with returned.

We brought the rat out with us. He missed at night in a cage and by day goes about as he likes.

## TOLD IN PANTOMIME

**The Worth of a Chinese Royal Gift to Li Hung Chang.**

The late empress dowager of China was something of a humorist. The author of "Behind the Scenes in Peking" tells a story of how Li Hung Chang, after concluding the treaty of Shimonoseki, was presented by the empress with a cloth of gold bag containing some heavy article. The treasure turned out to be a large vase, and Li, who was an enthusiastic collector of Chinese ceramics, at once sent for his secretary, Mr. Petrick, to come and examine the new acquisition.

Some time was spent in a careful examination to determine the dynasty during which this treasure was produced, but the date of this special paste was lost, with its other technical classifications. After a long time Mr. Petrick lifted it gingerly, placed it on a table, put himself in front of it, drawing a wrap round his shoulders, and slowly, very slowly, held his hands up to it, turning them in the attitude of warming at a fire.

"Chinese need few words," Li understood and was heartbroken. The pantomime indicated to him that the supposed priceless vase was only a tawdry reproduction made in Paris, and the secretary, warming his hands before it, meant it was so fresh from the pottery furnace that he could still notice the warmth.

## FOOD AND DIGESTION.

**Civilized Man Needs Cheerful Surroundings at His Meals.**

Robust people so long as they get what suits their own un-attuned taste are apt to make very little of what they call "fancies" about food and overlook their real importance. Feeding on the part of civilized man is not the simple procedure which it is with animals, although many animals are particular as to their food and what is called "dainties." The necessity for civilized man of cheerful company at his meal and for the absence of mental anxiety is universally recognized, as well as the importance of an inviting appeal to the appetite through the sense of smell and of sight while the injurious effect of the reverse conditions, which may lead to nausea and even vomiting, is admitted.

Even the ceremonial features of the dinner table, the change of clothes, the leisurely yet precise succession of approved and expected dishes, accompanied by pleasant talk and light-hearted companionship, are shown in strict scientific examination to be important aids in the healthy digestion of food, which need not be large in quantity because wisely presented.

Sir Ray Lankester in London Telegraph.

## Why Spiders Fight.

When two spiders fight there is generally a good reason for the attack and the vigorous defense that follows. It is not generally known that after a certain time spiders become incapable of spinning a web from lack of material. The glutinous secretion from which the slender threads are spun is limited, therefore spiders can not keep on constructing new snares when the old ones are destroyed. But they can avail themselves of the web-producing powers of their younger neighbors, and this they do without a struggle. As soon as a spider's web containing material for weaving exhausts and its last web destroyed it sets out in search of another home and unless it should chance to find one that is tenacious a battle usually ensues, which ends only with the retreat or death of the invader or defender.

## A Pretty Compliment.

His incessant work, his avoidance of all rest and recreation and his rigorous self-denial made Joseph Pulitzer in his days in harness the despair of his family.

In this connection a pretty story is told about the famous journalist's son Ralph. Mr. Pulitzer had refused to take a holiday, and Mrs. Pulitzer exclaimed:

"Did you ever know your father to do anything because it was pleasant?"

"Yes, once when he married you," the young man gracefully replied.—Washington Post.

## The Tiny Shoes She Wanted.

"Now, madam, what size shoe will you have?" asked the salesman as soon as he was at liberty.

"The smallest and shiniest you have," she said.

The other women buying shoes smiled.

And when the clerk returned with a pair of the tiniest imaginable the woman accepted them with the remark, "I guess baby's eyes will open when she sees these on her feet."—Buffalo Express.

## An Exclusive Lassie.

Grandma—Why don't you play with that little girl across the street. Next time I'm sure she's a nice girl. Not the mean old girl, grandma, you surely don't want me to play with a girl who lives in a frame house. I only play with brownstone front girls.—Chicago News.

## Accommodating.

Applicant: Did I understand you to say that you accommodate 300 persons at this hotel? Hotel Proprietor: No. I said this hotel had capacity for 200 Brownings' Magazine.

## Smart Girl.

The Fellow Next to a man what's the jolliest thing you know of? The Girl: Myself if he's nice.—Illustrated Bits.

## Before employing a fine word find a place for it.

Before employing a fine word find a place for it.—Jobson.

## Origin of Plum Duff.

This is the origin of plum duff, according to the captain of an Atlantic liner.

"One Christmas day, hundreds of years ago at sea, a ship in a storm was swept by a comber that carried off her cook, her crate of chickens, her turkeys in a word, the whole raw material of her Christmas dinner.

"But the sailors were determined to have at least some sort of Christmas pudding. They knew nothing about cooking, and they drew lots for their new cook. The lot fell to the boat-servant's mate.

"This chap fished up a cookbook from the bottom of his sea chest. He ran over the pudding recipes and chose one that began:

"Make a stiff dough."

"He made a pudding after this recipe. It was stuffed with Malaga raisins and covered with a rich sauce. The men were delighted.

"Put a name to it," they said. "Put a name to it."

"And the boat-servant's mate, knowing that 'r-o-u-g-h' was pronounced 'rough' and thinking 'd-o-u-g-h' followed the same rule answered readily:

"It's called duff, mates."

## Settled the Sacristan.

A knatter of fact sacristan of the Cathedral of Berlin once wrote the King of Prussia this brief note:

I beg to acquaint your majesty first that there are waiting books of psalms for the royal family. I acquaint your majesty secondly that there wants wood to warm the royal seats. I acquaint your majesty thirdly that the balustrade near the river behind the church is becoming rotten.

SCHMIDT.

## Sermon of the Cathedral.

The reply of the king was not that of a gracious majesty. Its stiff formalities, its halting style of the sacristan probably was not taken by the receiver as complimentary to him.

I acquaint you, Herr Sacristan Schmidt, that those who want to sing may sing. I acquaint Herr Sacristan Schmidt that those who want to be warm must buy wood. I acquaint Herr Sacristan Schmidt that I shall not treat any longer to the balustrade near the river. And I acquaint Herr Sacristan Schmidt fourthly that I will not have any more correspondence with him.

FREDERICK.

## The Shillalah.

The shillalah is a law limb of a tree. It is almost as much a work of art as a well balanced cricket bat. The old shillalahs were carefully looked after by their loving owners as is a rifle in the wild. Out from the student of young Blackthorns and showing as little taper as an ebony ruler, it was weighed with lead or iron at the end nearest the grip, so that its center of gravity was about four fifths of the way from the hitting end. When properly used by being kept in the neighborhood of the furnace for a few months it became an object of supreme value. And the proper pronunciation of the name of this fear-some weapon is the melodious one of "shill-ah," with the accent on the "ah."—London Chronicle.

## Her Quaker Question.

The fact of a Quaker's parish in England having some banknotes, governess, and some of the good things usual at Christmas to an old parish house had explained naturally to him on the reverend gentleman's kindness "Is that you, think," she asked the old vicar, "that it is very good of the vicar to look after you like this and send you all these nice things?"

"Good of him!" exclaimed the old man in blank amazement. "Why, what's he for?"—Pearson's Weekly.

## A Slop at Whistler.

A young San Franciscan, the owner of a large and valuable collection of autographs, once wrote to James McNeill Whistler, politely requesting his signature. The letter was sent in care of the London Royal Academy, with which the famous American painter was at odds. After four months the letter was returned to the San Franciscan address from the dead letter office in Washington. Covering the envelope was the word, repeated numberless times, "Unknown."

## Boston Could Stand It.

Ralph Waldo Emerson once made a crushing reply to a man who asked him whether the people in Boston did not feel alarmed. Said Emerson, "What about?" Said the man, "Why, the world is coming to an end next Monday." Emerson replied: "I'm glad of it. We can get along a great deal better without it."

## Pleasant.

The Host's Youngest—Don't your shoes feel very uncomfortable when you walk, Mrs. Nuryche? Mrs. Nuryche—Dear me! What an extraordinary question! Why do you ask, child? The Host's Youngest—Oh, only cos' pa said the other day since you'd come into your money you'd got far too big for your boots.

## Good Reason.

"I wouldn't be in Brown's shoes just now."

"Why not?"

"He left them in the cellar, and they dumped four tons of coal on them before Brown was up."

## A Long Swallow.

"And you live the stuffer only one lump of sugar?" asked the little boy at the zoo.

"Oh, yes," replied the keeper. "One lump crosses a long way with him."—Yonkers Statesman.

## Left When She Learned.

"I have been spending the week training a waitress."

"What for?"

"For the family she is now working for."—Life.

# YANKEE Versus SOUTHERNER

By HARRY VAN AMBURG

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A steamer on the Mississippi river half a century and more ago would be a curious sight to a traveler today. One-third, the ladies' cabin, was used exclusively by women and children, the other two-thirds constituted a gigantic gambling establishment—not an establishment run by a bank, but used by gentlemen and sharpers, the former for amusement, the latter for swindling. At mealtimes one long table extended through the men's cabin, and when dinner was served the captain of the boat would enter the ladies' cabin, offer his arm to one of the ladies and escort her to the table, the rest following. As soon as they were seated the bell was rung and a waiting crowd dropped into their seats.

Southern gentlemen traveled on these steamers men of the olden time, whose word was as good as their bond. One day Colonel St. Leger of Canton, Miss., and Major Carter of Baton Rouge were enjoying a social glass before the little bunch and Judy afloat in the bow of the boat that served for a bar when the colonel said:

"Major, do you see these sharpers? I'm afeared that Yankee? He will go back to Connecticut or what evah he comes from and report that we all swindled down here now. If I were to tell him that these men are hearing him he wouldn't believe me."

"There must be some way of saving him from them sharpers if we could only hit on it."

"I don't see no way."

Now, every gentleman in the south at that period played poker and the two were both experts at the game. They finally agreed that the best way to save the Yankee would be to get him into a steamboat by himself with his money and at the end of his journey hand it back to him with a letter on the foily of playing cards for money on a Mississippi river steamboat. As soon as the small table were noted in a long line for dinner Colonel St. Leger approached the Yankee, entered into conversation with him and after the meal invited him into his stateroom to sample some fine old Kentucky bourbon he had there. The Yankee accepted and Major Carter joined the party. After sampling the whisky the three sat down to a friendly game of poker.

Since the Yankee played very poorly and the two southern gentlemen were among the best poker players in the south it was not long before the Yankee's money was transferred to their ownership. But just as they thought they had him "broke" he pulled out a fat roll of new twenty dollar bills with which he began to play recklessly. The colonel looked at the major and the major at the colonel. The colonel's look said "I've got what a hot world has been for the sharpers" and the major's look replied "Yes, and we must take it out of him for good."

One by one the twenty dollar bills passed into the hands of the Yankee's benefactors till at last but one had been taken from him. With a gasp he opened a jack pot with it raised and kept on raising the confederates until there was something like a thousand dollars in the pot. In the showdown he exhibited four aces against the colonel's four queens and the major's full of tens.

Again the colonel and the major exchanged glances this time of astonishment. But they kept on their benevolent effort. Presently the Yankee said "Guess we'd better raise the limit. You fellows have taken \$5,000 out of me, and I want to get it back."

The southern gentlemen would have considered it a reproach to them to refuse under the circumstances and agreed. From that time forward the hands the Yankee held were phenomenal. It seemed that all the court cards in the pack fell into his hands, and singularly enough, the confederates held larger hands, too, but always a trifle smaller than his. Then when the former had recovered his losses he pushed back his chair and said:

"Gentlemen, you thought you had me a breacher whose money you could easily win. I'm regarded the best poker player in Hartford. I don't wish to punish you for trying to swindle me, so I decline to play any longer."

Again the confederates looked at each other, this time in dismay. Then Colonel St. Leger, stammering and red as a boiled lobster, told his story. The Yankee put out a hand to each of his intended benefactors, saying:

"Is there anything more honorable as well as guiltless than the true southern gentleman?"

When they settled up the Yankee generously turned over to his friends the new bills he had brought out, taking the worn ones himself. At New Orleans the three parted with expressions of mutual regard, the southerners going to the same hotel. An hour later they met in the barroom, each with a new twenty dollar bill in his hand.

"Major," said the colonel, "this bill is a counterfeit."

"So is this."

"We've been done by that rascally Yankee."

"So we have."

"I've got fifteen hundred of it."

"I have the same amount."

There was a pause, at the end of which the colonel said:

"Major, what will you have, sub?"

And the two commiserated with each other at the bar.

## An Epic of the Backwoods.

One of the epics of the backwoods, told by John G. Neffardt in "The River and I," is the adventure of old Hugh Glass, who was terribly mangled by a grizzly up the Missouri, so terribly that the rest of the expedition pushed on, leaving a young friend with several others to see the end. "It seemed plain that he would have to go on. So the young friend and the others left the old man in the wilderness to finish the job by himself. They took his weapons and baggage after the main party, for the country was hostile."

"But one day old Glass woke up and got one of his eyes open. And when he saw how things stood he swore he would live merely for the sake of killing his false friend. He crawled to a spring, lost by where he found a bush of ripe bullberries. He waited day after day for strength and finally started out to crawl a small matter of a hundred miles to the nearest fort. And he did it too! Also he found his friend after much wandering and for gave him."

## Always Feminine.

A young chap was walking along a business street with a very pretty girl when he happened to glance into a couple of windows where the latest styles of men's overcoats and suits were displayed. The girl noticed it. She stopped and exclaimed "What a dandy overcoat! Why don't you go and buy one of those, Bob? You'll look like a side of that!"

She looked at everything in the window and the young chap was delighted at her interest in men's clothes.

"You're all right, Grace," said he. "That's what I like about you. Most girls would rather look at fragrant water than at a man's overcoat and suits."

"The girl laughed. "Well, Bob," she said, "to be perfectly honest the suitors in that window are something to cry for. I was trying to see if my hair was on straight."

## The Merits of "Angelick Snuff."

"Angelick snuff, the most noble position in the world, remaining all manner of disorders of the head and brain, easing the most excruciating pain in a moment, taking away all swimming and dizziness proceeding from vapors, etc. etc. dissolved in ale, wine and other liquors, effects perfectly curing deafness, restoring all humors and nerves, and opening the eyes, etc. Corroborates the brain, comforts the nerves and restores the spirits. Its admirable efficacy in all the above mentioned diseases has been experienced above a thousand times and very justly causes it to be esteemed the most beneficial snuff in the world. Price in a paper, with directions. Sold only at Mr. Pajin's, the shop at the Angel and Crown, in St. Paul's churchyard, near Chesapeake Advertisement in London Paper, Aug. 6, 1711.

## Brigoli in a Temper.

On one occasion Bianchi, the noted teacher, went on the stage to see Brigoli, the famous singer, whom he found putting up and down like a mad man, humming over his part.

"Why, Brig, what's the matter with you? Are you nervous?" he asked.

"Yes, I am nervous, was the reply as he walked harder and faster than ever.

"But Brig, you ought not to be nervous. I've heard you sing the part 20 times. I heard you sing it thirty years ago."

"Thirty years ago? Who are you that should know so much?"

"Who am I? You know who I am and I know who you are."

"Very well, you know what I am but I am sure you do not know what you are, and if you wish I will tell you. You are a fool!"

## Hazing Him.

"Mr. Chairman," said the new member of the literary club, "I note you sit."

"I rise to a point of order, Mr. Chairman," interrupted one of the other members.

"State your point of order."

"The gentleman says 'I move you. It is not only out of order but utterly absurd for a man of 114 pounds to talk of moving' a chairman who weighs 300."

"The point is well taken," roared the presiding officer, bringing his gavel down with a resounding thud. "The gentleman will merely move or take his seat!"—Chicago Tribune.

## A Gent.

A cent is a little thing, but in the aggregate it is mighty. We speak of the "copper cent," but it is not entirely copper. Its composition is 95 per cent copper, 3 per cent tin and 2 per cent zinc. That alloy is in reality bronze and the official name of the cent is "bronze." There used to be a copper cent, but an act discontinuing its coinage was passed in 1857. For seven years (1857-64) we had a nickel cent and up to 1857 a copper half cent.

## Spilling His Advantage.

Robert Lowe, the English journalist, was always saying good things "Loo," at that foot throwing away his natural advantages," he exclaimed when a deaf member of the house of commons put up his ear trumpet.

## His Mile.

Mr. Baggie Confound that tailor. These trousers are a mile too long. Mrs. Baggie—How much shall I turn them up? Mr. Baggie—About half a inch.

It is lawful to pray God that we were not led into temptation, but not lawful to skulk from those that come to us.—R. L. Stevenson.

## One Thing She Could Do For Him.

One Saturday afternoon recently a trail little man started to cross Broadway at Forty-second street just when all sorts of fast moving vehicles were whirling their maddest patrons up Broadway. At the same instant a very fleshy lady started from the curb directly opposite with the same purpose in mind.

By remarkable luck both succeeded in escaping the passing wheels; but, as fate would have it, the little man, whose eyes were busy ogling the traffic on either side of him, darted plump into the oncoming woman at the middle of the street. The result was a sickening collision, with the little man down and out.

"You should have looked where you were going," said the fleshy woman, bending over the victim on the curb to which he had been carried by a traffic policeman. "But is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," he replied faintly, opening his eyes a moment. "Get the number of the automobile that struck me."—Lippincott's.

## Holy Lands of All Religions.

Christian call Palestine the Holy Land because it was the birthplace of Jesus Christ. It is on the earth as well as that of the four whose birth, ministry and death are inseparably associated with the history of Jerusalem and vicinity. To the Moham-medans Mecca, in Arabia, is the holy land, it being the birthplace of Mohammed, the saviour of the followers of that faith.

India is the holy land of the Chinese and other oriental Buddhists, it being the native land of Sakya Nuni, the supreme Buddha. Elis, one of the several divisions of the ancient Peloponnesus, was the Mecca and the Jerusalem of the ancient Greeks. The temple of Olympian Zeus was situated at Elis, and the sacred festivals were held there on a day. With Achaea it was part of Greece. The believers in the Sinto religion make annual pilgrimages to Nisa Kara, the immense stone pillar where their supreme ruler has stood while talking to men. New York World.

## Seeing a Mine.

The brilliancy of the clear autumn night was dimmed in the first faint light of the dawn when the work of sealing the shaft began. Up into the cloudless sky through the tangled steel work of the derrick, a tall tower of black smoke 300 feet high poured up into the still air and faded into the dawn. In two hours the black pits were covered, first with a haze of rain, and then this was laid a solid bed of concrete, and two hours later only a few thin wisps of smoke that poured up through cracks along the edges of the great seal, like steam beneath the lid of a teakettle, told of the infernal heat was seething in the mine 400 feet below. With the air cut off and the shaft sealed the fire could live only so long as sufficient oxygen remained to feed the flames.—Atlantic Monthly.

## When the Super is Known.

A risky uncertainty in one night stands in the super. In smaller pieces he works, until at a stroke in the evening he suddenly strikes of his super and presents himself at the stage door at 7. This leaves a very brief time for his drill. The mysteries of making have not been solved by him and worst of all every inhabitant knows him.

"One," as the wince Marston tells us "we were doing Richard III." It was a one night stand with few super. All went well until the moment when the bearers, with King Edward's body on a stretcher, emerged from the wings.

"Set down, set down your honorable lord," began Queen Anne.

"An' do it say, Moike O'Brien" called a voice from the gallery.—New York Tribune.

## Damascus Olive Groves.

There is an ancient custom under which the olive groves around Damascus are guarded by official watchmen to prevent the trees being stripped by thieves. But on a certain date the governor or some magistrate issues a proclamation warning all owners of olive trees that they must pick their fruit for after a certain date it becomes public property. If a farmer has his crop only half gathered when that date arrives the public will gather it for him.

## An Extreme Case.

"What was the trouble between Swinton and his wife? Was it his fault or hers that they were unable to get along together?"

"It's rather hard to decide. It appears that whenever one of them had an irreconcilable objection the other had an unalterable objection."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## How He's Got Her.

"The psychological moment counts for much in a love affair."

"That is true. Ferdinand, for instance, asked for her for my hand the afternoon my dressmaker's bill came in."—Washington Herald.

## Hereditary.

"Look at the way baby's working his mouth!" exclaimed Mrs. Newman.

"Now he proposes to put his foot in it."

"He'll" replied her husband grimly. "Hereditary. That's what I did when I proposed."

## He Went.

Visitor—Is your clock right? Tired Hostess (at the end of her patience and politeness)—Oh, no! That's the one we call the visitor's clock.—What a queer name! Why? Elotom.—Because it doesn't go.

do ed bri wa ter for the I ter Yo his sun E ren for cov his dea whi She A Job for dead sac Reh and averi goul hent It thou daug drin typh ed w all u for a who Ev just wher a reli his i was l his l gentl i soft l were pair l ways out Aft home her, a seriou cal in ca ka be He re charit Augu help f the l looked would move Who ter Au derful son Ci his wil and to conside the mi believe the tin would daught that. l of his he agains tries. A crystal whole The Ch octopus ing. I and pri could n tern the feat m condit Mary d been al patient girl like ly, shou to the l "Diec he woul inform who cos ed them Writter" detail ce den th loved d. It was summer ter. in l often die the doct