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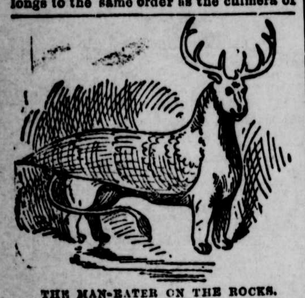
THEY LEFT A RECORD.

THE PIASA BIRD PRESENTED TO THIS COUNTRY CENTURIES AGO.

Odd Outlines of the Animal Graven on Stone by Phœnicians Who Preceded the Spaniards—Resemblance Between the Famous "Man-Eater" and the Chimera of Cyprus and Asia Minor.

HE State of Illinois possessed, until within a few years, the sole frail memorial in existence that the famous Phœnicians visited this land in the most remote antiquity. There are many objects made by the Peruvians and Mexicans prior to the arrival of the Spaniards which show traces of Phœnician inspiration, but there is nothing from Greenland to the Hermit of Cape Horn which the wildest conjecture can attribute to the Phœnicians save the piasa bird. This remarkable object, says the Chicago *Times*, was sculptured on a bluff of the Mississippi, near Alton, and was destroyed either wholly or in part by a superstitious Yankee commander of a tin-clad, who made it the target for his parrots and columbiads, believing it to be what tradition declared a memorial of a devilish flying creature that carried off bisons and human beings with ease and devoured them in its bone-bestrewn lair. It is to be hoped that enough remains of this sculptured form to repay the investigation of some trained archæologist, for there can be but little doubt that it was one of those polyform symbols which the Phœnicians left among the peoples whom they visited. It belongs to the same order as the chimèra of



THE MAN-EATER ON THE ROCKS.

Lydia and Cyprus, the sphinx of Etruria, Greece, and Egypt, the winged man-headed bull of Assyria, the human-headed harp of old Ireland, the griffins of Europe, Asia, and northern Africa, the centaurs of the Greeks and the ancient Picts, and the wyverns of the heraldry of northern Europe. "It was," the archæologist exclaims with bitter grief, "our only polyform monster, our only one; it was in a perfect state of preservation, and a blundering brute of a naval officer made it a target for gunnery practice. Oh, inexplicable folly! Oh, irremediable loss!"

Fortunately it has been thoroughly described by a gentleman who seems to have been perfectly competent for the task, and who understood its real character. J. R. Miles, of Miles Station, Ill., made a drawing of it, which is presented here, and accompanied this with a written description, obviously of the most authentic kind. He wrote: "I first saw it in 1833, and since that date have seen it many hundreds of times before it was destroyed during the late civil war. I must say that it is a mistake for any one to say that it was painted on the rocks. It was not painted on the rocks, nor was there a drop of paint used in its construction. The bird, if bird it was, was cut or chiseled or picked into the solid rock of the bluff, but how or by whom I know not. Its body was that of a lion, its head and horns that of a deer, and its wings that of a bird. Is there anything about this that looks like a horrible man-eater? I do not believe that such an animal ever existed. I deny that its existence is compatible with natural laws, and I assert that the piasa bird was made by some race well acquainted with sculpture to commemorate the noble deeds of some great personage of ancient times."

Humanity is indebted to Father Marquette for its first knowledge of the man-eater of the Mississippi, and he wrote a description of it in 1763, from which an engraving was made in Paris. Mr. Miles made his drawing on the spot, but the French picture which is here presented was ushered into the world under conditions that made it dubious. The good father described it from memory, having learned all the Indian traditions about it, and being influenced very much by those traditions. The engraver made it as frightful as he could in order to be interesting. Thus between the two was evolved an object which, as any one can detect, never could have been sculptured, which perhaps accounts for the persist-

AS MARQUETTE REMEMBERED IT.

ence of the belief that it was a painted image. Marquette's idea of it was that it had the head of a bear, the horns of an elk, the body of a fish or a dragon, or something with scales, and a bear's legs, with eagle's claws. The tail was fifty feet long, coiled several times round the body, and terminated in a spearhead.

The parallelism to the chimera is marked, and perhaps Mr. Miles may have been mistaken in supposing that the tail was the bona fide tail of a lion. The error is one into which almost every one fell who saw the painting of the chimera on the famous Hamilton vase, which was found near Naples during the Napoleonic war. It is here given according to an accurate copy made for the Musee Borbonico before Sir William Hamilton, the English Ambassador at Naples, sent it to England. It never reached its destination, for the vessel foundered, and the famous vase repises in some dark, unfathomed cave of the Mediterranean. At first it was supposed that the lion's tail was simply drawn with an exaggeration of its sinuousness, but some one who mistrusted this view carefully examined what was thought to be the knot of the lion's tail and found that a scale of dirt covered the eye of the snake. Very dainty washing revealed the mouth also, and it became apparent that the dragon part of the chimera was not formidable, and did not offer any special danger to the hero Bellerophon upon his prancing Pegasus.

The discoveries of Gen. Di Cesnola in

Cyprus gave to the world another representation of the chimera in which the serpentine character of the lion's tail is absolutely unmistakable, as will be seen by the drawing. The coil is something which could not be found in a genuine caudal appendage of a lion, and the smallness of the ent is obvious. This finding of a genuine chimera was a sad blow to a school of thinkers who have been endeavoring to explain everything by references to natural objects, and who claimed that the polyform monster was only an exaggeration of a special kind of lion that once existed in Asia Minor. Human beings have a goitre, a horrible swelling in the neck, and if a lion had gotten then the swelling might have been

CYPRIOTE CHIMERA.

taken by the unsophisticated shepherds of Lycia for a supplementary goat's head. But the serpent, instead of a tail, did not admit of any naturalistic explanation, and the chimera is now admitted to have been a national symbol. In the treasury at Curium, Di Cesnola found ear-rings, rings, and bracelets of gold fashioned like the chimera, only that the form of the lion disappeared entirely and the body was purely serpentine, to suit the requirements of the objects. These jewels were of Phœnician manufacture, in the opinion of all experts. Tiffany of New York declared that in them all the processes known to modern gold-working were employed, and with exquisite dexterity.

It is to be remarked that the legends of the Indian tribes dwelling on the Mississippi about the piasa bird were exactly the same as the legends of the Greeks concerning the chimera. Until Bellerophon put a stop to its evil career, the latter monster behaved precisely as the piasa is reported to have done, sometimes carrying off a fat cow, sometimes a tough agriculturist, sometimes condescending to trifle with its appetite by bolting a baby. The Greeks, too, ascribed to the sphinx a most reprehensible fondness for human flesh, which she gratified in a polite and cultured fashion. She invited people to call upon her, and asked them conundrums, and if they could not answer correctly she ate them up. Œdipus, the Turanian, paid a visit to her cave, and answered her questions correctly, whereupon she fell into his power, and he slew her with his darts, all of which was made the subject of a noble picture by the French painter, Ingres. Notwithstanding the weight of Greek tradition, there can be no doubt that with the Egyptians the sphinx was the symbol of royalty, and with the Etrurians it was a faithful guardian of the tomb. Nor is there any adequate reason for doubting that all polyforms were symbolical, and that no representation was intended of any mon-

THE LYCIAN CHIMERA.

ster whatsoever. Nor is there a single polyform that is not found upon objects known to be Phœnician, although they are also found in the most diverse places

Left-Leggedness.

A paper under this title has recently been read before an English scientific association, by a physician who says that man, generally characterized as a right-handed animal, is also popularly supposed to be right-legged. The theory is, however, as he maintains, not supported by fact. When a man is standing, and is working with the right hand, there is a tendency to use the left leg for balance.

Many persons find it easier to go round circles to the right than to the left. Race-courses are almost always made for running in circles to the right, and it will be noticed that the majority of movements, like dancing and running, are more readily performed in that direction.

The general rule in walking is that of keeping to the right, and it appears to have a foundation in nature. Of a large number of intelligent people who were asked about the existence of this rule, only 67 per cent. among men and 53 per cent. among women were aware of it. This supports the fact that it is unconsciously obeyed.

All crowds tend to bear toward the right. The left leg being stronger, it is more readily brought into action, and for this reason troops start with the left foot. It is the foot which is placed in the stirrup of a saddle, or the step of a bicycle, in mounting, and it is that upon which a man rests in making a jump.

In a series of experiments made by bandaging the eyes of boys and then telling them to "walk straight," the right-handed ones diverged to the right, and the left handed ones to the left. In short, all the evidence thus far obtained by this writer tends to prove that man, being either naturally or artificially right-handed and left-legged, tends unconsciously to bear to the right, while the lower animals, on the other hand, appear nearly always to circle to the left.

These are at present but curious speculations, and it may be that the author of the theory is too much occupied in finding facts to support it to see those which teach the reverse of his doctrine. Certainly the left legs of all right-handed persons are not the stronger. Right-handed men and boys kick a football with the right foot, do they not?

Carried Millions in a Sachel.

"It cost only $2, but it saved the Government a lot of money." This was what Tom Cavanaugh, the recently appointed Assistant Sergeant-at-arms of the House, said to a friend, on showing him a cheap leather sachel. When Bristow was Secretary of the Treasury he had a disagreement with the Adams Express Company about the rates to be charged for conveying cash to and from the Treasury. Cavanaugh at that time was a special agent of the Treasury, and Bristow conceived the bold plan of sending all the money to New York by him. It was a risky thing to do. There were days when Cavanaugh left the department with his sachel stuffed full of greenbacks, and, if he had taken it into his head to light out to Canada or anywhere else, Secretary Bristow would have been confronted by a deficit of more than a million dollars. But the messenger was faithful to his trust, and the department did not lose a single cent. It was a terrible mental strain on Cavanaugh, however. In less than a month he ran down from 215 pounds to 139, and when finally relieved he was so nervous that he had to take a long rest. It is wonderful that no attempt was ever made to rob him. He used to leave the Treasury Department in the afternoon and drive to the depot unaccompanied and armed with only a revolver. On reaching the car he would go to his berth, but not to sleep. He remained awake all night with a tenacious grip on that priceless sachel. Arriving in New York he would drive at once to the Sub-Treasury and deposit his treasure, and then for the first time he would feel easy. After a sleep he was ready for another job of the same kind.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

A Family Sleigh-Riding Party.

All four, Robin and Rosebud and Rachel and Joe,
When they heard it suggested, were ready to go,
With their chirrup and chatter, their glee and galore,
This rollicking, frolicking, jolly wee four,
On a family sleigh-riding party.

The muffs and the tippets, the shawls and the wraps,
The mittens and leggins, the ear-pads and caps,
Were gathered together in a manner not slow,
To protect from the wind and the new-fallen snow
This family sleigh-riding party.

"But where are the horses?" one little one said,
When grandpa appeared with sled after sled
Fastened each to another, in tandem array,
That without much ado were soon under way,
On a family sleigh-riding party.

Both driver and team were grandpa that day,
As young as the youngest, the gayest as gay;
Like St. Nick, at the sound of Robin's pert whistle,
"Away they all flew, like the down of a thistle,"
This family sleigh-riding party.

"Oh, who will look after our dear baby Joe?"
Three voices excitedly wanted to know;
But a footman was ready, who came without call,
Little mother was there to guard one and all
Of this family sleigh-riding party.

What matter that Rachel rolled into the snow?
Or that Rob lost his hold, while chirping to Joe?
For laughter and prattle kept good time and well
With the creak of the snow and the jingling bell
At this family sleigh-riding party.

Jack Frost took delight in tickling their toes,
And gave a bright glow to the end of each nose;
Bright sun and crisp air promised cheer and good health,
And of childish delight, mines of unmeasured wealth,
To this family sleigh-riding party.

Light hearts, rosy cheeks, ruby lips and bright eyes
Returned from the ride looking happy and wise;
Glib tongues told the story in different strain,
But in harmony chorused, "Let's all go again
On a family sleigh-riding party.

Poppy's Mistake.

Mrs. Littlejohn was making Chili-sauce, while four-year-old Poppy rocked her dolly to sleep, and dressed up the cat in her own nightgown.

"Poppy," said mamma, as she set the Chili-sauce off the stove, "you may carry a little pitcher of this to Aunty Bangs, and you may stay an hour."

Now, Poppy loved to go there, for Aunty Bangs kept a basket of apples on the table for you to help yourself, and she was always giving Poppy a cooky or a turnover.

So Poppy felt very happy as she pattered up the long sidewalk. She found another little girl, not much larger than herself, with her mother, visiting Aunty Bangs.

The two little girls put their fingers in their mouths and looked at each other shyly at first, but by and by they got acquainted, and romped with the kittens and had a lovely time.

When the hour was out and Poppy was putting on her hat to go home, she heard the lady saying to Aunty Bangs:

"I should like to spend the whole day with you, but I must really go and take tea with Aunt Mary this afternoon."

Poppy pricked up her little ears. "Aunt Mary?" That was what her little cousins called *her* mother. So this lady and little girl were coming to *her* house that afternoon!

She hurried home as fast as she could go.

"Mamma!" she cried, bursting into the house. "There's a lady and a little girl 'most as little as I am, at Aunty Bangs'."

"Yes. It's Mrs. Rusk, from Maine. I used to know her when she was a girl."

"She's coming here to tea this afternoon; she said so."

"Why, Poppy, I haven't invited her; you must be mistaken."

"No," persisted Poppy, "I heard her say so."

"Well, perhaps she is, and Aunty Bangs with her."

"Oh, goody! goody!" cried Poppy, dancing up and down till the windows rattled.

Mrs. Littlejohn went into the kitchen, and made gold and silver cake and custard.

After dinner she rubbed the spoons, and put on the best damask table-cloth and china dishes.

Then she put on her second-best dress, and dressed Poppy all clean and nice, and then they waited and waited for Mrs. Rusk and her little girl to come.

Just as the clock struck five, Aunty Bangs came in on an errand, not dressed up at all.

"Where is Mrs. Rusk?" asked Mrs. Littlejohn.

"She has gone to Mrs. Clark's this afternoon."

"Why, Poppy said she was coming here."

"She did!" cried Poppy. "She said she was coming to Aunt Mary's to tea."

"Dear child!" said Aunty Bangs, catching Poppy up and kissing her. "You didn't think there more than one Aunt Mary in the world, did you? Mrs. Clark is Mrs. Rusk's Aunt Mary."

"Well," said mamma, "we'll make Aunty Bangs stay to tea; won't we, Poppy?"

So they did, and that was as good for Poppy as though Mrs. Rusk and her little girl had both come.—*Youth's Companion.*

She Would Like to Be Wicked Just for Once.

There is an inherent desire in the breast of nearly every woman of life and spirit to be at times just the least bit wicked. She wants to don the unmentionables occasionally, figuratively speaking, and go out and have a time. As a young married lady remarked the other day to an intimate female friend: "How I would like to go out on a 'toot' some night. I want to take in the back rooms of two or three saloons, drink a glass or two of beer, and eat some dry bologna and Swiss cheese. My husband occasionally brings a lunch of that sort home with him, and accompanies it with a bottle of beer, but there is no fun in it unless you go to headquarters. I have often urged my husband to show me the 'elephant' to a mixed extent, and have offered to wear a veil or his old clothes, but he always frowns down my importunities, and I don't think it would be much fun, anyway, to go with one's own husband. Why should we be so circumscribed in our amusements? I for one propose to get out of the old rut some night, and, while I don't intend to be too wicked, I shall be just wicked enough to enjoy myself." And there is no doubt but that she will. Her ideas may be condemned, but in how many feminine hearts will you find a reflex of her desires!—*Sacramento Bee.*

CO-EDUCATION in college is a success, but it isn't so much of a success as it would be if most of the girls who are co-educated in college were better looking.

A Treacherous Memory.

Mr. Brown, of Detroit, has a very treacherous memory. If Brown were addicted to borrowing money it would be a very bad thing for his friends, for he would never remember his indebtedness, even though he were honest enough to pay. Perhaps that is the reason Brown never borrows anything if he can help it. He knows his weakness and doesn't take any chances.

The other day Brown was at a well-known restaurant in the city of Detroit, and he got away with a thirty-cent dinner. He pulled out a $10 bill and offered it to the cashier at the desk. The cashier looked over the change and finally said that she could not change the bill, and remarked that it did not matter; he could pay the thirty cents the next time he was in, for Brown was a regular frequenter of that restaurant. Next day he came and next, and next, and next, but never thought of paying the bill. The cashier, who was a modest young lady, hated to ask him for the thirty cents, thinking he would suggest the thing himself, but he did not do it. Finally she spoke to the proprietor of the restaurant.

"Mr. Brown," she said, "owes thirty cents for a lunch he had here the other day, and he has not offered to pay it. Had I better remind him of it?"

"Well," said the proprietor, "you must do it rather carefully, you know; he might take offense. A man never likes to be reminded of a debt that he owes. Perhaps I had better speak to him about it."

Then the young lady called the waiter who generally attended on Mr. Brown, and said:

"Did that gentleman, who has just gone out, pay you for a dinner that he had here the other day?"

"No," answered the waiter, "he did not."

"Well, he owes us thirty cents, and I don't know whether to speak to him or not."

"Why, I should speak to him at once," said the waiter, "if I were you. I'll speak to him, if you like."

"Well, we had better wait and see what the proprietor says first."

Next day when Brown came in and went to pay his bill the cashier said in a hesitating voice:

"You remember, Mr. Brown, that there was thirty cents due for lunch the other day."

"Bless my soul," said Brown, surprised, "so there was. I didn't pay that, did I?"

"No," she answered, "you did not.

"Well, well, take it out of this," and Brown paid his bill.

The next day the proprietor met Brown coming away from the cashier's desk. He looked to see if he were going to pay the thirty cents, and noticing that he did not, he tapped him on the shoulder as he was going out.

"I am sorry to interrupt you, Mr. Brown, but you owe us thirty cents for a lunch that you had here the other day."

"Oh, that's all right," said Brown. "I had forgotten entirely about it. Well, here you are, a quarter and a nickel, that'll make it square, won't it?"

"That'll be all right, Mr. Brown," said the proprietor, as he pocketed the cash.

The day following Mr. Brown took his lunch at his usual table, and the waiter, seeing it was a good opportunity, and having noticed that he did not pay his thirty cents at the cashier's desk the day before, said:

"Mr. Brown, you remember the thirty-cent check you owed two or three days ago?"

"No," said Brown, "I don't. What about it?"

Well," said the waiter, "you didn't have the money to pay it that day."

"Hadn't I?" said Brown. "Well, I will pay it to you now, and that will make us all right, won't it?"

"Certainly," said the waiter, and Brown for the third time forked over the thirty cents.

As Brown was paying his check that day the waiter planked down the thirty cents which he had just collected and said:

"That's for Mr. Brown's lunch the other day."

"What other day?" said the proprietor, who stood there.

"Why, Mr. Brown owed us thirty cents, you know."

"Why, he paid that to me," said the cashier.

"Yes, but he paid it to me, too," said the proprietor.

And so, as Brown frequented an honest restaurant, he got sixty cents back, whereas his poor memory might have cost him that sum of money.—*Detroit Free Press.*

How the Infants Shoot.

A charming young public school teacher, with a very lively set of young charges, is responsible for the following tales, which appear in the Washington *Post*. She told the youngsters to write compositions on "Good Manners." This was the most unique, by an eight-year-old:

"Good manners is keeping your fresh mouth out of other people's business."

The teacher drew a picture on the blackboard of a boy wading in the water holding a crab in the net. Little Jules Garnier wrote:

"The crab we see on the board is not a deviled crab, but a salt water crab."

Is the dime novel diappearing from the hands of innocence? It looks that way. The teacher read her pupils a short Indian story. They listened with open-mouthed interest.

"—'and tomahawk flew by the boy's head and buried itself in a tree.' Now, children, how many of you know what a tomahawk is?"

No reponse.

"Come, any boy who knows what a tomahawk is may hold up his right hand."

One timid hand went up.

"Well, Johnny, what is a tomahawk?"

"A tomahawk, Miss Mamie, is some kind of a bird, I believe!"

"Why do you think it is a bird?"

"Because it is a hawk, and you said it flew by the boy's head."

Innocence forever, and down with the "Boy Scout of Dead Man's Gulch!"

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Nothing Good Enough.

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Applicant—Yes, sir. I have a diploma showing that I have finished my course with high honors.

Managing Editor—H'm! Yes, I'm sorry, but we haven't any position on this paper quite good enough for you.—*Somerville Journal.*

The Old, Old Story.

A little cough; a feeling ill;
A headache oft; a daily chill;
A slower walk; a quickened breath;
A frequent talk of coming death.
No strength to rise from day to day;
From loving eyes he fades away.
Now lifts no more the weary head.
The struggle's o'er; the man is dead.

Such is the fatal progress of consumption. How often is repeated the same old, old story. Yet not half so often as it was before the knowledge came to mankind that there was a discovery in medical science by which the dread disease could be arrested in its early stages and the patient restored to health. This wonderful remedy is, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Thousands of cures follow the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents.

It is said that Barnum wants to buy Patti's castle in Wales.

Dobbins's Electric Soap does not chap the hands, being *perfectly* pure. Many people afflicted with Salt Rheum have been cured by its use. Preserves and whitens clothes. Have your grocer order it and try it *now*.

Mr Gladstone thinks that Beethoven is the greatest composer.

It's a Mighty Cold Day

In January when Pe-ru-na fails to keep you warm. When the blustering blasts of winter envelope your body in their icy embrace, and seem to freeze your very marrow; when you shiver and shake with the cold chills that creep over you and pierce you to the very bone; then it is that you will find, if you try it, that there is nothing so comfortably warming and so mildly invigorating as this same Pe-ru-na. Sending a gentle glow through your chilled system, it will start your blood a-coursing through your veins, put new life and vigor into you, and make you feel altogether like a new man. The effect of Pe-ru-na in this respect is wonderful, and is manifested by no other medicine. As a Stomach Medicine and Tonic it has no equal, and needs only to be tried to prove its efficiency. For record of what Pe-ru-na can do for ills peculiar to ladies, send for Dr. Hartman's "Ills of Life," sent free by the Peruna Medicine Company, Columbus, Ohio. To keep the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels regulated, Man-a-lin should be taken at the same time. $1 a bottle.

The clock has been stolen from a Strouchsburg (Pa.) church.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.
A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
SEAL

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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A box wind matches free to smokers of "Tansill's Punch" 5c. Cigar.

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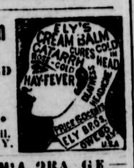

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

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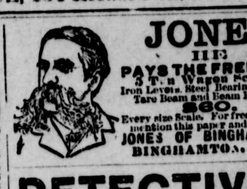

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