

ALARIC'S TREASURE.

Reason to Believe it May Soon Be Found in Southern Italy.

One of the popular stories found in every school history but only half believed, if believed at all, is the account of the burial of Alaric the Visi-Goth. As the story goes, his resting place is in the bed of the River Busentinus, now the Busento, in southern Italy, where an immense treasure was buried with him, but the exact place of interment was unknown, and through the fourteen centuries that have since elapsed, no one has ever taken any steps to find either his bones or the treasure.

Not long ago, however, Professor Vegas, a German sculptor and a protégé of the Emperor William's, while engaged in the study of ancient art in Rome, accidentally came across a manuscript of the fifth century, by the well-known historian Jordanes, in which this information is given.

So definite is the description of the site, that Vegas and a body of scientific men have obtained permission of the Italian minister of public works to institute a search for this long hidden grave. By the terms of the contract the government is to retain possession of all the coins and precious stones that may be exhumed, and also of two-thirds of the works of art, one-third going to the finders. The explorers are confident that this one-third will be an ample compensation for their labor.

All this serves to call up that long dead epoch and the picturesque figure of Alaric, who with his blue-eyed, golden-haired northerners, swept down over southern Europe and established a sovereignty destined to last three hundred years or more. They were a Teutonic people, these Visi-Goths, splendid, large limbed, stalwart men, and Alaric himself is pictured as one of the handsomest and most striking figures among his nation.

In the popular mind Alaric exists as a pagan conqueror and a monster of cruelty, but this notion does not seem to be supported by facts. He was no more inhuman than the Romans themselves, with whom he waged war. Nor was he a pagan, though a barbarian. Many of the Goths had been converted to Christianity, and Alaric was one of them. According to the best lights of history, he was both an astute and a heroic leader of men.

It was in A. D. 1396, when Alaric was only a little more than twenty years of age, that he set out upon his conquests. He had been scorned and insulted by the Romans, and his war was one of vengeance, as well as of conquest and pillage. With an army of two hundred thousand warriors he overran Greece, taking enormous spoils from the hoarded wealth of the rich cities of Athens, Sparta and Corinth. Several years were spent in campaigns against the Eastern Empire, and finally, in 1403, he turned his victorious arms against Italy and the west. The weak Emperor Honorius tried to buy him off by promises of rich bribes, but Alaric could not be induced to forego his vengeance.

At last he and his long-haired, stal-

wart warriors sat down before Rome, then a city of more than a million inhabitants, enriched by the tribute of the world for a thousand years, and the spoils of more than three hundred triumphs. When the Romans endeavored to treat with him, they found his demands so extravagant that they threatened a desperate resistance, to which the conqueror made the well-known reply: "The closer they are pressed, the easier it is mown."

Finally Alaric was induced to retire by the promised payment of five thousand pounds of gold, thirty thousand of silver, four thousand silken robes, and two thousand pieces of scarlet cloth. But two years later, through the foolish conduct of Honorius, the Visi-Goth king appeared again before the walls of Rome. This time he took and sacked the city. There were six days of carnage and plunder, and laden with an incalculable amount of booty, Alaric withdrew into southern Italy.

That same year, while engaged in the siege of Cosentia (Cosenza), the conqueror was seized with a disease that proved fatal after a short duration. He was only in his thirty-fifth year.

The victorious Goths were seized with consternation. Alaric had been their bond of union and their pledge of success, and they had given him undeviating devotion. His death would oblige them to leave Italy, but they determined to give their king a sepulcher suited to his rank and expressive of their love—a sepulcher that could not be desecrated or plundered by the enemies in whose land they were forced to leave it.

It was a grand and terrible conception. The River Busentinus was diverted from its course, and in its dry channel a great pit was dug, in which was built a tomb of massive stone. There, clothed in golden armor, with his jeweled crown upon his head, a scepter and a sword beside him, they laid their beloved leader down to rest, and around him, with unsparring hands, they placed the costly spoils of the richest city in the world.

In order that the secret of his burial place might never be revealed, the host of slaves that had been employed to do the work were chained in the river's channel, and as the waters were allowed to flow back into their natural course, all traces and knowledge of their king's sepulcher were forever obliterated.

The lately discovered manuscript indicates that the tomb was near the junction of the Rivers Crall and Busento. Near the place buried two hundred feet in the earth, have been found the ruins of the City of Constantia, which the Goths pillaged and destroyed at the time of the strange entombment of their king.

No one can foretell the amount of treasure or the revelation of ancient art that may be opened to the world if the tomb of Alaric the Visi-Goth be discovered and the scientific world waits with interest the result of the search.

LAMPS OF ALL AGES.

Greased Rush Set in a Hold in a Wooden Block.

The story of lamps from Herodotus down to 1830 is not one of development, says Light and Lightmaking. In principle and form they remain the same, whether as the tin cylindrical or boat-shaped cups on candlestick pedestals and the round tin cups with hemispherical lids, or the lidless cups resting on wooden stands such as were recently rescued by the author from the garret rubbish of old Bucks county. And before Herodotus, as we follow the lamp back into the tombs of the old world, we find the boat-shaped form of earthenware preceding the boat-shaped form of iron, and possibly even that of bronze. The chalk cup lamp found by Canon Greenwell in the neolithic flint mines at Grimes Graves, England, perhaps the oldest wick-floating lamp in the world, is not essentially different from the oyster shell filled with lard and provided with wicks that may be found among Virginia negroes today. The Egyptian, Grecian, Phoenician and Roman lamps, as they have been found in the tombs and as we see them in the museums, are not unlike the lard lamps that were most in use early in the nineteenth century. Then crude grease gave way to sperm oil and lard oil, with especial adaptations of the lamps that made them more convenient and improved the light; and burning fluids that were convenient and clean and gave a brilliant light, but were dangerous; and kerosene, with other improvements in the lamps and refinements in the oil that enabled it to give the most perfect artificial light yet found, and to keep up the fight for quality with gas and electricity—all these having come in within the lifetime of men still among us. Besides the old lamps our ancestors had candles, molded when the price of tin, the material for the molds, did not forbid the luxury, and before them tallow dips; a suspended wick was dipped into a pot of hot tallow, on a cold day, and the operation was repeated till layer after layer of grease hardened, and the candle was thick enough. These candles were, however, troublesome in hot weather, on account of their propensity to yield to the temperature and fall over. "Who shall say, however, that candle dipping is older than molding, when we know . . . that they molded candles in County Galway, Ireland, in late years by punching holes in peat and pouring in tallow on the down-hung wick of twisted flax fibre?" The Irish had, too, as had the negroes, the rush light, a greased rush set in a hole in a wooden block serving as a candlestick; or rushes joined in a triple wick which flies apart when lighted, increasing the blaze.

BUYING VOTES WITH PEANUTS

New School Methods in Milwaukee Develop Rascally Children.

An experiment has lately been tried in one of the public schools of Milwaukee and by its opponents pronounced a failure, says Harper's Bazar. The aim of its originator, Mr. R. J. O'Hanlon, was this—to introduce into the school life of the child a form of training which would equip him for duties of citizenship on his entrance into the world of grown-up men and women. A form of government was therefore introduced into the school, which was modeled upon that existing in the city of Milwaukee itself. A mayor was appointed, aldermen were elected, a constitution adopted. There were judges, policemen, comptrollers and no end of other officers. The best principles of the best governed were laid down and the boys and girls—there was no distinction of sex—were set about governing themselves. But the amount of chaos and corruption that ensued brought protests from the parents and even the scholars themselves. Studies were neglected and bribes given and taken. Instead of a lesson of self-government being acquired, all the evils of the most corrupt form of municipal government were practiced. Mr. O'Hanlon, not discouraged, says that only the prejudices of a community were against him; that, given a longer time, his system would have proved itself. "It is the height of absurdity," he says, "to make the school an autocracy and to substitute an external conscience for the right of self-control." But, with votes bought and sold for peanuts and pennies, the parents cried halt—time enough to learn how bad municipal government might be when necessity for action confronted him! Still, it would have been interesting to know whether Mr. O'Hanlon was right and whether a longer trial would have proved a real success, demonstrating beyond question that, even among children, the principle of self-government has in it all the elements for bringing about the eradication of those evils which at first seem always to be engendered by it.

What He Learned.

Father—Well, Johnny, what did you learn in school today?
Johnny (truly): I found out that the teacher's got eyes in the back of her head.—The Rival.

Which One Governs.

"Now, then, government by conjunction—You mean government by injunction." "No, I don't. I was thinking of matrimony." "Oh!"—Indianapolis Journal.

A Cuban radish grown this year near Manacas weighed eight pounds.

ROYAL CONNOISSEURS

VICTORIA KNOWS THE HISTORY OF EVERY GEM.

Nothing That Has Belonged to Kings and Queens Is She Ignorant Of—Other Crowned Experts—One of the Peculiar Prerogatives of Royalty.

When the Queen gratifies a London dealer in precious stones by a command to attend at Windsor or Osborne he finds that he has to do with a shrewd, intelligent buyer. She has in her possession a wonderful collection of precious stones, among which is a marvelous green diamond of great value which has never been set. Her majesty has at her fingers' end the history of every famous stone which belongs to European royalty. Four beautiful and unrivaled sapphires, equal in size and luster to the one that glows in the crown of England, are the property of the Queen of Saxony. The Comtesse de Paris, too, possesses a magnificent parure of sapphires, coronet, necklace, bracelets, brooch and earrings. The stones are large and set with exquisite diamonds. The finest pearl necklace in the world belongs to the Countess Henckel, and is valued at more than 50,000 pounds. It is composed of three famous necklaces, each of great value in itself. One, known as the necklace of the Virgin of Atokha, was bought by the Countess from a Spanish grandee for 12,000 pounds. Another was once owned by Marie Sophie, ex-Queen of Naples, and the third was the Empress Eugenie's state necklace, which was sold for 20,000 pounds. The Queen of Italy also owns a superb necklace, consisting of several rows of pearls, which are so costly and so rare that her maids are obliged always to wear a part of the collection to aid her majesty in keeping the beautiful gems, pure, lustrous and healthy by constant contact with warm flesh. King Humbert buys the pearls for his wife, presenting her with one row each year, and he, like Queen Victoria, is an expert in jewels. These pearls are excelled only by those once in the possession of Queen Mary of Hanover, now the property of her daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Cumberland, which form a string more than six feet long. Every one of these lovely beads is an absolute match in shape and color. The late Empress of Austria possessed the best collection of black pearls in existence, as well as the biggest emerald, and a necklace of the same stones which is unrivaled. These emeralds are crown property, as are the pearls of Queen Margherita. The Empress of Russia wears, second to her royal grandmother, the largest diamond, and has also a collection of rubies of surpassing splendor, though the richest and most beautiful aggregation of precious stones is owned by the Russian church. All the Queens of Europe do not own jewels to half the value of those set in the statues, crosses, altars and vestments at the Cathedrals of Moscow and St. Petersburg. The favorite wives of the Shah of Persia and the Sultan wear turbans the like of which no Western Queen can boast. The Duchess of Westminster wears the largest and most perfect turquoise (being flawless) owned by any private person, and the Duchess of Sutherland is the happy possessor of the only complete necklace of black pearls.

VALUABLE JEWELS.

Worn in Curious Ways by Several Peculiar People.

Jewels set in teeth are occasionally heard of, but gold and precious stones set in the human body is a fact not extensively popular. A gentleman residing in Bombay wears a beautiful emerald, which, set in a rim of gold, is stitched by means of gold wire to the breast of the owner. Thus securely fastened, the green gem has rested under his shirt front for ten years. He considers it his lucky stone. Worn by a certain barrister is a ring that will not come off. It is a plain gold band of considerable thickness, a rivet of the previous metal piercing the ring and passing through the bone of the finger, is filed down on the opposite side. Nothing save amputation of the member would release him of the circlet. For sentimental reasons he wishes it to be his life-long and inseparable companion. Having a decayed part of his instep cut away, a wealthy invalid has had the crevice filled with gold. To appear ornamental the metal is shaped like a star, the center boasting a large diamond and a cluster of small rubies. Stretched to the skin of his waist is the gold chain belt sported by another extravagant being. The belt is two inches broad and eighteen stitches are necessary to secure it. In front a trio of fine chains dangle to the knees of the wearer, who is so proud of his decoration that he occasionally disrobes to reveal the permanent ornament to favored friends.—New York Journal.

To Be Trusted.

"Don't you think the American masses can be trusted to think out problems for themselves and arrive at sensible conclusions?" "There can't be any doubt of it," said the office-holder, "so far as the American masses in my own locality are concerned. They have been voting for me for years."—Washington Star.

A Reason.

"Did that woman give any reason for attempting suicide?" "Yes, yer honor." "What was it?" "She says she wanted to kill herself."—Chicago Record.

BANANA CULTURE.

The Largest Bunches Contain Fruit of the Most Delicate Flavor.

When planted in new soil the banana does not require any plowing, but it does when the lands have been much used and have, of course, lost their natural state of porosity, says the States' Duty. When once the soil is ready, holes are made one yard in diameter, two or three yards distant from one another, and about one-half a yard deep. In rich lands and new lands no fertilizer is required, but otherwise a basketful of some kind is useful; a sprout is then planted, which in three months' time will grow to eight and ten feet high, and, nine months or a year after planting, according to the variety, will yield fruit in the form of a bunch, which will count as many as 200 bananas. In the first two years the weeds have to be removed, but afterward the shade will prevent their growth. In most places no water is required, but half a dozen irrigations a year will be enough in the driest lands. Once the plantation is in full growth and producing condition, it does not require more attention than the cleaning of the plants of their dry leaves and the keeping of all the detritus from the plants well gathered round the trunk to fertilize it, allowing plenty of space for the new sprouts to come out. Sometimes these come in such profusion that the expert laborer has to extirpate them and only allow a certain number to grow up. When the plantation is in full growth and production, the collecting of the fruit is constant, and every week the plantation can be gone through to collect the ripe bunches. As if nature had provided it, the largest bunches contain fruit of the most delicate flavor, with sweetness and fine pulp, and they also are those that keep the best, lasting for many days, thus giving sufficient time for transportation. The dry leaves and trunks of the plants are useful for paper manufacture. When the bunch of bananas is ripe the tree or stalk, often ten inches in diameter and twenty feet high, is cut down with a single stroke of the machete; the stump dies, but numerous sprouts are ready to take its place, and the plantation constantly renews itself. Many are in good production for half a century or more, and wherever there is suitable transportation for so heavy a crop it is very profitable. The trunks are cut in pieces and piled round the tree for fertilizing.

DOG STORIES.

Some Canines That Had a Mania for Burying Things.

A mongrel terrier, excessively devoted to his mistress, was very jealous of her love for the kitten. Often when the latter had been caressed by the lady the former would go off and scratch a hole in the garden, and then, fetching the kitten, would bury it therein. To prevent the kitten forcing its way out, the terrier would post himself upon the grave, and so, unhappily for his purpose, would guide to the speedy rescue of the latter by its friends. Once he chose a pail of soot for the death tomb. At other times the dog and the kitten were good friends and playmates. Another dog, this time a spaniel, resentful of the importation of a tortoise, which her master had bought for his children and given the range of the lawn, determined to put her rival to death by the same method. Very shortly after its coming, both the dog and the tortoise could nowhere be found. Presently the dog returned with her paws covered with earth; not so the tortoise. Suspicious of the spaniel, her master coaxed her to come and look for it, when she guiltily drew off to the garden and stopped before a small mound of earth, which, when removed with a stick, revealed the tortoise. He who hides can find. Perhaps I may add a story of a Skye. He, too, belonged to the owner of the terrier, the culprit of the first story. The Skye's favorite place was, as it should be, at his mistress's feet. He was generally quite well behaved, but would have lost his character one day had he been without excuse. The Skye was running in front of his mistress and her husband and suddenly surprised them by flying at a poor girl and holding her prisoner. When they came to her rescue they found her to be a child to whom had been given a pair of the Skye's mistress's shoes. To secure what he deemed to be a thief of his mistress's property, and this the shoes that had so tenderly rubbed him, was clearly his duty, and he did it.—London Spectator.

The Sale of Vallima.

Robert Louis Stevenson's house, where he spent so many happy years of the latter part of his life, and which was pillaged by the Samoan warriors during the late trouble in the islands, has been sold. It was here also that the late king of Samoa, Malletoa Laupapa, died. Vallima is a most charming residence, situated at some little distance out of Apia, and just below the peak upon which is Stevenson's grave, up to which a right of way has been reserved. The buyer is a wealthy German speculator from Honolulu, and the price was £1,700. Conan Doyle was asked, it is said, by Stevenson to visit him at Samoa, and replied that he did not know the way. "Oh, said Stevenson, 'you go to America, cross to San Francisco, and then take the second turning to the left.'—The Sketch.

Mercenary.

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said. "But I prefer figures," said he, "instead."

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The Little Old

It was at the opening of the institute, says a writer in the Academy. They had given me a see high up in the high marquee. There I stood—the occasion was too exciting to sit—and for an hour watched the alluring panorama. The place was a blaze of color. The uniforms, the garments of the Indian princes, the flags, the gay decorations, the dresses of the women—captivated the senses. And all the while a band played joyously and voices rippled in laughter and talk, and the roar of the multitude outside drummed through all.

But it was the eye that captained the senses that day. Never has my vision been so surfeited; and as the place filled and the bodyguard ranged themselves on either side of the throne I felt that the appearance of her majesty must form a kind of anti-climax, for the tale was told, the eye could hold no more. Whatever of pride, of birth and splendor, of show and richness the world could produce was there. The ripest stage management could do no more.

Then a roar from outside broke into my reverie, trumpets fan-fared, the doors were thrown open, and on the threshold appeared a little old lady in black, who walked with difficulty along the path that led to the throne. In deepest black—a little old lady—quite simple, the simplest body there—Victoria R. I. Oh, it was immense—the effect! The idea! Think of it!

DOROTHY DREW.

Dorothy Drew, Gladstone's famous grandchild, whose loving companionship added so much to the happiness of his later years, is the subject of a very interesting sketch in The Young Woman. We learn from it that before her 4th year her political views had become decidedly radical; to her mind the house of lords was a most reprehensible institution, and the house of commons was the mainstay of the nation. When the house of lords was spoken of in her presence as the "upper house," she would retort: "You mean the house of commons!" She visited the latter during her 3d year, and for a time thought her self in church. The frequent rising and sitting of the members soon undeceived her, however, and from these movements and the oratorical gesticulations of the speakers, she fancied herself in a gymnasium—an impression derived from a previous visit to such a place. For some time after this the commons was "the place where granddad goes to do his 'nastics,' or, on occasions, 'the place where granddad goes to do his lessons.'"

Her visit to Queen Victoria was a momentous episode in her young life, and from the article above mentioned we quote the narrative of her delightful experiences:

"Dorothy relates how she went down the very long corridor to put on her new white frock and her silk gloves, and how a grand servant all dressed in red came to say that the queen was waiting. 'The Indian man whom the queen likes very much' was at the door, and the next moment Dorothy stood before the great queen whom her grandpapa had served for sixty years. But Dorothy thought nothing of the vastness of the empire, or of the length of the reign which all the world was celebrating. It was nothing to her that the kindly gray-haired lady before her was mistress of one-quarter of the whole human race. To Dorothy she was just another woman like grandmamma, with a white cap on her head; and Dorothy courtesied and kissed her and told her her name was 'Dorrie,' that she called Mr. Gladstone 'grandpapa,' that they all had pet names at the castle, and so on and so on; and many interesting pet names were revealed on both sides. 'The queen put on her glasses and asked me to go to the other side of the room, so that she could see me better,' Dorothy explains, 'and then she took a little jewel-case and said, 'This is for you.' I opened it and saw a darling little brooch, with a diamond V and a diamond R and a turquoise I, and a little crown at the top made of red enamel. I courtesied and kissed her hand and said, 'Thank you very much.' She looked very nice and kind, and I liked her very much.' Then the queen kissed the little debutante again, and Dorothy and her mother returned to town."

Kipling, who is numbered among the celebrities who have sought Dorothy's acquaintance, tells an amusing story of their meeting. They had been in the grounds surrounding Hawarden for some time together, when Dorothy's mother appeared, saying:

"Now, Dorothy, I hope you have not been wearing Mr. Kipling." "Oh, no; not a bit," was the frankly unconventional reply. "Mr. Kipling has been wearing me!"

Enlarged Prerogatives.

From the Chicago Tribune: "Has the changing of the name of your girls' club to 'Bachelor Girls' Club' made any difference in your way of conducting it?" "No, only we hold regular 'smokers' now."

Tissue Paper.

Tissue paper is so called from the use it was put to when it was originally made, which was to place between gold or silver tissue cloth to prevent its tarnishing when folded.

The Meas Barred Out.

If all the laurels fame could bring were lavished on the songs I sing, I could not take them; Madge would not. Our flat is overcrowded now.

"BEEF AND" GIRL A RINGER.

Waited on Table at a Formal Dinner and Created a Sensation.

From the Detroit Free Press: When Mrs. Smith decided to give a tea party she made up her mind that it should be the event of the season. With that in view she started elaborate preparations, promising Mary, her cook, an extra week's wages if she would do her best to make the party a success. Finding that she would need a girl to help serve the tea, she asked Mary if she knew of anyone that she could get. "Sure, mum," answered Mary. "There's me sister, what's used to wait-in' an' who'll be glad to get the chance, for she's a poor girl just out of a job." As Mary herself was a jewel, Mrs. Smith did not question her further, and Mary received orders to have her sister on hand. Mary's sister reported for duty, and Mrs. Smith gave her minute instructions how she should act, wishing to give the guests the impression that she was a regular member of the household. Things went on swimmingly until Mary's sister, seeing that one of the guests was out of tea, came up and wanted to know if the lady would have "anither." The guest smilingly answered that she would, whereupon Mary's sister, snatching up the cup, bawled across the room in the most approved cheap-restaurant code: "Draw one!"

A Safe Rule.

Mr. Spiffins—I wish you would give me a sure cure for winning at prize fights and horse races, Snaggs. Mr. Snaggs—I can do that, but I can give you a sure rule to prevent loss. "Go on." "Don't bet."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Waste of Good Material.

"See the instructive value of little things; the last straw broke the camel's back." "Yes; why didn't somebody keep it to tickle the elephant with?"—Detroit Free Press.

If people would stop climbing hills before they get to them there would be less of that tired feeling in the world.

A LAVENDER DINNER.

A Suggestion for an Evening Dinner Party for Young People.

Suggestions for home entertainment may possibly be obtained from a dinner for young people given in the west recently. The table was elaborately decorated in pink and lavender, and dainty china, cut glass and silver were used in effective combination. In the center of the white damask cloth was placed a mirror lake, which was outlined in smilax and roses, to which were attached lavender and pink ribbons radiating to the places of the guests. To these ribbons were fastened numbers, in addition to the pink roses, and two "lucky" numbers drew dainty prizes—a silver hat brim brush for the man, and a silver neck buckle for the girl. At either end of the table were silver candelabra tied with lavender ribbons, and filled with pink candles, hooded with dainty pink shades. Dinner cards ornamented with the crest of the hostess done in gilt were placed at each plate.

When the company were at the table the door bell rang and telegrams were brought in addressed to the several guests. When the yellow envelopes were opened they were found to contain single words and blank telegraph slips. Later in the evening the guests were requested to write a telegram, using the letters of the inclosed word in regular order as initial letters of the words forming the imaginary messages. Prizes were given for the best telegrams thus constructed.

A Necessity.

"There is a great deal of excitement in Paris," said one French official. "Yes," said the other, calmly. "And discontent." "Doubtless. But there isn't nearly as much discontent as there would probably be if there were nothing to get excited over."—Washington Star.

Badly Treated.

From the Philadelphia North American: "Why, my little man," said the old gentleman, "what are you crying for?" "Me sister," blubbered the boy, "has the measles, and I can't have any of 'em."