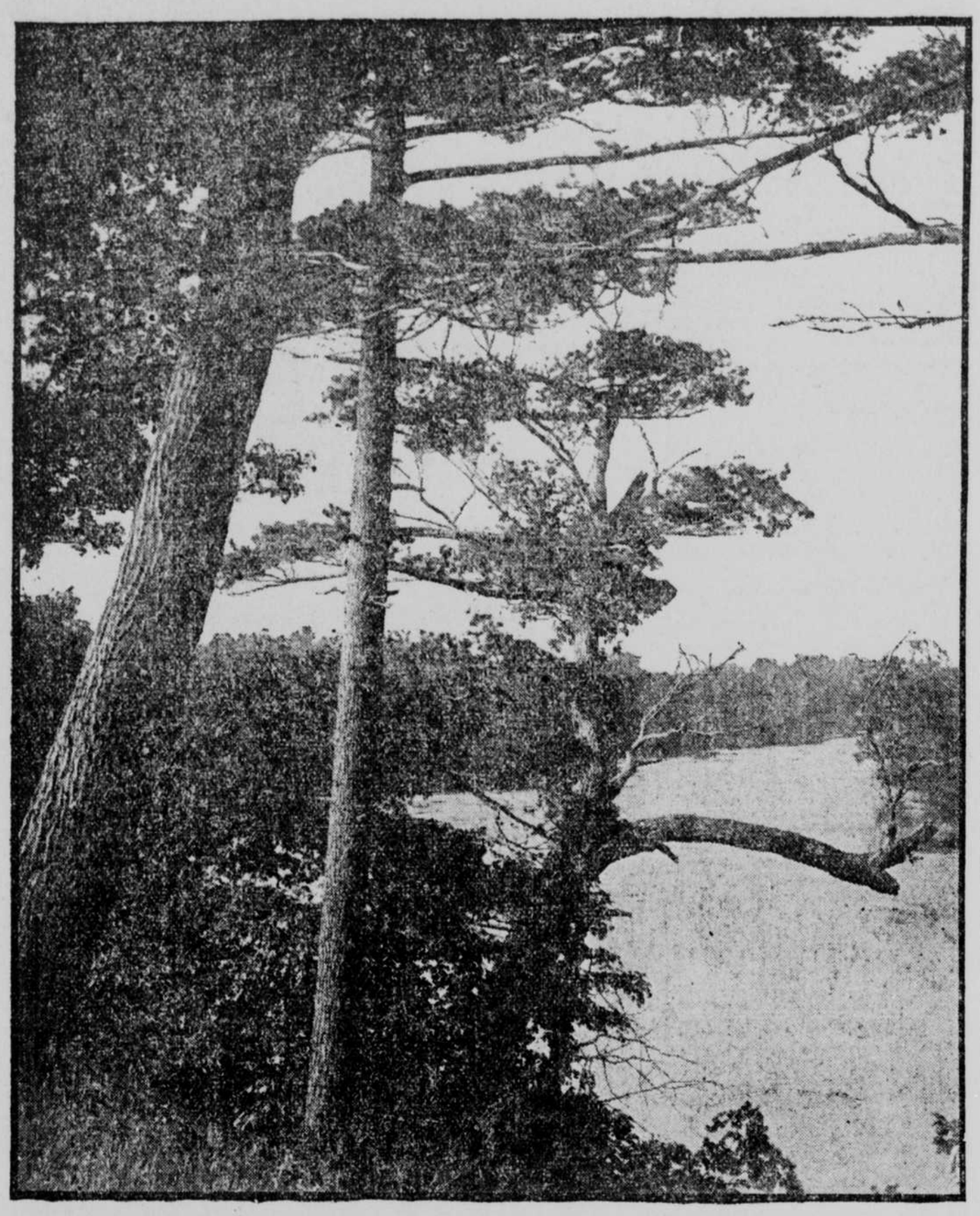
View Along St. Joe River in Michigan



Along the banks of the St. Joe River in Michigan is found some of the finest scenery in the West. Here Nature in her happiest mood has decorated the earth with tree and shrub and verdure to form a perfect picture of beauty. The green of summer, the darker hues of autumn, even the bare branches of winter, delight the eye with their perfection. The photographer may wander for miles along this beautiful stream, and bear away pictures that will well recompense him for the time spent in collecting them. The above, taken by Mr. Eugene J. Hall, of Chicago, is one of the most perfect ever secured.

COLLEGE AUDIENCE HARD TO FACE

Youths Have Theories of Their Own in Regard to Sermons.

Presbyterian elders may sit severely in judgment on the theology of young preachers, but for ruthless criticism of preaching it is hard to equal a college audience. Manuscripts in the pulpit are considered undesirable by them, and any sermon the length of which is more than twenty minutes must be more than passing good to gain approval. Most unpardonable of all is an atempt to "play to" the audience by a reference to athletics. This is felt to be an obvious departure from the preacher's province, and is not to be tolerated. The boys keep a memorandum of the number of football sermons preached each fall by ministers of good intentions.

Occasionally the young men gathered against their will for worship are rather cruel in calling down a clergyman who has sinned against the college code. Yale registered its disapproval of a prominent New York minister not long ago in an emphatic manner. The preacher had begun shortly before 11 o'clock. The college bell chimed the quarter and the half hour following, and all precedent proclaimed that he should have done, Thirty-five minutes of exposition had been forced on the students, when the minister proposed, "Now let us turn to the other side."

This was too much for the boys, who, thirteen hundred strong, took him at his word, and shifted legs and generally changed position. The mass play was perfect, and the noise very great. The widespread shuffling refused to die down till the clergyman decided to leave the subject one sided and proceed with the final hymn.—New York Tribune.

FIVE DOLLARS FOR RARE BIBLE

Dealer Gets Valuable Aitkin Edition for a Song.

One of the rarest books turned up the other day in a Boston auction-room in a wholly unexpected manner. The library was not a remarkable one, but there were enough desirable books to attract almost every old book dealer in the city.

The bidding on the box containing this book was rather lively on account of some book plates in certain books, and was finally knocked down to a Bromfield street dealer for $5.

When he examined his purchase he found himself owner of the rare Aitkin Bible, the first Bible in the English language published in the United States of America.

Its rarity can be estimated from the fact that there was no copy of it in the Livermore sale, which took place in Boston in 1894, and which was thought to contain the most complete collection of Bibles in America, among them a copy of Cromwell's Soldiers' Pocket Bible, that was sold for $1,000; the Coverdale Bible, $800, and Eliot's Indian Bible, which brought $450.

The only record of a sale of the Aitkin Bible, so far as can be found, was in Philadelphia in 1898, when it brought $215. This can hardly be considered a fair test of its value, as it would undoubtedly have brought a much higher price had it been in the Livermore collection.

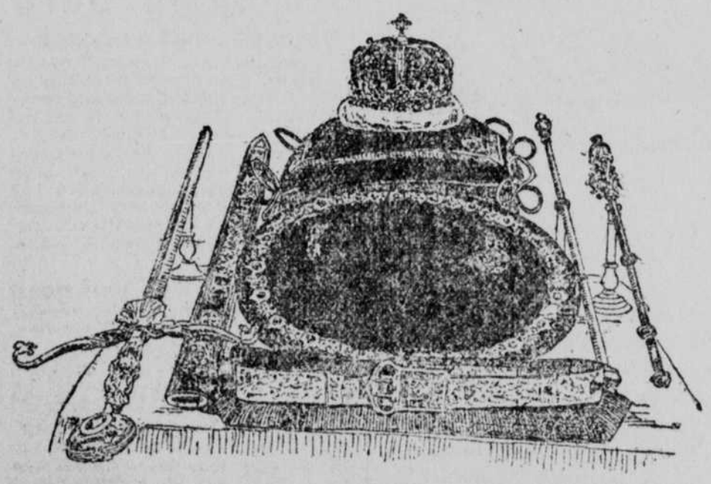
Roses Did Not Count.

Miss Ellen Stone's lecturing tour has begun. She told the story of her capture and captivity to a New York audience and she evidently wanted to please all the persons who sent her flowers, for the whole front of her corsage was covered with masses of roses. "I don't see that she explained anything," said a woman who heard her speak, "and what she called Christian forbearance and fortitude in Mr. Tsilka's letting the brigands simply carry his wife and Miss Stone into captivity I should call simple cowardice. Even if the odds were against him he ought to have fought, and he was armed too. It will take more than the sight of Miss Stone restored to make me forget that there was a man who stood by and let women be made prisoners."

London Invents New Verb.

Staid old London has invented another new verb. The Morning Leader tells how that city is to be "Yerkefied." American enterprise has for a long time been taking the ground from under the feet of London, figuratively speaking; now it is doing so literally.

KING'S OLDEST CROWN



In Edinburgh Castle, Scotland, is the most ancient crown of the British Kingdom. It is the one which King Edward would wear were it not that by the treaty of union it must never leave the Castle of Edinburgh.

The crown of England as worn today is of comparatively modern make, as Oliver Cromwell caused the former emblem of sovereignty to be destroyed. To preserve the crown of Scotland from a similar fate it was buried in Kineff Church, where it lay for a long period.

It was worn by Robert the Bruce in 1300, by the Jameses and by Mary Queen of Scots. When the union treaty was signed the regalia were deposited in an oaken chest in a windowless cell in the castle, and for 110 years never saw the light. Since 1817 the crown room has been the home of the most ancient regal emblems in Great Britain.

The crown is of pure gold, enriched with many precious stones, diamonds, pearls and curious enameling. It is nine inches in diameter, 27 inches about, and in height from the under circle to the top of the great pearl on the cross pattee, six and a half inches.

The sword of state is five feet in length, richly decorated, with a scabbard of crimson velvet. It was presented by Pope Julius to James IV. with a consecrated hat in 1507.

The scepter is 34 inches long, part of it being of very ancient date. The mace is of gold, surmounted by a great crystal beryl, and has descended from the days of Macbeth.

There are also preserved in the crown room of Edinburgh castle the golden collar of the Garter belonging to James VI., the order of St. Andrew and the ancient ruby ring which the kings of Scotland wore at their coronation.

MEN OF GERMANY AND AMERICA

Conditions Are Widely Different in the Two Countries.

In Germany it may be said that the tendency is to make better workmen; in America and England the tendency is to make better men. The Anglo-Saxon policy is to "cast the bantling on the rock" and let him work out his own salvation through temptation. In Germany the policy is quite the reverse; the workman is protected from disciplining temptation and ruled in a thousand ways by the government instead of being allowed to rule himself. American discipline is from within, German from without.

The German workman is without hope even in religion, for it is rare that a German workman is ever seen in church after confirmation; there is little or no chance for him to rise; he has before him no possible career in politics, nor any hope of becoming a Carnegie or a Huntington. Consequently he is without ambition to do his work faster or by better methods; he is content to do what his father did, without thinking, though the all seeing government is making herculean efforts through its scores of technical and industrial schools—the best in the world—to stir him from his stolid and precedent-bound lethargy.

The German workman is slow, says the Outlook, therefore his wages are small. It is less expensive in Germany to hire muscle than it is to install expensive machinery. Therefore in all sorts of German manufacturing establishments one sees clouds of workmen bending their backs to burdens which in America are borne swiftly, noiselessly and more cheaply by electricity or steam.

WHEN THEY GAVE LAND AWAY

Nebraska Soil Not Always as Valuable as It Is Now.

"Fertile as our broad prairies are in Nebraska," said Judge Stark of that state, to a group in the Democratic cloakroom at Washington, "I have seen the time when men were glad to give away all the real estate they had, and counted themselves fortunate if they could succeed in that.

"During one of our bad drouth years I met a scrubby-looking team one morning making toward the East. The man in the carriage was one of my acquaintance, and he was on the way back to Illinois, his old nome. We talked on, and he told me how everything on his place had dried up and disappeared till he had only a cart, a cow and a few farming implements left of all his prosperous assets.

"'My next neighbor,' he continued, growing cheerful at the thought, 'was a Dutchman. I proposed to trade my cart and cow and remaining farming implements for his horse and wagon here, if he would also accept the deed of eighty acres, half of my land.'

"'He took you up on that?' I remarked.

"'Yes,' answered my friend, cordially. 'You see, the Dutchman could not read, and I deeded over to him the entire 160 acres. That is the reason why I am able now to pull up stakes for Illinois.'"

Spinach and Sand.

The French, who eat with their brains, say that spinach is the broom of the stomach. I wonder what kind they have in La Belle France? In New York the weed we call spinach would constitute the knife and fork of a gallinaceous biped as well as its digestive apparatus. That is, there is enough sand in a basket of spinach in the New York market to restock the craw and gizzard of a barnyard rooster. A miserable little handful of this silicated, moth-eaten stuff is sold for 15 cents. When cooked it makes a dab that will about fill an average-sized kitchen spoon. To wash it requires cook's entire afternoon, still it is gritty. Now, here is a chance for an enterprising young man to make a Rockefellerian fortune; let him sell washed spinach to householders, guaranteed free from sand and vermin. Make a specialty of the product. In a few years the newspapers will dub him "the spinach king," and his fame will endure.—New York Press.

Remarkable Pedestrian Feat.

A remarkable performance on the road was that of John Cooke, whose death was announced in July, 1849. He was generally known throughout England as "Jack the Greyhound," on account of his fleetness in running. In the old coaching days he ran for long distances by the side of coaches, throwing somersaults every few strides. On one occasion he resolved to attempt the journey from London to Birmingham, accompanying the mail coach for the whole distance. He actually performed this exploit, keeping pace with the coach by taking an alternate number of steps and somersaults. But this combined speed and agility did not save him from the workhouse, in which institution he died.

Could Betting Be Abolished?

If betting could be stopped, an enormous bulk of those who engage in it (apart, of course, from professional bookmakers) would save a great deal of money, but there is no more chance of abolishing betting than of abolishing champagne, cigars and mutton chops. It would not be a bad thing if bookmakers were licensed, but they never will be, partly because of the difficulties of finding a satisfactory licensing tribunal, and chiefly because of the outcry that would be raised about the "legalization of gambling."—Badminton Magazine.

If silence is golden the woman who is deaf and dumb must be twenty-four carets fine.

PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

SPINSTER WITH IDEAS AT ONCE SENSIBLE AND SHREWD.

Disadvantages of Her Condition Offset by Lack of Care and Worry—Bitter Thoughts Have No Abiding Place in This Philosophical Mind.

Robinson Crusoe, the pattern of all the ages on making the best of his circumstances, helped himself to achieve that desirable result by stating his case like debtor and creditor. One of our spinster friends has been following his example, to her own surprise and profit.

I am no longer young.

But in that respect I am no worse off than my contemporaries, both married and single, men and women.

I cannot take the twenty-mile walks I used to enjoy.

But I can cover the same distance easily on my bicycle, and by the time I am too old for that exertion automobiles will be cheaper.

I have not the same interest in life as married folks.

But neither have I the same worries nor responsibilities.

I hate to be called an old maid.

But that is a bugaboo on the surface, not to be compared with the skeleton in many a cupboard.

I despise the self-satisfied pity of those who think no one ever asked me to marry.

But any fool can get married. It means in most cases merely a lowering of ideals.

I feel as young as ever I did, and it is hard to realize I have arrived at the age and appearance when no man would ever dream of falling in love with me.

But "falling in love" is a youthful malady, and God forbid I should catch it from a callow boy. I prefer the stable friendship of men of my own age.

I hate to be dependent.

But I should hate more to have any body dependent on me, as most men are situated.

I feel that I have missed the best in life.

But I have escaped the worst.

I have no children to bring "forward-looking thoughts."

But I find the past filling up with memories that are pleasant to dwell upon.

I am passionately fond of children—all children.

But I do not need any of my own to rouse the motherly instinct, dormant in some women until they have families.

I have not money enough to travel fast nor far.

But I am, therefore, obliged to stay long enough in a place thoroughly to assimilate it, and I know how to live as economically in one land as in another.

I am a lone, lorn woman to be globe-trotting.

But I am not half so desolate as an old bachelor, for I can make a place seem like home, even if I am only a week in it.

I have no house of my own.

But am spared the servant worry.

I am of no account in society, being a person who cannot entertain, and need not to be entertained.

But I need not enter the tread-mill of social obligations to which my married sister is fettered.

I have no one to nurse me when I am ill.

But will not be the victim of amateur blunders, and can always be properly treated in a hospital.

I am first with nobody; it will be a crowning grief to nobody when my death occurs.

Then it will not be hard to die.—J. N. McIlraith, in Harper's Bazar.

Practical Technical School.

An admirable scheme of technical education is being followed out in Belgium. In many rural centers of the country gratuitous instruction in dairy work is provided throughout the summer to the peasant population. The course usually last three months, and is open to all girls over 15 years old For girls of a somewhat higher social position, for the daughters of tenant farmers and small proprietors—for the very class, in fact, for which neither in England nor in this country has any practical provision whatever yet been made—a system of agricultural colleges has been organized which can not fail to exert a far-reaching influence on the future prosperity of Belgium. The daily life in these colleges is singularly healthy and attractive, alternating as it does between theoretic work in the class rooms and practical work in the farm or garden. Dairy work, poultry raising, beekeeping, fruit and flower growing are thus all brought within the sphere of a woman's activities.

Campaigning with W. W. Astor.

Captain McDonald afterward undertook to help William Waldorf Astor in the same district against Roswell P. Flower, and from the way he talks today is not particularly happy in the recollection of the campaign of 1881. "How did Astor conduct himself?" I inquired. "Shuh!" said the captain, tossing his head contemptuously. "He didn't know enough to take off his kid gloves, and was afraid he might touch something that wasn't exactly as clean as his Fifth avenue parlor. He would stand away from the boys till every one of 'em was made to feel that he dasn't brush against him. His style was humiliating instead of conciliatory, so, of course, he was beaten."—New York Times.

THIS MEADOW LARK WAS CLEVER

How She Outwitted the Conscienceless Cow Bird.

An amateur ornithologist on Long Island tells of watching the experience of a meadow lark with a cow bird last summer. The cow bird, a second cousin to the blackbird, is the most disreputable character in the bird world.

Not only is the male a bigamist, who deserts one mate for another and is constant only in his fickleness, but the female is a shirk and will not build a nest of her own. She prefers to sneak around when other birds happen to be away and to lay her eggs in their nests.

The amateur ornithologist saw a cow bird in the neighborhood of a meadow lark's nest and watched. The mother lark went away to eat and quick as a flash the cow bird was on the nest.

When the meadow lark returned it was to find a large egg, white, with brown spots, in the nest. The lark looked at this suspiciously, says the New York Times, and then did something which makes the observer think she knew the cow bird's habits from old.

She dug and scratched and pulled until she had a cavity in the side of the nest big enough to hold the egg. Then the latter was shoved in, after which the lark went to work and repaired the lining so that the egg was entirely incased within the wall. Then she went on and hatched her brood.

TRIBUTE TO GEN. PALMA'S MOTHER

The Inscription Put on the Monument Over Her Grave at Bayamo.

One of the first duties of President-elect Palma when he landed in Cuba was to find the body of his mother, who died during the war of 1868 when their home was broken up and the family separated. The burial place on the Guacmayo farm at Cauto was located with the assistance of Angela Santana, who was with the mother of Senor Palma during her last hours and marked the grave with stakes.

The body was exhumed and taken to the cemetery at Bayamo. On the marble shaft erected over the new grave was this inscription:

"Candelaria Palma, you fell here tired and sick while following your son who was fighting for the liberty of his country. Thirty years you have slept under the solid layer of earth which covered you.

"The people of Cauto come to awake you and to say your son has come with his head bound with laurels as a reward of his virtues to take away your precious remains.

"Arise, your country is free and is in the hands of your son!"

Obeah Man in Jamaica.

In former days the obeah man flourished openly, even in the British colonies, but since 1845 he has had to carry on his evil practices more or less "under the rose." Laws have been passed against him, and when caught he is punished with twelve months' hard labor and the cat-o'-nine-tails. Nevertheless obeah flourishes beneath the surface, and "slowly rotting inward, molders all." Far away from villages, dwelling in a palm-thatched hut upon the trackless mountain side, the obeah man may be found.

Fearfully his negro client creeps through the clinging lianas and tangled undergrowth, shuddering at the shadows cast by the feathery bamboo, and half crazy with dread lest "duppy spring 'pon him." The ghostly silence of the tropical night is broken only by the dismal note of the croaking lizard. Small wonder the negro reaches the sorcerer's den prepared to be impressed by his heathenish rites, silly though they may appear to the civilized intelligence. The obeah man is generally a sinister, terrifying figure—aged, decrepit, often diseased, and half mad, but with a baleful gleam in his bloodshot eyes that does not belie his pretended intimacy with the author of evil, says Chambers' Journal. He is accommodating; he will do anything for a bottle of rum, a "coolie bangle," and a few shillings.

Anecdotes of Disraeli.

A writer in Chambers' Journal relates some characteristic anecdotes of Lord Beaconsfield (Disraeli), who dearly loved a joke at the expense of others. An author who had sent his latest effort in fiction to him received the following complimentary acknowledgment:

"I thank you for the book you sent me, and will lose no time in reading it."

"I wonder what makes my eyes so weak?" said a fierce Radical once to Disraeli.

"It is because they are in a weak place," was the reply.

An incident in the lift of the late Lord Rosslyn shows how acute was the sense of humor in Disraeli. "What can we do with Rosslyn?" he asked of a colleague.

"Make him Master of the Buckhounds, as his father was," suggested the latter.

"No," replied the Premier, "he swears far too much for that. We will make him High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland."

Tainted Public Business.

Neither the inquiry held in 1900 nor that on war office organization which at last year has brought out all that should be known, or put a stop to the robbery with which all war office business seems to be tainted. Public money has been fooled away with reckless prodigality. Immense sums have been made, and are being made, by a few privileged firms. It is the duty of the house of commons to probe the whole business to the bottom and put a stop to these scandals.—London Truth.