The Tarborough Southerner.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT; THEN GO AHEAD.—D Crockett.

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THIS MAN JONES.

This man Jones was what you'd call
A feller 'at had no sand at all;
Kind o' consumpted, and undersize,
And sailor-complected, with big sad eyes,
And a kind-of-a-sort-of-a hang-dog style,
And a sneakin' sort-of-a half-way smile
'At kind o' give him away to us
As a preacher, maybe, er somepin' wuss.

Didn't take with the gang—well, no—
But still we managed to use him, though—
Coddin' the gilly along the rout',
And drivin' the stakes 'at he pulled out—
For I was one of the bosses then,
And of course stood in with the canvasmen;
And the way we put up jobs, you know
On this man Jones jes' beat the show!

Ust to rattle him scandalous,
And keep the feller a-dodgin' us,
And a-snyin' round half skeered to death,
And afeerd to whimper above his breath;
Give him a cussin', and then a kick,
And then a kind-of-a back-hand lick—
Jes' fer the fun of seein' him climb
Around with a head on most the time.

But what was the curiousest thing to me,
Was along o' the party—let me see—
Who was our "Lion Queen" last year?—
Mamzelle Zanty, or De La Pierre?—
Well, no matter—a stunnin' mash,
With a red-ripe lip and a long eye-lash,
And a figger-sich as the angels owns—
And one too many fer this man Jones.

He'd allus wake in the afternoon,
As the band waltzed in on the lion-tune,
And there, from the time 'at she'd go in
"Ill she'd back out of the cage agin,
He'd stand, shaky and limber-kneed—
'Specially when she come to "feed
The beasts raw meat with her naked hand"—
And all that business, you understand.

And it was resky in that den—
Fer I think she juggled three cubs then,
And a big "green" lion 'at used to smash
Collar-bones fer old Frank Nash;
And I reckon now she hain't forgot
The afternoon old "Nero" sot
His paws on her?—but as fer me,
It's a sort-of-a-mixed-up mystery—

Kind o' remember an awful roar,
And see her back fer the bolted door—
See the cage rock—heerd her call
"God have mercy!" and that was all—
Fer they ain't no livin' man can tell
What's it's like when a thousand yell
In female tones, and a thousand more
Howl in bass till their throats is sore!

But the keeper said 'at dragged her out,
They heerd some feller laugh and shout—
"Save her! Quick! I've got the cuss!"
And yit she waked and smiled on us!
And we daren't flinch, for the doctor said,
Seein' as this man Jones was dead,
Better to jes' not let her know
Nothin' o' that fer a week er so.

—[From "Pipes o' Pan."

MAKE CHILDREN HAPPY.

An Important Secret in Successfully Training Them.

Some one whose experience of life had been both wide and painful once said: "Religion begins the wrong way. It says, 'Be good and you will be happy.' I say make people happy and they will be good." So we too often proceed in the wrong way with our children. We preach and scold and punish to make them good, but do very little which truly makes them happy. Children are so easily pleased, but we too often make the mistake of giving that which is to them so little pleasure. More of mother's love, time and attention, and fewer tucks on the tiny garments, would make many a child happier."

Some one has said that we prick our fingers and blind our eyes over fancy work on which our male friends rest their heads and dream of something we are not; so for our children we stitch till our mind loses its brightness and our temper its sweetness, while they outgrow the clothing and us at the same time.

Again, some mothers put all their energies into "housekeeping." So neat they are that there is no rest in any corner, while the wee ones say with a sigh, "Mamma is too busy to talk to me."

If I were desirous of making children happy I should first have a "children's hour." It might, perhaps, be at the time Longfellow speaks of in his exquisite little poem:

"Betwixt the dark and the twilight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation
That is known as the children's hour."

That time should be, as far as possible sacred from intrusion. They should have a romp, a game, a story, whatever they wish. I would save my best thoughts and best spirits for that time.—[Sunshine.

Too Public Spirited.

"He was a good fellow, was Smithers," said the old miner as he stood with bared head where Smithers had last been seen, "but no man can go foolin' along in a camp like this, kickin' off every tin can he sees lyin' on the sidewalk. It may be public spirited, but it ain't good policy for the individual. Course Smithers didn't know that Bill Jones had left a full can o' dynamite on the walk, jest from bein' too lazy ter carry it inside, but he orter bin on the lookout. Whar is Smithers now? He's all over! He was public spirited, ez I said, and mebbe it's a comfort ter him ter be all over the camp at once, but his influence is too much difoosed now ter count fer much. That's a lessen in this, boys: Don't difoose yer influence. An' that's another lesson: Don't be too public spirited. The leadin' men ain't that way in the big cities. They talk big and do a little suthin' now an' then, but fust they look out fer the individooal. Wa'al, Smithers ain't here, an' he was a good man. Let's licker."—[Merchant Traveler.

The Arab Woman.

The Arab woman, save in rare and pleasant exceptions, is hardly what the poets and painters have shown us. If she be graceful or beautiful it is extremely difficult to discover it; and she possesses neither of these attractions after she is 25, for she is a "wife" at from 12 to 14 years of age, whatever that station or condition means among the Arabs. All there is about this being to become ecstatic over is that subtle promising of the poetic fancy which ever, to the male mind peculiarly, blooms like the rose in any soil of apparent coyishness and mystery in the gentler sex. The Arab woman is simply a vacuous, insensate, voiceless, and dreamless human animal, sheeted like the dead in the streets, and dead to the world when within the four windowless walls where the majestic being who owns her keeps her penned. You can make nothing more or less of her.—[Boston Transcript.

BITS OF INFORMATION.

Chicago has 200,000 voters.

Milwaukee has 8,000 Polish voters.

The valuation of Maine is placed at $258,912,000.

A Hamburg restaurant is built and furnished with paper.

Twenty clubs in Chicago have handsome houses of their own.

Gambling is licensed in Montana, but gambling debts cannot be collected by law.

Seven years ago $3 per cent. of British vessels were iron, now 92 per cent. are steel.

In 1846 there were fifteen daily newspapers published in Boston, now there are but eight.

The liquor bill of the English people is said to have been last year $90 to every family of five.

Professor John Fisk, of Harvard college, believes that the American Indians originally came from Asia.

The following is said to be the shortest sentence which contains all the letters of the alphabet: Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs.

Russia is building one big ironclad to be called the Three Patriarchs, and another which will do battle under the name of the Twelve Apostles.

The daily rations of a pair of ostriches on a farm in San Diego county, California, are forty pounds of beets for breakfast and a half a peck to a peck of grain for dinner.

New York's real estate, well located, doubles its value every eight years. It is said that there are only 40,000 vacant lots now remaining on Manhattan Island.

Phil Armour, of Chicago, it is said, proposes to tan his own hides and make his own glue, and for the purpose will establish tanneries and manufactories in Illinois.

By guesswork it is figured out that the average income of the one hundred richest Englishmen is $450,000, while that of the one hundred richest Americans is $1,200,000 a year.

Recent investigation has shown that the people of Great Britain swallow over 5,500,000 pills daily, or one pill a week for every person in the population. The pill consumption for one year would weigh 176 tons, and would fill thirty-six freight cars.

The first German Catholic church to be lighted electrically is the grand old cathedral at Strasbourg. Arc lights have been used outside with fine effect, and it is stated that many of the noble lines of the architecture are accentuated by night as they never have been by day.

WEALTHY JOHN BLAIR.

He Changes His Shirt in the Washroom to Save a Hotel Bill.

Sunday afternoon a solidly-built old man, with a long face and close-cut gray hair, registered at the Grand Pacific.

"Want a room?" asked the clerk.

"There is no use of going to the expense of hiring a room," was the answer, "for only a few hours. I expect to go West to-night, but I'd like some place to change my clothing."

"Let me give you a parlor room for a few hours."

"No. There are few people in the washroom; I can change my shirt in there and then sit around the office for a few hours. No use of spending money foolishly."

The guest changed his linen in the washroom, and then began to clean his silk hat and coat with a little rag and bottle of benzine.

The eccentric person was John I. Blair, of New Jersey, whose wealth is estimated at fabulous amounts. He is rated to be worth from $40,000,000 to $100,000,000, yet he was seated in a porter's chair in the Pacific yesterday scrubbing his old hat as if he could never get another. While Mr. Blair spends little money on himself he is quite generous to others, and many kind deeds of charity are credited to his wordly account. He is a remarkable man, for although eighty-eight years old he presents the appearance of one at sixty, and accomplishes twice as much as most young men.—[Chicago Tribune.

Why She Called a Halt.

"George!"

It wasn't what she said so much as the way in which she said it. She took the word and drew it out until is was a long tremulous filament of sweetness. Yet there was a tinge of reproof in her tone.

"George!" she only said it once in reality, but it is customary with story writers to say George twice under these circumstances.

"What is it?"

"You have been squeezing my hand with great regularity and emphasis for some time."

"I know it," he replied with the frankness that was characteristic of his manly nature.

"Please don't do it any more," and her voice dropped almost to a whispet.

"No more?" This sounded like heartthrobs of anguish (whatever they are), and his form shook with emotion. "Why not?"

"Because," she faltered.

"Go on."

"Because, I'm getting a corn on my little finger."—[Washington Post.

CRUMPETS AND TEA.

There are happenings in life that are destined to rise
Like dear, hallowed visions before a man's eyes,
And the passage of years shall not dim in the least
The glory and joy of our Sabbath-day feast—
The Sabbath-day luncheon that's spread for us three,
My worthy companions, Teresa and Leigh,
And me, all so hungry for crumpets and tea!

There are cynics who say with invidious zest
That a crumpet's a thing that will never digest,
But I happen to know that a crumpet is prime
For digestion, if only you give it its time;
Or if, by a chance, it should not quite agree,
Why, who would begrudge a physician his fee
For plying his trade upon crumpets and tea?

To toast crumpets quite a la mode I require
A proper long fork and a mighty quick fire,
And, when they are browned, without further ado
I put on the butter that soaks through and through;
And meantime Teresa (directed by Leigh)
Compounds and pours out a rich brew for us three—
And so we sit down to our crumpets—and tea!

A hand organ grinds in the street a weird bit—
Confound those Italians! I wish they would quit
Interrupting our feast with their dolorous airs
Suggestive of climbing the heavenly stairs.
(It's thoughts of the future—as all will agree—
That we fain would dismiss from our bosoms when we
Sit down to discussion of crumpets and tea!)

The Sabbath-day luncheon whereof I now speak
Quite answers its purpose the rest of the week;
Yet, with the next Sabbath, I wait for the bell
Announcing the man who has crumpets to sell;
Then I scuttle downstairs in a frenzy of glee
And purchase for sixpence enough for us three,
Who hunger and hanker for crumpets and tea!

But soon—ah! too soon—I must bid a farewell
To joys that succeed to the sound of that bell—
Must hie me away from the dank, foggy shore
That's filled me with colic and—yearnings for more!
Then the cruel, the heartless, the conscienceless sea
Shall bear me afar from Teresa and Leigh
And the other twin friendships of crumpets and tea!

Yet often—aye, ever—before my wan eyes
That Sabbath-day luncheon of old shall arise!
My stomach, perhaps, shall improve by the change,
Since crumpets it seems to prefer at long range;
But, oh! how my palate will hanker to be
In London again, with Teresa and Leigh,
Enjoying the rapture of crumpets and tea!

—[Eugene Field.

London, February 21, 1890.

From Fat to Thin.

This is the latest and most approved method of getting thin.

"It won't do you the least bit of good, though," declared a pretty Drexel boulevard brunette, whose black eyes shone almost as brightly as the big diamonds that scintillated in her ears, "unless you follow a strict dietary. Why, I laid off 35 pounds of flesh into intangible nowhere last winter in six weeks."

"Did you starve it off?" asked the writer.

"Starve? No, indeed. I just dieted. I had all I needed to eat, but not everything I wanted. I ate three times a day as regular as clockwork, and fruit—all I wanted, too—between meals. I had a glass of wine at bed-time, but, oh, dear me, I couldn't have a drink of water all day long. But you know if you eat an apple or a pear or something you don't feel thirsty."

"What food did you take at meals?"

"Mornings just a cup of tea or coffee, with cream, but no sugar, one slice of bread or toast without butter, and fruit. At noon I had soup, one kind of lean meat—no pork—one slice of bread, one or two kinds of light vegetables—no potatoes; oh, never potatoes! The potato is the arch enemy of the fat. I had fruit and a cup of tea or coffee for dessert. At supper I ate two eggs, a slice of bread or toast, fruit, and had a cup of tea or coffee. Goodness! but I just ate fruit the livelong day, though. I read all the books on training down, too, and what Mr. Sullivan does when he trains, and I did whatever I found out he did. I think it would be a splendid thing if Mr. Sullivan would go around and deliver lectures on his system of training down.

"But, as I said, I made myself 35 pounds lighter last winter, and I'm going to get myself down to a 20-inch corset before snow flies, and be comfortable in it, too."

"Did you get your lost 35 pounds back this summer?"

"Oh, yes. You see I went down to the seashore and ran around to clam-bakes and that sort of thing. I kind of forgot about my dietary and got switched off. The first thing I knew I was eating butter and sweets and roasted new potatoes and corn. Corn is dreadfully fattening. Then I thought I might as well enjoy myself all I could and take the winter for working off my superfluous avoirdupois. So I've gone to work again, and I'm determined to be a real sylph-like creature by Easter time.—[Chicago Times.

THE OLD FASHIONED WAY TO GET THIN.

Peter the Great was once traveling incognito in a part of Finland just conquered, where he was executing some naval works. He met an over-fat man, who told him he was going to St. Petersburg. "What for?" said the Czar. "To consult a doctor about my fat, which has become very oppressive." "Do you know any doctor there?" "No." "Then I will give you a word to my friend, Prince Menschikoff, and he will introduce you to one of the emperor's physicians." The traveler went to the prince's house with the note; the answer was not delayed; the next day, tied hands and feet, the poor man was dragged off on a cart to the mines. Two years after Peter the Great was visiting the mines; he had forgotten the adventure of the over-fat man, when suddenly a miner threw down his pick, rushed up to him, and fell at his feet crying: "Grace, grace! what is it I have done?" Peter looked at him astonished, until he remembered the story, and said: "Oh, so that is you; I hope you are pleased with me. Stand up. How thin and slight you have become! You are quite delivered from your over-fat; it is a first rate cure. Go, and remember that work is the best antidote against your complaint!"

Jean Ingelow, although nearly sixty years of age, looks still quite young.

BENEDICT ARNOLD'S HOUSE.

Still Standing in New Haven—Some Reminiscences of the Traitor.

The old Benedict Arnold house is still standing in the fifth ward, on Water street, near the corner of Olive street. It has fallen into decay, but there are some gray-haired citizens who remember it when it was one of the show places of the town. Its orchard was the largest and finest in New Haven, and the grounds were laid out in handsome terraces.

Arnold built the house soon after his return from Ticonderoga. He must have been a man of some wealth, for the house was well built and the grounds were ample. Arnold was not a popular man. He had a violent and irascible temper, and "would rather fight than eat," as has been said of him. He always found fault, and the ferrymen who took passengers across the mouth of the Quinnipiac river before the bridge was built dreaded to have him for a passenger, for he always swore at them for not rowing faster.

Nevertheless Arnold was a man of affairs. Besides his business as a druggist and bookseller, he, with Adam Babcock, owned three vessels engaged in the West India trade. They were the brigantine Fortune, 40 tons, the Charming Sally, 30 tons, and the Three Brothers, 28 tons. Arnold never took particular pains to see that all custom house dues were paid; in fact, he was very lax in this particular. It is related that once on a time a sailor on board one of his vessels reported some of these laxities to the collector of the port. The report was made on Sunday, and the collector refused to receive it, and told the sailor to come again on Monday. In the meantime Arnold had heard of the sailor's tale bearing. Before Monday came Arnold adopted a course of moral and physical suasion which compelled the sailor to leave town with his tale untold.

Arnold's laxity in regard to the customs laws was probably not much greater than that of his neighbors. Indeed, to evade the customs was a virtue rather than a fault, for it was regarded as a justifiable method of protest against taxation without representation.

Arnold's property was confiscated after his treachery at West Point was discovered. Pierpont Edwards acted on the government's administration and sold the property to Captain Isaac Prout. Captain Prout made only a partial payment, and was unable to meet the subsequent payments as they became due. In this way the property came into the hands of Noah Webster, the lexicographer, and he lived there for some years, finally selling it to James Hunt, a West India merchant, who devised it to his daughter, wife of D. Goffe Phipps, of this city. The house still remains in Mrs. Phipps's possession, although it has been almost dismantled.

Betsey Arnold, a sister of Benedict Arnold, lived for years and years after her brother's disgrace in Norwich on public charity. When she was 90 years old she was taken to the almshouse by old Sheriff E. G. Thomas. Betsey made a great how-de-do about it, and was so grieved that she lived only a few months. She was a strong old woman, and had much of her brother's temper.—[New Haven Palladium.

Duluth.

Duluth is all that remains on this continent to perpetuate the name of one of the most devoted French missionaries who were sent over here in the seventeenth century. It is not likely that this daring Jesuit priest ever dreamed of any monument to commemorate his life on the lonely shores of Lake Superior, and least of all one in the form of a large and growing city built by English-speaking men.

Duluth, or, as the name would more properly be writtten, Du Lhut, occupied ground which was known to the French as Fond-du Lac—which we should call the Head-of-the-Lake. All the shores and islands of Superior were surveyed and mapped by the French at an early date. Du Lhut was among these explorers, but his name does not appear until 1678.

About this time the missionary explorer established a fort three or four miles up the river Kaministiquia, on the north shore of the lake. It was no doubt much more a trading-post than a fort, for the French had no rivals to fear toward the north. The spot was afterward the site of Fort William, and was the point from which the Hudson's Bay Company shipped furs over the lake.

The nearest white neighbors that Du Lhut had were at the Jesuit mission of La Pointe, on the south shore of the lake, directly opposite the Apostles islands. This place is now known as Bayfield. It had been established in 1670, and remained the leading point of trade and of influence with the Indians until the fall of the French power in America in 1759.

Du Lhut is said to have been a great sufferer from gout, but this did not prevent him leading an active life. What explorations he may have made on his side of the lake we do not know; but there is a tradition connected with the man that shows how keenly jealous the French were of any interference with their trade or their management of the Indians.

It is credible that Du Luht was on his way to La Pointe by the western shore of the lake, and that he was somewhere near the site of the town that bears his name, when he heard from the Indians that white men had been seen on the Mississippi. He immediately suspected that the strangers were English explorers, so he took with him a posse of four men and went down the St Croix river until he reached the Mississippi. Here he fell in with Louis Hennepin, who had gone above the falls of St. Anthony, but had been taken prisoner and brought down the river by the Indians. It was then plain that Hennepin was the white man of whom Du Lhut had heard rumors on the shore of the lake.

It is reported that Du Lhut returned from his expedition by way of Lake Michigan. If this was the case then it may be supposed that he went down the Mississippi to the mouth of the Wisconsin, up that river to Portage, across to the Fox river, and by that stream to Green bay. He had then a good many hundred miles of coasting along shores that were difficult of navigation in open canoes.

This following up by Du Lhut of a flying rumor of a white man seen somewhere on the upper waters of the Mississippi gives us a lively idea of the feeling with which neighbors would have been regarded, especially if those neighbors had chanced to be English people.

A LONG-LOST SWORD FOUND.

Given to a Courteous Southerner and Recovered After Years.

Frederick Mather, superintendent of the New York State Fishery Commission at Cold Spring Harbor, has recently had a peculiar and interesting experience. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted in the One Hundred and Thirteenth New York Regiment, which was shortly afterward converted into twelve batteries of heavy or garrison artillery. These batteries were instructed in gun-drill at Washington, but when it became certain that there was little danger of the Confederates attacking the capital the regiment was ordered into the field as infantry. They, however, clung to their title of the Seventh New York Heavy Artillery, a designation they had received on being transformed into gunners.

On June 16, 1864, Lieutenant Mather was in command of L company, which was the color company of the regiment, and belonged to the first division of the Second Corps, commanded by General Hancock. The command was moving on the enemy's works at Petersburg, Va. On the right was the Irish Legion, and the two bodies diverged. The Confederate forces rushed through the gap, and the right of the One Hundred and Thirteenth or Seventh New York Heavy Artillery were taken prisoners. To save the colors Lieutenant Mather determined to bury them. This he did, and he was in the act of burying his sword, a presentation from Battery I, on which his name was engraved, when a Southerner stepped up and said:

"Look here, Yankee, just drop that," and ordered him to move inside the enemy's trenches.

"I obeyed the order," said Captain Mather, "and was carrying my sword in its scabbard, and belt in my hand, when a man in plain clothes demanded it of me. I saw he was a civilian, who had only come out to have a shot at us, and I resisted. During our struggle, and just as the man was about to strike me with his fist, an officer came up and indignantly asked if he was about to strike a prisoner. The man fell back, and I handed my sword to the officer, who, thinking I was wounded, offered me hospitality, and I wrote his name and address on a New York Tribune that I had in my pocket. Nothing could have been kinder than the behavior of my captor. I was subsequently confined in prisons at Macon, Ga., Charleston, and Columbia, S. C., and lost the memoranda with the name of the man who had my sword. I had some idea he was a Georgia man, and in my travels in connection with fish-culture in the Southern States have always been trying to find some trace of him.

"A few years ago Captain L. Brewster, who had served in A Company, Tenth Alabama Regiment, during the war, died. A Southern paper published that among his property was a sword belonging to Lieutenant Mather. The item was copied into the National Tribune, and I saw it. I communicated with Captain Brewster's representatives, and the 1st of this month the old sword, scabbard, and belt once more came into my possession. The scabbard has an indentation, where a ball struck it in the battle. They are relics of a by-gone feud, but I prize them very dearly."—[New York Tribune.

A Western Inconvenience.

Eastern Farmer (contemptuously)—Catch me going West, where you have neither coal nor wood. Mighty inconvenient burning corn for fuel, isn't it?

Western Farmer—Well, yes, it is, rather. The ears is so big we can't git 'em in the stoves.—[New York Weekly.

Old Legends Proved True.

It has not infrequently been discovered of late that some of the statements of ancient writers, which we have regarded in our fancied wisdom as too marvelous to be believed, are nevertheless true. The geographer Ptolemy, for instance, wrote that the source of the Nile was in a mountain range known as the Mountains of the Moon, because of the snow upon them. Modern geographers scoffed at the idea that there could be such lofty mountains under the equator, but Stanley, in his now famous "march to the sea," skirted the foot range of snow-clad mountains, called by him Ruwenzori, from whose streams is formed the newly discovered Lake Albert Edward, the extremest source of the Nile.

So Herodotus, the father of history, repeatedly asserted that the Phonicians thought they originally came from the Erythræan sea or Persian gulf. This statement modern scholars have found very difficult to believe—the writers of the article Phonicia in the latest edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica style it "a mere blunder." An English traveler, however, has very recently made discoveries in the Bahrein islands in the Persian gulf which render it almost certain that the great historian was right.

The islands are a small group lying about 20 miles off the Ararbian coast, and were formerly of great commercial importance. The inhabitants, besides possessing a pearl fishery which was noted in the days of Alexander the Great, and now produces the finest pearls in the world, carried on an important trade with Arabia and Persia. This they have almost entirely lost, but with the construction of the Euphrates railway it will doubtless spring up again.

One of the two principal towns has a singular water-supply in a spring which at high water is 6 feet below the surface of the sea. "Water is brought up either by divers who go down with skins, or by pushing a hollow bamboo down into it. At low tide there is very little water over it, and women with large amphoræ and goat-skins, which look very real and life-like though headless, wade out and fetch what water they require." The Arabs believe that this and several other similar springs on the coast come from the Euphrates, which they think flows beneath the Persian gulf in an underground channel, a legend as old as the days of Pliny.

In the northern part of the largest island, which is 27 miles long by 10 broad, there is a very remarkable collection of sepulchral mounds, covering an area of many miles. Some of these are elevated only a few feet above the level of the desert. Others are more than 40 feet high and about 400 feet in circumference. Several of these have recently been excavated by Mr. J. Theodore Bent, a well known English traveler, who has given an account of his discoveries to the Royal Geographical Society.

He says that they consist of two chambers, the one above the other, as is the case with some Phonician tombs just uncovered in ancient Carthage. In the upper chamber of one which he examined were the bones of an animal, presumably a horse, and innumerable fragments of ivory boxes, ornaments, bits of small small statues. Many of these fragments were ornamented with patterns which bear a close and unmistakable resemblance to ivories found in Phonician tombs on the Mediterranean. Our readers will doubtless remember that King Solomon got ivory by means of the ships of Hiram, the Phonician king of Tyre.

The lower chamber was more carefully constructed than the upper, and contained human bones together with the remains of drapery which had been hung around the walls, another Phonician custom. The ivory fragments have been deposited in the British museum, and an official has recently publicly said that "as far as the evidence went at present he thought the museum authorities were prepared to admit that the Bahrein islands probably represented a primitive site of the Phonician race."

This probable confirmation of the statement of Herodotus is certainly more satisfactory than the favorite occupation of some modern writers, the proving the falsity of stories which have always been confidently believed—such stories, for instance, as that of the Swiss hero, William Tell.

In the Treasury Attic.

Some of the queerest work of the Treasury Department is done in the attic and in the basement. You can have no idea of the varieties of business which are carried on inside these great walls. I stood for 10 minutes recently and watched about 50 women sewing on carpets in the top loft of the Treasury. The carpet was stretched on frames like carpenters' saw-horses, and the girls were having a kind of quilting bee in joining the widths together. All the carpets of the government departments the country over are sewed here, and if a custom house at Cleveland or New York wants a carpet it sends a diagram of its room to the Secretary of the Treasury, and the carpet is here made and shipped.—[Cleveland Leader.

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