

THE BEACONLIGHT.

BY M.T. CALDOR.

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CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED.)

Whereupon he rose, and went out into the street. He strolled aimlessly around until the gray twilight wrapped the great city in a gloom more dense than that of the smoky day-time fog, until a thousand blinking eyes opened bright and glittering along the straight line of the street's humble relief sentries for the stars, that had hid themselves in sullen clouds of black. Then he sought admittance at Collinwood House. Owing to the indisposition of Lady Annabel, the drawing-room was free from visitors, but Eleanor came down immediately upon receiving his name. She looked tired and dispirited, but smiled cheerfully when she saw him.

"I should not be glad to see anyone but you, Walter, for I am somewhat fatigued. Mamma has been ill all day, and I have been extremely anxious. But I shall look for you to comfort me, as you always used to in the old days. Sit down and talk, and let me luxuriate in listening."

He sighed.

"I fear I shall scarcely enliven you. I am somewhat dull myself, but I will do my best."

So they strayed off into a conversation, commencing with present London experience, but soon wandering away to the old life. They forgot present grief and care to recall the wild beauty of those far-off haunts. They talked of the cool green shadow flung by the Hibiscus tree over the grave of Tom—of the musical dash of the surf beneath the coral rock—of the tall palm from which so long streamed hopelessly their tattered signal-flag—of his father's watchful care—Tom's simple but noble nature, and his heroic devotion. Was either aware how utterly had been fulfilled the prophecy of Mr. Vernon? They had gained the world—its prizes of fame and wealth and honor, and yet their bruised hearts yearned wistfully toward the innocent tranquility, the untroubled peace of the retreat beneath the palm and bread fruit grove.

The time passed rapidly, and they were startled when a servant entered.

"My lady wishes to know if Mr. Vernon is with you, and if so she would like to see you both in her apartment."

"Has my uncle gone?" asked Eleanor.

"I left him with her a few moments ago."

"Lord Collinwood has been gone an hour or more."

"An hour! Have we talked so long? Come, Walter, let us obey her summons."

They found Lady Annabel in an easy-chair, dressed in a snowy Cashmere wrapper, which set off becomingly the glittering dark eyes, raven braids and feverish cheeks of the invalid. She was evidently somewhat disturbed.

"I sent for you, Mr. Vernon," said she at once, "because the admiral has just related a rumor that came to him on his way hither, and it has made me very uneasy. I trust you will contradict it. Report says there is to be a duel between my friend Geoffrey Dacre and yourself."

Walter's eyes fell—his face showed unmistakably the truth of her suspicion.

"I am deeply grieved," said she, leaning wearily against the damask cushion. "At any time it is so revolting—but for you—"

"For me it is as hateful as for any one else," interrupted Walter, proudly, "but I am driven into it. I assure you I have no thought of taking your friend's life. I shall not even fire the pistol but if he demands a chance to shoot at me, he is welcome to it. The consequence matters not to me, and few will mourn for me."

Eleanor had listened aghast with horror. She could restrain herself no longer, and regardless of her mother's presence she sprang forward and caught his hand.

"A duel! Walter, Walter, you will break my heart. Few to mourn for you? Do you not know it will kill me to see you sacrificed in that horrible way? Promise me quick, Walter—promise me, that for my sake, this wicked deed shall not be done."

"Eleanor," said Lady Annabel, authoritatively, "come here, my child; you forget yourself; leave it with your mother to remonstrate with Mr. Vernon. Now," continued she, when Eleanor had mutely obeyed, holding fast to her daughter's hand, "may I ask, Mr. Vernon, if my daughter can be in any way connected with this affair?"

"Not at all, your ladyship. Mr. Dacre's anger arises from the fact that I refused to be introduced to his wife—or rather to take her hand after introduction."

She looked bewildered.

"And why should you be so unreasonable? I do not understand."

"I did not expect you would, no one but myself knows the injury and desolation that woman has brought to me through my father's life. I should need a score of pistols to compel me to touch her traitorous hand."

"You speak bitterly. I have known my Cousin Annabel from her childhood, and never knew an unkind word or deed to come from her. Of course I know nothing of your father's history. Are you sure there is not some strange mistake?"

"You shall ascertain for yourself," answered Walter suddenly. "I intended to leave my father's life for her to read. You may read it to-night, and then answer me if I am not justified in refusing to clasp that woman's hand. Nay, send me word before eight in the morning, and if after learning that sorrowful story you bid me apologize to Mrs. Dacre, I declare solemnly I will do it. I shall only agitate you by remaining longer. You know my wish respecting the manuscript, which I will send to you immediately, Lady Eleanor. Do not grieve for such a hapless soul as mine. God bless you! Good-night."

Walter returned to his own lodgings, dispatched a messenger with the manuscript to Collinwood House, and sat down to write what he believed his last message to Eleanor. He was interrupted by the viscount.

"I have just seen Dacre," said he. "He wishes to change the hour of meeting, and make it as early certainly as seven. The rumor has got out, and he fears a police interruption. Have you any objection?"

"None," briefly responded Walter, keeping on with his writing.

"Ah, Vernon, I cannot bear to think what may happen to this hand of yours, so magical with the brush. For mercy's sake give me some little word of apology."

"Apology—pshaw! That woman knows what she is about. There can be no apology; she thinks my death will make her safe. Leave me, my kind friend, if you have no better consolation than that."

The viscount took his hat and left the room without another word.

Only once, through that feverish, restless night was Walter disturbed. A servant came to the door, saying a strange man below wished to see him immediately. Not suspecting it was a messenger from Lady Annabel, but imagining it had something to do with the police detention, he refused to see him.



CHAPTER XIV.

THE threatening clouds of the past night gave out slow drops of rain, pattering dully on the pavement, as Walter's haggard face looked forth from the chamber window. It was well in consonance with his feelings.

He went about his toilet duties with a sort of stolid calmness, wound his watch with scarcely a throb of pain, when the thought that long before its ticking ceased his hand might be cold in death. Then, after a hasty cup of coffee, he wrapped himself in his cloak and went forth to the appointed rendezvous with his second.

Somerset was waiting for him with a cabriolet. When they reached the field they found Dacre waiting there. The moor looked black and dreary in the dripping rain, without the pleasant prospect clear weather gave it, missing sorely the bright glimpse of the Thames, the huge city with St. Paul's noble dome rising out of the smoky belt below, and the white-winged fleet waiting around the wharves, like carrier doves ready for their mission.

Silently the ground was measured, the glittering weapons examined and handed to their owners. Walter folded his arms over his with a scornful smile. Then was raised the fatal handkerchief and an awful stillness settled a moment on the air, but it was broken suddenly by a wild scream in a woman's voice.

All turned in alarm. A carriage came tearing through the misty clouds, the coachman lashing recklessly the plunging horses. Scarcely a moment after its appearance the door was flung open and a woman sprang frantically into their midst. What was the astonishment of all to see, as she flung back her veil, the surpassingly beautiful, but ashy white and mournful face of Lady Annabel Collinwood. She sprang to Walter's side.

"Thank God, I am not too late! Rash boy!" she added, with unutterable pathos. "For what shadow would you peril the life that is dear to Eleanor? I have read your father's woeful story, and yet I say you must apologize to Mr. Dacre and leave this dismal place."

"Apologize—for refusing the hand of Annabel Marston—never!" ejaculated Walter, firmly.

"Hush, hush, Paul Kirkland's son—it is I who am the Annabel Marston of his story."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at Walter's feet? He stood transfixed in astonishment, staring wildly into her face. The pistol dropped from his nerveless grasp, but no word came from his paralyzed tongue.

"Yes," said she, slowly, "it was I, and my poor cousins cleared from your suspicions, Mr. Dacre. The youth is not so insane as you believe. He had better reasons than you mistrust. The mistake arose in your wife's name. We were both Annabel Marston, of Lincolnshire; but it was I alone who knew Paul Kirkland. Let me see you clasp hands before I go."

Walter extended his hand mechanically. Mr. Dacre shook it warmly. Then

Lady Annabel motioned for Walter to assist her to the carriage. He did so, folding his arm carefully around her to steady her faltering steps, and yet it was the Annabel Marston he had taught himself to abhor and despise. She smiled mournfully at his assiduous care for her, and said, faintly:

"Go home with me, Walter, and you shall know the secret of the mournful story. Perchance you may feel more sympathy with your father's destroyer than you have believed possible."

Walter took the seat beside her, and though not another word was spoken, never removed his eyes from the wan, deathly face that lay back wearily against the cushions. Was this the proud, stately, admired woman before whom nobility and genius bowed in homage? that Lady Annabel whose perfection and superiority shamed even the virtuous? the woman who had deliberately deceived a loving, trusting heart, sold herself for dross, dipped her fair hands in crime? No wonder Walter walked as in a dream when he followed up the polished staircase to the luxurious, elegant room of Lady Annabel.

Eleanor's pale face just looked in a moment, and was vanishing, when her mother called her.

"Come in, my love; I need you. Take away my hat and cloak, and bring my cordial, without calling Claudine."

The affectionate daughter complied, gently removing the bonnet and stroking fondly the glossy ebony hair. Lady Annabel rested a few moments after drinking the cordial, and then said, calmly:

"Sit down here by my side, my children, and I will relate the humiliating story, which my poor Eleanor has heard before, and scarcely yet recovered from the shock. I was brought up at my grandfather's, for my mother died at my birth, and my father lived only two years after her. My earliest remembrances are of the childish terror with which I regarded my father's sister, the Hon. Pamela Marston, and of the passionate love lavished upon the only being who cared for me, my Aunt Marcia Wellesford, my mother's eldest sister. A little later came an intense hatred of my beautiful cousin Flora, the especial pet and pride of the Marstons. My father married against the wishes of his family, and from the moment he brought his bride to his father's house, my mother was the object of his haughty sisters' dislike and persecution. I know this no better now than I realized it then; for the enmity bestowed upon the mother was not buried in her coffin, but survived to torment me.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE "HUNTING" COW.

How a Nebraska Man Deceives the Wild Geese.

"Hunting Cow" is the name given by John Sievers of Ames, Neb., to a unique device for sportsmen, says the New York World. The finest wild-geese hunting in the United States is found in the meadows of Nebraska. The fowl are very knowing, and distinguish the figure of a hunter a long distance, whereupon they fly away. Horses, cattle and sheep are not feared by the geese, and they graze in the very midst of the flocks of birds. Inventor Sievers has taken advantage of this by constructing a machine outwardly resembling a cow. The frame is made of very light wood, covered with canvas, painted reddish brown and white. An opening near the front legs permits the hunter to enter. His head fits in a hat-like frame which supports the head of the cow. A hole in the forehead permits him to see. When the hunter walks the hind legs automatically keep step with the forelegs and the tail switches realistically. The head can be moved by the hunter in any direction. When a field is reached in which a flock of geese are feeding the hunter inside the "cow" simulates the movements of grazing cattle until within gunshot of the game. By drawing a bolt the fore part of the cow falls apart and enables the hunter to use his gun at short range. The inventor asserts that other game than geese may be successfully stalked by the mechanical cow. The device will sell for \$30. It is to be so made as to be easily taken apart and packed for transportation.

The Neustretter.

"The Neustretter," who stirred the Bois and Champs Elysee loungers with envy of her clothes and turnouts what time the Vanderbilt divorce was on the tapis, is again in evidence with equipments of the newest and finest, and another New York millionaire has set the tongues of tout Paris wagging.

The funny part of the affair is that the millionaire accredited with the present episode is well past the half century and up to the present time has lived with the regularity of an old-time New England deacon, without a suspicion of wild oats about him.

In his youth and early manhood, when freadians are to be expected, he lives in the odor of respectability, although a man of great wealth, wide travel and yachting propensities and now—Ichabod!

Well, humanity is a curious compound and men make queer breaks. In this present case a number of cognate and connected sinners are chucking and conversely several aristocratic families, whose names are synonymous with the straight and narrow path, are plunged into the depths of gloom.—New York Journal.

Loses Many Things.

"Does a girl lose caste by riding a wheel?" asks Harper's Weekly. Not necessarily. But she sometimes loses her complexion and not infrequently her balance.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"ARMAGEDDON" THE SUBJECT OF SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE.

From the Text: "And He Gathered Them Together in a Place Called in the Hebrew Tongue Armageddon"—Revelations, Chapter 16, Verse 16.



ARMAGEDDON is the name of a mountain that looks down upon Ebedraon, the greatest battle field that the world has ever seen. There Barak fought the Canaanites; there Gideon fought the Midianites; there Josiah fought the invading Egyptians. The whole region stands for battle, and the Armageddon of my text borrows its name from it, and is here used, not geographically, but figuratively, while setting forth the idea that there is to be a world's closing battle, the greatest of all battles, compared with which the conflicts of this century and all other centuries were insignificant, because of the greater number of combatants engaged, the greater victory and the greater defeat. The exact date of that battle we do not know, and the exact locality is uncertain. It may be in Asia, Europe, Africa or America, but the fact that such a battle will take place is as certain as God's eternal truth. When I use the superlative degree in regard to that coming conflict, I do not forget that there have been wars all along on stupendous scale. As when at Marathon Miltiades brought on his men, not in ordinary march, but in full run, upon the horsemen of Persia, and the black archers of Ethiopia, and scattered them, and crying, "Bring fire! Bring fire!" set into flame the ships of the invaders. As when Pizarro overcame Peru. As when Philip the Second triumphed over Portugal. As when the Huns met the Goths. As when three hundred Spartans sacrificed themselves at Thermopylae. As when the Carthaginians took Agrigentum. As when Alexander headed the Macedonian phalanx. As when Hannibal invaded Italy. Battle of Hastings! Battle of Valmy! Battle of Putlowa! Battle of Arbelia! Battle of Tours! Battle of Borodino! Battle of Lucknow! Battle of Solferino! Battle of Fontenoy, where 100,000 were slain! Battle of Chalons, where 300,000 were massacred! Battle of Herat, where Genghis Khan destroyed 1,600,000 lives! Battle of Neishar, where 1,747,000 went down to death! 1,816,000 slain at Troy! And American battles, too near us now to allow us to appreciate their awful grandeur and significance, except you who were there, facing the North or facing the South! But all the battles I have named put together will not equal in numbers enlisted, or fierceness, or grandeur, or triumph, or rout, the coming Armageddon contest. Whether it shall be fought with printers' type or keen steel, whether by brain or muscle, whether by pen or carbine, whether by booming cannon or thunders of Christian eloquence, I do not know, and you may take what I say as figurative or literal, but take as certain what St. John, in his vision on the rocks of the Grecian archipelago, is pleased to call "Armageddon."

My sermon will first mention the regiments that will be engaged in the conflict; then will say something of the commanders on both sides; and then speak of the battle itself and the tremendous issues. Beginning with those who will fight on the wrong side, I first mention the regiments Diabolic. In this very chapter from which my text is taken we are told that the spirits of devils will be there. How many millions of them no one can tell, for the statistics of the satanic dominions have never been reported and the roll of that host has never on earth been called; but from the direful, and continental, and planetary work they have already done, and the fact that every man and woman and child on earth has a tempter, there must be at least sixteen hundred millions of evil spirits familiar with our world. Perhaps as many more are engaged on special enterprises of abomination among the nations and empires of the earth. Beside that there must be an inconceivable number of inhabitants in realms pandemoniac, staying there to keep the great capitals of sin going from age to age. Many of them once lived in heaven, but engaging in conspiracy to put Satan on the throne, they were hurled out and down, and they are now among the worst thugs of the universe. Having been in three worlds—heaven, earth and hell—they have all the advantages of great experience. Their power, their speed, their cunning, their hostility wonderful beyond all statement! In the Armageddon they will, I doubt not, be present in full array. They will have no reserve corps, but all will be at the front. There will not only be soldiers in that battle who can be seen and aimed at, but troops intangible and without corporeity, and weapons may strike clear through them without giving them hurt. With what shout of defiance will they climb up the ladders of fire and leap from the battlements of asbestos into the last campaign of hell! Paul, the bravest of men, was impressed with their might for evil when he said, "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, and against powers, and against the rulers of the darkness in this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." Oh, what an agonizing moment, when the ranks diabolic move up and take their places for conflict in the Armageddon!

Other regiments who will march into the fight will be the regiments Alcoholic. They will be made up of the brewers' companies, distillery owners,

and liquor dealers' associations, and the hundreds of millions of their patrons. They will move into the ranks with what the bible calls the "Song of the drunkard." And what a bloated, and soaked, and bleared, and blasted, and hiccupping, and nauseating host! If now, according to a scientist in England, there are fifty thousand deaths annually from strong drink, and in the United States, according to another estimate, ninety-eight thousand deaths annually from strong drink, what an army of living drunkards that implies, coming up from the whole earth to take their places in the last battle, especially as the evil increases and the millions now staggering on their way may be joined by other millions of reinforcements; brigade after brigade, with drunkards' bones drumming on the head of beer barrels the dead march of souls. These millions of victims of alcohol joined by the millions of victims of arrack, the spirituous liquor of China, and India, and Arabia, and Egypt, and Ceylon, and Slam!

Other regiments who will march into the fight on the wrong side will be the regiments Infidel. God gave but one revelation to the human race, and these men have been trying to destroy it. Many of the books, magazines, and newspapers, through perpetual scoff at Christianity, and some of the universities, have become recruiting agencies for those regiments. The greatest brigadier of all those regiments, Voltaire, who closed his life of assault upon Christianity by writing, "Happiness is a dream, and only pain is real. I have thought so for eighty-four years, and I know no better plan than to resign myself to the inevitable and to reflect that flies are born to be devoured by spiders and man to be consumed by care. I wish I had never been born." Oh, the God-forsaken regiments of infidels, who after having spent their life in antagonizing the only influence that could make the earth better, gather with their low wit and their vile sneer and their learned idiocy and their horrible blasphemy to take part against God and righteousness in the great Armageddon!

Other regiments who will march in on the wrong side in the battle will be the regiments Mohammedan. At the present time there are about one hundred and seventy-five million Moslems. Their plain mission is to kill Christians, demean womanhood, and take possession of the earth in the interest of ignorance, superstition, and moral filth. The massacre of fifty thousand Armenians in the last two or three years is only one chapter in their effort to devastate the earth of everything but themselves. So determined are they in their bad work that all the nations of the earth put together dare not say to them, "Stop! or we will make you stop!" My hope is that long before that last battle of which I speak the Turkish government, and with it Mohammedanism, may be wiped out of existence.

First of all, I mention the regiments Angelic! Alas! that the subject of demology seems better understood than the subject of angelology. But the glorious spirits around the throne and all the bright immortals that fill the galleries and levels of the universe are to take part in that last great fight, and the regiments angelic are the only regiments capable of meeting the regiments plutonic. To show you something of an angel's power, I ask you to consider that just one of them slew one hundred and eighty-five thousand of Sennacherib's hosts in a night, and it is not a tough arithmetical question to solve, if one angel can slay one hundred and eighty-five thousand troops in a night, how many can five hundred millions of them slay? The old Book says that "They excel in strength." It is not a celestial mob, but a disciplined host, and they know their rank. Cherubim, seraphim, thrones, principalities, and powers! And the leader of these regiments is Michael the Archangel! David saw just one group of angels sweep past, and they were twenty thousand chariots. Paul, who in the Galatian college had his faculties so wonderfully developed, confesses his incapacity to count them by saying, "Ye are come to Mount Zion and an innumerable company of angels." If each soul on earth has a guardian angel, then there must be sixteen hundred million angels on earth today. Besides that, heaven must be full of angels, those who stay there; not only the twelve angels who, we are told, guard the twelve gates, but those angels who help in the worship, and go on mission from mansion to mansion, and help to build the hozoanias and enthrone the hallelujahs and roll the doxologies of the service that never ends. But they all, if required, will be in the last fight between holiness and sin. Heaven could afford to adjourn just one day, and empty all its temples, and mansions, and palaces, and boulevards into that one battle. I think all the angels of God will join in it. The one that stood with sword of flame at the gate of paradise. The one that pointed Hagar to the fountain in the wilderness.

The next regiments that I see marching into the fight will be the regiments Ecclesiastic. According to the last account, and practically only in the beginning of the great gospel movement which proposes to take the whole earth for God, there are four million six hundred thousand Methodists, three million seven hundred and twenty-five thousand Baptists, one million two hundred and eighty thousand three hundred and thirty-three Presbyterians, one million two hundred and thirty thousand Lutherans, and six hundred and forty thousand Episcopalians. But the present statistics of churches will be utterly swamped when, after all the great denominations have done their best work, the slowest of all the sects will have more numbers than the present enrollment of all denominations throughout Christendom.

Again, the regiments elemental will come into that battle on the right side. The winds! God showed what he could do with them when the splintered timbers of the ships of the Spanish Armada were strewn on the rocks of Scotland, Norway and the Hebrides. The waters! He showed what he could do with them when he put the whole earth under them, leaving it subaqueous one hundred and fifty days. The earthquakes! He showed what he could do with them when he let Caracas drop into the open mouth of horror and the islands of the sea went into entombment. The lightnings! He showed what he could do with them when he wrapped Mount Sinai in flame, and we have all seen their flashing lanterns moving with the chariots of the midnight hurricane. All the regiments elemental will come in on our side in the great Armageddon. Come and let us mount and ride along the line, and review the troops of Emanuel, and find that the regiments terrestrial and celestial that come into that battle on the right side are, as compared with those on the wrong side, two to one, a hundred to one, a thousand to one.

But who is the commander-in-chief on this side? Splendid armies have been ruined, caught in traps, flung over precipices, and annihilated through the incompetence or treachery of their general. Who commands on our side? Jehovah-Jireh! so-called in one place, "Captain of Salvation," so-called in another place, King of Kings, Lord of Lords, Conqueror of Conquerors! His eye omnipotent. His arm omnipotent. He will take the lead.

But do not let us shout until after we have seen the two armies clash in the last struggle. Oh, my soul! The battle of all time and all eternity opens. "Forward!" "Forward!" is the command on both sides given. The long lines of both armies waver, and swing to and fro. Swords of truth against engines infernal. Black horse cavalry of perdition against white horse cavalry of heaven. The redemption of this world and the honor of the throne of God to vindicate, how tremendous seems giving way; but no! It is only a part of the manoeuvre of the infinite fight. It is a deplay of the host celestial. What a meeting in this field of splendor and wrath, of the angelic and of the diabolic, of hosanna and blasphemy, of song and curse, of the divine and the satanic. The thunderbolts of the Almighty burst and blaze upon the foe. Boom! Boom! By the torches of lightning that illuminate the scene I see that the crisis of the Armageddon has come. It is the turning point of this last battle. The next moment will decide all. Aye! the forces of Apollyon are breaking ranks. See! See! They fly. Some on foot, some on wing; they fly. Back over the battlements of perdition they go down with infinite crash, all the regiments diabolic! * * *

The prophesied Armageddon of the text has been fought, and Christ and his followers have won the day. The kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ. All the Christian workers of our time, you, my hearers, and you, my readers, and all the Christian workers of all the ages, have helped on the magnificent result, and the victory is ours as much as theirs. This moment inviting all outsiders, through the ransomed blood of the everlasting Covenant, to get into the ranks of the Conquerors, and under the banner of our Leader, I shall not close the service with prayer, as we usually do, but immediately give out the Moravian hymn, by James Montgomery, appropriate when written in 1819, but more appropriate in 1896, and ask you, with full voices, as well as with grateful hearts, to chant it.

See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword: He speaks—'tis done
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

ABOUT LANGUAGE.

Within the limits of the United States in 1801 there were 5,250,000 English-speaking people; now there are 70,000,000.

At the beginning of this century the Portuguese language was in use by 7,480,000; in 1890 it was spoken by 13,000,000.

At the beginning of this century there were only 5,000 Spanish-speaking people in the United States; now there are 650,000.

At the beginning of this century the German language was used by 30,320,000 people, while in 1890 it was employed by 75,200,000.

In 1801 it was estimated that the English language was spoken by 20,520,000 people; in 1890 the number had increased to 111,100,000.

The most learned philologists declare that the origin of language is an insoluble mystery, and language itself is an uncontrollable problem.

The alphabets of the various languages have, usually, from twenty to twenty-six letters, this number being far from equal to that of the sounds.

In Wales the people claim that Welsh is the most ancient language on the earth, and that Adam, Eve and the serpent chatted Welsh together in Paradise.

Every known language contains such names as cuckoo, pewit, whip-poorwill and others, in which the sound emitted by the animal is utilized as the name.

The Etruscan, so far as known, was the first language spoken in Italy, and it is suspected by some philologists that the Latin was a dialect of the Etruscan.

What kin is the door mat to the door? A step-father.

Why does an old maid wear mittens? To keep off the chaps.