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PEOPLE THAT CÆSAR KNEW.

Remains of the Inhabitants of Villages of the Stone and Iron Ages.

The recent discovery of tombs of the lake dwellers has awakened a renewed interest in the people of prehistoric Switzerland. The ethnologist will be content any more to pass through Switzerland without visiting one or more of the museums where the collections of the excavated lake dwellings are exhibited.

Perhaps the most extensive exhibition of these relics is the one at the "Old House," in Zurich. There one sees what are in fact the greatest antiquities of the whole world. There are hundreds and thousands of specimens of stone, wood, cloth, weapons and ornaments, of a people whose towns were old a thousand years before gray old excavated Pompeii was ever thought of.

To Professor Ferdinand Keller before all others belongs the honor of the knowledge of what it probably was before the time of history. All the later years of his life were dergted to the investigation of the lake dwelling villages, and no man was so competent as he to rejuvenate those dead old skulls and relics, lifting a thousand years from the prehistoric into the middle of the nineteenth century.

Keller has translated the hieroglyphics of the dead ages. He has described how the aborigines have divided all the prehistoric past into the ages of stone, of bronze and of iron; how the lake dwellings of Switzerland were first discovered at Meilen, on the lake of Zurich, in 1829, and more fully revealed in 1853-54; and how the world at large owes to Keller the fact that the great contribution made to history. He has told, too, how the patient hardworking investigators, seldom in the chief, have uncovered and dug out enough of these buried towns to prove that our "best families" don't need to break off their genealogical tree with William the Conqueror, or with any other William. Those of us who think we might be proud of our far-off progenitors will not be grieved to find that some shrewd Yankee following our line clear back to Orgetorix, the youngest offspring of Celtic grandeur, founders of the lake dwellers.

All our American tourist will take a little more time, jump on the cars, and ride out to Pfaffikon, on the lake of Pfaffikon, he will there witness with his own eyes the turf beds and the lake giving up the secrets of the age of stone. Pfaffikon is built on piles in stone-age period. It was perhaps twelve hundred feet square, standing on a bed of stone, and about three thousand piles driven into the bottom of the shallow lake, about three hundred yards from the shore. Like all the others of the lake dwellings it was connected with the land by a long bridge, also built on piles. . . . Of course the visitor now will see little except chopped piles sticking up in the lake, and among them the debris of the civilages that have gone to ruin. Roben hausen has made a model of this town and built up again on the same site, but at intervals of ages, probably, apart, so that the peat bed shows on being opened three or four piles, one about the other. The only way of judging of the probable age of these lake dwellings is by estimating the centuries required for beds to have been formed. Roben hausen, in the age of the first town built at the bottom of Robenhausen bog, is probably right.

In these lake villages once lived a people as much civilized, possibly, as are the Mexicans of to-day. They tilled the soil, and, like the Aztecs, they wore fine linen, they had articles of luxury, and traded more or less with other countries. Of them there are no written records, but the people who still with Switzerland only sixty years farther back than the birth of Christ. The nearest person to his history to these Swiss lake dwellers is when Cæsar tells how a quarter of a million armed Helvetians under Divico, burned down their towns and started to invade Gaul. Cæsar himself, after great battling, defeated them, and drove them back into their own country. There is now much reason to believe that these Helvetians were the builders of the lake dwellers. It is known that most of the lake villages were destroyed by fire, and it is quite probable that when Cæsar compelled the people to return they established new homes on the shore, instead of rebuilding their old ones on the lake, as they had left in search of "a sunnier clime and a more grateful soil than were found on the Alps.—*S. H. M Byers, in Harper's Magazine.*

Made to Look New.

Old clothing may be made to look nearly as good as new by pursuing the following plan, says the Philadelphia *Record*.

Take for instance a shiny old coat, vest, or pair of trousers of broadcloth, cassimere, or diagonal. The scourer makes a warm lather with soap and plunges the garment into it, rubs the dirty places; if necessary puts it through a second bath, then rinses it through several waters and hangs it to dry on the line.

When nearly dry he takes it in, rolls it up for an hour or two and then presses it. An old cotton cloth is laid on the outside of the coat and the iron passed over that until the wrinkles are out; both sides are pressed then the steam ceases to rise from the goods, else they would be shiny. Wrinkles that are not all gone are removed by laying a wet cloth over them and passing the iron over that.

If any shiny places are seen they are treated in the same way, but the nap is lifted, while the full cloud of steam rises and brings the nap up with it. Good cloth will bear many washings and look better every time because of them.

The Infant Terrible.

This really occurred three days ago in this city, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*.

A lady from Chicago was visiting the family, and it so happened, owing to a touch of rheumatism, that the lady of the house met her guest for the first time at the dinner table. The hostess is partial to powder, and in the evening ejaculations of hateful pain gave assistance. After the conventional embrace the lady from Chicago said: "You must have had a very tiring day, Mrs. Blank."

"Yes, indeed, I have, dear, and I feel very fatigued."

"Yes—I never saw you look so pale before."

"Oh, that's powder," broke in the 6-year-old *enfant terrible*, Miss Nellie, who had not been a spectator in her mother's boudoir for nothing.

Gangrene silver coin not have exploded with greater force.

Travel in Asiatic Turkey.

Official notice has been sent to all the foreign legations in Constantinople warning tourists in Turkey in Asia not to take any rifles, revolvers, wearing apparel, silver coin, pictures, books, or manuscripts in their possession, as all such things will be confiscated by the customhouse officials. All printed matter will be taken away on the plea that it may refer to the political or religious system of Turkey.

IN MICHIGAN.

GLEANINGS FROM A WIDE FIELD OF OBSERVATION.

The Peninsular State's Fact, Fancy and Gossip.

The Lily's Notes.

ANN ARBOR, April 26.—The deprodations of Rev. Samuel Earp, the former rector of St. Andrew's Episcopal church, who left this charge in the fall under a financial cloud bordering on fraud last summer, is brought to the public mind again by the commencement of the suit of Miss Rebecca Henrietta against the Ypsilanti savings bank. Miss Henrietta ordered two of the reverend gentleman's notes for $2,500 and $4,000 respectively, and the bank refused to restrain the bank from disposing of or trying to enforce collection of these notes. Miss Henrietta now sues the bank, claims that her signature was obtained by fraud and misrepresentation. She was a member of Earp's congregation and he came to her and asked her if she would do him a favor. He told her little business in Ypsilanti and wanted her signature to some papers. She signed the papers without reading them, supposing them to be on church business. Last July she learned that it was presented in a note and