

CORSETS IN ANCIENT GREECE.

A Playwright Says Cycling Skirts Were Also Common There.

The discovery has been made in Paris recently, that the Greeks 2,000 years ago wore corsets and other articles of modern feminine dress, according to the Paris correspondent of the New York Times. Mme. Paquin and Jules Bois disclosed the fact in the latter's play, "La Furie," at the Comedie Francaise, for which the famous dressmaker designed the costumes after consulting some of the oldest records. Jules Bois said to me: "There is really nothing new under the sun. The ordinary conception of Greek dress refers only to certain periods. I know what I am talking about."

I have studied the works of Schliemann on Mycenae and of Evans and De Moxso on the prehistoric epochs. I have made excavations at Knossos and in Crete. I have visited museums. I don't imagine the things I write about. The Grecians of the most ancient periods had modern figures. This is the point I insist upon. Look at the statues of the women, ancient Greek vases and sculptures and you will see ribbons, crinolines, head-dresses, basques and corsets. The cycling skirt was the usual mode at the court of Agamemnon."

To prove his points M. Bois had photographs of old sculptures and vases. These are extraordinarily like the modes of 1880. From those Mme. Paquin made the costumes for the play. Of course, this upsets popular ideas about Greek dress, and probably a musical play showing Ulysses in pajamas and Dido in a kimono will be produced on the boulevard as a result.

VERY EVIDENTLY HIS FIRST ONE.

Young Man Was Proud Parent, and Didn't Care Who Knew It.

There was no booth in the corner drug store. The young man at the telephone therefore could be heard by all the customers who ranged about the soda water fountain. His face beamed as he talked. "Everything is all right," he was saying. "Ma'am? " "Yes'm. Eleven pounds. Beautiful boy. Like me, they say. " "Ma'am? " "Yes'm. Resting quietly. Would have sent for you, but thought it best not to. Didn't want to worry you. " "Ma'am? " "Yes'm. I'll attend to all that. " "Ma'am? " "Yes'm. I'll tell her you're coming down right away. Beautiful boy. " "Ma'am? " "Yes'm. Eleven pounds and looks just like me."

Vintage Nicknames.

We have nicknames for the vintages which few persons except the wine-drinkers know. Thus the vintage of the present year we call Zeppelin, in honor of the air navigator's achievement and because it is so high. Records show that these nicknames were bestowed on vintages as far back as 1529, when the bad-watered wine was called "Baptist." The sour wine of 1860 was called Garibaldi, and in memory of the Chinese war the 1894 wine is still known as "Walhaiwa." The vintage of 1896 promised much and gave little, and was nicknamed Li Hung Chang, and another nickname for the same year's wine, Moses, was given because the wine was taken from the water practically.—Muncheener Neurichten.

Hosts in Scottish Houses.

Scotland is rich in host lore. There is, perhaps, hardly a castle or ruin which has not some special story clinging to it, and the strange part of the matter is that many of the legends are substantiated by latter day experiences. Dunrobin castle, the Highland home of the duke of Sutherland, basis of a haunted room. The specter there is invisible and denotes its presence by an awe-inspiring laugh. The story goes that one of the duke's ancestors caused the chief of a rival clan to be starved to death in his room, visiting him periodically during his sufferings and laughing at his tortures. As punishment for this crime the unscrupulous chieftain has to haunt the room.

Old and New.

The penny—or two-cent—post between England and America is a new and at the same time a very old thing. It is over 200 years old. It existed in 1698. In those days shipmasters crossing the Atlantic either way were very glad to carry letters and messages. A week or two before their ships sailed they would hang up bags in coffee houses, and all letters dropped into these bags were carried over seas and faithfully delivered at the rate of a penny, or two cents, apiece.

Brilliant Project Brought to Naught.

In the year 1894 William Patterson, founder of the Bank of Scotland, conceived the grand project of planting on the Isthmus of Darien a British colony which, in his own words, "should secure for Great Britain the keys of the universe, enabling their possessors to give laws to both oceans and to become the arbiters of the commercial world." This colony was actually founded at a place still known as Puerto Ecocoes, but its people were subsequently forced by the Spaniards to evacuate and return to Scotland.

TREE HOUSES OF THE PAPUANS.

Cool and Clean, But Not Built for Somnambulists.

The famous tree houses of Papua are rapidly disappearing before the march of civilization and settlement in the colony. The tree house—a neat and well built habitation, placed at an enormous height among the branches of a forest tree and reached only by a swinging ladder—was primarily intended as a refuge from enemies. Now, however, that the government has brought the wild tribes under control the native prefers to live in a house that demands less skill in construction. There are still many tree houses to be seen, though few or none are being built. In the northeastern district of Papua (where much valuable sugar, rubber and coconut land lies ready for taking up) the government officials on their regular tours of inspection often sleep at night in the house of some hospitable native village constable, who draws his ladder up at sundown to a doorstep 80 feet high in the air. These tree houses are exceedingly cool, clean and picturesque, with the roofs of native made thatch and walls and floors of wattled boughs.

AGE NO MARK OF DISCRETION.

New York Police Statistics Prove a Most Lamentable Fact.

A woman shoplifter who had passed the Psalmist's allotted period, and who had a long record of offenses behind her, was sent to prison again the other day, and in the printed accounts much was made of her years, as if age and misdemeanor were strangers. As a matter of fact, among women, youth and misdemeanor are strangers if, we make the test of the matter the fact of falling into the law's clutches. More than half the women offenders of New York are classified in the report of the state prison commission as "middle-aged or elderly women." Of the 6,844 women sentenced to Blackwell's island workhouse during the last year, 3,463 were more than 30 years old. About one in 15 of the number were legal minors. Disorderly conduct and public intoxication accounted for all but a few hundreds of the entire number. There is really no surprise in these figures, for the spectacle of gray hairs without honor is not unfamiliar in any of our small parks. It would be superfluous to point the moral—and Horace has done it already in his warnings to Lalage and Chloe.

No Drums in the Middle Ages.

As we come to the Middle Ages, when the nations of modern Europe were struggling into existence, we find that at first, the drum was not used at all. So, although melody had been known and practiced for many centuries, rhythm had been quite forgotten. For what there is left to us of the music of the Middle Ages contains no bars, and we know that it was slowly and monotonously chanted, without the least accent. In the eleventh century, however, things began to improve, more particularly as the Crusaders brought into Europe all sorts of percussion instruments from the east. Various kinds of drums, tambourines and cymbals were then seen in Europe for the first time since the days of savages, and they have been used, with very little change, ever since.—St. Nicholas.

How One Got His Name.

"An example of a curious Christian name may be found," says a correspondent, "near your offices than most of the cases you have printed. The facts are these. The father of a boy baby wished him to be christened Thomas. The mother favored the name of Robert. When they arrived at the church the matter was still undecided. The father informed the curate that the child's name was Thomas. "Oh, no!" gasped the mother distrestfully. The curate regarding the woman as the ruling spirit promptly baptized the infant Ono. "The grave of Ono Titchener is to be seen in the churchyard of St. Giles, Camberwell."—London News.

Had All the Symptoms.

The learned hobo was dispensing knowledge for the benefit of his less enlightened companion. "Have you ever been bitten by a dog?" he asked. "Many's the time," replied the unenlightened one. "Are you not afraid of hydrophobia?" "Nix on de hydro." "Tis a curious disease. When a person contracts hydrophobia, the very thought of water makes him sick." "Is dat on de level? Youse ain't stringin' me?" "It is a scientific fact." "Den I bet I've had it all me life, an' never knowed wot de matter wid me!"

One Way He Could Help.

An eastern college graduate applied for work in a Michigan lumber camp. He was told to get busy on one end of a cross-saw, the other end being in charge of an old and experienced lumberman. At first all went well, but at the end of the second day the young man's strength began to wane. Suddenly the old man stopped the saw and spat. "Sonny," he said, not unkindly, "I don't mind yer ridin' on this saw, but if it's the same to you I wish you'd keep yer feet off the ground."—"Everybody's."

WAS NO PLACE TO LINGER IN.

Farm Hand's Isle of Refuge Already Had a Tenant.

Prof. A. L. Lowell, the new president of Harvard, paused in one of his recent lectures and smiled. "That governmental difficulty," he said, "was great—as great as the difficulty of Lincoln's farm hand. "Two farm hands, Lincoln used to say, were set upon by a huge bull while crossing a rocky field. One managed to gain a tree. The other took refuge in a hole that proved to have an exit in the rear. "The man who had chosen the hole was out at the other. With a bellow the bull made for him. He turned and again shot like lightning through the hole. The bull once more bore down upon him, and once more he was in and out of his hole. "This strange pursuit kept up some ten minutes or more. At first it mystified the farm hand up in the tree. Then it angered him. "Hey," he shouted, "ye danged nimpcoop, why don't ye stay in the hole?" "The bull was dashing from one end of the hole to the other at great speed, and the man was bobbing in and out desperately. He heard however, his comrade's shout and found time before his next brief disappearance to shout back: "Danged nimpcoop yourself! There's a bear in the hole!"—Chicago Journal.

MR. GOSSLINGTON IS SENSITIVE.

Can Stand a Man's Snubs, But Hates to Be Ignored by a Woman.

"I don't suppose I ought to be so sensitive," said Mr. Gossington, "but it seems to be the way I'm built. I can stand being snubbed by a man, but it hurts my feelings to be ignored by a woman. "This morning coming in at a door through which from within I was about to go out was a woman. When I saw her coming I of course opened the door for her as politely as I could and stood back to let her pass. "Did she as she passed through thank me or graciously incline her head to me or by any token acknowledge my deference to her? By not so much as the bat of an eye or the quiver of an eyelash; she simply ignored me; she passed me by as if I had been the knob on the door instead of the man holding the door open for her. "Do you know that jarred on me. Hurt my feelings sorter. I don't suppose I ought to be so sensitive, but I seem to be built that way."

Prishesteric Oyster Shells.

That the oyster was in common use by primeval men has been conclusively shown by the discovery in the "kitchen middens" of Denmark of many thousands of oyster shells, showing every evidence of having been artificially opened. In ancient Greece, also, the oyster appears to have been a recognized delicacy, for Dr. Henry Schliemann, the eminent German archaeologist, in his historic search for the ancient and somewhat mythical city of Troy, found many oyster shells in the ruins of the five prehistoric settlements of Hisarlik. But it was Rome in the height of her power and opulence that, by singling out the oyster as the piece de resistance of the Roman banqueting halls, conferred upon the oyster its just title as one of the most delicious and appetizing foods within the grasp of man.

Cheerfulness and Mirth.

"I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy. On the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity."—Joseph Addison.

Where Friendship Ceased.

"Never heard what broke up their friendship? Dear me! I thought every one had heard that. Brown is engaged, you know." "Oh! yes. I've heard that. Was White in love with the same girl?" "No, no. Not at all. But White saw her portrait in Brown's room and asked whose it was. "It's a picture of my fiancée," said Brown. "White examined it critically, and then put it down, with the remark that she must be very rich. I don't know what happened after that, but White was taken home in a cab, and neither of them was seen out of doors for a week."

Of Two Evils, the Lesser.

There are other destructive forces in nature, and even earthquakes have rivals. This happened at the time of the trembler at Charleston, South Carolina, several years ago. A resident of the shaken city, while he felt that his duties required him to remain there to do what he might for the sufferers, sent his six-year-old son out of the danger and confusion to the youngster's grandfather in New York. Three days after the boy's arrival the Charleston man received this telegram from his father: "Send us your earthquake and take back your boy."

IN THE TOILS OF INFLUENZA.

Unlucky Pittsburg Citizens Compare Notes in Strange Language.

When two East enders met on a car-bound downtown on a recent muggy morning and engaged in conversation, the other passengers were under the impression for a time that they were listening to a discussion in Esperanto or Volapuk. It ran something like this: "Bord'g, Johd." "Bord'g, Jib." "Dice bord'g." "Yes, dice bord'g—dot." "What's dew?" "Dot a th'g. Adyth'g dew id your Jide?" "Dot a blabed th'g." "How you feell'g this bord'g?" "Dot de bub." "So ab I. Dearly sdeezed by head off last light." "Golg to the beet'g to-dight?" "Dot on your tidytpe. Golg to stay hobe a'd drink rub and hodey." "Good gabe. Hot rub pudtch for bide." "Well, here we are doldtowd. So lo'g." And they wended their dismal ways. —Pittsburg Times.

DUELS AMONG SUDANESE ARABS.

Where Pastoral Life Doesn't Always Lead to Peace and Quiet.

The country to the southeast of Tekar, in Africa, is the home of the Hassas; the Hadendos occupy the khors to the south and the plateau to the southwest. Both of these are black Arabs, speaking different languages. The Hassas live almost entirely on sour milk, while the Hadendos are agricultural as well as pastoral. Their dokhn and durra, milletlike grains, were ripening in February and being protected from countless swarms of small birds by men who stood on elevated platforms, from which they cracked loudly large whips with palm leaf lashes 20 feet long. The dress of these Arabs is a cotton sheet held in by a belt in which they carry crooked knives. For other weapons they use sticks, spears and swords. Firearms are prohibited. Judging by the many scars borne by the men the pastoral life is by no means so peaceful as the poets would lead us to think. Many of the scars come from duels, in which the men cut each other alternately in the back till one cries "Enough!"

Hash.

Some people find fault when eating hash because they don't know what it is in it. Such souls are simply trying to dodge happiness. Would anybody ever start upon a journey if they knew the car was going to leave the track, or that the bridge was sure to collapse? No, indeed. Would lovers of hash ever order that most toothsome viand were it not for the delightful uncertainty attached to it—the compelling mystery in which it is wrapped? Why be wise when perfect happiness lies in ignorance? Hash has stood the test of time, and whatever it is made of, history has yet to place a calamity at its door. Wine has caused the head to rise above the church steeples; pie has ruined the digestive apparatus and hot biscuits have brought the price of nightmares down to a surprisingly low figure; but hash, plain, regular, inoffensive hash, has done on down the ages and left nothing in its wake but a fond memory and a sweet taste in the mouth. Why worry?

Phenomena Awed Europe.

Europe and Asia were covered by fog during the summer of 1783. Says Gilbert White (letter 109): "The summer of the year 1783 was an amazing and a portentous one. For, besides the alarming meteors and tremendous thunderstorms, the peculiar haze, or smoky fog, that prevailed for many weeks in this island (England) and in every part of Europe, and even beyond its limits, was a most extraordinary appearance. The heat was intense. Calabria and part of the Isle of Sicily were torn and convulsed with earthquakes." Cowper also refers to this phenomenon, in speaking of "nature, with a dim and sickly eye."

In and Out of Focus.

"I beg a thousand pardons," said the man with the strange eyes, "for not speaking to you the moment I entered the room. I will tell you why. When I enter a room it is almost impossible for me to recognize anybody for a few minutes. My eyes won't focus. When I was a child I had a serious illness. When I finally recovered, my eyes were in this condition, and have remained so ever since." But just the same she noticed that when the waiter passed with the punch his eyes focused on it correctly every time.

The Kiddies.

The increasing respect for children is beginning to make itself felt on all sides. Little boys and girls are no longer put off with careless words and second rate toys. They are studied with constant thought by parents, scientists devise their playthings, and literary and artistic "celebrities" make the books. Of these things modern children are not unappreciative. If they are growing hypercritical in some directions they are becoming very tolerant in others, and not infrequently they understand their parents' little shortcomings much better than do those humiliated "elders" themselves. —Philadelphia Record.

LIVE STOCK DEALER AT 17.

Southwest's Youngest Shipper Is Boyd Henri's Proud Boat.

Kansas City, Mo.—Give me an unloading clearance on cars 34,751 and 2. The boyish voice surprised the clerks in the receiving and shipping office at the stock yards. When they turned about all that was visible on the opposite side of the counter was a large hat and a pair of big blue eyes. With the official document the boy hastened to the unloading chutes, sorted his cattle and gave instructions to his commission man how to sell them. Then he visited some friends in the exchange building. This youthful stockman is J. Boyd Henri, 17 years old, small for his age, with a claim to being the youngest live stock shipper in the southwest. Two years ago he attended the Woodland school. He lived with his parents in Mumford court. Whenever he had the opportunity he visited his uncle near Fredonia, Kan. About a year ago he did not return home. Since then he has been trading in live stock. Boyd does most of his trading in Greenwood county, Kansas. Recently he marketed a carload of horses. "Nothing like it," he said. "You see I've been in the business now about a year and I clear about \$75 a month. I have to be a little cautious among all these old heads, but I have my pony and nothing to do but trade. So I just ride two big counties out there in Kansas and 'scalp' around on anything that looks like it will make a dollar. It beats going to school."

TO CARE FOR DUMB ANIMALS.

Indiana Man Wants a Bureau That Will Feed Beasts.

Evansville, Ind.—Adolph Melzer of this city has framed up a bill which he has asked State Representative Chris Hewig of this city and State Senator Clem Peizer of Boonville, Ind., to introduce in the state legislature for him, the bill providing for the establishment of a state bureau for the care of dumb animals. He says he will donate the sum of \$8,000 to carry on the work of the bureau for the first year. His plan is to have the bureau feed and care for all horses and mules where the owners are unable to buy feed for them. Mr. Melzer during the month of February continuously announced in local papers that he would feed all horses and mules in Evansville where their owners made known to him that they were too poor to buy feed for them. He has cared for several hundred dumb animals in this fashion. Mr. Melzer is one of the wealthiest men in southern Indiana and made his fortune in the manufacture of soap. He is a lover of dumb animals and a bachelor. He is confident that his proposed measure will become a law. According to his views there would be a chief of the proposed bureau, and the chief would have several assistants located in various parts of the state. The measure is popular among the charity organizations of this end of the state.

IGNORED HIS FAMILY 25 YEARS.

Aged Ohio Man Keeps Vow to Drop Out of Sight.

Colby, Kan.—For the last 25 years Colby, like more towns, has had its town character. He is James Breeden, who is now more than 75 years old and very feeble. He has many friends, who frequently have made efforts to gain some information concerning the old man's early life, but invariably were unsuccessful. His story was told to Richard Chelf a few days ago, however, with the result that the old man has been reunited with his children, who live at Ironton, O. Breeden was married 50 years ago and to the union six children were born. It was a happy family for some years, but a little cloud arose over the sale of a piece of real estate, and the husband left, saying he would not be heard from for at least five years. Twelve years passed and he was found in Kansas City. The wife and Breeden's brother went to Kansas City, only to learn that the object of their search had sold his interests there and gone farther west. When he left Kansas City he came to Colby, and has been an interesting but a mysterious character ever since.

DISCOVERS AN "OYSTER MINE."

Planter Discovers Rich Bed of Bivalves in Cove.

Bridgeport, N. J.—The discovery of a rich "oyster mine" in the Maurice River cove has aroused great interest in the big colony of planters at Bivalve and Maurice River. Capt. Lucius Yates, planter, recently obtained from the state commissioner a lease for 100 acres of ground in a section of the cove which had been left untouched. He had hope of planting a large batch of seed there the coming spring, but decided to have the bottom examined. Capt. Peterson of the schooner Dennis was sent down to try it, and, to his astonishment, found it literally covered with a fine growth of marketable oysters, fat and luscious. Capt. Yates has already taken up \$1,000 worth of the bivalves, and expects to get fully \$3,000 worth of the lot before the season ends, May 10. He paid for the lease 36 cents an acre, or a total of \$35. There is sharp demand for land all around the new section.

FEUD OVER COTTAGE

"PUT'S HILL" CAUSE OF WAR BETWEEN WOMEN.

Feminine Squabble Over Title to Historic Connecticut Property Likely to Break Into the Courts. Greenwich, Conn.—War clouds are again rising over "Put's Hill," and the famous Israel Putnam cottage as to who owns the revolutionary property. The conflict will probably be taken into the courts. The right to the deed to the property which is held by the trustees of the Israel Putnam association, is contested by the fair members of the Putnam Hill chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The feminine descendants of the revolutionary heroes of Greenwich are a patriotic lot and seven years ago, when the Putnam property was placed on sale for \$7,500 a movement was set on foot to buy the place and preserve it as a revolutionary landmark. Col. Henry H. Adams, whose wife was regent of the local chapter of the D. A. R., advanced the money, bought the property, incorporated a company known as the Israel Putnam association and took over the title. By a series of entertainments and by subscriptions the patriotic daughters succeeded in raising the purchase price, which they turned over to Col. Adams. Reeling secure in the belief that they owned the historic house and grounds the D. A. R. members set about furnishing it with furniture, relics and antiques of the days of '76. Last fall some of the daughters discovered a set of stakes driven in the ground back of the cottage. Investigation revealed the fact that the Israel Putnam association was about to sell some of the sacred ground. A feminine howl was raised that echoed from East Portchester to North Mansu. A call to arms was issued. D. A. R. chapters throughout the United States took the matter up, and even Mrs. Donald McLean, the president-general, interested herself in the case. Last November the Daughters of the Putnam chapter, with Spencer P. Mead as legal adviser, met the members of the association at the Putnam cottage. The officers of the association are Luke Vincent Lockwood, James McCutcheon, George F. Dominick, John D. Barrett, William H. McCord and Harry H. Adams, Jr., and their legal representative was R. Jay Walsh, recently deposed political boss of the town.

The belligerent daughters completely routed the enemy, and the trustees of the association, through R. Jay Walsh, stated that they were willing to give a deed to the Putnam house property to the Putnam chapter of the D. A. R. as soon as that body was incorporated or as soon as it was in position to take title. Early in December the chapter was legally incorporated and a request for the deed was sent to Luke Vincent Lockwood, president of the association. Mr. Lockwood promptly replied that the association had never promised to deliver a deed of the property to the chapter, but that the trustees would resign and elect in their places, members of the chapter, selected by the Daughters. The chapter held a special meeting in January and chose from among its members several names to be submitted for the trusteeship. These names were forwarded to Mr. Lockwood. The action so far has come to naught and another call to arms is about to be issued by the irate and determined daughters.

FAVORABLE PIG CASE IS OVER.

Dispute Over Ownership of Kentucky "Porker" Lasts Many Years.

Louisville, Ky.—The famous pig case, which has been occupying the attention of the courts of Laurel county for months, has been decided by Judge Pennington. The pig was awarded to Squire Nicholson. M. W. Tinsch applied for a new trial, and the case will be taken to the higher courts. Thirty-five witnesses testified, five of the most eminent lawyers in the mountains made lengthy speeches, and the pig in contention was in the courtroom throughout the proceedings. Tinsch is the Louisville & Nashville agent at Hazel Patch, and Squire J. K. Nicholson is his neighbor. Each owned a sow and six pigs. The sows ran together and the pigs followed either sow. Ten of the pigs died and both Nicholson and Tinsch claimed the surviving two. The matter was taken to the courts for settlement. During the litigation one of the pigs was killed by a train. The surviving bone of contention was exhibited, and the witnesses conflicted in identification, as the pig had grown to be a porker of 200 pounds. Hundreds of dollars were expended in court cost.

Deaf and Dumb; Seeks Bride.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Any young woman who is willing to marry a deaf and dumb man for love can enjoy a fine honeymoon trip around the world, according to an announcement by Benjamin M. Wood of Oxnard. Wood is wealthy. In his announcement he declared he would marry the first girl who will marry him for himself alone and not for his money.