

# A SONG OF HOPE.

Never mind about the weather, if it hails,  
or if it snows;  
Never mind about the weather, if the  
world has one sweet rose!  
Never mind about the weather, pray your  
prayer and sing your song:  
Soon the ships will sail together—  
sight the harbor lights are long!

Never mind about the weather, though  
the storm be sweeping far;  
Back of all there beams the rainbow and  
the splendor of a star!  
Never mind about the weather, for the  
loneliest ship draws near—  
O'er the blackest of the billows, where  
the harbor lights shine clear.

—[Atlanta Constitution.]

## Carline's Lover.

BY WILLIAM G. LEE.

At the head of a picturesque little valley high up among the foothills of the Boston mountains, a turbulent little stream rushes abruptly and with boisterous conceit from a cavern in the face of rocky, overhanging cliffs, bearing the belittling title of Roaring River. On the banks of this threatening power, though still of its commanding an excellent view of its mysterious source, I sat late in the afternoon of a sultry July day. Satiated with the ceaseless whimsicalities of the stream and lulled by the silent surroundings and my comfortable seat I had relapsed into a meditative mood, from which I was suddenly aroused by the greeting, "How d'ye do!" in an easy, drawing tone. I turned toward the speaker, a man some thirty-two or thirty-three years old, tall and broad-shouldered, hollow chested, of loose build, with long, straight, yellow hair and ragged beard of reddish hue. He was clad in coarse homespun cotton shirt and snuff-colored jean trousers. His feet were shod with coarse cowhide boots, the bottoms of his trousers legs caught up and held by the ear-like straps of his heavy footgear.

"Powerful warm," he added, as he leaned a long, muzzle-loading rifle against my tree, and mopping the perspiration from his face with a red bandanna handkerchief worn loosely about his neck, he proceeded to let himself down the bank to the water's edge, where, stretching full length upon a huge flat rock just above the surface of the stream, and laying aside his broad-brimmed hat, he projected his lips until they met and dipped the water simultaneously with the end of his nose, and indulged in potatoes long and deep.

"I reckon you're the new school teacher," he said after he had regained the top of the bank. I replied in effect that I enjoyed that distinction.

"Wall now, I'm right glad to see you Mr. —Wilkinson, ain't it?" he inquired. "Wilkinson," I responded; "W-i-l-k-i-n-s-o-n, Wilkinson. Do you live near here?"

"Yes, down on the first clearing this side of Dr. Tyler's plantation, jest at the foot of Hog's Back. My name is Joslyn. Ike Joslyn everybody calls me."

"I am very glad to have met you, Mr. Joslyn," I said. "I wish to make the acquaintance of all the people in the district as fast as I find opportunity. Have you any children? I have none of your name on my roll yet, though I am told that as soon as the season of cultivating the crops is past, there will be quite an addition to the number of pupils now in attendance."

"Wall, yes," he returned. "I've got four. They ain't none of um old enough to go to school, though, but Hetty, and she has to take care of the rest. Jest as soon as I can git any one to take care of the house and children, I'm going to send Hetty to school. Hetty takes to learnin'. She knows all her letters now," he said with evident pride. "How many scholars have you got?"

"About thirty."

"I s'pose Nate Watson's children go?" looking at me inquiringly.

"Yes," I answered, "I have eight from there."

"The school's a mighty good thing," he continued presently. "I wasn't raised in this yere backwoods country, I came from Pike county, Illinois, and I believe in gettin' an ejykashun. I never had much chance when I wuz a boy. I'd like to go to school now," he added with increasing earnestness.

Ike's earnestness impressed me, nay inspired me, after the discouragements of my short experience as a public school teacher in the woods of Arkansas. Did not the Hon. Obadiah Wellman, State senator, preacher, planter and shoemaker, learn to read and write after he had married and become the father of a family? And Andrew Johnson, at one time chief executive of this great nation, was not taught by his wife, writing and arithmetic?

I was late that night and supper was waiting for me. Betsy Ann's jaws were working. The widow and her twenty-five-year-old daughter, Betsy Ann, seldom indulged in the extravagant habit of dipping snuff, but chewed plug tobacco of their own production and manufacture as a substitute. Whatever the cause, all sign of Betsy Ann's disturbed equilibrium disappeared when, seated at the supper table, I rehearsed my interview with Ike Joslyn.

"Jest like him," said the widow.

"He's a terrible vacillating sort o' man. Those Pike county fellars are never no account."

"He's got a nice piece of bottom land, but he's too lazy to fence it in and clear it up, and he keeps on crap-

ping that upland, and it's so poor that it won't scarcely raise sassafras now. He ain't got more'n three acres in his clearin' anyhow."

"Pretty near four," says Betsy Ann.

"Did Ike say anything about protracted meetin'?" said the widow at breakfast table the following morning. I looked up inquiringly and she continued: "It's about time they had it, most everybody's got their craps laid by and if they wait too long, first pinkin'll come on."

"Deacon Brown said last Sunday he thought they'd have it about a Monday," said Betsy Ann.

The next day, Sunday, the sun shone brightly and fervently. In the afternoon Jim and I made a hunting expedition. Late in the day, weary and warm and laden with wood ticks, we emerged into a clearing and were greeted with the regulation hubbub of dogs. Recognizing the home of Nate Watson, we stopped to quench our thirst and rest our weary legs.

Mr. Watson's family consisted of four children by his first wife, Mrs. Watson's five children by a former husband, and three children, fruit of the present alliance. On this occasion the children were all, except Caroline and the two younger, in the corn and cotton fields. Caroline was helping her mother about the kitchen, a small detached building about a rod from the main house. Mr. Watson, a tall, powerfully built man, clad in the regulation coarse homespun cotton shirt and jean trousers, minus shoes and stockings, sat on the porch just putting the finishing touches to his rifle, which he had evidently been cleaning. Ike Joslyn lounged beside him.

Upon my asking for water, Nate called: "Carline, bring the gen'lomen some water."

A moment later I caught a glimpse of a female figure in calico gown and sunbonnet disappear by a path from the house, into a thicket, of second growth pines and sassafras, and directly after emerge, coming toward us carrying a wooden bucket. When she reached the porch and deposited the brimming pail of spring water with drinking gourd, although she never raised her eyes, which were deeply hidden in the great homely sunbonnet, but turned immediately and retraced her steps to the kitchen, I saw a pretty sun-browned hand, two small, perfectly-shaped bare feet, and just the merest glimpse of a dainty little chin beneath a sweet, tender mouth that I knew belonged to a girl in her teens.

"Why should she hide her eyes in that ugly sunbonnet?" I thought, for she must have pretty eyes. I was conscious that Ike's gaze followed her intently as long as she was in sight, though neither of them spoke.

The Sabbath day, though hotter than ever, found the old log church with no suggestion of loneliness. A large congregation had assembled. The interior was hilled to the very doorways, and listeners with uncovered heads stood outside at the windows.

A few colored people stood in respectful attitude just outside of the doors, to catch the utterances of the speaker, sometimes loud and vehement rising to a frenzied pitch, and again descending in low solemn tones to a whisper, succeeded by a pause of awful and threatening silence. In closing the preacher announced that the protracted meetings would commence on the morrow, to continue for the remainder of the week, and the week following, if the interest already manifested did not abate.

One after another the days of revival passed. Every day I opened my school, then dismissed my pupils and as in duty bound attended the meetings.

At last the great revival was over. Another Monday morning had come and the world seemed bright and beautiful as I walked briskly along the forest road toward the old log church to resume again my school duties without interruption.

In all my thoughts of the work again about to commence, the face of Caroline was vividly prominent. And as I drew nearer the old log church all else seemed to retreat into the background and fade entirely from my thoughts. I should learn to know and understand her now as no other could, as I assisted and guided her innocent mind in the pursuit of knowledge. Perhaps as I corrected her copy or assisted her in the knotty problems of written arithmetic I might accidentally touch the pretty hand or the soft, wavy hair.

"Look a yere! where's that yellar-haired, white-livered, sneakin' Pike county horse thief gone with my gal?"

A mighty grip seized my shoulder as in an iron vise, and wrenching me rudely from my blissful dreams, twisted me around until I faced the angry, murderous gaze of Nate Watson. He had overtaken me coming from the trees to the left of the trail, and had thus savagely seized me before I was aware of his presence. We were standing on the bank of Roaring river by the tree where I had first seen Ike Joslyn.

"What do you mean, Mr. Watson?" I replied in a surprisingly calm voice, considering my state of mind.

"Where's Ike Joslyn gone with Carline?" he demanded.

"Ike Joslyn with Caroline?" I repeated with such evident astonishment and dismay that he relaxed his hold and his hand fell heavily to his side.

"Didn't you know the dirty 'kloty' had 'loped with Carline'?" he asked almost plaintively.

"Eloped with Caroline?" I could only repeat in my dazed surprise. And then as the true meaning of his words gradually dawned upon my confused intellect, a most painful dread seized me. Eloped! I had

only thought in a bewildered sort of way of his kidnapping her.

"Yes, they went to Devil's Gap and were married last night, and nobody knows which way they went from there," he said. "Walter Simms jest came from the Gap and says Parson Jeffries told him they rode up to his place on Ike's old grey mare about nine o'clock last night and he married 'em. I 'lowed you helped him work up his devilry he was so interested in school and you took sich blamed lot o' stock in him, urging him to go. I'll kill him on sight if old Bess don't fail me," he added, as he raised the famous rifle to his shoulder and sighted across its barrel at an imaginary Ike Joslyn.

We walked toward the church, Nate giving vent to his angry denunciations of Ike, and I explaining how far my suspicions were even of such a plot, and expressing my sympathy as best I could, all rather mechanically, for I had experienced such a revulsion of feeling, on the sudden awakening from my bright and happy dreams, that I was in a state of mental collapse and unfit to play the part of sympathetic sage. "Great heavens!" I thought, "that sweet-faced, gentle child passively following that lout to be made his wife!"

The day, as all days must, wore away at last. The happy anticipations born in the bright, beautiful morning were never realized. The exercises were painfully tedious. The pupils, during intermissions, were gathered in excited little knots, discussing the last sensation. I was glad to get through with it all and go back to my boarding place. It is curious how the heart rebels at times against the strongest array of facts. My faith in Caroline was stronger than the most damaging evidence that could be brought against her. By the time I had reached my boarding-place I was persuaded that Caroline was the helpless victim of the villain Ike. That she was his mesmeric influence, being either drugged or hypnotized, and had allowed herself to be wedded to him while not responsible for her actions.

"Merciful heavens!" I thought, "what must be her mental torture when she regains her right mind!"

About dinner time Jim put in an appearance.

"Hello!" he cried, when he caught sight of me, "Ike's come back." I nearly fell off the rail fence, where I had perched myself with a hatful of peaches, in the desperate effort to arouse myself from my miserable broodings. He could not have stunned me more completely with a sand bag.

"Here's a tragedy now surely," I thought. "Won't any one put Ike on his guard?"

Jim again disappeared immediately after dinner. The afternoon found me in a worse state of mind than in the morning. "What could I do to avert this certain calamity?" was the burden of my thoughts.

"Hello, Mr. Wilkinson, won't you go to the shivaree (shivaree)?" cried Jim; "we're goin' to shivaree Ike and Carline."

So absorbed was I with my miserable forebodings that I did not see Jim until he thus aroused me.

"Good gracious!" said I, "he isn't going to stay to be murdered, is he?"

"No," said Jim, evidently astonished at my state of mind; "we're goin' to make a powerful lot of noise though. It might kill him if he hadn't been married before."

"But, Nate?" I exclaimed, in a tone of anxious inquiry.

"Oh, Nate's got cooled off, so I reckon he'll know enough to look out for his own neck."

By the time that Jim was ready to start, I had decided to go with him, fearing Nate, on learning what was going on, might work himself into a passion.

At the old log church we found a crowd of men and boys with horns, cow bells, guns and every conceivable instrument for producing discordant, terrifying and torturing noises. The motley company, some on foot and some on horseback, presented a weird and mysterious appearance in the gathering gloom, and reminded me unpleasantly of the stories of the Ku-Klux, so familiar to one's ears in the early days succeeding the war of the Rebellion. As we left the clearing about the church the darkness of the forest became intense, and the prevailing heavy silence, but for the steady tramp of men and horses, and the occasional snapping of a twig, seemed to fill my very soul with a most portentous foreboding. After a time the heavy darkness, enshrouded and pressing down upon us like a suffocating pall, seemed to lift a little, and the thick darkness was succeeded by a comparative light. The dim outlines of those who were ahead loomed up in the gray gloom now surrounding us with exaggerated proportions. We were approaching Ike's clearing. Cautiously and silently we advanced toward the cabin whose dim outlines we now discerned. The old log house was dark and silent as the grave. I could not enter into sympathy with the rest of the crowd. A presentiment or intuition of impending evil seized me. Not a dog barked. No sign of life seemed to exist about the place.

Suddenly, at a signal from the leader, the most unearthly, hideous noise filled the air and re-echoed far into the forest, seeming to my overwrought imagination to possess the very universe.

Just as I began to wonder if I had really met the eternal doom of the unconverted through some imperfection of creed, a door suddenly opened, a flood of light poured forth and the noise ceased.

"Come in, boys," Ike's god-natured voice exclaimed, as he slouched into the doorway. They

were prepared for us. The dogs were still whining from fright inside, where they had been secured for the occasion.

As I entered, I beheld Nate in the foreground seated in a high-backed armchair, the seat of honor accorded the favored guest, holding a young Joslyn on each knee, the young stepmother standing modestly behind him, blushing and happy.—[Orange Judd Farmer.]

## OFFICIAL ETIQUETTE.

Proper Way to Address the Country's Dignitaries.

The United States is the only nation on earth without a fixed official etiquette. At every other capital from Peking to Buenos Ayres there is an official of the government whose duty it is to see that social forms and precedents are adhered to and to give information to strangers on the subject when they apply for it. There is no such person in Washington. People who want information of this kind go to Mr. E. I. Renick, the brilliant young Georgian, the chief clerk of the State department, or to the superintendent of public buildings and grounds, who acts in the place of a master of ceremonies at the White House. The dean of the diplomatic corps is appealed to by new ministers when they come here, and he tells them what they are expected to do.

This fact creates no little confusion and is frequently the cause of much annoyance to well meaning people whose desire always is to do "the correct thing." The only precedent is custom, and usage, of course, is law in official affairs as it is in society, and what men have done men must do or be criticised for ignorance or indifference to custom.

If you desire to write to the president of the United States, your letters should be directed simply "To the President, Washington, D. C." In conversation he should be addressed as Mr. President. He should never be called or written to as "His Excellency." A similar rule applies to the vice-president.

Members of the cabinet should be addressed in conversation as "Mr. Secretary," "Mr. Attorney-General," or "Mr. Postmaster-General." In writing to a member of the cabinet, the letter should be addressed to "The Honorable, the Secretary of State, Washington, D. C." or "The Honorable, the Attorney-General, Washington, D. C." It is the custom to also call the assistant secretaries in the various executive departments "Mr. Secretary," the same as their chief.

"To the Honorable, the Chief Justice of the United States, Washington, D. C.," is the correct way to address that officer in writing; and in conversation, "Mr. Chief Justice." If you care to write to Judge Crisp, you should address his letter to "The Speaker of the House of Representatives," but if you are talking to him, you should say, Mr. Speaker.

There is a great deal of freedom used in communication with members of the congress, which is limited by the taste of the person involved or the familiarities of close acquaintance. The proper way to acquaint a member of the Senate is "Mr. Senator," and in writing him the letter should be addressed to "The Honorable Patrick Walsh, United States Senate, Washington, D. C." If you know him pretty well, you can address the letter as "My Dear Senator," but it is better to be formal and say "Sir."

Members of the House of Representatives are addressed thus: "The Honorable Henry G. Turner, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.," but ordinarily in conversation, they should be called by their actual names, as "Mr. Cabaniss," or "Mr. Maddox," although nine out of ten of them have titles and are usually called "Governor," or "General," or "Judge."

The commonest and most frequent mistake made is to refer to the wife of a member of the cabinet as "Mrs. Secretary Lamont," or to the wife of a member of the senate as "Mrs. Senator Washburn." That is excessively vulgar, as Mrs. Lamont is not a secretary nor is Mrs. Washburn a senator.—[Atlanta Journal.]

## Russet Oranges.

A little item in the New York Confectioners' Journal, in which golden russets and small dark russets are incidentally stated to be the best keeping oranges, has called to our mind a very general experience which we have never seen referred to in print. We buy for our own table consumption russet oranges in preference to bright oranges, and yet in our official work we are in constant receipt of requests from orange growers for methods of destroying the rust mite. The hardening of the skin of the orange from the work of the rust mite undoubtedly keeps them juicy, improves them for shipment, and retards decay. The selection of bright oranges was a fad among growers and wholesale buyers which did not last. The time has come when russet oranges for shipment command higher prices and when remedial treatment for the rust mite is only necessary for a great excess of this Acarid. The change in public opinion in this matter shows that utility governs even sentiment.—[Insect Life.]

She (nestling up to him)—I know we are poor, papa, but Charlie says that love will make a way.

Her Father (grimly)—Yes, yes. It has made away with about eight tons of coal and \$50 worth of gas in the last twelve months.—[Truth.]

## THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Defence—And Ethel Blushed—Too Practical—Time To Build the Fire

### A DEFENCE.

"So you are the man charged with counterfeiting?"

"Falsely, judge, falsely."

"But you were found with a counterfeit five dollar bill in your possession."

"I know it. But 'twas a case of sentiment. Er five dollar bill happened ter drif' my way, an' me an' me partner went ter work an' made a picter of it, jes for a souvenir."—[Washington Star.]

### AND ETHEL BLUSHED.

Tommy—Yes, cats can see in the dark and so can Ethel; 'cause when Mr. Wright walked into the parlor when she was sittin' alone in the dark, I heard her say to him: "Why, Arthur, you didn't get shaved today."

### TOO PRACTICAL.

"No, Herbert," she said in a low tone, "it is impossible. I fear to trust my future with you."

"And why?"

"I have watched your conduct closely. It lacks the mark of such devotion as my soul craves."

"Do I not come to see you four nights in the week?"

"Yes. But I have detected a calculating selfishness in your nature which I fear."

"What do you mean?"

"You have never yet failed to leave in time to catch the last car."

"But that's only common sense."

"I know it is, Herbert; and therefore it is not love."—[Washington Star.]

### TIME TO BUILD THE FIRE.

Mrs. Striker—Don't you believe in the union of labor?

Mr. S.—Of course I do. Why, my dear, if there were no union of labor, the greed of capital with its iron heel would—

Mrs. S. (interrupting)—That's all right; suppose you get up and build the fire, and I'll cook the breakfast.—[Boston Journal.]

### HER DESCRIPTION.

She—You have met the beautiful Miss X., have you not? What do you think of her?

He—She is one of that sort of woman that any man could die for, but none could live with.—[Indianapolis Journal.]

### HIGH BRED.

"She seems to be infatuated with her little dog."

"Yes; she says he is just heavenly."

"Heavenly! Then he must be a skye terrier."—[New York Press.]

### AN ALIBI.

Mrs. Goodman—Johnny, is it true that you hit Bertie Knickerbocker in the eye?

Johnny—No, ma, I slugged the duffer in the neck.

### HOW SPITEFUL.

First Lady—Do you know the Baron to-day paid me the compliment of saying that I looked as young as a girl of eight years?

Second Ditto—Really? Then the report that the Baron is growing blind proves correct after all.

### FOR FUTURE REQUIREMENT.

A woman went before the judge and modestly inquired: "Your Honor, can I have a warrant for the arrest of my husband? He boxed my ears yesterday."

Judge—Certainly, ma'am. I will make out a warrant on the ground of assault and personal injuries.

Woman—Can I fetch the warrant in about a month?

Judge—In a month? Why don't you take it at once?

Woman—Please, your honor, when my husband slapped my face I took my rolling pin and hit him on the head so that he had to be removed to the hospital. The doctors say, however, that he will be on his legs again in a month.—[Life.]

### MOTHER'S DARLING.

Suburban Boy—Mamma asked me what was my favorite flower, an' when I told her golden rod she said I was poetic. What does that mean?

Little Girl—I don't know. Why do you like the golden rod?

Suburban Boy—'Cause it grows without any bother.—[Good News.]

### THE CORRECT THING TO DO.

Keedick—Young Browne added the "e" to his name after he inherited his uncle's big fortune.

Fosdick—That's quite right. Rich people are entitled to more ease than poor people.

### WELL KNOWN.

"I want you to publish these poems in book-form," said a seedy-looking man to a New York publisher.

Publisher—I'll look over them, but I cannot promise to bring them out unless you have a well-known name.

Poet—That's all right. My name is known wherever the English language is spoken.

"Ah, indeed! What is your name?"

"John Smith."—[Life.]

### AT HIS DISTANCE.

"Mr. Spoones," she said, severely, edging over to the other end of the sofa, "I must ask you to keep your distance."

"So I shall, dear Miss Euphrasia," said Mr. Spoones, edging over after her, "and my distance is about an inch and a half."—[Chicago Record.]

## THE COLONEL'S VICTORY.

Notwithstanding Col. Bangs is only a militia Colonel, and never had a tittle in his life until a year ago, he does not like to air his Colonelcy on all occasions, and for some time he has looked with disfavor upon the cards of his wife, which read, "Mrs. Col. Bangs." The other day she told him to order her some cards.

"Certainly, my dear," he responded, for the Colonel is as gallant to his wife as most men are to other women, "but if I do I shall have that 'Colonel' omitted."

"Oh, no," she protested; "what do you want that for?"

"Because it shouldn't be there."

"Why not! It is only a designation of who I am, and you are Col. Bangs, aren't you?"

"Of course I am."

"Then why am I not Mrs. Col. Bangs?"

The Colonel bowed.

"For the same reason, my dear," he responded, "that when I was Mr. Bangs you were not Mrs. Mr. Bangs, and the Colonel won a victory."—[Detroit Free Press.]

### A FAIR RETURN.

"I wish it could be managed," said the man who had been thinking deeply. "It would be a magnificently humane enterprise."

"What do you mean?" asked his wife.

"I was just thinking that it would be a great thing if the explorers in polar regions would send down a relief expedition for the benefit of us people here."—[Washington Star.]

### ON THE ALERT.

Potter—Why didn't you join us in our hunting trip?

Blair—Well, I'm not much of a hunter, and I was afraid you might make game of me.—[Truth.]

DISOBEYING FASHION'S DECREE.

Fanny—Have you ever felt the pinch of poverty?

Nanny—No. What is it like?

Fanny—Wearing your old silk dress with the tight sleeves.—[Judge.]

### THE BICYCLE STOOP.

Bender—I have made the trip from New York to Philadelphia on a bicycle, and have orders to write it up for a magazine. Wonder where I can get a good horse?

Friend—What on earth do you want with a horse?

Bender—I must repeat the trip in a carriage, so as to get an idea of the scenery, you know.—[New York Weekly.]

### BUSINESS.

Mabel—Do you notice how attentive Tom Terrapin is to that elderly Miss Grotos? I wonder if he really means business.

Maude—There is certainly little about her to lead one to suppose that he means anything else.—[Brooklyn Life.]

MORE PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

The stately steamer ploughed its way through the blue waves of Lake Michigan.

"Oh, Horace!" moaned the young bride who a moment before had paced the deck with smiling face and loveliness, the happiest of the happy. "I feel so queer! Let me lean on your shoulder."

"No, dearest, don't do that!" exclaimed Horace hastily. "Lean over the side of the steamer."—[Chicago Tribune.]

AN IMPERFECT PARADISE.

Hungry Higgins—How would you like to live in one of them South Sea Islands, where all a feller has to do to git his grub is to knock it off the trees with a club?

Weary Watkins—Say, won't it fall off if he will lay down under the tree and wait long enough?—[Indianapolis Journal.]

TAUGHT HIM HIS ERROR.

His Mother—Johnny, always remember what I told you. When you see any little boy showing anger, take him aside and make him feel that he is wrong. Did you do so yesterday with naughty Tommy Tubbs?

Johnny—Yes, indeed, I did. I punched him good, too.—[Chicago Record.]

### Antiquity of the Alphabet.

According to Philippe Berger's book entitled "Historie de l'Ecriture dans l'Antiquite," the alphabet was invented about the year 1500 B. C., that invented by the Phoenicians being without doubt the oldest of all the forms of expressing thought or sounds by character. Originally it and all other alphabets were simply a series of hieroglyphics or picture-characters, the idea of an elephant or an ox being expressed by rude sketches of such animals; abbreviations being in the form of a pair of tusks, horns, etc. Professor Auer says that, taking both the ancient and modern alphabets into account, as many as 400 different sets of characters, hieroglyphics and letters may be enumerated; that these are all outgrowths of the Phoenician mode of mutely expressing thought or sound, and that if we should set aside slight variations of form, the