

A VALUABLE BOOK.

ONLY EIGHT PAGES, BUT WORTH THOUSANDS.

A Tale of the Columbian Days—The Voyage in Quest of the New World Described in Quaint Style by the Discoverer of America.



IN THE STEAMSHIP Spree, which arrived a few days ago, there was imported a thin little volume of only eight pages, the appraised value of which was \$2,000, says a New York paper. The booklet is a Latin translation of a letter written by Christopher Columbus, giving a report of his discovery of what he supposed to have been only some islands off the coast of India. Stephen Planck, a printer, of Rome, struck off a few copies of the translation in 1493. Not all of these are now to be found.

In the Barlow sale of Americana, at the American Art Galleries, in 1889, a copy of the Planck edition, identical with the one that came on the Spree, was sold to Brayton Ives for \$2,200.

There is a dispute among the authorities as to whether or not the edition of the Columbian letter, of which the two little books are copies, is the first printed reproduction. Mr. Eames, of the Lenox Library, says that no two authorities agree as to the priority of date of the publication of Columbus' report.

Harrisse stoutly maintains that this Planck edition is the third appearance of the letter, while R. H. Major, of the British Museum, advances arguments, said to be both logical and weighty, to show that it is the first. Ellis, in the Huth catalogue, claims that Major has proven this impression to be the first. John Russell Bartlett also placed this particular edition first in the John Carter Brown library.

But however much the antiquarians may disagree among themselves, there is no doubt as to the great value of the book, which is printed in clear type on heavy paper. The dimensions of the pages are 7 1/2 inches "full" by 5 3/16. Some of the leaves have a water mark, the device being a pair of scales. If printed in The World the letter would occupy about a column and two-thirds.

The binding of the \$2,000 copy, which was imported by Dodd, Mead & Co., the Fifth Avenue booksellers, is a full blue crushed levant morocco, with a double of red levant. The binder is Thibaron-Joly, of Paris.

The first sentence of the "foreword," or preface, is as follows:

"Epistola Christofori Colom; cut etas nostra multo debet; de Insulis Indie supra Gangem nuper inventis."

Translated the "foreword" entire reads:

"Letter from Christopher Colom; to whom our age oweth much; concerning the Islands of India beyond the Ganges recently discovered. In the search of which he was sent under the auspices and at the expense of the most invincible Sovereigns of Spain, Ferdinand and Isabella; addressed to the most noble lord Gabriel Sanchez, Treasurer of the most serene monarchs; which the noble and learned man Leander de Cosco translated from the Spanish Idiom into Latin, the third day of the calendar of May, 1493. The year One of the Pontificate of Alexander VI."

A Fad for Collecting Jugs.

An American woman of artistic tastes, who has traveled abroad a good deal, while looking about for something to collect that was neither spoons, teapots nor postcards, hit upon the idea of gathering little jugs and mugs. Her friends soon learned of her new fad and aided her in adding to her collection. Wherever she went she would pick up a tiny jug or perhaps two or three, until now she has over 200. None of them is over three inches long and they are in all colors and represent many places and potteries—tiny amphorae from southern Italy, Etruscan jars from Tuscany, miniature ollas from Spain and Mexico, squat pitchers from Holland, wee quaint schooners from Germany, mugs from England and little brown jugs from everywhere. All these are strung upon a Micronesian cord and the odd ornament is festooned on her wall against a background that shows up the varied colors to advantage and makes the bits of earthenware and china distinctly decorative.—Harper's Bazar.

Sealing Doesn't Pay.

More than half the schooners that composed the San Francisco sealing fleet last season have already gone out of the business, and it seems generally agreed among the sealers there that the sealing business is dead so far as San Francisco is concerned. Last January thirteen vessels left San Francisco to hunt seals. Only four will leave this year, and several of the schooners which went sealing last year are now fitting out to cruise after otters—a more precarious, but, if successful, a much more remunerative business than catching seals.

The Adirondack Park.

The addition of 75,000 acres to the Adirondack park is a cause for satisfaction. The lands purchased from Dr. Webb make the largest single block yet acquired in furtherance of the purpose of extending the park to include the 2,807,760 acres fixed upon as a proper preserve for the maintenance of the forest and streams so necessary to the state. With this addition the public domain will amount to 675,000 acres.

RESPECT TO THE DEAD.

A Custom Which Would Show Common Sympathy with Grief.

A short time ago a small company of friends followed the body of one whom they tenderly loved from the union station to a church in the city, says the Boston Transcript. Death had come suddenly in the midst of a happy summer vacation in a quiet country home. The rush and roar of the town were sickening to the nearest friends who had parted with the dear companion of many years. The soul that had gone was full of the "enthusiasm of humanity"; the life here had been devoted to the uplifting of others; had never been indifferent to a human need. Now the city throng crowded and jostled; men and women hurried on their way, stared carelessly or with mere curiosity; wagons rattled by, their drivers whistling, singing, swearing.

The sad little procession seemed to rouse no look of sympathy, of human recognition in any face on any street. Groups of ragged little children stopping in their play and looking wonderingly at the carriages were, in their unconsciousness, nearer to the grieving heart than any other objects, till from the top of a heavily loaded dray a teamster, as he drove slowly by, quietly and respectfully lifted his hat. This act, customary in foreign lands, but so entirely unlooked for here, seemed to open again for the one who saw it done the floodgates of human sympathy, to re-establish the unity of life. This one man had expressed for his kind the real fellowship of humanity and had rolled back a stone from the tomb of selfishness in which the whole world had seemed sunk.

Truly, it was a little thing, a form, only an outward sign of respect, but it had a deep spiritual significance and was like a gracious benediction to a wounded spirit.

The custom of lifting the hat to the dead when they pass by on the street is certainly a beautiful one, chiefly for the very reason that it expresses the fellowship of humanity. It is one of the little things which redeem life from its selfishness. We Americans are as sympathetic at heart as any people, but the severe manners of our forefathers cut us off from a great many of those little expressions of sympathy and deference which, if we had them now, our life would be the sweeter for. Those who seek to reintroduce these gentle customs are not advocating any reaction, but cultivating a return to more brotherly ways: For a man to lift his hat to another man, even a living man, on the street, is no sacrifice of manly dignity, therefore to lift it to the dead certainly never could be supposed so.

COULDN'T BE UNGENTLEMANLY

So the Protected Passenger Got Through All Right.

The other morning a conductor on the Southern Pacific train found that one of the passengers had a bad ticket and thus could not ride upon it, says the New Orleans Picayune. Unfortunately for the woman, she had no money, nor had the mother, with whom she was traveling. The conductor insisted upon payment from one or the other, and when he made his requests urgent, the young lady retreated to the sleeper, where she and her mother, covering up under the quilts, said they would not surrender.

"And I am here to protect her," said the mother, in a very defiant way, thrusting her head out of the curtains.

"But, madam, the company must have some compensation for your daughter's traveling on its trains. She has no ticket, and if you have the money you won't pay it."

"Well, that ticket was a good ticket, and if you won't take it you will have to do without."

"You can get off at the next station and buy your daughter another ticket," said the conductor.

"No, I won't do that, either, I tell you."

"Well, then, I must have the money," said the conductor, making toward the couple. Instantly the curtains were closed tight, and the young lady, all bundled up under the covering in the compartment, cried out that the conductor must have an awful hard heart to treat her so ungentlemanly.

"I will have you arrested for ungentlemanly conduct," she cried out.

The conductor got off in a quiet corner and tried to solve the problem. He called a council of the train people, and for some time they discussed the best means of attack, but none offered, for the passenger was safe and secure in bed, and guarded by the mother, who had made up her mind not to surrender the citadel. Finally at Morgan City the pair got off, and the young lady carried her point, not having paid her fare.

The Author of a Hymn.

Mrs. Alexander, wife of the bishop of Derry, is lying in a critical condition at the palace, Londonderry. She is the author of one hymn that has served to make her famous. "There is a Green Hill Far Away," and it is said that the popularity of this hymn, having the effect of bringing her husband into notice, obtained for him his elevation to an Irish deanery. He was made bishop in 1867.

A Valuable Coin.

Fred T. McDonald, a druggist of Kennett square, Philadelphia, has just sold an old copper coin for \$200. The coin is very rare. It is of the date of 1783, and on one side has the bust of Washington and the words "Washington and Liberty" and on the other "One cent." He took the coin in trade at his store for its face value, one cent.

English Railroads.

England has 238 railroad companies. Last year their roads carried 911,412,826 "transient" passengers and 1,184,861 commuters.

A SINGULAR FEUD.

Brothers Who Fell Out About a Matrimonial Arrangement.

"The queerest feud I ever heard of," said M. C. Allen, the well-known sportsman, to a Minneapolis Journal man, "is one that I encountered while hunting in southern Humboldt county. I noticed our guide carried a repeating rifle, a big revolver and a knife half as long as his leg. He proceeded with the greatest caution and appeared to be on guard continually. I knew there were no hostile Indians in that country and my curiosity was aroused. Finally I asked him what the trouble was.

"Oh, I yooost look out for some fellow," he replied in his Swedish dialect. "What's the trouble, anyway?" I inquired.

"O nuttin' much. Maybe a big man mit a goon watch me pretty close, too."

"Who is he?"

"Oh, he is my brudder. Las' time I fix him plenty, you bet. He come back now und maybe he fix me."

"Inquiry developed the fact that the brothers had settled in Humboldt some years ago and our guide, who was married had left a pretty sister-in-law in Sweden. The brothers talked the matter over and finally agreed that the married one should send for the girl, and when she reached this country he would give his old wife to his brother and take his sister-in-law.

"The girl arrived in due time, but she was so much prettier than the unmarried brother had expected that he was loath to accept his brother's cast-off wife. Finally he married the girl and then refused to compromise the breach of contract by paying what his brother had expended in getting her to this coast. A quarrel followed and the guide pinked his brother in the shoulder with a rifle ball and landed him in the hospital for three months. The other vowed vengeance and they do little now but watch the mountain trails, fully prepared to renew hostilities at a second's notice."

LIFE NOT WORTH TEN CENTS.

Small Value Put Upon It by a Man Who Was Saved from Drowning.

From the San Francisco Post: A fat man carrying a gun and leading a dog made a dash down Market street for the Oakland ferryboat. He could have caught it if he had walked quietly along, but he became excited, and old Time commenced having fun with him. The dog would run on the wrong side of the telegraph poles and hydrants and tangle up his chain in the legs of pedestrians. By the time spent in apologizing and untangling the dog he was delayed until the little gate closed in his face. Then he ran around to the big gate, dodged around a mail wagon, and made a run for the boat. The deck hands raised the apron and the boat moved slowly out, but he was determined to catch it, and, gripping his gun and dog chain a little tighter, made a run and sprang into the air. The boat was only six feet away, but the dog balked the apron. The hunter stopped in the middle of his leap, his feet flew out toward the steamer, and he dropped into the bay like a load of hay. A small boy who was fishing from the wharf dropped his pole, splashed into the water and towed the fat man to a pile, where he clung till a boatman pulled him out.

"My boy, you saved my life," he exclaimed enthusiastically, as he kicked the dog and tried to wring the water out of his shotgun. "Let me reward you."

He thrust his hand into his clammy pocket, and fished out a wet 10-cent piece. "There, my boy, take that; but don't spend it foolishly."

"No, sir; I can't take it, sir." The boy pushed the generous hand aside. "I didn't earn it."

"Why, you saved my life, boy."

"Yes, I know it, sir, but it ain't worth 10 cents."

The Wholesale Poisoners of London.

The wholesale attempts that are continually being made to poison the Londoners are well shown in the annual report of Dr. Saunders, the medical officer of health for the city. Stockraisers sent up last year no less than 439 tons of diseased meat; that is, excluding Sundays, as the hospital points out, about a ton and a half for every working day of the year. Now, a ton and a half of diseased and putrid meat reduced to pounds, consists of 3,360, and as each pound is amply sufficient to poison its man, woman or child it follows that our cousins in the country are willing to poison Londoners to the tune of 3,360 per diem, or, excluding Sundays, at the rate of 1,051,680 per annum. In other words, if all the diseased meat which is received would be eaten it would not take more than four or five years to accomplish the poisoning of every man, woman and child in London!

Breton Statues.

Three statues are about to be erected to famous Bretons in Brittany. At Ploermel, known for its "pardon," it is Dr. Guerin, who introduced the transfusion of blood into modern practice, who will be honored; at Leseven it is General Le Flo, Thiers' minister of war, and at Dinan the Comestable Duguesclin, whose memory Coquelin and Deroude have revived, is to be represented on horseback. The money for a monument to Renan at Treguer has not been raised.

How people love foolishness!

The First Printer.

The corporation of Mayence has decided to celebrate the five hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, with great pomp and splendor. The celebration will take place in 1897, though it is not agreed whether he was born in 1397 or in one of the three years following.

THE HEART'S CURRENT

INGENIOUS INSTRUMENT TO REGISTER ITS STROKES.

Important to Medical Science—The Hands Are Placed in Water and Grasping the Wires of the Meter Closes the Circuit.

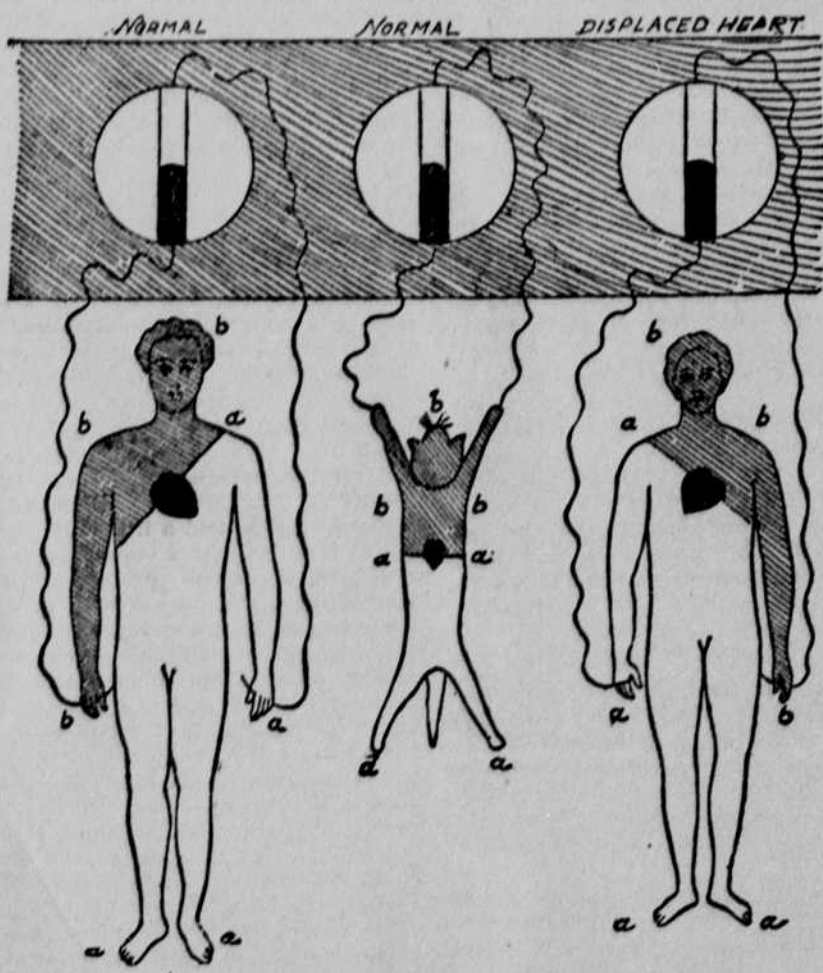


R. WALLER, in London, announces new discoveries about the electro-motor capacities of the human heart. It has been known that each heart beat is accompanied by an electrical vibration, the strength of which

has escaped measurement on account of the lack of a proper medium to register the electrical vibration. But the newly invented Lippmann quicksilver electrometer does this. It indicates by the rising and sinking of the mercury the volume and direction of electro-motor power coming within the sphere of its influence, and it has turned out to be the long-sought-for electro-scope applicable to this phase of medical science.

It depends for its action on the elementary law that bodies charged with like electricity repel, while those charged with unlike electricity attract each other.

The man who wishes to test the electro-motor power of his great central muscle, which regulates and compels the circulation of the blood throughout the body, places both hands in two basins containing water and holds between his fingers the wires of the elec-



TESTING THE HEART'S ACTION BY ELECTRICITY.

trometer. By this means the circuit is closed, and the quicksilver, obedient to the wire, registers minutely the heart's electro-motor power.

This looks simple enough, but it took a great many experiments to arrive at this point. Dr. Waller first tried to close a circuit by bringing both feet of a man in connection with the wires. This failed to work. After that he tried one foot and the left hand, then the right hand and the head, but in both instances the quicksilver remained stationary. It responded, however, when the right hand and one of the feet or both hands were connected with the electro-scope.

These failures established another truth. It is well known that the heart has an imperfect resemblance to a cone, the base of the cone being uppermost, the apex being situated downward and to the left. This is the normal condition and position of the organ. In experimenting with the electro-scope the scientist found that the human body is divided into two very uneven parts by an imaginary perpendicular line that cuts through the base of the heart.

One of the parts marked A and one of the points marked B in the illustration will affect the quicksilver when brought simultaneously in contact with the electro-scope; a circuit cannot be closed by joining two As or two Bs together.

There are certain conditions of illness or disease which cause the apex of the heart to be turned toward the right. In such abnormal cases—as Dr. Waller's investigations have proved—the two halves, each of which is susceptible to the electro-scope, run in an opposite direction. In a dog or cat the heart is divided more symmetrically, and the dividing line is straight, as shown in the picture of the cat.

Miss Braddon's Productions.

Some one with a taste for figures has noticed the fact that Miss Braddon, the novelist, has in the thirty-three years since she began to write produced just sixty romances, each of them in three volumes, making 189 in all. She has, therefore, made copy enough for six printed pages on each day in all those years.

A Novel Desk.

An out of the ordinary dish at the wedding breakfast of Mr. and Mrs. Larding at Brockton, Mass., the other day was peaches canned twenty-two years ago in Mercer, Me., the day after the bride was born.

WOODEN-LEGGED HEN.

The Man Who Hated Anything but the Truth.

"If there is one thing I despise more than another," remarked a gentleman the other day to a Punksutawney Spirit reporter, "it is a man who does not regard the truth with sacred awe. I notice that the local papers are full of big-egg, big-pumpkin and other stories of that sort that have a little merit in them, and I fear that some of them do not even have the redeeming feature of being strictly true. I believe they are exaggerated. Now, I have a story for you that is not only a good one, but it is true. What does a story amount to if it isn't true? Any fool can make up a lie. I hate a liar. Here is my story: 'I was down in Indiana County the other day and stopped at a farmhouse for dinner. After dinner I sat down on the porch to take a smoke. I saw an old hen hobbling about in a very awkward way and I said to the farmer's wife:

"Madam, what is the matter with that hen?"

"That hen," said she, 'is lame. It has an artificial leg.'

"Oh, it has, has it?"

"Yes. You know there was some very cold weather last winter and one night the hen froze her leg off. I pitied her. I nursed her and doctored her up and she finally got well. But she couldn't walk on one leg. So I just stuck a clothes-pin on the stump of her leg, tied a string around it to hold it on, and she does very well."

"Well, well," I said, 'if that isn't strange!'

"Yes," replied the good lady, with a smile, 'but that isn't the strangest part of it.'

"No?"

"No, indeed. The strange part of it happened afterward, and one would scarcely believe it if one hadn't seen it

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VI., FEB. 9.—SERMON ON THE MOUNT—LUKE 6:41-49.

Golden Text: "Why Call Ye Me Lord, Lord and Do Not Things Which I Say?"—Luke 6:46: The Night of Prayer—Kingdom of Heaven.



WE TODAY TAKE up that part of Christ's life in which the Apostles are introduced. Leaving his disciples for needed rest, Jesus went alone up into the silences of the Hattin hill, and spent the whole night in prayer. He should spend so much time, time needed for sleep, that he might find opportunity away from the "maddening crowd" for secret prayer, shows how greatly he felt the importance of the crisis to which he had come, the value of secret prayer for meeting it. It was the habit of Jesus to spend long seasons in prayer at each great crisis, marked change in the progress of his mission,—at his baptism, at his transfiguration, the institution of his supper, in Gethsemane (Heb. 5: 7). We now come to the beginning of the organized church, the inauguration of a system of trained workers. The harvest of souls was vast, the work was very great, the opposition bitter. Moreover Jesus must look forward to the time when he should leave the work in their hands. They were to be the twelve foundation stones of the church, Jerusalem (Rev. 21: 14, 15). The full text of today's lesson is as follows:

41. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye?

42. Either how canst thou say to thy brother, Brother, let me pull out the mote that is in thine eye, when thou thyself beholdest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye.

43. For a good tree bringeth not forth corrupt fruit; neither doth a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.

44. For every tree is known by its own fruit. For of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble bush gather they grapes.

45. A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good; and an evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is evil: for of the abundance of the heart his mouth speaketh.

46. And why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?

47. Whosoever cometh to me, and heareth my sayings, and doeth them, I will shew you to whom he is like.

48. He is like a man which built a house, and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock: and when the flood arose, the stream beat vehemently upon that house, and could not shake it, for it was founded upon a rock.

49. But he that heareth, and doeth not, is like a man that without a foundation built a house upon the earth; against which the stream did beat vehemently, and immediately it fell; and the ruin of that house was great.

The explanations for today's lessons are as follows:

42. "Or how wilt thou say to thy brother," etc. How can you have the face to say, how be guilty of such hypocrisy, such absurdity. "And behold, a beam is in thine own eye." This is an evil disease that I have seen under the sun, that men, and those of the better sort sometimes, hear nothing, and talk of nothing so willingly as they do of other men's faults."

Trapp. "Thou hypocrite, an actor, one who professes one thing, but is another." "He disguises his mind of charity for his brother under the garb of compassionate zeal."—Henry. "First cast out the beam out of thine own eye." "The man with a great beam in his own eye, who therefore can see nothing accurately, purposes to remove a little splinter from his brother's eye, a delicate operation, requiring clear sight."—M. R. Vincent. No one can rightfully or successfully help others to escape from sin, who does not at least, with earnest sincerity, try to overcome his own faults and sins. "Then shalt thou see clearly." With eye purified by sincerity, with true undistorted vision, because (1) he realizes the difficulty of the fact, but the difficulty of getting rid of it, and the greatness of temptation. (2) He will approach the faulty person in a gentle and sympathetic spirit. (3) He knows the way of victory, and therefore, can help others to get rid of the mote out of thy brother's eye." Here is a higher motive for overcoming our own faults, because thus we may successfully aid in the reformation of the world. For in the very condemnation of the evil way of helping others to get rid of their faults it is implied that we should use the right way.

48. "The Sermon on the Mount." Jesus, having begun the organization of the working forces of his kingdom, came down to a level place below the summit, but still upon the hill, and speaks to his disciples, and the multitudes who had come up to hear him. Here he lays down the principles according to which all who are the members of the new kingdom must live. If every one lived according to these principles, the millennium would have come, paradise would be regained, heaven would be on earth. Many of these beautiful precepts had been on earth a long while. Doubtless God had revealed them to Adam when he walked with him in Eden. Philosophers have uttered some of them, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Confucius. Every great religion has embodied more or less of them. All that we need to think of all the past world as utterly ignorant of all this needed instruction.

49. "A man which built a house." The house is the general fabric of his outward religious life.—Scott. His hopes, his expectations of a happy life. "Foundation on a rock," sure and safe. His religion is real and true. His hopes will never be disappointed. "The rock is Jesus Christ (1st Cor. 3: 11; Isa. 28: 16; 1st Cor. 10: 4). He founded his house on a rock which, hearing the words of Christ, brings his heart and life into accordance with his expressed will, and is thus, by faith, in union with him, founded on him."—Alford. "The flood of the stream." The heavy rains, falling on the parched hills, the rain, without forests to retain the water, cause sudden floods to fill the valleys with almost resistless torrents. These streams represent temptations, persecutions, worldly influences. All these "floods" shake the house of the man good at heart, truly devoted to the Saviour. This is true of the church and of the individual Christian.

WOMAN.

Ellen Terry is passionately fond of children, and delights in telling them fairy stories.

Elise Stanley Hall, an Australian girl, has received the Mendelssohn scholarship at the Leipzig conservatory.

Friends of Mrs. Agassiz have founded a \$4,000 scholarship at Radcliffe college, to be called the Elizabeth Carey Agassiz scholarship.

Mme. Marchesi has taken charge of the education of a granddaughter of Jenny Lind, whose voice she pronounces the most promising she has ever heard.