The banker's dressing room was a plainly furnished little chamber, with a gray carpet, a large bureau and a long mirror. Holmes went to the bureau first and looked hard at

"Which key was used to open it?" he "That which my son himself indicatedthat of the cupboard of the lumber room."

"That is it on the dressing table." Sherlock Holmes took it up and opened the bureau. "It is a noiseless lock;" said he. "It is no wonder that it did not wake you. This case, I presume, contains the coronet. We must have a look at it!" He opened the case, and, taking out the diadem, pened the case, and, taking out the diadem, he laid it upon the table. It was a magnificent specimen of the jeweler's art, and the 86 stones were the finest that I have ever seen. At one side of the coronet was a grooked cracked edge, where a corner holding three gems had been torn away.

'Now, Mr. Holder," said Holmes, "here is the corner which corresponds to that which has been so unfortunately lost. Might I beg that you will break it off?" The banker recoiled in horror. "I should

not dream of trying," said he.
"Then I will." Holmes suddenly bent "Then I will. Holmes suddenly bent his strength upon it, but without result. "I feel it give a little," said he, "but though I am exceptionally strong in the fingers it would take me all my time to break it. An erdinary man could not do it. Now what do you think would happen if I did break Mr. Holder? There would be a noise the a pistol shot. Do you tell me that all this humaned within a few seconds. this happened within a few yards of your bed and that you heard nothing of it?"

I do not know what to think. It is all dark to me. "But perhaps it may grow lighter as we go. What do you think, Miss Holder?" "I confess that I still share my uncle's when you saw him?"

It was indeed our friend the financier. I was shocked by the change which had come over him, for his face, which was naturally of a broad and massive mould, was now pinched and fallen in, while his hair seemed to be at least a shade whiter. He entered with a weariness and lethargy which was even more painful than his violence of the rning before, and he dropped heavily

"I do not know what I have done to be so severely tried," said he. "Only two days ago I was a happy and prosperous man without a care in the world. Now I am left to a lonely and dishonored age. One sorrow comes upon the heels of another. My niece Mary has deserted me."

"Yes. Her bed this morning had not been slept in, her room was empty, and a note lay for me upon the hall table. I had said to her last night in sorrow and not in anger that if she had married my boy all might have been well with him. Perhaps it was thoughtless of me to say so. It is to that remark that she refers in this note:

'My dearest uncle—I feel that I have brought trouble upon you and that if I had brought trouble upon you, and that if I had acted differently this terrible misfortune might never have occurred. I cannot, with this thought in my mind, ever again be in the snow which might help me. I knew happy under your roof, and I feel that I that none had fallen since the evening be must leave you forever. Do not worry about my future, for that is provided for, and above all do not search for me, for it will be fruitless labor and an ill service to me. In life or in death I am ever your lov-ing Mary.' What could she mean by that note, Mr. Holmes? Do you think it points

"No, no; nothing of the kind. It is perhaps the best possible solution, I trust, Mr. Holden, that you are nearing the end of

little reward, I fancy. Have you your checkbook? Here is a pen. Better make it out for £4.000."

With a dazed face the banker made out rplexity."

"Your son had no shoes or slippers on to his desk, took out a little triangular piece of gold with three gems in it, and



IT WOULD CRACK LIKE A PISTOL SHOT.

"He had nothing on save his trous-"Thank you. We have certainly been favored with extraordinary luck during this inquiry, and it will be entirely our own facility we do not succeed in clearing the With your permission, Mr.

Holder, I shall now continue my investigations outside." He went alone, at his own request, for he explained that any unnecessary footmarks might make his task more difficult. For an he was at work, returning a last with his feet heavy with snow and his features as inscrutable as ever. "I think that I have seen now all that

there is to see, Mr. Holder," said he. "I can serve you best by returning to m \*\*But the gems, Mr. Holmes. Where are

"I cannot tell." The banker wrong his hands. "I shall never see them again," he cried, "and my son? You give me hopes."
"My opinion i- in no way altered."

"Then, for God's sake, what was this dark business which was acted in my house last If you can call upon me at my Baker street rooms to-morrow morning between 9 and 10 I shall be happy to do what I can to

make it clearer. I understand that you give me carte blanche to act for you, provided only that I get back the gems and that you place no limit on the sum I may I would give my fortune to have them

Very good. I shall look into the matter between this and then. Goodby. It is ust possible that I may have to come over

here again before evening."

It was obvious to me that my companion. mind was now made up about the case, although what his conclusions were was more than I could dimly imagine. Several times during out homeward journey I endeavore to sound him upon the point, but he always to some other topic, until at ast I gave it over in despair. It was not yet 3 when we found ourselves in our room once more. He hurried to his chamber and was down again in a few minutes dressed as a common loafer. With his collar turned up, his shiny, seedy coat, his red cravat, and s worn boots, he was a perfect sample of the class.

"I think that this should do." said he planeing into the glass above the fireplace. I only wish that you could come with me Watson, but I fear that it won't do. I may be on the trail in this matter, or I may b tollowing a will o' the wisp, but I shall soon know which it is. I hope that I may be back in a few hours." He cut a slice of beef from the joint upon the sideboard sandwiched it between two rounds of bread and thrusting this rude meal into his pocket he started off upon his expedition.

I had just finished my tea when he returned, evidently in excellent spirits, swinging an old clastic-sided boot in his hand. He chucked it down into a corner and helped himself to a cup of tea. "I only looked in as I passed," said he.

"Oh, to the other side of the West End. It may be some time before I get back. Don't wait up for me in case I should be

"I am going right on."

"How are you getting on?" "Oh, so so. Nothing to complain of. I have been out to Streatham since I saw you last, but I did not call at the house. It is a very sweet little problem, and I would not have missed it for a good deal. However, must not sit gossiping here, but must get those disreputable clothes off and return to my highly respectable self."

could see by his manner that he had stronger reasons for satisfaction than his alone would imply, His eyes twinkled and there was even a touch of color upon his sallow cheeks. He hastened upstairs, and a few minutes later I heard the slam of the hall door, which told me that he was off once more upon his conge-

nial hunt.
I waited until midnight, but there was no sign of his return, so I retired to my room. It was no uncommon thing for him to be away for days and nights on end when he was hot upon a scent, so that his latenes caused me no surprise. I do not know at what hour he came in, but when I came down to breakfast in the morning there he was, with a cup of coffee in one hand and the paper in the other, as fresh and trim as

"You will excuse my beginning without you, Watson," said he, "but you remembe that our client has rather an early appoint "Why, it is after 9 now," I answered, "I hould not be surprised if that were he. hought I heard a ring."

into the armchair.
"I do not know what I have done to be so

"Deserted you?"
"Yes. Her bed this morning had not

to suicide?" your troubles."
"Ha, you may say so! You have heard something! Where are the gems?"
"You would not think £1,000 apiece an

excessive sum for them?" "I would pay £10,000."
"That would be unnessary. Three thousand will cover the matter. And there is a

threw it down upon the table. With shriek of joy our client clutched at it.
"You have it!" he gasped. "I am saved!
I am saved!" The reaction of joy was as
passionate as his grief had been, and he hugged his recovered gems to his bosom.
"There is one thing you owe, Mr.
Holder," said Sherlock Holmes, rather

sternly. "Owe!" He caught up a pen. "Name the sum and I'll pay it." "No, the debt is not to me. You owe a very humble apology to that noble lad, your son, who has carried himself in this matter as I should be proud to see my own son do, should I ever chance to have one

"Then it was not Arthur who took them?" 'I told you vesterday "You are sure of it! Then let us hurry to

him at once and let him know that the truth is known. "He knows it already. When I had cleared it all up I had an interview with him, and finding that he would not tell me the story I told it to him, on which he had to confess that I was right, and to add the

very few details which were not yet clear to me. Your news of this morning, however, may open his lips." "For heaven's sake tell me, then, what is

this extraordinary mystery?"
"I will do so, and I will show you the steps by which I reached it. And let me say to you first that which it is hardest for ne to say and for you to hear. There has been an intrigue between this young roue, Sir George Burnwell, and your niece, Mary. They have now fled together. "My Mary! Impossible!"

"It is, unfortunately, more than possible. It is certain. Neither you nor your son knew the true character of this man when you admitted him into your family circle. He is one of the most dangerous men in England, a ruined gambler, an absolutely desperate villain, a man without heart or conscience, who looks upon every woman as his prey. Your niece knew nothing of such men. When he breathed his vows to her, as he had done to a hundred before her she flattered herself that she alone had touched his beart. He has an insane wife, driven mad, it is said, by his cruelty, and no doubt he made up a plausible tale from this, with a promise of marriage when his wife shoule die. The devil knows best what he said, but at least she fell into his power, became his tool, and was in the habit of seeing him nearly every night."
"I cannot and I will not believe it,"

eried the banker, with an ashen face.
"I will tell you then what occurred in rour house last night. Your niece, when you had, as she thought, gone to your room, slipped down and talked to her lover through the window which leads into the stable lane. His footmarks had pressed right through the snow, so long had he stood there. She told him of the coronet, his wicked lust for gold kindled at the news, and he bent her to his will. I have no doubt that she loved you, but there are women in whom the love of a lover extin guishes all other loves, and I think that the must have been one. She had hardly you coming downstairs, on which she closed the window rapidly, and told you about one of the servant's escapade with her woodenegged lover, which was all perfectly true. Your boy Arthur went to bed after his nterview with you, but slept badly on acount of his uneasiness about his club debts. in the middle of the night he heard a soft read pass his door, so he rose, and, looking out, was surprised to see his cousin walking very stealthily along the passage until she disappeared into your dressing room. Petri-fied with astonishment, the lad slipped on some clothes and waited there in the dark o see what would come of this strange affair. Presently she emerged from the room again, and in the light of the passage lamp rour son saw that she carried the

see a dark figure in the moonlight. Sir George Burnwell tried to get away, but

cious coronet in her hands. She passed down the stairs, and he, thrilling with horror, ran along and slipped behind the curtain near your door, whence he could see what passed in the hall beneath. He saw her stealthily open the window hand out the coronet to some one in the gloom, and then closing it once more, hurry back to her room, passing quite close to where he stood hid behind the curtain. As long as she was on the scene he could not take any action without a horrible exposure of the woman he loved. But the instant that she was gone he realized how crushing a misfortune this would be for you nd how all important it was to set it right. He rushed down just as he was, in his bare leet, opened the window, sprang out into the snow, and ran down the lane where he could

coronet and his opponent at the other. In the scuffle your son struck Sir George and cut him over the eye. Then something suddenly snapped, and your son, finding that he had the coronet in his hands, rushed back, closed the window, ascended to your room, and had just observed that the cor-onet had been twisted in the struggle, and was endeavoring to straighten it when you appeared on the scene."

"Is it possible!" gasped the banker.
"You then roused his anger by calling him names at a moment when he felt that he had deserved your warmest thanks. He could not explain the true state of affairs without betraying one who certainly deserved little enough consideration at his hands. He took the more chivalrous view, however, and preserved her secret. "And that was why she shricked and

fainted when she saw the coronet," cried Mr. Holder. "Oh, my God, what a blind fool I have been! and his asking to be allowed to go out for five minutes. The dear fellow wanted to see if the missing piece were at the scene of the struggle. How cruelly I have misjudged him." "When I arrived at the house," contin-ued Holmes, "I at once went very carefully round it to observe if there were any traces in the snow which might help me. I knew fore, and also that there had been a strong

frost to preserve impressions. I passed along the tradesman's path, but found it all trampled down and indistinguishable. Just beyond it, however, at the far side of the kitchen door, a woman had stood and talked with a man whose round impressions on one side showed that he had a wooden leg. I could even tell that they had been dis-turbed, for the woman had run back swiftly to the door, as was shown by the deep toe and light heel marks, while wooden leg had waited a little and then gone away. I thought at the time that this might be the maid and her sweetheart, of whom you had already spoken to me, and inquiry showed that it was so. I passed round the garden without seeing anything more than random tracks, which I took to be those of the police, but when I got into the stable lane a very complex story was written in the

very complex story was written in the snow in front of me. "There was a double line of tracks of a booted man, and a second double line which I saw with delight belonged to a man with naked feet. I was at once convinced from what you had told me that the latter was your son. The first had walked both ways, but the latter had run swiftly, and as his but the latter had run swiftly, and as his trend was marked in places over the depression of the boot it was obvious that he had passed after the other. I followed them up, and found that they led to the hall window, where Boots had worn all the snow away while waiting. Then I walked to the other side, which was 100 yards or more down the lane. I saw where Boots had forced cound where the snow was cut up. had faced round, where the snow was cut up as though there had been a struggle, and finally where a few drops of blood had fallen, to show me that I was not mistaken. Boots had then run down the lane, and another little smudge of blood showed that it was he who had been hurt. When he came to the high road at the other end I found that the pavement had been cleared, so there was an end to that clew.

"On entering the house, however, I examined, as you remember, the sill and framework of the hall window with my lens, and I could see that some one had passed out. I could distinguish the outline of an instep where the wet foot had been placed in coming in. I was then beginning to be able to form an opinion as to what had occurred. A man had waited outside the winow, some one had brought him the gems, the deed had been overseen by your son, he had pursued the thief, had struggled with him, they had each tugged as the coronet, their united strength causing injuries which neither alone could have effected. He had returned with the prize, but had left a frag-ment in the grasp of his opponent. So far I was clear. The question now was, who was the man, and who was it who brought him

the coronet. "It is an old maxim of mine that when you have excluded the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth. Now, I knew that it was not you truth. Now, I knew that it was not you who had brought it down, so there only remained your nicee and the maids. But if it were the maids, why should your son allow himself to be accused in his place?

There could be no possible reason. As he loved his cousin, however, there was an expectation of the counterpart of the caper-berry breaketh up. cellent explanation why he should retain her secret-the more so as the secret was a disgraceful one. When I remembered that you had seen her at that window, and how she had fainted on seeing the coronet again,

my conjecture became a certainty.

"And who could it be who was her confederate? A lover evidently, for who else could outweigh the love and gratitude which she must feel to you? I knew that you went out little and that your circle of friends was a very limited one. But among them was Sir George Burnwell. I had heard of him before as being a man of evil reputation among women. It must have been he who wore those boots and retained the missing gems. Even though he knew that Arthur had discovered him, he might still flatter himself that he was safe, for the lad could not say a word without compromising his

"Well, your own good sense will sugges what measures I took next, I went in the shape of a loafer to Sir George's house, managed to pick up an acquaintance with his valet, learned that his master had cut his head the night before, and finally at the ex-pense of 6 shillings made all sure by buying a pair of his cast off shoes. With these I journeyed down to Streatham, and saw that they exactly fitted the tracks."
"I saw an ill-dressed vagabond in the lane

yesterday evening." said Mr. Holder.
"Precisely. It was L I found that I had my man, so I came home and changed my clothes. It was a delicate part which l had to play then, for I saw that a prosecu-tion must be avoided to avert scandal, and l knew that so astute a villian would see that our hands were tied in the matter. I went and saw him. At first, of course, he denied and saw him. At first, of course, he denied everything. But when I gave him every particular that had occurred, he tried to bluster and took down a life preserver from the wall. I knew my man, however, and I clapped a pistol to his head before he could strike. Then he became a little more reasonable. I told him that we would give him a price for the stones he held-£1,000 nim a price for the stones he held—£1,000 apiece. That brought out the first signs of grief that he had shown. 'Why, dash its all!' said he, 'I've let them go at £600 for the three.' I soon managed to get the address of the receiver who had them on promising him that there would be no pros-Off I set to him, and after much chaffering I got our stones at a thousand apiece. Then I looked in upon your son, told him that all was right, and eventually

got to my bed about 2 o'clock, after what I may call a really hard day's work."

"A day which has saved England from a great public scandal," said the banker, rising. "Sir, I cannot find words to thank ing. "Sir, I cannot find words to thank you," but you shall not find me ungrateful for what you have done. Your skill has indeed exceeded all that I have ever heard of. And now I must fly to my dear boy to apologize to him for the wrong which I have done him. As to what you tell me of poor Mary, it goes to my very heart. Not even your skill can inform me where she is

"I think we may safely say," returned Holmes, "that she is wherever Sir George Burnwell is. It is equally certain, too, receive a more than sufficient punish

[The End. ]

The American Bulrush The cat-tail of the American swamps i almost exactly the same plant as the Egyptian bulrush. It is no longer used for mak ing paper as it once was, but from its root is prepared an astringent medicine, while its stems, when prepared dry, are excellent for the manufacture of mats, chair bottom

One of the Richest Mines

Ever discovered is the nrine of health that is found in a bottle of Hostetter's Stomach Butters. Its "output" is unprecedented Richly does it "pan out" in the paying ore of vitality and regularity of organic action The debilitated should work this mine for "all it is worth." So also should the constituted in the bilions that work the state of the bilions that we have a second to be seen that the bilions that we have the bilions th George Burnwell tried to get away, but pated, the bilious, the dyspeptic, the rhe matic, and persons troubled with inactivit between them, your lad at one side of the of the kidneys or bladder and is grippe.

Tremendous Sensation Bound to Result From Its Publication.

SOME STARTLING CHANGES.

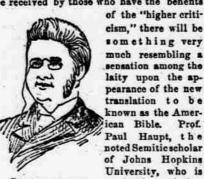
Religious Sentiment Will Be Conspicuous by Its Absence,

AND THE EPICURE'S PHILOSOPHY

Will Have a Prominent Place in the New American Translation.

FAMILIAE PASSAGES REVOLUTIONIZED

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.1 BALTIMORE. April 22.-However it may e received by those who have the benefits



sensation among the laity upon the ap-pearance of the new translation to be known as the American Bible. Prof. Paul Haupt, the noted Semitic scholar of Johns Hopkins oring to introduce as few changes as University, who is to edit the work, has

ssigned to himself the Book of Ecclesiastes, and to those who are familiar with this, one of the best known portions of the Bible, the changes made will be nothing less than startling. All the strength and beauty of the wise king's words are brought out as they have never been before, but all religious sentiment is conspicuous by its

One of the earliest precepts of plous teachers, sacred among the memories of childhood, "Rember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth"-for this and other equally familiar passages we shall look in vain. Here is the song from the ninth verse of the eleventh chapter to the end as it will appear:

New Version of a Familiar Passage, But rejoice, O youth, in thy childhood, And let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy manhood; Walk in the ways of thy heart, And in the sight of thine eyes, Banish moroseness from thy heart, But keep away evil from thy flesh,

For childhood and manhood are fleeting Remember thy well in the days of thy vigor, Ere there come the days of evil, And the years draw nigh In which thou wilt say I have no pleasure. Ere is darkened the sun, and the light of the day, And the moons, and the stars, And the clouds return after the rain;

When the keepers of the house tremble, And the men of power bend themselves The grinding maids cease And the ladies that look out through the lattices are darkened; The doors are shut toward the street. And all the daughters of song are brough

The locust crawleth along with difficulty, The silver cord is sni The golden bowl crused in. The bucket at the well shivered. And the wheel breaketh down at the pit. Man is going to his eternal house And the mourners go about in the street. Vanity of vanities, saith Ecclesiastes, All is vanity, and all that is comin

The six concluding verses of the book, as found in the authorized version, and which

contain among other things the injunction "Fear God and keen His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man." are omitted entirely. All the religious in the King James translation are throughout interwoven with philoso-

phy the most epi- Dr. William R. Harper. curean Prof. Haupt regards as interpola tions in direct opposition to the teachings of Ecclesiastes and evidently written to weaken

the force of the author's words. An Entirely New Doctrine of Life. "The conclusion of the whole matter" is not "Fear God and keep His commandments," but "amuse yourself while you are young and try to be in good spirits. Do what you feel inclined to and enjoy what pleases your eye. Be no hermit or ascetic, but do not ruin your health." The opening verses of the quotation given form the basis of the well-known German students' song, "Gaude-amus Igitur," which was originally a peni-

tential song of two stanzas.

The word "well," which Professor Haupt substitutes for "Creator," he interprets as meaning "the mother of thy children," and refers to a similar idea in Prov. v., 15-18: "Drink water out of thine own cistern, and running water out of thine own well, so shall thy fountains be dispersed abroad, rivers of waters in the streets. Let then be only thine own and not strangers with thee, so shall thy fountain be blessed and thou shalt have joy of the wife of thy

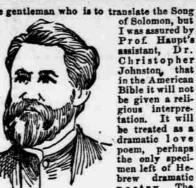
The sun is the sunshine of childhood when everything seems bright and happy; the moon is symbolical of the more tempered light of boyhood and early manhood, while the stars indicate the sporadic moments of happiness in mature age. More and more the number of rainy days increases, but seldom interrupted by bright moments. And when we are going down the hill there is no sunshine after the rain, but the cloud return and everything seems painted gray

on gray. Meaning of the Symbolic Language.

The keepers of the house are the hands and the "strong men" the bones, especially the backbone. The grinding maids are the teeth and the statement that the ladies that look out through the windows are darkened is an oriental metaphor to express the fact that the eyes begin to lose their luster and the night becomes dim. Advanced are brings retention so that the Advanced age brings retention so that the Advanced age brings retention so that the doors are shut toward the street. Because his sleep is short "he riseth at the voice of the birds," and when hearing begins to fail all the daughters of song are brought low. He is afraid of that which is high; he hates to climb a hill or to go upstairs and dreads a long walk. His hair becomes white like the biosoms of the almond tree just before the biossoms of the almond tree just before they fall. The locust crawleth along with difficulty because the chrysalis is opening and when the caperberry breaketh up the soul is freed from its earthly shell. The silver chord is the spinal column and the golden bowl the brain. When the bucket at the well is shivered the heart loses its power to propel the blood through the body and when the water wheel breaks down the whole machinery comes to a stop, and this stoppage means dissolution.

I have not personally communicated with

the gentleman who is to translate the Song of Solomon, but I was assured by Prof. Haupt's



be given a relibe treated as a dramatic love poem, perhaps the only speci-men left of He poetry. The of Ecclesiastes Dr. Charles A. Briggs. of Ecclesiast will be little changed in the new version. Inspiration of the Authorized Version.

"The authorized version, in spite of its matchless beauty," said Dr. Johnston, "is obscure and unintelligible. Three centuries of study, with vastly improved and more scientific methods of returies of study, with vastly improved and more scientific methods of research, have greatly advanced our knowledge of the original tongues, and, moreover, the language of the Elizabethan period is now too archaic to be easily understood by the average reader. Yet most people are so familiar with the authorized version, as many memories are associated with it, that any alteration same little short of a sacriany alteration seems little short of a sacri-lege. Indeed, there are not a few who vir-tually attribute to the authorized version the authority of inspiration. Largely, how-ever, this feeling is due to the obscurity of the language, which lends itself easily to a variety of interpretations and invests the oft-quoted texts with a mysterious and oracular character specially attractive to

"The revised version is an unsatisfactory compromise. It makes, indeed, certain improvements: but at the same time,

following closely the model of the authorized ver-A SE sion, and endeavpossible, it pre-serves the archaic character which renders the latter so obscure. But, the Bible by no means depends upon the obscurity

its language, Prof. Crawford H. Joy. nor does a proper reverence for it necessi-tate the employment of any archaic disguise. The translators of the revised version lay stress upon the fact that the version of 1611 is an English classic. But the study of English and the study of the Bible are widely different things. The revised version, therefore, has not been and can never be a success.

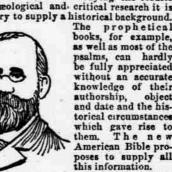
Failure of the Revised Edition. "On the one hand, it can never supersed "On the one hand, it can never supersede
the authorized version, which will always
hold its own, both for devotional reading
and for liturgical purposes. On the other
hand, it does not attempt to offer a
new translation, removing the difficulties
of the older version and thus rendering the Bible intelligible to modern readers. The proposed new American Bible, which will contain both the Old and New Testaments together with the apocrypha and the pseudepigrapha, it, indeed, it should com-pete with any of the versions now in use, will eventually supersede, not the authorized, but the revised version. The authorized version should be supplemented by a translation of the Bible in modern English, prepared with the help of advanced Hebrew and Greek scholarship, and illustrated by the light shed on this remarkable book by the advances made in recent years in the fields of oriental history and archæology

and the higher criticism. "I presume in view of the specimens of the new version you have given me and the personnel of the translators that it is super-fluous to inquire as to their attitude toward

"The higher criticism of the Bible," re-plied Dr. Johnston, "has received much un-merited abuse from those who do not fully ing faculties with which man has been en-dawed by the Creator. The Bible is not itself the inspired word of God, but contains that word, and critical investigation is necessary in order to determine what was the original word of God and what has been added by man. Let anyone, for example, cut out from the New Testament the genu-ine sayings of our Lord and paste them together, rejecting all additions of narrative and commentary, and he will easily see what is inspired and what is not.

The Object of Higher Criticism. "A number of distinguished scholars all over the world are now engaged in the literary study of the Bible, but, obviously, all critical investigation becomes an im possibility if the book be considered as verbally inspired. The object of the higher criticism is, therefore, to separate the everlasting inspired substance and quintessence Bible from later additions and interpolations, and to assign to each book in the sacred writings its proper place in the de-velopment of the chosen people." But in addition to eml

odying the results of archæological and critical research it is essary to supply a historical background. The prophetical books, for example,



It is, of course, impossible for one Dr. J. F. McCurdy. man to undertake a work of this character. Prof. Haupt, therefore, decided to assign each book of the Bible to one distinguished scholar, so the Old Testament, for example, has been in-trusted to 24 of the most competent special-ists in this branch of research in America. England and Germany, and a number of the most distinguished scholars have agreed to ranslate the German contributions into

Men Who Are Doing the Work. The American Hebraists who have con sented to take part in the work are: Prof. W. R. Harper, President of the Chicago University, who will share the burden of editorial responsibility and translate Zecha-riah; Prof. G. F. Moore, the learned Andover exegete, who will render Judges; Prof. C. H. Joy, the distinguished Harvard professor, who will translate Ezekiel; Francis Brown ditor of the great Hebrew dictionary, who s preparing a translation of Joel; Dr. J. F. McCurdy, of Toronto University, who will contribute a translation of Micah; Habak-kuk will be rendered by Prot. W. H. Ward, editor of the New York Independent; Prof. E. L. Curtis, the successor of Prof. Harper at Yale, will translate Zephaniah, and Ruth will be rendered by the famous Dr. C. A.

Briggs, of New York.

The Hexateuch will be entirely in the hands of English scholars, and the distinuished Canon of Rochester, Prof. T. K. Theyne will translate Isaiah. Even Australia will be represented, as Prof. Andrew Harper, of Melbourne, will translate Obadiah. Here is Psalm cxx. as it will appear: A Song of the Return.

I cried unto Jehovah in my distress, and eard me. Jehovah, save my life from the lying lip, rom the deceitful tongue.

What will be give unto thee, and what will se add unto thee, thou deceitful tongue?

Sharp arrows of a warrior, with coals of he broom plant. he broom plant.
Woe is me that I sojourn with Meshech,
well beside the tents o. Kedar.
Long enough has my soul dwelt with the
laters of peace.
I am [all] peace, but whatever I say they
re for war.
FRANK ATKINSON.

Bueing is a powerful disinfectant, and kills

MR. REID TALKS SHOP.

The French Newspapers as Read by Our Ex-Minister to France.

LIKES THEIR LITERARY STYLE. The European Disposition to Enjoy Life

PEOPLE READ MORE NOW THAN EVER

Reflected in Its Press.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. WASHINGTON, April 23.-No man in the United States is better posted on newspaper matters than the Hon, Whitelaw Reid. who has just returned from his mission to France, and who will now leave diplomatio life to resume the editorship of the New York Tribune. It is now 36 years since Mr. Reid began his newspaper career as the editor of the Xenia News and it is 32 years since he began to be famous as the war correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette. I met Mr. Reid just after his return from France and had an interesting chat with him in his room at the Normandy Hotel about the newspapers and newspaper men of France. He is a pleasant talker and in the half hour's conversation which I had with him he gave me some interesting facts about the great journals of Paris.

"There is," said he, "considerable difference between our newspapers and those of Paris. The French newspapers pay more attention to form, while we pay more atat the end of 50 pieces of news, or of edi-torial matter in its columns, the result is tention to news. The news is everything in the American newspaper, and the style is a secondary consideration. We devote columns to certain classes of news that would not get lines in a French journal. Take, for instance, the matter of some minor improvement in a city where the papers.

"In so far as pictures are associated with the news of the day," said he, "they are a good thing, but I do not believe in putting pictures in the papers merely for the sake of having pictures. The methods of fast printing and the quality of the paper which a large daily must use make it impossible paper is published. Such a thing might be worth a column in America, while it might not receive five lines in Paris.

Have No Craze for Foreign News. "The French do not care so much for foreign news as we do, and they are I, think, more interested in literature, art and the drama than we are. These things form an important part of their daily journals, and the articles about them are so well written that it is an intellectual pleasure to read them. The leading articles are furnished by some of the most noted writers of Paris, and the newspaper proprietors and contrib-utors are men of wide influence. A great many of the leading men of France either have been or are now connected with the newspapers. Some of the most famous statesmen of the country write regularly for certain journals, and the standing of the better class of writers is very high."

only a little over 12 nours, and an outside circulation larger than that in the city would only be possible in a country like France. The provincial papers of France, though many of them are good, are not equal to the papers of Paris and they do not compete with the Parisian journals as those of our outside cities do with New York Talen't high warmill are have a "The President of the Syndicate of the Paris Press is Monsieur Hebrard, who is the editor of Le Temps, the great evening paper and perhaps what the French themselves would call the "leading serious journal" of Paris. He is also a noted and able Senator and his paper, while not strictly speaking an organ of the Government, has the closest relations to it, and is apt to have semi-official news; and on account of its information, trustworthiness and ability, is one of the papers you must read."

Keeps a Day Ahead of the People, "Then all the world reads the Figaro," ontinued Mr. Reid. "Its editor, Monsieur Francis Magnard, is a man of extraordinary good sense, and he has the faculty in sudden emergencies of saying to-day just what everybody will be thinking to-morrow. He rarely writes an article over half a column long, but there is no editorial writer in France who is more regularly or more eagerly read. His paper is a great financial success, and numbers among its contributors many of the most brilliant men of letters in France. The Part Lorent is the letters in France. The Petit Journal is the most widely circulated paper, not merely in France, but in the world. It has a bona comprehend its nature and scope. It is, fide daily circulation of over 1,000,000 however, merely the exercise of the reasonworthy, condenses its news absolutely and arranges it systematically and is alto very satisfactory paper to read. Its in-mence is always on the side of law, order and good morals, and it is never likely to e very partisan

"How about French statesmen and the 'Many of them are or have been connected with the newspapers, was the reply. As I have already mentioned, Mr. Hebrard s a Senator. One of his daily contributors is one of the most distinguished Frenchmen now living, Monsieur Jules Simon, a former

Cabinet Minister, and now a Senator. The Column Jules Simon Writes. "Monsieur Jules Simon writes a charm ing little article almost every day under the general heading 'Mon Petit Journal,' and that is one of the things which can never be skipped. No matter how pressing the work in the Senate, or how keen his interest in his own special bills he almost always finds ime to furnish this article. Sometimes it touches keen political disputes; at other times it is an estimate of some famous au-thor, or a reminiscence of the politics of a more stormy period, but it is always ex-quisitely worded. In fact the style is per-fect. Monsieur Simon is a member of the

Academy.
"It was considered a great piece of goo fortune when the Government persuade him to head the commission sent by France to the Labor Conference called by the Ger man Emperor in Berlin, where he was recognized as easily the leading man of the whole conference, and where he made a profound impression upon the Emperor. An other Senator and member of the Academy also, John Lemoinne, has also been one of the most famous leader writers of France principally on the Journal des Debats. Hi

health has not been good of late years, and he is not now writing so much. All Seem to Be Public Men. "The first Minister of Foreign Affairs with whom I was brought in contact was Mr. Spuller. He had been for years the bosom friend of Gambetta, and the editor in chief of Gambetta's paper, the Republique Francaise was until recently one of its Vice Presidents. He retired from the Cabinet at the

downfall of Tirard's Ministry.

loes to water.

"The present editor and proprietor of the Republique Francaise is Monsieur Joseph Reinach, also a Deputy and a very able Reinach, also a Deputy and a very able member of the Moderate Republican group, who constitute the strongest element of the Government's support. He is an excellent writer and an admirable speaker.

"There is nobody in the Chamber of Deputies whom people are more eager to hear than Monsieur Paul de Cassagnae. He is the arrest In is the owner and editor of the great Imperialist organ L'Autorite, and he writes in it constantly. On the other hand, the reat leader of the Radicals in the Chamber of Deputies is Monsieur George Clemenceau. He is the political director of La Justice, which he also owns. Dozens of others might be mentioned. Newspaper men in Paris take as naturally to public life as a duck

The Frenchman Enjoys Life, "How about business matters in the French newspapers," I asked. "Do they receive much attention?" "Business is by no means so prominent in France either in the papers or in the daily life of the people as it is with us," replied Mr. Reid. "The French are as shrewd in business as we are, and they are as fond of money and money-making, but they model their lives on a different plan, and what seems to me to be a more sensible plan than ours. The American devotes himself alis 55 or 60, and he then expects to spend the remainder of his lite in ease and pleasure. The result is that his habits are so fixed that he has lost the power of enjoyment from anything else than his business. The

likes to read about other things in his newspaper than money and business. Nearly every French newspaper publishes a serial story, and these form a very important part

"How about such stories in an American newspaper, Mr. Reid? Would it not pay to introduce the feuilleton into American

ing a story by W. D. Howells and also one by Mark Twain. I asked him if he thought

they had been profitable ventures, and he said they had pleased the Sun readers, but whether they had paid from a dollar-and

cents or circulation point of view he could

"Speaking of newspaper individuality, Mr. Reid, how about signed articles in newspapers? Does the use of signatures injure the paper in which they appear?"

The Individuality of Newspapers.

"If signatures were general I would say yes." The people get to look upon the newspaper as an individuality; and when

no signatures are used, they rely upon its

statements or opinions, in proportion to their general estimate of its character. When, on the other hand, 50 names appear

confusing and it detracts from the news-paper as a whole."

The conversation then turned to the il-

lustrated features of our newspapers. Mr. Reid said that he thought newspaper illus-

tration might be overdene by the American

to have newspaper pictures works of fine art; but they often add to the expression of

art; but they often and to the expression of the news and convey better ideas of men than can be given with the pen. The pict-ure of a new witness in a sensational trial taken by a good artist when he is in the act of giving some testimony which is to startle the world next morning is sure to be a good

Secret of Le Petit Journal's Circulation,

"Paris is so located that nearly every

part of France can be reached by the trains before the death of that day's paper. The life of a daily newspaper is, you know, only a little over 12 hours, and an outside

York. I don't think we will ever have a paper of a national daily circulation. Le Petit Journal sells for one cent and its profits

are very large. Its chief director is it tounder, M. Marinoni, who began its publi-

cation in 1861. Its circulation was first in-creased by feuilletons and in 1864 a single

novel gave it a jump of from 80,000 t 230,000 within a few weeks."

"You say the price of this paper is only i cent, Mr. Reid? How about our big

newspapers: will they be cheaper than they

"I think not," was the reply. "Almost

the cheapest thing that is created by man on this earth for sale is the newspaper at its

thing to have.

ournalism?"

not sav.

A NEW MATERIAL FOR PAPER. Two Opinions on Story Publications. "I can't say," was the reply. "It is hard to determine what constitute the most attractive features of a great newspaper; almost impossible sometimes to tell what increases and what decreases its circulation. We have published a number of good novels, but I have never noticed any appreciable increase in our sales from them. The people read them, and if they are good we near commendations, and if bad the complaints come in; but I couldn't prove that they have really ever affected our circulation. By the way, I met Dana, the editor of the New York Sun, just as I was starting to Washington and had a few moments' talk with him. During this he spoke of newspaper novels, and told me he had been buying a story by W. D. Howells and also one "I can't say," was the reply. "It is hard Eggs Sunk in the Fay at New York Were

Preserved by the Salt.

THE ODDS AND ENDS OF SCIENCE

The Inventor Can Have Them by

Meeting the Needs of the Country.

A Calcutta lawyer has written a pamphles with the object of showing what a splendid field India offers for the utilization of the inventions of countries more advanced in the scale of civilization. He dwells particularly on the necessity for appliances and contrivances for the conversion locally of raw materials, whether vegetable or mineral, into manufactured articles in the least possible time and with as little waste as in compatible with efficiency and thoroughness; and also on the need for improved machinery and apparatus for the various stages in the preparation, manipulation and manufacture of tes, indigo, cotton, silk, jute and hemp. In the manufacture of tea, from its initial stage to the time it is ready to be consigned to trade centers for export or disposal, many machines are already in use for rolling the leaf after withering, and for firing, sifting, etc., but tea garden proprietors would gladly welcome such machinery as would reduce the expense of production and import. With regard to indigo, there is no doubt that the manufacture, which is now comparatively crude, can be greatly improved by chemical and other processes. Complaints have become so common in England as to the adulteration of Indian grown cotton that effective cotton pickers and cleaners would soon become popular. A device for these purposes has been already tried, but it was so complex

The writer of the pamphet, after discussing this branch of his subject, adds significantly: "American inventors might with advantage take up this subject." In the silk industry all efforts have shown the impossibility of getting native spinners to produce, by spinning, anything like an even thread, for they prefer to dab on to the spinning thread lumps of the ends of say six cocoons at a time in order to complete their task speedily, and an inequality of thread is the natural result of such hasty and clumsy handling. This uneven thread full of fluff and rough joins, is, and will continue to be, the bane of Indian silk until some practical remedy can be introduced. Improved methods of converting the stems of plantains and the leaves of agave and pineapple plants into material for textile fabrics, and the peparation, degumming and decorticating of ramee, rhea and a host of other Indian fibres without steeping in water or requiring skilled labor, would be sure of

present price. Three cents is little enough, and I don't believe the best newspapers will again reduce the prices they now charge. We will, of course, have many smaller newspapers and many 1 cent papers." Increase of Newspaper Reading. Reid," said I, "is the more rapid increase of newspaper readers than the increase in population. The cities of the same population take proportionately a much larger number of newspapers to-day than for-merly, and this proportion is said to be steadily increasing. What do you think of

"That it is only another illustration of the old saying that if a newspaper has any real reason for living, other newspapers are not in its way. People will buy it for what it is. Then, if a new paper is started, they will buy that to read the other side. Many people now read four, five or more daily newspapers, where formerly they confined

hemselves to one; they wish to see all "It is a good thing for the newspapers: and I think it also a good thing for the preven-tion of hide-bound views and the promotion of a liberal spirit among the readers and throughout the community at large. Of course it is not without some drawbacks; people don't read so thoroughly, and they are sometimes less influenced even by the best work."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

THE MAN WAS A LIAR.

Why a Test of a Cherokee Medicine Har Ended in a Failurs. The Cherokee medicine men make use of

several stone talismans, commonly crystals

found among their native mountains, says James Mooney. One which I saw among these Indians was a translucent purple stone about an inch long, with a sharp point. With this the conjurer claimed to be able to find lost or stolen articles, or to tell the whereabouts of game in the mountains. To test the matter I threw a coin into the grass at random, while he was not looking, and told him the money was his if he could find it. Procuring a string about a yard long, he tied one end of it around the middle of the stone. Then holding the stone suspended so as to swing freely, he set it whirling in a circle with a stroke of his finger, at the same time reciting in an undertone some secret formula. The stone at first revolved rapidly, then more and more slowly, and finally stopped with the point toward the North. He walked a few steps in that direction, gave the stone another twirl and again repeated the formula. He explained that this must be done seven times, and that on the seventh trial the

stone would point to the exact spot where the money was lying.

Having gone through the whole performance he finally halted at a place altogether wrong. After hunting in the grass for some time, he was obliged to give it up. He declared that his failure was due to the fact that he was not fasting as he should have been to use the stone. The other Indians said the stone was all right, but that the man was a liar-which was periectly true-and that, although a pretty good doctor, he knew nothing of magic. They a serted that in the hands of certain conju They as ers whom they named the charm never

American engineers will have to look to their laurels in the manufacture of steam locomotives. Up to this time American locomotives have been the favorite engine in New South Wales, but the Government of that country, after a series of tests, ha decided to adopt the latest English sixcoupled-wheel engines for its lines.

A Man.

There is occasionally a man whose word is as good as his bond, and whose bond is as good as gold. Such a one is W. L. Needham, a prominent citizen and business man of Orrsburg, Mo. Mr. Needham has been Frenchman gets his pleasure as he goes along. He takes a holiday whenever he can, and he is always ready for a laugh or for any pleasure of lite. He sets aside a part of his day for pleasure and rest, and he bottles for sale by druggista.

The by immersing a lead pencil in a jar of lineseed oil until it is thoroughly saturated, lead, wood and all, it will be found that the popular medicine that he handles, and gives the best satisfaction of any. Fifty cent bottles for sale by druggista.

Trsu

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPLACE 1

that its main result seems to have been to emphasize the necessity for a practical machine.

adoption on a large scale.

At present the Indian paper mills utilize principally wheat and rice straw, jute and hemp cuttings and old gunnies. Some of the mills, however, use grasses, old ropes and canvas and only one mill in the whole country employs wood pulp, as compared with 600 wood pulp mills in Germany. An-other process which is successfully used in other countries would prove peculiarly ac-ceptable in India, viz., the method by which, after removing the thorus and steeping in a suitable solution, the large and succulent leaves of the eactus plant are adapted as food for cattle. According to the data given, it would appear a difficult thing to mention a good, sound industrial invention that cannot be profitably introduced in the country from which the thoughtfully written and exhaustive pamphlet emanates.

The Preservation of Eggs. An advertisement which states that all kinds of dairy produce will be supplied to order to the most remote country districts is a familiar reversal of the natural order of things in New York. It arises out of the fact that the best of everything is usually sent to the market in which there is the greatest demand for it. Those who drink sherry have but a poor chance of enjoying their favorite tipple in Spain, and Madeira is the last place in which a decent glass of the once favorite wine of that ilk can be looked for. Not long since a float loaded with freight cars containing a large quantity of fresh eggs was sunk in the upper bay while on the way to the city. When the float was raised, some little time afterward, the eggs were found to be none the worse for their immersion in the salt water. This incident serves to recall the fact that common table salt, mixed with slaked lime, is an excellent preservative of eggs. The salt and the lime should be mixed in a pail of water in the proportion of one pint and two pints respectively. A barrel is half filled with the well blended mixture, and the eggs to be preserved are laid in it.
If the eggs are kept well covered, and care is taken to replenish the fluid when evapora-tion has reduced it, it is claimed that

a couple of years. There is no doubt that if it is adopted in country houses it will save the necessity of sending to the city for fresh eggs. Burning the Candle at Both Ends. Dr. Cyrus Edson does not mince matters n discussing the cause of the majority of the ills and ailments of Americans. He insists that the American lives altogether too fast. "He works harder than does any other man or woman on earth. His business is always with him; he has no rest, no cessa-

this method is perfectly effective for at least

tion, no relief from the strain. His daily routine is one of intense and ever-present excitement."

This unnatural strain has to be met in some way, and to sustain his rapidly ex-hausted system the business man is comhausted system the business man is com-pelled to consume large quantities of food, and is frequently driven to the undue use of stimulants. Dr. Edson urges the intro-duction of a little common sense into the situation, and prescribes less haste in the making of riches and more exercise and resh air. This is the best and only remedy for a people that are rapidly drifting into chronic neurasthenia and dyspepsia. If Americans will only give their nerves and tomachs a fighting chance they will soon be as robust as any nation on earth.

Dillestion of Cottonseed Hull Pain. Travelers in the South have frequently een impressed with the annual waste of several hundred thousand tons of cottonseed hulls, and it is satisfactory to know that steps are now being taken to utilize this waste. Improved appliances are tikely to lead to the use of the refuse in the manufacture of certain classes of paper almost exclusively. The cottonseed hull is like the scale of a fish, and when it is treated it becomes pure cellulose. It is absorbent to a wonderful degree, and will in all probability enter largely into the future manufact-ure of blotting paper, even if blotting paper cannot be made entirely from it. It can also be used to advantage in the manufacture of postal cards, some excellent specimens of which have already been made from it.

Improving a Stenographic Pencil. A stenographer who writes to ask whether of Orrsburg, Mo. Mr. Needham has been selling Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for several years and recommends it to his customers because in his experience it has by immersing a lead pencil in a jar of linear to he the best for colds, croup and seed oil until it is thoroughly saturated,