

BACK IN ATHENS.

A JOURNEY OF CENTURIES MADE BY AMERICAN TOURISTS.

The Wonderful Liquid Found in the Ruins of the Temple of Minerva—Its Effects on the Entire Party Which Partook of It—How the Old Athenians Lived and Acted.

I was exceedingly gratified when I was invited to make one of a party of six to picnic in Europe for the summer. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Miss Clark, the sister, Mr. and Mrs. Stephens and myself—Von Glahn. Our objective point was Athens primarily, and later a general stroll through the Greek absorbing the classic air and incidentally the classic knowledge.

"This isn't bad," said I. "Not much," Mr. Stephens rejoined. "And before we start out to see the sights I'll finish up this sandwich. There's no telling what we have to eat in this country now."

Whereupon he took a hungry bite from the sandwich, and with many grimaces and imprecations instantly cast it from him. "Of course it's dough," explained Clark; "we're in 400 B. C., and that's 1800 A. D. bread that won't be cooked for 2,200 years yet."

We looked at one another in silence for a moment, and then, as the truth appealed to us, we severally dropped our sandwiches. Mr. Clark was studying himself—he was a study, as were all of us.

"What's this Mother Hubbard I've got on?" he asked, "and where are my shoes? How did I get here barefooted and bare-headed? What's become of that suit of clothes I had? But you all needn't laugh at me; you are just as big guys as I am. Look at yourselves."

And we did. It is no wonder we laughed—there we stood in a circle, wrapped in what seemed to be a sheet, no hat, no shoes, arms bare; we were the very realization of a

done and he had to rely upon his memory for his prophesies. Discouraging in this way, enlivened by a frequent witticism from my adored Melissa, for Miss Clark insisted that we now call her by that local name, which she declared was from Plutarch, of whom she had been a faithful student, we passed through the Propylaea and into the Agora, the busiest section of the city. We readily found a bake shop, with what to our modern eyes seemed to be a dairy attached. We entered and found there many diners who were being waited upon by young women. As in New York restaurants, where young lady waiters preside, it was necessary to sit for some time until the favorite young men visitors gossip of the night before. Finally we procured some milk and bread and from it made our lunch, as for the other dishes which they had were not our liking—skates, eels, wild peas, locusts and salt fish, all of them

Melissa was a graduate of Vassar and she knew all about everything. She had once written an essay on women in politics, and began her list with Aspasia. The few around us who heard our remarks looked at us with wondering expressions for the names we used were new to them, and they evidently knew us as strangers. Desiring to learn something from a native about the matter, I addressed a citizen who stood beside me. "Sir," I said, "will you inform me of the meaning of this terrible charge against your ruler?"

"Verily, I know not," he replied, "unless it be a continuation of the efforts of an aristocracy to put him from office. Phidias has been already indicted for embezzlement, Anaxagoras and Aspasia have been indicted for impiety, and Pericles before this has been accused of sacrilege and heresy."

"At this moment a boy pushed his way through the crowd and attached to the pillar a bulletin setting forth the fact that Epialtes, a prominent man in the popular party, had been assassinated by a member of the aristocratic party, whereupon mingled shouts and howls went up in commendation or denunciation of the act.

"Let us get out of this," I said, and pushing as best we might we soon reached the outer edge of the circle. "Why, this is just as bad as New York," Mrs. Clark exclaimed; "dishonest politicians and political murders, and I heard one of those men beside me say that Pericles had to put guards at the voting places to see that those entitled to vote could do so. Why, it is horrible.

"I don't think one's life is safe here," added Mrs. Stephens. At the moment, as if to verify her words, a riot broke out, and a reckless youth, struck a child and knocked it to the ground. Clark sprang forward, and as the frightened mother shrieked he dragged the young one from before the wheels and set it in safety against the wall at the side of the walk. The mother was most profuse in her protests of thankfulness, and after she had given a full measure of affection to her child she turned again to us and would have said to her name, and amid her lures and penates partake of the festivities her gratitude would provide. We were nothing loth to the acceptance of such an invitation, for we had no knowledge of where to lay our heads that night, and so we cheerfully followed the lady to her house.

It was near the time of dinner when we reached our destination, and ere many moments, Sotades, the master, appeared, who, upon hearing the recital of the adventures from his wife, embraced us each in turn and wept happy tears over his offspring.

Clark of course was the hero of the occasion, and upon him much eulogy was lavished, the ladies finally insisting upon pouring water over his shoulders and laying his tired limbs. At this, however, Clark rebelled. "Surely it is not proper," he said, "and not much else for that, except this sheet. I've tried to keep my feet out of sight, and they're covered with dust and dirt; it's positively shameful."

"My modesty!" she made answer. "What has that to do with it? Did not Circe bathe Ulysses? Have we ever permitted a respected guest to leave our home without that attention?" And without more ado she poured an arm of tepid water over his shoulders while her maid gave him the attention they would a child. Stephen and I, controlling our laughter with much difficulty, stood without listening to the splashing and catching an occasional groan from Clark, who was very evidently suffering in mind from the unusual attention of which he was the victim.

At the meal which shortly followed we found a beautiful display of appetizing dishes, and after the dinner day we were glad to lie upon the couches that were prepared for us, and, resting upon our left elbows, make use of our right arms to reach the articles on the table. The ladies sat at the foot of the couches and their observations were bright and witty, adding very appreciably to our enjoyment. Just before we began to eat servants entered carrying small silver basins

the pretty fountain as it cooled the air, or studying the dense Egyptian blue of the heavens, from whence the stars appeared to hang so many glorious lights. There was no illumination in the house; there was no reason for it, because there were no books to read. All the information the family received was from the public posts. There was nothing to do but to sit in the silver of the moon and listen to the monotonous voice of the cicada or catch the strain of lute or the shrill notes of a Pans-pipe. A

servant came with a torch, which he lighted by bringing a splinter from two pieces of wood rubbed together, and then stuck in a socket in the wall.

"At this moment some household affairs called both host and hostess from us and we were left alone. For a moment we said nothing, then Stephens said: "Well!"

"And we all answered by shifting our positions a little, and one or two of us coughed. "I'm tired of this thing," I said.

"Tired! I'm dying," exclaimed Melissa; "talk to me about the good old times; I want none of it. The men are just as stupid as moderns."

"And the women just as frivolous," added Clark. "And politics just as bad," said Mrs. Stephens.

"No, no, no, no," claimed Mrs. Clark; "no gas, no running water, no elevator, no horse-car, no elevated roads, no books; nothing to make life tolerable."

"Not even a clock to tell what time to go home," wailed Clark. "Why, a cargo of \$3 Waterbury watches would set these Athenians crazy with wonder."

"No ball clubs, no roller skating, no West Point drills, no stick of chewing gum," Melissa declared, and the recollections of these things brought up.

"Suppose we skip to New York?" I suggested. "Done!" It came in one voice. Carefully Stephens drew from his concealment the precious bottle and silently and solemnly passed it to each of us. On the instant we had drained its contents, and in another we were sitting within the ruined Parthenon in the evening of a nineteenth-century day, clothed in New York suits and with the crumbs of our earlier meal about us.

"What will Mr. and Mrs. Sotades say at our unceremonious departure?" Miss Clark asked. "Oh, both Mr. and Mrs. Sotades they've been dead 2,200 years and forgotten all about it," Clark replied. A CURTAIN DOWN.

GENERAL LEE'S BIBLE. Carried to Maine by a Union Soldier and Recovered by Advertising.

Twenty-five years ago a regiment of Maine soldiers was encamped on Arlington Heights, and the boys, understanding that anything belonging to the rebels was common property, were anxious to find out what they could do with it. One soldier, who was named Lee, had a Bible which he had brought with him from his home in Maine. He was a devout man, and he had a great respect for the Bible. He had a great deal of time to spare, and he had a great deal of money. He had a great deal of time to spare, and he had a great deal of money. He had a great deal of time to spare, and he had a great deal of money.

An Awkward Printing-office Mistake. An Iowa newspaper foreman is now in danger of his life for putting together the following: "The first portion of an account of the concert, and last a partial report of a cattle show. The sentences appeared as follows: 'The concert given last night by sixteen of Storm Lake's most beautiful and fascinating young ladies was highly appreciated. They were elegantly dressed, and sang in a most charming manner, winning the plaudits of the entire audience, who pronounced them—the finest breeds of short-horns in the country. A few of them are of a rich brick color, but the majority are spotted, brown and white. Several of the heifers are fine-bodied, tight-limbed, well-developed animals, and promise to prove good property.'—Lewistown Courier-Journal.

German Patriotism Defined. The article in the German complaints in a recent article of the unpatriotic conduct of certain German ladies of fashion who are, it seems, in the habit of ordering their toilets in which they appear at court from Brussels. The journal proceeds to inform them that henceforward there will be no excuse for their dealing with foreign modistes, a company having been formed in Berlin to found a millinery establishment there which will quite eclipse the 'Magasins des Modes' of Brussels, and which will frequently happen in the name of patriotism to insure the requisite fit and finish, the new German house need fear no competition. It is to be started with a capital of half a million sterling, and it is to be called the 'Reichsnormaldamenbekleidungsanstalt.'

The Negro in Politics. "Well, Mr. Jackson, I am going to run for office this fall and I want you to support me for me, you know," said a Georgia Politician to a friend. "Vote for yer an' s'pote yer both! No, sah; I've libed too long fer dat. Last year I gave fer three weeks. He gave me two hams and a whole lot of meat all ground and ready for use. I'm no fool, sonny, that I'd s'pote my an' lect him ter office, too."—Jack's Sun.

The Western Rooms. At Woodland, Cal., a lady recently found a twenty-dollar piece in the street, invested in it a lot, and in two weeks realized \$1,250. This is the story they tell and it may be true. One day a man frequently happens in Omaha, Nebraska, not long ago a boy threw a chunk of dirt at a man. The man held on to the dirt, and he was worth about that before the boy threw that chunk of real estate at him, but outside papers will please not mention that part of the story.—Omaha World.

A GRIP-SACK SECRET.

ACHES AND PAINS COMPLETELY CHARMED AWAY.

Heed Paid to the Warning Given by the President—Cleveland's Late Rheumatic Attack—His Friends Make Some Good Suggestions on the Care of His Health.

Not like those ancient receptions given to George Washington has been the tour of the President and his wife. Of the former it was said: "She was met on the outskirts by a committee of citizens; there were fireworks before and after supper, and she was surrounded by an excellent band of music, conducted by gentlemen of the town."

The harvest of a mighty nation are garnered and the fruits thereof are now the "fair-day" rights of millions. Thousands come and go and crowd each mart "where plenty sits," and into these general multitudes the distinguished visitors were ushered.

Grover Cleveland is of the people, by the people, their President, and in the administration of their affairs his health and happiness are objects of solicitude.

The most changeful season in many years is upon us, and he has been whirled from freezing points to Indian summer, and thence again to chilling frosts.

He stood in over-heated rooms, and from the stifling air where crowds congregate, he was suddenly transferred to the cold without.

Does any one suppose he was unprepared for such emergencies? If so, let him possess himself with patience. Just ask the charming Mrs. C. what was that little incident it is said took place in their delightful abode at the White House, at which even the sleepy poodle looked askant. Will the grip-sack reveal a secret?

From undergoing just such trials as those foreshadowed and harassed by state affairs the President fell sick. Crowds had no compassion, Congress was impatient for his message and in the late hours he sat by an open window and prepared the document.

The President was down and crippled with rheumatism and the long faces of the physicians in attendance betokened a protracted illness.

One doctor made public mention that this illness of the President was critical, and perhaps fatal, and that he might not live to see another year. Why such a scare was gotten up, that doctor only knows.

Now this would never do, thought she. A thousand eyes were on him, and a thousand ears had caught this ominous warning. What to do was a quick resolve, and how to outwit the devil portend was a woman's chance to hold her husband and his sinners and surprise the country. She did it.

And hence we find them at the bouffeur fire-place, while the poodle slumbered quietly. Just then she whispered something in his ear.

What was his answer? Did he say, "I'd like to do it just to spite the doctor, but they'd have my name in a thousand prints?" But what of that? She had determined that a thousand papers should proclaim "the President is well, and walks about without his cane."

She hastened off, and after a while the attendant rubbed his swollen limbs and anon the pains subsided; he slept the sleep of the just, and arose recuperated. And so it happened that the press rebuked the doctor's fussiness, and proclaimed the sudden restoration of the President's health.

What it was that cured him is the good wife's secret, and no one would believe it enough to tell that secret if he gave him leave, but true it is what other most distinguished men have done so often has brought them like results.

For instance, a firm friend and counselor of the President, Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees, Senator from Indiana, makes this mention without reluctance or show of secrecy: "St. Jacobs Oil gave instantaneous relief; a remarkable remedy."

The distinguished Roman Catholic prelate, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmore, Cleveland, Ohio, in like manner states: "St. Jacobs Oil is excellent for rheumatism and kindred diseases."

Hon. Thomas L. Young, ex-Governor of Ohio, has been free to say: "Suffered for years with rheumatism and was cured by St. Jacobs Oil."

Hon. Martin A. Foran, Member of Congress from Cleveland, Ohio, has said: "St. Jacobs Oil is an invaluable family medicine. Great relief. Safe and reliable."

Hon. Norman J. Colman, ex-Lieutenant-Governor, St. Louis, Mo., Commissioner of Agriculture: "Found great benefit by use of St. Jacobs Oil."

Capt. Henry M. Holzworth, late Chief Detective Force, Cleveland, Ohio: "St. Jacobs Oil is a surprising relief. A world of good. It conquers pain."

Hon. Stacey Hill, Mt. Auburn Inclined Plane Railroad, Cincinnati, Ohio: "Undoubtedly St. Jacobs Oil is a remarkable medicine."

Capt. Ben Bullwinkle, Chicago Fire Patrol, Chicago, Ill.: "St. Jacobs Oil is certainly a good thing."

Professor C. O. Duplessis, Manager Chicago Gymnasium: "We use St. Jacobs Oil in preference to anything we ever tried."

Hon. Hart B. Holton, ex-M. C., Maryland: "I have used St. Jacobs Oil with astonishing effects. It is a first-class thing."

General Rufus Ingalls, Quartermaster General U. S. Army: "St. Jacobs Oil is the best pain cure ever used."

Not alone in this country, but in all parts of the world, men of distinction are free to admit all its virtues, to sympathize with those who suffer, and to give them the benefit of their endorsements as encouragement to do likewise. Hence we find so distinguished a scholar as:

Dr. Richard Oberlander, Leipzig, Germany, Secretary, Ethnological Museum, F. S. U. G. A. M. G. S.: "St. Jacobs Oil cured me entirely of neuralgia. I will not be without it."

Hon. Billa Flint, Life Senator of the Dominion Parliament, Canada: "I found St. Jacobs Oil to act like a charm."

Hon. Godfrey Sichel, Member of Parliament, Cape of Good Hope, South Africa: "St. Jacobs Oil will cure neuralgia pains."

Senator A. de la E. Delgado, L. R. D., and Counselor Tribunal of Justice of the Republic, Lima, Peru: "A single application of St. Jacobs Oil, cured me of rheumatism of four years' standing."

Dr. Manuel Izaguirre, Guadaluajara, Jalisco, Mexico: "I obtained complete cures of Chronic and Acute Rheumatism with St. Jacobs Oil."

Hon. Wong Doot Hing, Chinese Consul General, San Francisco, California: "The Chinese regard St. Jacobs Oil as the best pain cure in the world."

Hon. George Colton, late Police Commissioner, Baltimore, Md.: "Wherever I have traveled St. Jacobs Oil is recognized as a blessing to humanity."

Hon. Thomas L. James, late Postmaster General U. S.: "I incur in indorsing St. Jacobs Oil."

Hon. Henry Piper, late Alderman, Toronto, Canada: "I cured aggravated rheumatism by use of St. Jacobs Oil."

Mr. David Scott, the champion Cricketer, Melbourne, Australia: "I suffered agonizingly from rheumatism, but St. Jacobs Oil cured me."

Dr. D. Antonio Jose Romay, Physician, Faculty, Post Garrison, Havana, Cuba: "I have cured rheumatism and neuralgia in a short time with St. Jacobs Oil."

Hon. H. H. Meigs, the Great Eastern Railway tractor, South America: "St. Jacobs Oil cured my indorsement."

Hon. Oden Bowie, ex-Governor of Maryland, land, Puerto Rico, Panama, Colombia, and ex-Prest. Md. Jockey Club: "St. Jacobs Oil acts most satisfactorily."

Hon. Wm. Pinkney Whyte, ex-U. S. Senator, Maryland: "St. Jacobs Oil has cured my rheumatism."

Hon. Carter H. Harrison, late Mayor of Chicago: "I used and found St. Jacobs Oil excellent."

Hon. Jno. C. New, late Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Indianapolis, Ind.: "I cordially recommend St. Jacobs Oil."

Mr. Alfred Hay, the great sheep raiser, Boonamooma, Mulwala P. O., N. S. W., full neuralgia: "St. Jacobs Oil cured me of my neuralgia."

Hon. S. Crosby, Hawaiian Consul, Honolulu, Hawaii: "St. Jacobs Oil cured me of my rheumatism."

Dr. D. Jose Felix Cruz and D. Manuel Andrade, Sanitary Commissioners, D. M. Army Corps Occupation, Peru, report: "St. Jacobs Oil cured me of my rheumatism."

St. Jacobs Oil cured me of my rheumatism of 500 miles suffering with neuralgia. What are the virtues of this great remedy? The grip-sack of the President of the United States might reveal a secret, and distinguished men of the world have used it with success.

What it is and what it is not, has been told; has been told in a thousand ways, by thousands it has been used, with wonderful success, and it is the only cure with the stubbornness of Andrew Jackson.

It is not merely a rubefaction to irritate the outer surface, nor is it merely an emollient embrocation to soften or relax a contracted muscle, but in its specific action, it penetrates the specific properties of the best of oils, with a superior curative virtue.

It penetrates deeply but gently, soothingly and surely; it is kind but firm, and it does not seek the vain-splendour of a cure which is not permanent.

The most remarkable proof of the efficacy of this cure has been furnished by the President of the United States in an unexpected form.

In duty bound to look after the interests of his patrons and patients, they addressed a circular letter to such as had used it, inquiring as to the state of their health, with a view of advising further.

What was their surprise to learn from them of their recovery, except that they had removed their reliance upon the cure where used according to directions, and that the cure made by the great remedy had remained permanent.

Cheerful renewals of their statements were made which disclosed the remarkable showing which no other similar remedy ever shown—that the cure were these chronic cases of long standing, where crutches and canes had been used, were promptly and positively without the recurrence of pain or discomfort in a few years as long as its own existence and the disease had ravaged as long as their years.

As a specimen of cheerful recovery wherein these points are fully set forth, give the following: Mr. D. M. Bearick, of Constantine, Mich., writes Feb. 16, 1887, as follows: "What a relief to me, please to substantiate what I said five years ago in regard to your great remedy."

"I had been troubled with rheumatism rather than in my back, for about thirty years, so much so that I was confined to my bed two or three weeks at a time."

"Tried most every remedy, most every plaster that I could get in a drug store, but no relief from them; but about five years ago I bought one of your pleasure testimonials, and I used five years ago in regard to your great remedy."

"I can say without hesitation that it has done for me all that you claim for it."

"I am happy to inform you that I have been a well and healthy man the past few years, have done all kinds of work, and lift as much as I ever could."

"Haven't been lame with my back for the space of five years, and would not get all that have like trouble, give St. Jacobs Oil a trial and I know you will find relief the same."

Something more remarkable is the following: Just imagine any one of the crippled seen on the street taking a walk, and you will be cured, so that he throws away his crutch and goes to work, and the case will be appreciated. But to the facts: Jan. 17, 1883, Messrs. George C. Ormsby & Co., druggists, Lowell, Mass., write: "We recommend St. Jacobs Oil to any afflicted with rheumatism, as he has obtained relief by using it, but he desires especially to be informed that he has been cured of his boy of ten years, who came to his home in a summer of 1881, walking upon crutches."

"His left leg having been bent at the knee for over two months, and could not be bent back. He could not walk upon it."

"Mr. Dennis had some St. Jacobs Oil in the house and gave it to him to rub on the knee. In six days he had no more pain in his crutches, and went home well without crutches, and has been well since St. Jacobs Oil cured him."

The case from January 17, 1883 to July 9, 1887, stood thus: A confirmed cripple, knee bent—leg useless. Cured by St. Jacobs Oil. Was the cure permanent? Inquiry was made on this point of Osgood & Co., June 18, 1887. After an absence of four years, it will be seen what is the condition of the poor cripple."

They reply as follows, July 1887: "Mr. Lewis Dennis has just called upon me and informs me: 'The boy Orin Robinson, who was a poor cripple on crutches and was cured by St. Jacobs Oil in 1881; the cure has remained permanent.'"

"The young man has been and is now working every day at manual labor, a case entirely which proves the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil."

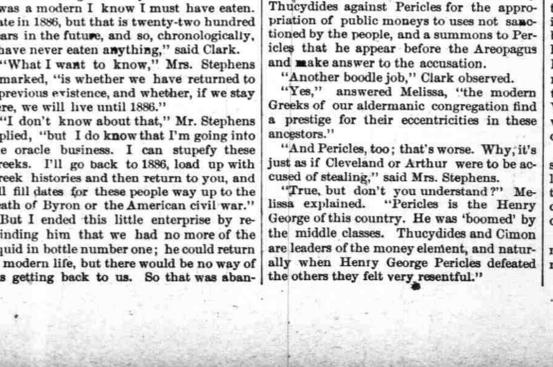
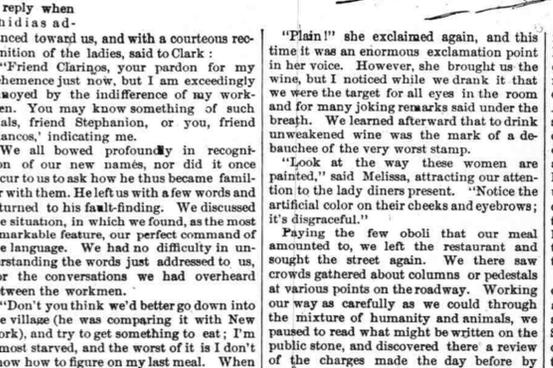
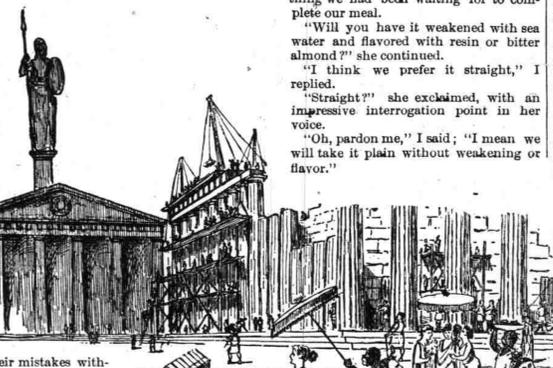
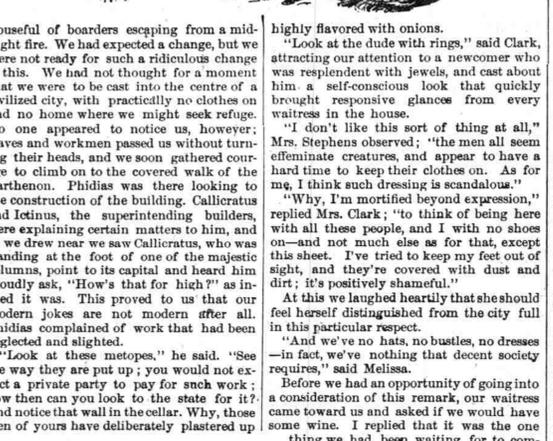
"Mr. Dennis tells me also that he had rheumatism in his knee; tried many remedies for no use, and it cured the rheumatism permanently, as it has not troubled him for years."

[Signed] Dr. Geo. C. Ormsby, M. D. It has won its reputation on merit, and its superior merit in competition, has been for its other no other similar preparation has achieved; gold medal awards from the national and State exhibitions, and the home, viz: New Zealand, International Exhibition, 1882, gold medal; California Industrial Exposition, 1883-84, gold medal; California State Fair, 1884, gold medal; Louisville, Ky., Southern Exposition, 1884, gold medal.

Whether the secret of the grip-sack is revealed or not, it is to be hoped that the President and his wife have returned in good health to the White House.

Having returned, it is to be hoped that the West Virginians, who took down the flag, will ally the left behind the line, when the sun is up behind the hills, and the light falls on the painted foliage.

And it is now about that before the boy that thought of real estate at him, but outside papers will please not mention that part of the story.—Omaha World.



houseful of boarders escaping from a midnight fire. We had expected a change, but as we were not ready for such a ridiculous change as this. We had not thought for a moment that we were to be cast into the centre of a civilized city, with practically no clothes on and no home where we might seek refuge. No one appeared to notice us, however; slaves and workmen passed us without turning their heads, and we soon gathered courage to climb on to the covered walk of the Parthenon. Phidias was there looking to the construction of the building. Callistratus and Ictinus, the superintending builders, were explaining certain matters to him, and as we drew near we saw Callistratus, who was standing at the foot of one of the majestic columns, point to its capital and heard him proudly say, "How's that for high?" as indeed it was. This proved to us that our modern jokes are not modern after all. Phidias complained of work that had been neglected and slighted.

"Look at these metopes," he said. "See the way they are put up; you would not expect a private party to pay for such work; how then can you look to the state for it? And notice that wall in the cellar. Why, those men of yours have deliberately plastered up

When the wrappings were removed he held in each hand a bonyon, or small earthen jar, with a handle and a bottom like that of a ginger-ale bottle, each bearing a label with an inscription upon it and each contained a fluid as we could tell by shaking.

"Here, Stephens, read this jargon to us," said Clark, handing the jars over to the scholar of the party.

Stephens figured over the wording some moments, and finally, with a laugh as hearty as ever resounded through those ruins, he said: "Well, this is a grand find, I can tell you; just listen to what it says: 'Whoever partakes of this liquid five drops will be instantly transported back to the days of Pericles and the grandeur of Athens,' signed 'Nicipeus.' And the other label says, 'Of this fluid take five drops and one will be restored to his natural self.' A great scheme; a trip to old Athens free of expense. Who'll go the five drops with me?"

"I'll go on," said Clark and I in a breath. "I want to see Pericles."

"Don't touch it; perhaps it may be poison," said Mrs. Stephens, womanlike.

"Try it on that dog first, and if he lives through it I will take it," Miss Clark suggested. I thought I could not resist the temptation on her part to let me make the trip alone.

We caught the lonesome dog that was smelling about us as unconscious of his ancient destiny as he was of his supper. We opened his mouth and carefully located five drops on his tongue. When we released him he made no effort to run away—he stood and looked at us; and in a few minutes he was larger, his tail became shaggy, his body bigger, and very soon we recognized the pure old Molossian dog of the days of Aspasia, and he gambled about and barked in his fifth-century B. C. manner to his intense delight and our own as well.

We merely glanced at each other, nodded our heads, grasped a sandwich in our right hands, while with the left we held our wine-glass into which had been dropped the precious fluid. As one person we raised the goblets to our lips, drank the contents and in another instant—

It was Athens in her palmiest day; the streets were crowded with the rich and the poor, the slaves carried gorgon's sunshades to shield their mistresses from the heat and the beaus twisted their waxes mustaches and allowed their curled locks to tangle in the winds unconfined by ribbon or covered by hat. Some had their children tucked up an extra height through their girdle because, forsooth, it showed in Corinth, and some had their hair in fashion to certain club members of the democratic city. It was some hours after the time of the filling of the market, and the barbers and perfumers' shops were well filled with the aristocratic idlers who had spent the previous evening and far into the night at the house of Phoron where a glorious feast had been spread in honor of Cimon and undisturbed wine had been served by neither host in its provision nor by guest in its disposal. There was a chatter and an exchange of gossip as though there had been no meeting for days, and many a scandal found birth and strength while its progenitor was in the hands of the shaver and the currier. The air was balmy and delightful, there was fragrance in it that spoke of flowers and myrrh, the noble dames walked abroad clad in raw silk from Asia, and wrapped in the Amazon, sumptuously embroidered in pale colors and mythological scenes, fastened over the shoulder with a golden clasp and completely concealing the figure of the wearer. The men were dressed in purple vests, a short tunic without sleeves, the hair of some tied on the top of the head and fastened with a gilt grasshopper. Chariots rolled over the roadway skillfully guided by adroit drivers; monuments beautified the walks, tall columns bore trophies won by fortunate contestants at the Olympics or by games, the houses were open, the sounds of the lute, the cymbal and the castanets were heard, and the life of the day seemed nothing but pleasure and excitement. And we were there, sitting on the marble steps of the unfinished Parthenon, each with sandwich in hand.

Clark whispered to me: "You notice, old boy, they had their mustaches like these days, too. But don't you think Phidias would nail things upright or if he knew as much as we do about that fellow Epialt?"

"I was about to reply when Phidias advanced toward us, and with a courteous recognition of the ladies, said to Clark: "Friend Clarius, your pardon for my vengeance just now, but I am exceedingly annoyed by the indifference of my workmen. You may know something of such trials, friend Stephanion, or you, friend Glanceo, indicating me."

We all bowed profoundly in recognition of our new names, nor did it occur to us to ask how he thus became familiar with them. He left us with a few words and returned to his faithful finding. We discussed the situation, in which we found, as the most remarkable feature, our perfect command of the language. We had no difficulty in understanding the words just addressed to us, nor the conversations we had overheard between the workmen.

"Don't you think we'd better go down into the village (he was comparing it with New York), and try to get something to eat; I'm almost starved, and the worst of it is I don't know how to figure on my last meal. When I was a modern I know I must have eaten. I ate in 1886, but that is twenty-two hundred years in the future, and so, chronologically, I have never eaten anything," said Clark.

"What I want to know," Mrs. Stephens remarked, "is whether we have returned to a previous existence, and whether, if we stay here, we will live until 1886."

"I don't know about that," Mr. Stephens replied, "but I do know that I'm going into the oracle business. I can stupefy these Greeks. I'll go back to 1886, load up with Greek histories and then return to you, and I'll fill dates for these people way up to the death of Byron or the American civil war."

But I ended this little enterprise by reminding him that we had no more of the fluid in bottle number one; he could return to modern life, but there would be no way of his getting back to us. So that was aban-

highly flavored with onions. "Look at the dude with rings," said Clark, attracting our attention to a newcomer who was resplendent with jewels, and cast about him a self-conscious look that quickly brought responsive glances from every waitress in the house.

"I don't like this sort of thing at all," Mrs. Stephens observed; "the men all seem effeminate creatures, and appear to have a hard time to keep their clothes on. As for me, I think such dressing is scandalous."

"Why, I'm mortified beyond expression," replied Mrs. Clark; "to think of being here with all these people, and I with no shoes on—and not much else for that, except this sheet. I've tried to keep my feet out of sight