

Count Bond has started another lawsuit against Anna Gould. Cut the cables!

Trial marriages may be all right if the trial lasts during the lifetime of one of the parties.

The "Young Turks" are taking up motoring. Yet they are fiercely opposed to autocracy.

According to their tax assessments New York's millionaires are getting fatter under false pretenses.

Scientists now set up the claim that paleolithic man lived in Ohio. If he did, he was running for some office.

One of our exchanges informs us that "pig iron is soaring." We can hardly consider this a fortunate figure of speech.

Another reason why Mr. Taft will never ride 90 miles on horseback in one day is that there is a limit to the supply of horses.

Abse Ruef is unmoved by that fourteen-year sentence; in fact, he does not intend to move for three years if his appeals hold out.

That Southern preacher who says he cured himself of consumption by playing golf is forgiven. A man has got to have some sort of an excuse.

Cement shingles are now being manufactured by a machine. Little boys who do not mind their papas should paste this item in their stocking caps.

French courts have decided that the Princess de Sagan is fit to raise her children. This is likely to lower her in the estimation of her present husband.

The Sultan of Turkey is said to possess a fortune amounting to \$300,000,000. There are other ways to accumulate money aside from engaging in the oil business.

It will be suspected that several of New York's rich men, if not more, were guilty of dissipation when they were answering the questions of the personal property assessor.

A St. Louis woman wants a divorce because her husband makes a noise like a feed-chopper when he eats. Why doesn't she avoid trouble by having his teeth pulled and feeding him through a tube?

A Pennsylvania man has died of heart failure because he almost won a gold watch in a raffle. People who desire to take part in raffles should always be careful to first undergo physical examinations.

When the people of the United States learn to build houses as Europeans do life will be easier for the freemen, insurance companies will not be in a constant state of terror, and fewer men will be needed to carry on the undertaking business.

In Sharon, Pa., a preacher recently announced that he hoped all the ladies of the congregation except the elderly ones would remove their hats. It is needless to say that one minute after his request was made not a lady in the church had her hat on.

The man who predicted that the world would come to an end a few weeks ago announces that the people of New York prevented the disaster for the time being by getting down on their knees and praying. It was ungenerous on the part of the people of New York to thus interfere with the arrangements of a painstaking prophet.

English-speaking residents of Simla, the fashionable resort of India, have recently promoted a Postal-Calling League which seems adaptable to any city where society is loose-jointed, as it were, and spread over many miles of streets. The principle of the league is that one may discharge her social obligations by simply mailing her cards. Thereby she escapes the ordeal of formal calls and the wearisome journeys involved in leaving cards, keeps sufficiently in relations with mere acquaintances, and saves much time that can be devoted to those she really wishes to "cultivate"—her family and friends.

No one who has lived in close proximity to a real farm for a large part of the summer—especially if his uncle or grandfather or whoever had the management of it possessed strong ideas of the value of physical culture for growing boys—following, for example, one of those numerous farm implements over the area of a few city blocks from sunrise to sunset, prefacing this with a couple of hours of the inevitable "chores" and following it with a little more of the same, can fail to appreciate the great value that such an institution as a vagrant colony might have as a moral influence. The sign of hobnob, now applied to the gate posts at farmhouses, indicating whether the thrifty housewife keeps a handout or a dog, or if the festive woodpile lurks behind the hedge, would be then extended so that on every road leading to the State would be the warning portent, probably taking the shape of a saw. Even if such a farm as that proposed never harbored any one but the caretaker, and if the expense of acquiring it were as great as that attending the condemnation of a metropolitan suburban park, the investment might prove to be the best one ever made by the State.

In late years a good deal has been said about the changing seasons, the striking contrasts between our winters and the old-fashioned ones, the skating delights that are gone, the trials of old

settlers, and so on. What are the facts? Is there any scientific evidence of a change in the character of our winters? Some time ago the Federal weather bureau published a compilation of official, private and semi-official temperature data covering the fifty years ended with 1904. The table disposed of the theory of old-fashioned winters. It showed, for example, that at Cincinnati the mean winter temperature for the years 1870-1904 was rather lower than that of the preceding twenty-five-year period. At Cleveland and St. Louis the average for both periods was identical. Here is the table itself:

Table with 3 columns: Station, Mean winter temperature, 1870-80, Mean winter temperature, 1879-90. Rows include Cincinnati, Ohio; St. Louis, Mo.; Cleveland, Ohio; New Orleans, La.; Chicago, Ill.; N. Bedford, Mass.; Washington, D. C.; Charleston, S. C.

The records of New York City since 1872 also fail to show a loss of rigor on the part of the winters of the present day. In fact, the instruments formerly used were calculated to register lower temperatures than those of our signal service, which are differently placed. As to what happened more than fifty years ago, cold science is ill-qualified to combat warm fable and romantic imaginings. Here the field for picturesque contrasts is free.

COST OF "THE MAILED FIST."

Enormous Debt Accumulated by Germany in Time of Peace.

That Germany is paying the piper for her vast armaments on land and sea is strikingly shown in a paper in the Atlantic by William C. Dreher. Since 1877 there has been only one year in which the national debt has not been increased. It now amounts, according to recent official statements, to \$1,013,000,000, or a little more than the French indemnity. The debt has been doubled since 1895. For the last eight years government publications again admit, expenditures have exceeded receipts by \$471,000,000, or an average of \$59,000,000 a year. The national debt has already cost the country in interest and administrative expenses about \$350,000,000; and yet Germany could have kept out of debt altogether, as Prof. Schanz has recently shown. If the revenue had been increased by only about \$12,000,000 yearly.

That a country with so much intelligence, character and efficiency as Germany undoubtedly has should go on piling up its national debt like this in a time of profound peace is certainly a most astonishing phenomenon, and some explanation of it seems called for. If we ask a bankrupt why he failed we shall most likely learn that his income was not big enough. If we ask his friends they will probably tell us that he spent his money extravagantly. In the case of Germany both explanations would apply—the empire has never had adequate and steady sources of revenue, and its expenditures, regarded enough in many ordinary items, have been lavish in the extreme with the army and navy.

A Moral "Immortal."

It may be gathered from an anecdote found in the Gaulois that there was a time when some members, at least, of the French Academy shared New England's former respect for correct spelling. One day Bossuet arrived at Renan's house with a beaming face. "Now," he began, "I'll tell you a piece of news that will take down your crest. My autograph has fetched a higher price than yours."

Election in a Belfry.

The ceremony of electing a deputy mayor in a belfry, a custom dating back to mediæval times, was observed in the tower of the parish church at Brightlingsea. Having climbed a steep spiral staircase of stone, the jurats, or electors, established themselves in the belfry and the chair was taken by the retiring deputy. Four new freemen were elected, from each of whom the ancient fee of 11 d. was exacted. The Rev. Arthur Pertwee, who is "Recorder," was unanimously chosen as deputy mayor, and took the antique oath of allegiance to the King and State. The new deputy was handed his robe and chain of office, the latter formed of golden oysters and silver sprats, with a seal attached said to be one of the largest opals in the United Kingdom.—London Standard.

Interested Him.

"I don't suppose you take any interest in public affairs?" said the lady to the tramp, who was feeding his face at the back door. "Oh, yes, I does, ma'am," replied the wanderer; "I take a good deal o' interest in dis 'ere good-roads movement."—Yonkers Statesman.

Not So New.

"A chap came along yesterday taking orders for metal mothers." "What on earth are 'metal mothers'?" "Incubators." — Birmingham Age-Herald.

Clerk—But you just bought this novel and paid for it. Customer—Yes. Clerk—Then why do you wish to return it? Customer—I read it while waiting for my change.—Cleveland Leader.

The less some men work the more they complain about the way other men make money.

SOME PROTESTANT BIBLE REVISIONS.

UNTIL Pope Pius X. commissioned the order of Benedictines to revise the text of the Vulgate, a revision of which is now going on, the 1598 Clementine edition of Jerome's version of the Bible, known as the Vulgate, had been subjected to no revision. During these three hundred years several revisions of the English Bible in use among Protestants have been made—the latest being the work authorized by the American committee of revision and completed in 1901. England was behind the other Christian countries in having a Bible in her own tongue. In Egypt, Armenia and Rome the people almost from the earliest days of Christianity had read the Scriptures in their own tongue, but in England the Latin Bible held sway.

The Bible as a whole was never translated into Anglo-Saxon, though metrical paraphrases of some of its parts appeared as early as the seventh century. The first of these poetic renderings of the Scriptures was made by Caedmon, a monk of England. In the eighth century appeared Bede's rendering of the Gospel of John and the Lord's Prayer, and other paraphrases made by different ecclesiastics. In the tenth century Alfred the Good translated a Latin manuscript with translations of the Exodus into Anglo-Saxon. John Wycliffe's translation was the first complete English rendering of the Bible. A revision of his translation was published in 1388, just sixty-seven years before the first book printed in Europe with movable types was published. Between the appearance of this first English Bible of John Wycliffe's in the fourteenth century and the publication of Tyndal's Bible in 1525, the printing press, making possible the easy multiplication of books, had been invented. The first book, finely printed in Europe, was a Latin Bible. Before Tyndal's English Bible appeared the other European countries—Germany, Italy, France, Flanders, Spain, Holland and Bohemia—had their vernacular Bibles in print, so England was slow in giving to its people the Scriptures in a language which they could understand.

The first complete English Bible was the work of Miles Coverdale, an Augustinian friar. He undertook the work at the suggestion of Thomas Cromwell, Minister of State to Henry VIII. He really revised and secured circulation for Tyndal's New Testament. The first edition of his Bible, appearing in 1535, was not suppressed by the government, which proves that the popular demand for the Scriptures was making itself felt. The second edition, ready in 1537, was printed with the King's most precious license, being the second Bible to receive it. The first to be thus authorized by the King was the Bible edited and published by John Rogers, under the name of Thomas Matthew, in 1537. The Matthew Bible was a compilation of Tyndal's and Coverdale's translations made by Rogers, whose work was that of an editor. The notes in the Matthew Bible did not please Cromwell, so he commissioned Richard Taverner to revise it. Taverner's task was to tone down the notes and to improve the English. His revision was the first published by the King's printer, yet, despite this, it appears to have exercised little influence on later Protestant editions.

During the religious persecutions in the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth many English, both Catholic and Protestant, had to seek asylum in foreign lands. Some of the Protestant faith drifted to Geneva, where a company of Geneva pastors, among them John Knox, Miles Coverdale and William Whittingham, brother-in-law of Calvin, published what is known as the Geneva Bible. No one seemed satisfied with it, and as King James was equally dissatisfied with the Scotch authorized edition, the Geneva Bible, he was ready to yield to the appeal for another version. In 1611 the King James version was published. Though known as the authorized version, it has never been formally sanctioned by any authority, ecclesiastical or temporal. Westcott, in his "History of the English Bible," says: "A revision which embodied the ripe fruits of nearly a century of labor and appealed to the religious instinct of a great Christian people gained by its own internal character a vital authority which could never be secured by any edict of sovereign rulers. In their work the men who prepared the King James version consulted Tyndal, Matthew, Coverdale, the Great Bible and the Geneva—all of the noteworthy English versions. Nevertheless, the King James version encountered severe criticism and was revised in 1629. The American edition, as a revision of the English Revised Edition, retains the stateliness, the majesty and the simplicity of the King James version.

NEW PRESIDENT OF HARVARD.



Prof. A. Lawrence Lowell.

Prof. Lowell resigned from the firm to become a lecturer on government at Cambridge. For the next three years he enjoyed a good-sized chamber practice, but he found time to write "The Transfer of Stock in Corporations," a treatise which is a standard text book in law schools. His books on government and politics have earned for him an international reputation.

GLOSSOLOGY A NEW SCIENCE.

Your Tongue Tells Tales Even When It Is Not Wagging. The Germans have a new science which they call glossology. The professor of glossology are able, they say, to read a man's character by the shape and capacity for movement of his tongue, a Berlin letter to the New York World says. They do not say anything about reading a woman's character, but the presumption is that women are included. It is not a difficult science, and infallibility is claimed for it. All you have got to do is to show your tongue and the glossologist reads your character.

A man with a long tongue, it is asserted, has an open, courageous nature; a short tongue shows a reserved and hypocritical nature; a broad tongue indicates a chatty person, and a narrow one a selfish person, living only for himself, and unlovable. A man with a tongue both long and broad is a person who is inconsequent, and a man with a long and narrow tongue does not treat truth seriously. A short and broad tongue is the sure mark of a liar and boaster, and a tongue with a point betrays a man of acuteness and one who employs sharp and bitter methods of speech.

Glossology might be usefully introduced into drawing rooms to replace character reading from handwriting and the usual forms of palmistry. It is the opinion of a great medical authority here that the tongue of a glossologist would show distinctly that he was a charlatan or an idiot.

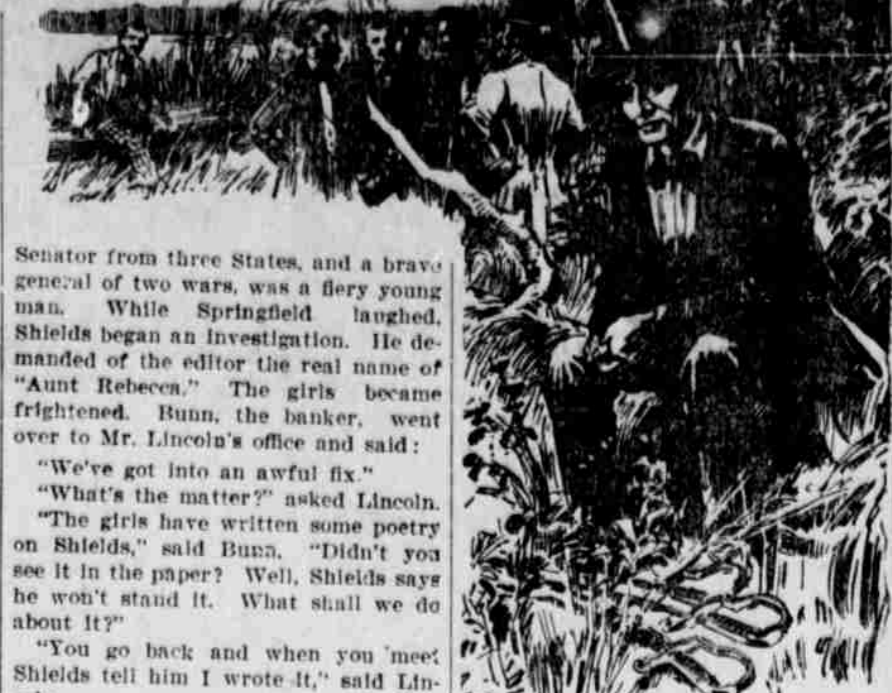
One Thing He Could Not Have.

Although there was no sort of top which could be bought and for which Harold had expressed a desire that was not in his possession, he still had his unsatisfied longings. "I know what I wish I was, mother," he said one day when his own big brother had gone away and the little boy across the street was ill. "Yes, dear," said his mother. "Perhaps you can be it, Harold; mother will help you. Is it to play soldier?" "No, indeed!" said Harold, scornfully. "I just wish I was two little dogs, so I could play together."—Youth's Companion.

A man can't be insulted as a woman can.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LINCOLN.

The old resident of Alton takes the visitor to the river bank in front of the City Hall and, pointing across the Mississippi to an island heavily wooded with willows, informs him that there is the "Lincoln-Shields Park." On the 23d of September, 1842, writes Walter B. Stevens in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, the stage coaches rattled down the long valley through the bluffs of Alton and unloaded an extraordinary passenger list at the Plaza Hotel. The people sitting and standing on the wide double galleries of the three-story, hipped roof, wooden hotel, looked and wondered as James Shields, the State Auditor, accompanied by Col. Whitesides and several other well-known Springfield politicians stepped down from the coach and went into the hotel. They were amazed when another vehicle delivered "Abe" Lincoln, the lawyer; E. H. Berryman and William Butler. About the same time Elijah Lott and J. J. Hardin and several others, well-known public men of Illinois, drove into town. "Jim" Shields had challenged "Abe" Lincoln and they had challenged "Abe" Lincoln and they were going across the river to fight on Missouri soil with "broadswords," the regulation cavalry sabres of the United States Army. Those were the years of "dragons" in this country.



As soon as the ferry reached the island Mr. Lincoln was taken in one direction and Mr. Shields in the other. They were given seats on logs and left to themselves while seconds and peace-makers discussed the situation. In a short time a serious defect in the proceedings on the part of Shields came to light. The challenge had been sent prematurely. The mistake is explained quite clearly in the Alton traditions. Lincoln had amused himself and had entertained the Whigs by writing funny letters to a Springfield paper about the Democrats, and signing his epistle "Aunt Rebecca." Mary Todd, who afterwards became Mrs. Lincoln, and Julia Jayne conspired to add to the gaiety of the community by getting up an "Aunt Rebecca" letter of their own composition and sending it to the paper along with some verses which they signed "Cathleen." The letter which the girls wrote went outside of politics and contained a burlesque proposal of marriage to Auditor Shields. Now the Auditor, afterward a United States

The Gypsy's Gem

The first notes of the Toreador song called a group of idlers and sightseers near and cordial handclapping followed the final note of the gypsies' music, for there were singers in the band who knew how to use their voices. The space near the cottage afforded a brilliant scene these gaily dazed; there were always round about those curious ones who must have their fortunes told—men as well as women, skeptics and believers alike trying for a peep into the future through the eyes of the palm reader, the horoscope interpreter and the oracle.

been in demand—a riot of the gypsy colors, with burning eyes that melted into mischief in a flash, and teeth and lips so perfect one could guess they never would foretell unhappiness. He ran to her, "Now read my palm," he said, "and I will pay thee well." "It is my line," she answered him. "The good cause needeth funds, and I will tell thee truly what the future holds for thee. I pray thy palm be smooth and hard, then hast thou fortune's high regard. But if it be all lined and crossed, then shalt thou be most tempest-tossed." Together then they sat and, reddening, he stretched his hand where she might see the palm.



"Then thy palm is wrong," he said, "it is of intersections free—thou must be a gallant sailor be." "All but the gallant," he broke in. "I have never done a gallant thing. The sailor's life is one of good, hard toil and sudden perils, if you will, but landsmen are the ones to whom are offered chances to conduct themselves with gallantry." "Thou dost not read thy life and duties right," she said. "Each time thou swingest mid the lofty sails or flung up and down the ropes thou comest nearer to the captaincy, the goal of thy highest hopes. The stone I wear upon my finger tells me where thy thoughts most linger." A peal of laughter startled them and they looked up to see more of the gypsies listening. "She hath a promising subject," whispered one. "Aye, he has a simple hand," the second said. "Beth, tell him true," another counseled, "or he'll haunt your days. Let him know the worst and best; clear away the haze." "Thou dost not read thy life and duties right," she said. "Each time thou swingest mid the lofty sails or flung up and down the ropes thou comest nearer to the captaincy, the goal of thy highest hopes. The stone I wear upon my finger tells me where thy thoughts most linger." A peal of laughter startled them and they looked up to see more of the gypsies listening. "She hath a promising subject," whispered one. "Aye, he has a simple hand," the second said. "Beth, tell him true," another counseled, "or he'll haunt your days. Let him know the worst and best; clear away the haze."

sen in such uncertainty as has cursed my voyages of late. I am a man—he said it as a youngster doth who feels the blood bounding in him each day more swiftly than before—"I am a man; I pray thee bid me take my trouble by the throat and strangle it." "Best take it by the hand and plead with it," she said, "or look it in the eye and say your inmost thought." "Aye, look it in the eye—and be abashed," he answered. "I cannot say my inmost thought without some help. Is there no frumness or no readiness of speech writ in my palm, dear gypsy?" "A plain all curleues and tails—the owner's purpose always falls," she intoned. "A miserable outlook," he said, and set his face. "But thine hath no curleues nor tails, nor anything but well-defined and proper lines—a lifeline long and red and deep, denoting friendship good to keep. Thou lovest one who is fickle?" she asked pointedly. "I cannot tell," he said. "I mayhap should have needed now," the gypsy said. "Come, here's an arrow well defined, sharp-pointed, short and blunt at end. What is the message fate designed by this war token us to send?" "The arrow must mean the service of the king," he said promptly. "I am in the navy." "The arrow means not service," she returned. "It signifies, rather, loyalty. Thou art a loyal man?" she asked. "Always, everywhere," he boasted. "Then why seekest thou information of thy love affairs of soothsayers?" she persisted. "Thy writ that soothsayers know," he answered vehemently, "and I do not. I cannot tell if I am cherished in her heart or if in my absence I am half forgot. I cannot even tell if I am present in her mind when I am near, for then converseth she most flagrantly with other and less worthy men." "Less worthy men, indeed?" "I deem them so." "But is thy judgment much to be depended on? Thou seemest but a youth; thy blood is quick to take offense; thy heart protesteth over trifles and standeth round in way of buffeting. When thou art older, thou wilt better know the other sex and realize that when thou art most flouted thou art most regarded—when thou seemest most madly to pursue, shouldst thou but hesitate, she would run into thee." "Thou shouldst know women well," he said, "but how know I that thou sayest true of what my power will become with years?" "The stone upon my finger tells me all—of thee and of thy maid who is so steeled; how that she smelt firm as any wall—yet that if thou persist she shall yield." "Thou wouldst counsel firmness and good hope?" "As I know the future and the sex." "So be it, then," he said, "but I much fear thou knowest gypsy maidens only, and 'tis no gypsy maiden that hath cast her charm on me." "No gypsy maiden? Then thy palm is wrong. Take back thy fee straightway and run along." He shook his head. "She is no gypsy," he explained, "only a make-believe."—Buffalo Express.

(Mrs. Blunder has just received a telegram from India)—What an admirable invention the telegram is! she exclaimed, when you come to consider that this message has come a distance of thousands of miles, and the gum on the envelope isn't dry yet.—Tit-Bits.

Was there ever a man who wanted to be married in church when his time came?