

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

General Lew Wallace took his mother as the model for the noble mother of "Ben Hur."
Elijah H. Inalford, who is to be President Harrison's private secretary, is a printer by trade and a journalist by profession.
Mark Twain, who owns nine-tenths of the stock in the house that published General Grant's memoirs, says that Mrs. Grant will shortly receive over \$250,000 as the profits thus far from the sale of her husband's book.
Miss Jane Harrison, noted as a Hellenic scholar and as a lecturer on Greek art, is a candidate for the chair of archeology in London University, made vacant by the retirement of Sir Charles Newton. This is the first time any woman ever sought a chair in this institution.
Miss Wheelock, of Milwaukee, founder of the first purchasing agency of the West, is among the busiest of women. For now her business is such that each day she and her agents buy and ship tons of goods, and in addition she teaches a whist class, and has had in two years or less 199 pupils.
Mr. Charles A. Dana began his journalistic career as editor of a literary weekly, of which five hundred copies were worked off on a hand-press in the course of a day. There is a contrast between this old-fashioned printing and the modern presses used in the Sun office, which run off an edition at the rate of "a mile a minute."
The wife of Talleyrand's private secretary, Mme. Colmache, is an English woman by birth and author of no mean repute. She has a number of Talleyrand's papers and is perfectly familiar with the state secrets of his time. She is said to be now writing her memoirs, which will contain a series of pen pictures, faithful likenesses of the men and women of that day.
Rider Haggard is a hearty lover of field sports. So is that most successful modern writer of sporting novels, Captain Hawley Smart. The latter, however, is so weak in health that he is unable to take any share in the scenes he describes. He lives in Cheltenham, and is a great favorite in society, although for months at a time it is impossible for him to leave the house.
The five houses in which Hawthorne lived in Salem are still standing and are said by one who has recently visited them to be in a good state of preservation. The one which is of greatest interest to visitors is, of course, the romancer's birthplace, which is sought out by hundreds of people every year. It is occupied by the family of a mechanic, who, being a New England mechanic, is probably well read in Hawthorne's writings.

HUMOROUS.

Aunt—"It seems you visit me only when you want money." Nephew—"But, my dear aunt, I surely couldn't call more frequently."
"Our rudder is broken, sir," said the first mate to the captain. "Nonsense! That's only imagination!" "Beg your pardon, sir, but it's stern reality."
Cleveland's private secretary is named Daniel and Harrison's was christened Elijah. There appears to be more or less prophet in the private secretary business.—Norristown Herald.
When the small boy stands in front of a store, meditatively gazing on a sign which reads, "Slippers Cheap," his puerile mind instinctively grasps the scope and purport of a boycott.—Puck.
Bartender—"Seems to me you are pouring out a pretty big drink for that dime." Tramp—"I drink, sir, because the weather is cold. I want to get warm, and you know it is a well-ascertained scientific fact that one swallow does not make a summer."—N. Y. Weekly.
In Kentucky—"First Citizen—"No, sir; we can not account for the sudden death of Colonel Gore." Second Citizen—"Had he been drinking any thing?" First Citizen—"Nothing to hurt. Let's see! I believe he did take a glass of milk yesterday." Second Citizen—"That explains it! The water in it killed him."—Drak's Magazine.
"Well, William," said Mr. Hardhead to his new confidential clerk, "you are in a first-class position now at a good salary. I shall expect you to be faithful and diligent; in fact, to make all my interests your own. It won't be necessary, however, for you to make love to the typewriter. I'll attend to her myself."—Terre Haute Express.
Policeman—"Come, young woman, you must not loiter here after the audience has dispersed." Young Woman—"Please, sir, I have business here." Policeman—"Well, what is it?" Young Woman (blushing)—"I am the young lady that's engaged to the automaton chess-player, and I'm waiting for him to take me home."—America.
"I'm a traveling man, and away from home a good deal of the time, and I tell you I appreciate the comforts of home when I strike them on the road," he said to the hotel proprietor. "If you will stop back with me I'll take great pleasure in introducing you to my wife and her mother. My wife wants a seal-skin saque, the house papered, a new set of furs for her mother and a pug dog," was the response. "Ah, this is a country of happy homes," he replied, as he followed the hotel man.—Judge

PERSIA AND RUSSIA.

The Inevitable Fate of the Shah and His Fertile Dominions.
It may be that the time has not yet come for the absorption of Persia by Russia, but there is no earthly power that can long postpone it. Unless the land of Iran goes down beneath the sea, it will surely become Russian by the mere force of gravitation. Nothing can long hold back the increasing weight of the great empire pressing towards the Persian Gulf and the Arabian Sea. Since Peter the Great first displayed the Russian flag on the Caspian Sea, in 1722, the advance has been incessant around its shores, until to-day only the southern coast is Persian, and not a Persian vessel floats on the sea. The nominal independence of the Shah is alternate subjection to England or to Russia, according to the ability or the incapacity of the Envoy from the one or the other of the two Powers. At the present time England seems to possess a temporary superiority, her Envoy, Sir Drummond Wolff, having succeeded in installing an English commercial agent at Meshed, the capital of the northeastern province, Khorassan, and in persuading the Shah to refuse the same privilege to Russia. Meshed is less than one hundred and fifty miles from Merv, now a Russian fortified city, to which arms and men and munitions of war can be sent in any quantity and in perfect safety over Russian territory. If the Shah calls on England for military support against Russia, the advance of the English must be made across the doubtful and more than half hostile Afghan country, without any base of supplies nearer than the Arabian Sea or the Himalayas. Russia has the game in her own hands in Persia, and nothing but the fear of complications in Europe can restrain her from working her will in Asia.
In a general European war, where her navy could make itself felt, England would fight with equal chances; but some such diversion is absolutely necessary to save her from irremediable defeat in Persia; nor could even a successful coalition against Russia do more than prolong the agony of the Shah. He is doomed, either himself to be a vassal of the Czar, or to leave the actual submission to his successor; and England must stand by and see all her plans and her intrigues come to naught.—Leslie's Illustrated Weekly.

FEDERAL CLERKSHIPS.

Why No Ambitious Young Man Should Accept One.
Government clerkships have blasted the prospects of many a bright young man. The man in office is the creature of political caprice. In spite of the Civil-Service law, it is still a fact which no one will dispute that neither independence nor self-respect of the highest order are usually found among office-holders. The tenure is too uncertain, too much subject to the vicissitudes of party supremacy.
If a young man has fair capabilities, and will be reasonably energetic and industrious, he is much more likely to have a home of his own and a neat reserve in bank by the time he is fifty by sticking to his present employment, even if it is only moderately remunerative, than by seeking and accepting a Government clerkship. It not infrequently happens that men who have held such clerkships for years are turned out, only to find themselves without the fitness or experience that would qualify them for any other business position.
Besides, there is little chance for advancement in the great departments, and as a usual thing those who hold such places save very little money. All these are reasons why it is not prudent for young men who have fair prospects of winning success by their own pluck and push, to give them up and accept a place under the Federal Government, with its uncertainties, anxieties and vexations. An active interest in politics is one thing—that is every young man's duty—Federal office-holding is another and a much less desirable matter, as those who try it usually discover to their regret.—Cleveland Leader.

A Nine-Year-Old Girl Official.

The city of Trenton can claim the brightest and youngest city officer in the State. Miss Hattie Owens, very cute and clever for a girl of nine, has been made second assistant city clerk, and can now be seen on duty at certain hours filing away in their proper order the official documents of the city clerk's office. When Colonel Owens, the city clerk, took possession of his new quarters the public documents appeared to be considerably disarranged, and, on complaining, he found a cheerful volunteer in the person of his young daughter, Miss Hattie, who is very small, but sharp and methodical. She was assigned the work of reassembling, and is doing it well. She is rather annoyed on account of being a girl and announces that, as second assistant clerk, she desires to be called "Harry," and as such she is saluted by all the city officials. Miss Harry Owens is a pretty girl of pleasant address, and with the manner of one twice her age. Trenton (N. J.) Times.

Mr. Gladstone's omnivorousness as a reader is indicated by his orders from a well-known dealer in Birmingham. The list includes works on literature, theology, archeology, mythology, education, metaphysics and music, and biographical and autobiographical books. His friends wonder where he is going to put the books he is continually buying, for Hawarden Castle is already lined with them from basement to attic.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Mr. Healy, M. P., in 1886 called Captain O'Shea a "rotten Whig," a "pied-breaker and traitor," a "monstrous impostor," and a "political caterpillar."
President Harrison the First made his journey to Washington to be inaugurated dressed in a common gray suit and a black slouch hat. His whole outfit could not have cost more than \$20.
The money shark has his home everywhere. Chong Kee is the richest Chinaman in San Jose, Cal. He has made a large fortune by charging his countrymen five per cent. per month on unquestionable collateral.
Chief Justice George W. Stone, of the Supreme Court of Alabama, celebrated his birthday a short time ago, and was surrounded by over seventy children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. He danced a jig with one of his great-grandsons.
The Congregational Church of Washburn Wis., has a pastor who is catcher of the Washburn Baseball Club, a fine example of "muscular Christianity." His presence on the baseball grounds is said to exercise a great restraining influence, and an oath or profane word is scarcely ever heard.
Miss Jennie Dunphy, of San Francisco, is considered the most fearless horsewoman on the Pacific coast. She has been accustomed to ride from childhood, and is perfectly at home in the saddle, rising easily and gracefully. Her pet horse, Jim, is of blooded Kentucky stock and is valued at \$18,000.
Munemitsu Mutsu, Japanese Minister at Washington, is a most abstemious man as regards stimulants, but being a scholar and philosopher he has shown an inclination to taste of American mixed drinks as an experimental process. He does not like our fancy tipples, however. A few days ago he tackled a gin-fizz for the first time. "Ha!" he exclaimed, in an Oriental way, "it buzzes like a fly and stings like a wasp." He will hereafter confine himself to tea drinking.
The Rev. James Raine, the archæologist, who had just been appointed to a stall at York Minster, was engaged one day in researches in the Minster library when two young officers of the garrison, on a sight-seeing expedition, lounged in. Mistaking him—and not unreasonably—for a verger, they accosted him thus: "I say, old fellow, what have you got to show us?" They felt sorry, however, a moment later, when the supposed verger replied: "Sir, to gentlemen we show the library; to others the door."
The Archbishop of Cherson and Odessa cherishes a more ardent war spirit than Bishop Cleveland Cox. Addressing the Czar at Elisabethgrad on the occasion of the army maneuvers that took place there recently, his Grace said: "The aim of life is peace; but war is the unavoidable instrument of peace, and one which is blessed by the Almighty when used in the cause of truth. The continued preparation for war is a hard but inevitable duty for a sovereign, imposed upon him by Providence. God himself guides the hand of the monarch in battle; and inasmuch as thou preparest thy subjects for war thou doest a divine work."
"A LITTLE NONSENSE."
One of the diversions of the Niagara Falls people is to gather at the railroad depot and see the tied come in.—Rochester Post.
At the restaurant—"Waiter, I see here you have wine at 50c a bottle and some at \$1. What is the difference between them?" Waiter—"50c."—Boston Transcript.
Mrs. Hockstein—"It was Abel's birthday, Aaron. Vat ve gif him?" Mr. Hockstein—"Wash ohf a window pane, unt let him look out unt see der boss cars go by!"—Puck.
Sentimental lady—"This world is a vale of tears. Even the beautiful rose has thorns." Prosaic visitor—"I wouldn't mind that so much. But that shad are so full of bones is an outrage on the human race."—Texas Siftings.
The young woman who can not sing the old songs, should look for a young man who can not tell the old jokes, and marry him. It might be rough on them, but it would do the general public good.—Merchant Traveler.
"See here, Gripps, I understand you have a superior way of curing hams. I should like to learn it." "Well, yes; I know very well how to cure them; but the trouble with me, just now, is to find a way to procure them."
Justice—"You say that your sister was bitten by the horse, and you want damages?" Plaintiff—"Yes, sir; I have witnesses to prove that the horse bit her." Defendant—"I can explain, Judge. The woman is a grass widow. The horse is not to blame."—Detroit Free Press.
"Wait for me a moment," said one traveling man to another. "What for?" "I want to go in here for a second." "Why you are not going to fight a duel, are you?" "No; certainly not." "Then what do you want of a second?" The patrol wagon arrived in just five minutes after the call was turned in.—Merchant Traveler.
Old gentleman—"What's the matter, Conductor? You seem nervous." Conductor (on Southern road)—"Well, yes, I am a little worried." Old gentleman—"Any thing wrong ahead?" Conductor—"No, it's all right ahead, but there's a 'wild-cat' behind us, and—" Old gentleman—"Why don't you shoot the varmint and be done with it?"—N. Y. Ledger.

A QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD.

Dignitaries and Parasites Who Draw Salaries Without Doing Any Work.
Queen Victoria's household has nearly a thousand officers, subordinates and attendants. The Lord Steward is at the head of all with a salary of \$10,000 a year. All officers and servants, except those connected with the Queen's chamber, stable and chapel, are subject to his orders. The active duties of this officer are performed by the Master of the Household, who gets \$5,790 a year. The Lord Treasurer ranks next to the Lord Steward and acts for him in case he is absent, while to assist him he has the Comptroller of the Household, who likewise does nothing. The Board of Green Cloth, composed of the four above named officials, adjudicates on offenses committed in certain parts of the palace, and has clerks and secretary. The clerk of the kitchen and his clerks keep accounts, check goods, and give orders to tradespeople.
There is a chef and many cooks, a head of the confectionery department, of the "cruet" or linen department, a chief butler, table deckers, men in charge of the plate, pantry and of the coal, and lamp lighters and dispensers of alms. The Lord Steward is judge of the Court of Marshalsea, with power to dispense justice among the Queen's domestic servants, and the court has a Knight Marshal. The Lord Chamberlain gets \$10,000 a year and, with the Vice Chamberlain, superintends all the officers and servants of the Queen's chambers, except the bed chambers, these being under the Groom of the State, as well as the officers of the wardrobe. The Keeper of Her Majesty's Privy Purse is her financial secretary at a salary of \$10,000. There are the Mistress of the Robes, the Groom of the Robes, Ladies of the Bed Chamber, Maids of Honor, bed chamber women, Lords in Waiting, Grooms in Waiting, Gentlemen Ushers of the Privy Chamber, Daily Waiters, Quarterly Waiters, Grooms of the Great Chamber and Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber. The Marshal of Ceremonies must have an absolute knowledge of Court etiquette.
The official places many of them call for no performance of duty, because with the change of customs the duties have become obsolete. The Master of the Tennis Court does nothing. There are a Master of the House, burgo-master, keeper of the swans, and hundreds of assistants to the officers mentioned. All this looks like keeping house under difficulties, and Queen Victoria ought to be well paid for it.—Good Housekeeping.

THE TSIEN-TANG BORE.

A Great Wave That Rushes Into Hangchow Bay Twice a Day.
Captain W. U. Moore, R. N., of her Majesty's surveying vessel Rambler, has lately been engaged in observing the celebrated bore of T sien-tang river. Captain Moore regards this as one of the sights of the world, which no resident in or visitor to China should miss seeing. It occurs twice in every twenty-four hours, being most remarkable at spring tides. Captain Moore favored us with the following notes:
The best place to see the phenomenon is from the sea-wall at Haining, about two miles east of the Bhois pagoda, where there is a violent rebound of the flood stream, and consequent upraising of the water behind the front of the bore. The bore can be seen approaching from the upper gallery of the pagoda about ten or twelve miles distant; and heard on a still night, one hour before it strikes, when it is twelve or thirteen miles distant. It is highest as a whole and most regular in form opposite the pagoda, which it passes at full change of the moon at a speed of twelve to thirteen knots an hour; precisely as the moon crosses the meridian of that spot. It has its origin off Chi-san, a cape about eighteen miles east by south of Haining, and travels to six miles above the city of Hangchow, a total distance of forty-two miles. Under certain combinations of wind, spring-tide and rains up country, it commences as far east as Chapoo, and retains its distinctive character to about thirty miles above the city, a total distance of over ninety miles. The general height of the bore, that is the crown of the cascade, varies at spring-tide from seven to eleven feet. It has been seen much higher on the approach of a typhoon and consequent banking up of the water in Chapoo bay. The water raised by the rebounds from the sea-wall, especially that mentioned in the foregoing remarks, mounts to a height of twenty feet or more above the level of the river in the same spot five minutes before.
At neap tides the bore sometimes does not attain a height of over three feet, but the speed of its progress still renders it too formidable to be encountered by the largest boat. Navigation for ships in the T sien-tang is not practicable, though the depth of water is sufficient—if time or tide is regarded—to reach Haining from the ocean in vessels of fifteen feet draught and to anchor off the pagoda.—North China News.
First Kentuckian—"Say, Colonel, there's a Mormon elder down the road preachin' to a crowd of women an' singin' 'Would I Were a Bird.'" Second Kentuckian—"Well, I kin furnish the feathers. You git some tar to stick 'em on."—Philadelphia Record.
Lord Leman, who recently died in London, was the man who gave the order for the famous charge at Balaklava—the charge of the light brigade.

WHAT IS NEWS?

The Fanciful and True Derivations of the Word.
This word is derived from the initial letters of the four points of the compass arranged in a device in the form of a cross, and placed at the top of some of the earlier news-sheets to indicate that their contents were derived from all quarters. But it is easy to show that this is purely fanciful. First, the earliest newspaper dates from 1662 and we find the word news, exactly in its modern sense, in Shakespeare, who died nearly fifty years earlier, namely, in 1616. Thus we have ("Macbeth" 1. 7), "How now?" "What news?" ("Winter's Tale," 4. Cho.) "But let time's news be brought!" ("King John"). "Even at that news he dies." This list, which might be extended indefinitely, from Shakespeare and other old writers, would alone be sufficient to dispose of the north, east, west, south theory; but a reference to the equivalent words in the tongue to which England is most nearly allied will further show its fallacy. In German the initials of the points of the compass read in this order: "N., O., W., S.," while the word for news is neugigkeiten, obviously impossible of derivation from these four letters, while it is derived from the word new. Again, in the French the initials are N., E., O., S., while the word for news is nouvelles, once more simply the plural form of now.
The true derivation does not seem difficult to trace. Some take it directly from the German "das neue," which is an abstract noun signifying "the new" and equivalent to our news. The genitive is neuere, and the phrase "Was giebt's neuere?" renders the exact sense of our "What's the news?" Moreover, the old German spelling is new, genitive neuere. Yet this, plausible as it looks, is not the origin of the word. When we find in Anglo-Saxon such a phrase as hwæt niwes? (what news) we can be at no loss to determine that the word is of pure low German or native English origin, although the French nouvelles may have influenced its use. The fact that the word is often used in the singular confirms this. Thus we have in John Florio's "World of Words" (1598), "Novella, a Tale, a News." In the "Wit's Recreation," published in 1610, we have the following epigram:
When news doth come, if any word discuss The letter of the word, resolved it thus: N. was conveyed by letter, word or mouth, And come to us from north, east, west and south.
The little corps of the newspaper fraternity were then beginning work in England, and being tickled by the above epigram, had it put at the head of their paper as above stated.
Skeat says that news is not older than 1500, and cites Berner's translation of Froissart, "Desyrous to hear news," and Surrey's translation of Virgil, "What news he brought." But at least one earlier instance is to be found in the "Siege of Rhodes," translated by John Kay and printed by Caxton about 1490.
Before closing we may state that some contend that the German neues is not a genitive, but the neuter nominative or accusative. We incline to think that it is a genitive, and the phrase: "Was giebt's neuere?" an exact equivalent of the Latin "Equid Novis?"—Indianapolis News.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

As He Appears Among His Less Fortunate Fellow-Mortals.
No figure is more familiar on Broadway than that of John Jacob Astor. Stripped of his wealth, an ordinary factor in affairs, his personality would attract attention. He stands tall, commanding in figure, portly-looking, rather like a prosperous English manufacturer than anything else. He walks with a steady, sturdy, self-possessed manner, is recognized by hundreds every day, interchanges courteous recognition with all he knows in a gracious and comradic manner, conversing freely, pleasantly and with an utter absence of ceremony or pretense, and is open in no single direction, that I ever heard of, to the charge of puerile pride or self-conceit. The story of the Astors is trite and familiar.
There are just so many lots on Manhattan Island, and the man who had pre-science sufficient to understand that, sooner or later, every lot would be occupied, and that a great physical embarrassment would confront people then living, and had pluck and courage enough to indolge his conviction by his action, was obviously on the high road to unbounded prosperity. That man was John Jacob Astor, Sr. He impressed upon his sons the necessity, as well as the desirability, of adhering to a programme once laid down. Holding on with virile tenacity to property then owned, rarely if ever parting with any, constantly adding to its area, the Astors have, by normal growth of property values, become the wealthiest family in the country. As go the rentals of the Astors, of necessity follow the rentals of every other landlord in the city. A fortunate man is the present John Jacob Astor. Born to an inheritance, the hither verge of which, his mind, the mind of any living man, can not begin to understand, his shoulders early laden with vast financial and social responsibilities, he, by a simple honest adherence to the programme laid down by his grandfather, followed conscientiously by his father, sees his enormous properties increase and multiply as the years roll on, so that if mere aggregation of wealth is all there is to be desired, he, more than any living man, has his wish completely filled.—Joseph Howard's Letter.

A SENSIBLE DUCHESS.

How Her Grace of Sutherland Shocked the London Swells.
The late Duchess of Sutherland was, during the active period of her life, the cause of no little bewilderment and disquietude among the rank-revering denizens of that aristocratic section of St. James' where Stafford House stands in gloomy grandeur. Her common-sense methods of securing convenience, without regard to ceremonial formalities, often startled the devotees of conventionality and thrilled the observers with anxiety lest Her Grace be led astray by the example of her husband, whose "fad" it was to mingle with the populace on exciting occasions, such as midnight fires and riots like that of Hyde Park, some twenty years ago. Ridiculous, as it may seem to republican readers, the Duchess was severely criticised for her habit of walking forth alone from her somber mansion and calling a cab when in a hurry, instead of letting a half hour go to waste while the cumbersome vehicle appropriate to her station should be made ready. The entire precinct was once thrown into a flutter by the report, doubtless correct, that she had personally entered the little bakery in St. James' street, in which a postal agency was established, and had there purchased stamps and affixed them to her letters, precisely as one of the untitled multitude might have done.
In the winter of 1869 the sentinel who mounts guard over the palace wall of Cleveland Row had the opportunity of relieving his dreary routine by saving a child from being run over—a radical cab-horse from Pall Mall having so forgotten the proprieties as to break loose and endanger human life, as well as the drowsy tranquility of that solemn region. A day or two later the Duchess was seen to stop and speak to the guardsman, who was so overcome by agitation that he could hardly hold his rifle steady. He would have faced the cannon's mouth with less trepidation than exchange ten words with the exalted peeress. The presumption was that Her Grace desired simply to say a kind word in commendation of the man's behavior; but the proceeding was regarded with any thing but approval by the resident spectators. The verdict of the austere middle class, throughout the neighborhood, was that the Duchess had been reprehensibly unmindful of the dignity of her position, and that she would have done better to send the soldier half a crown by her footman. For this and similar reasons she was not admired by the bourgeoisie of London. And yet there are people on both sides of the Atlantic who profess to wonder that the social sensibilities of Americans and Englishmen can not at all points be brought into sympathetic and symmetrical accord.—N. Y. Tribune.

ANCIENT WATER WORKS.

Great Engineering Feats Performed Many Centuries Ago.

The very first thing done by every community, savage or civilized, is to provide for a water supply. Savages simply matters by placing their tenements within easy reach of a river or lake. Civilized people have their water brought to them. This is not of easy accomplishment, and some of the greatest feats of engineering have been performed in supplying water to ancient and modern cities.
When the British captured India, they found, in all parts of the country, tanks and reservoirs on an enormous scale, and some of them a thousand years old.
The water works of Peru were even older. The Incas built aqueducts from the slope of the Andes, for a distance of more than one hundred miles, to the capital. The water was carried partly through tunnels cut in the rocks and partly on arcades on supporting pillars of masonry work to span valleys, the channels being composed of cut stone without cement. From these great aqueducts a number of branch canals and conduits were laid laterally for irrigation purposes.
The ancient water works at Jerusalem consisted first of wells in the limestone ridges on which the city was built; but as the population increased, tanks and cisterns for rain water were placed in secure inclosures and within the walls of the temple. An aqueduct of stone laid in cement was constructed to bring water from the pools of Bethlehem, about six miles distant. Strabo mentions that it was a very rare occurrence for Jerusalem to suffer from water famine.
About the year 600 B. C., Polycrates, King of Samos, built an aqueduct to supply his capital, bringing water through a tunnel cut through limestone rock for a distance of six thousand yards. About the same time, the people of Lycia, in Asia Minor, carried water across the vale of Petra through a stone siphon.
Carthage brought water from the hill ranges on the south, over seventy miles distant, and the ruins of an ancient aqueduct may still be seen.
The water works of Athens were begun about 560 B. C., and consisted of stone aqueducts lined with baked clay, and carried almost wholly on the surface of the ground.
The ancient city of Mexico was supplied with water through a wooden aqueduct, built by Montezuma, carried across a causeway. In Egypt and China, gigantic works for conveying water have been in existence from remote antiquity. Taken all in all, the efforts of the moderns are yet insignificant compared with those of the ancients.—Golden Days.