NO PLACE LIKE THE FARM.

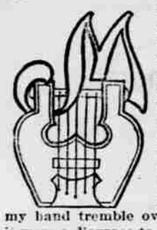
I used to kind o' think I'd sort o' like to
settle down
An' mebbe quit this farmin' an' enjoy a
house in town,
An' clean furgit the atmosphere of worry
an' of toil
That seems to settle 'roun' you when
you're tillin' of the soil.

I've tried it an' I'm satisfied. I'm goin'
home ag'in,
Compared to all them snow drifts country
mud is slick an' thin.
An' when the fuel's gettin' low 'twill do
my feelin's good
To know the ax is handy fur to chop a
load o' wood.

I'm goin' home ag'in; out where there isn't
any law
To keep a man from sittin' down and
waitin' for a thaw,
I used to think 'twas hard to spade the
ground; but I dunno;
It's easier diggin' garden than it is to
shovel snow.

I'm goin' back to where the pantry's allus
full o' pie,
An' the bacon from the rafter is a-hangin'
not too high.
Where all you've got to do is lift your
rations from the peg,
An' the hens don't want a nickel every
time they lay an egg.
—Washington Star.

From My Diary.



MILLARD has gone down the shady lane for a walk, and left me alone. The great pile of sewing we have been doing for Mr. Somerson is all completed, and I have written out the bill. The bill! Why did my cheek burn, and my hand tremble over the task, as if it were a disgrace to ask for the money we have honestly earned? Perhaps it is because it is something new for Mildred and me to work for our daily bread. Only two years ago we could pay others for the stitches put into our own dainty clothing. Ah, me! Two years ago! Then small-pox took our father, and brought me to the confines of the grave. When the funeral was over, and friends examined our father's affairs, they found every dollar was claimed by creditors, and we were left poor, as well as orphaned.

Some of the friends, who pitied us, saved enough to buy a wee cottage on Long Island, and when I could take up the burden of life again, I was allowed to select furniture from our old house for the new one. All through this dreadful time Mildred was at the White Mountains with Aunt Janet, and we were glad she was spared. My beauty was never very marvelous, so when the small-pox scarred it, and left my skin a deep, unsightly red, I could not grieve as I should have done if Mildred's exquisite loveliness had been so swept away.

She came home after all danger of contagion was over, to our little cottage. Aunt Janet had given her a complete outfit of mourning, made in the latest fashions—for Aunt Janet would consult a fashion-plate for her shroud, if she knew she was dying—and she looked fairer than ever in the somber garments.

Poor Mildred! She is only twenty now, and she never knew what work meant till father died. How can I blame her when she smiles upon Mr. Somerson, and lets his great, noble heart trust in a love she only feigns for him. He does love her! What else can his constant visits mean?

True, he is nearly fifty, and Mildred seems only a petted, careless child yet, though she is only five years younger than I am.

Poor Mildred! Whein I spoke of Mr. Somerson to-day, in spite of her careless voice and the pretty toss of her head, I could see a silent pain in her soft, violet eyes. She will marry him, while I am sure, oh! so bitetrly sure, she will never forget Rodney. Rodney, who sailed over the seas when Mildred was supposed to be a rich man's child, and carried her heart with him, only to crush it under his long silence when sorrow came.

I never understood it. I would have have been so sure of Rodney's loyalty. He seemed to me the very personification of frank truth, of tender love, yet for two years he has never written of Mildred, who loved him, who loves him still.

It is seven months since Mr. Somerson came here, bringing a letter from Aunt Janet, who claims him as an old friend of her own and our mother's, recently returned from California and very rich. I wonder why I fancy he loved our mother? No one ever told me so! But he looks at me with such tender, yearning eyes sometimes, as if I reminded him of some one loved and lost, and I am like my mother. She was dark and small, not like Mildred, who is a blonde, tall and slender. Spite of my scarred face I am like the portrait of our mother, who died when Mildred was a baby. I have her large, dark eyes and heavy black hair, and I am small, too.

Mr. Somerson purchased a splendid country-seat not far from our tiny cottage, and put in a small army of workmen to modernize and improve it. When he had finished it to his liking, he sent to New York for upholsterers and gardeners to make it perfect inside and out. And all the time he kept Mildren and me busy over the sewing, and paid us well. Such piles of table-linen and bed linen, most daintily made as we have completed, would delight any housekeeper. Finding Mildred liked embroidery better than plain sewing, Mr. Somerson ordered embroidered initials on every piece of linen.

But in all these seven months Mr. Somerson has come often to our little cottage, when no necessity of work called him. He is very careful not to come in the evening, or give any occasion for unkind gossip, yet how much he has brightened our lives. How many books he has brought for our leisure time, how much new music lies upon the piano, our one luxury, how often rare fruit has been upon our simple table.

And when he talks of his home he consults our tastes in such words, with such hints, that I am sure he hopes Mildred will preside over it. Why else do her favorite colors reign in one entire suite of rooms? Why was the library fitted up exactly like one that took my fancy in a book I read, and of which I spoke?

Sometimes I fancy my brother-in law to be will offer me a home also in his splendid house, but I cannot live there, when they are married.

My hand trembles over those words when I have known for many long weeks what was to be the end! It is because I am sorry for both, where all the love is on one side, only a weary heart-sick submission on the other.

Oh, the pity of it, the true, tender heart unanswered! Better, far better, to toil on alone, bearing the burden of poverty and sorrow, than to buy rest at the price of truth, to promise love and honor, when love has died.

I had written so far when a shadow fell upon my paper, and looking up I saw Herbert Somerson standing standing between me and the window. His tall, erect figure, the very personification of strength and manliness cut off the light from my page, but his good, noble face was full of kindness, as his eyes smiled upon me. I thought what a good brother he meant to be to his ugly little sister, and then I was sorry for his wasted love.

"Are you very busy?" he asked.

"No, see, our great pile of sewing is quite ready for your servant to come for it," I said, pointing to the heap of neatly folded linen on the table.

"Never mind the work just now," he answered, very gently; yet I fancied I saw a shadow of annoyance in his eyes. "Can you walk out with me for a little while? I have something I wish very much to say to you"

It was coming. He wanted the grave elder sister to influence Mildred, to tell him if he might hope to win her. My heart seemed to suffocate me with its heavy pulsations. Suppose he were to ask me if Mildred could be won to love him! How could I be true to my sister and not do a bitter wrong to him?

I put on my hat and shawl, and we went out. The cool September winds were already whirling about the early falling leaves, and the trees were putting on crimson and gold foliage. To my surprise, Mr. Somerson did not turn into the shady lane that leads to all the pleasant walks hereabout, but crossed the road, and after a short walk opened his own garden gate. He had not yet gone to live in his new home, but I had heard that every detail was complete.

"I want you to see my house," he said, as he led me up the broad steps, "and tell me if your taste can suggest any further improvements."

"Mildred's taste he means," I thought, "only he did not like to ask her directly."

He led me from room to room, through the great, lofty drawing-rooms, the library, cosy sitting-rooms, dining-room, pointing out where my taste or suggestion had been followed in furnishing or decoration.

One full suite of rooms, finished in blue satin and cool, gray reps, he opened for my inspection, saying:

"Do you think this fills Mildred's idea?"

"Perfectly," I answered.

"Her pure, blonde beauty will shine here," he answered, "if I can win the dearest wish of my heart."

I could not answer. I had known that it was coming, coming soon, and yet my tongue seemed to cling to the roof of my mouth, and my eyes were suddenly dim and useless. Very gently Mr. Somerson led me down stairs to the conservatory, where a tiny fountain tinkled in a marble basin, and rare flowers made the air heavy with fragrance.

"Do you like my home?" Mr. Somerson asked.

"It is perfect," I forced myself to say.

"Will you come, then, and share it with me?" he asked, taking my hands.

I knew he would ask me. Mildred's sister would be his sister, too. I must refuse, though, and yet it seemed so ungracious.

"Mildred!" I said, and then I choked, and could not finish my speech.

"Of course Mildred will be welcome here," he said; "have you not seen her rooms. When you tell me you love me, when you say you will be my wife, preside over my home, I will invite Mildred to come, too. But I am waiting to hear if you can love me. I know I am old enough to be your father, that I am a grave, silent man, but little fitted to win the pure young heart I covet. But I love you, and I have dared to think I had won a place in your esteem, if not in your love!"

In my esteem, I had battled it down. I had never dared whisper the truth to my own heart, but I knew long, long ago, that I loved him. How could I dream it was my ugly face, not Mildred's bright young beauty, that drew him to our cottage? It was hard to realize the truth, even yet, though the sweet, wooing words came so tenderly to my ears. I dared look up at last, to meet the pleading gaze of the deep brown eyes, and then my long-guarded secret must have been betrayed in my face, for I was folded in a close embrace, and heard, "God bless you, my own, my darling!"

So we came back again in the glow of the autumn sunset, talking of our future—his and mine. I forgot Mildred, till I saw her standing at the gate of our little garden.

Is it the daze of my own happiness, I wonder, or is Mildred's face lighted as I have never seen it since our father died? Ever thoughtful, Herbert, my Herbert, said:

"You will want to be alone with your sister. I will come this evening to see you again."

Then, bowing to Mildred, he left me.

I went in at the gate my sister held open, with a new pain. Would she grieve over my happiness, as the death blow to her own hope of ease and wealth? Would she resent my offer of a home as an insult?

She put her arm about my waist and led me to the little parlor. Then she made me sit upon the sofa, and knelt so that her face was very near mine to whisper:

"Rodney has come home!"

The very joyousness of her tone told me the rest, even before she spoke again. I kissed her as our mother might have done, too glad, too grateful to speak.

"He has written again and again," Mildred said; "but his mother held the letters back. She did not want a sewing girl for her son's wife!"

"But she is dead! We saw her death in the papers," I said.

"And Rodney came home because of her death. All his letters wer in her desk, and as soon as he could, he went to Aunt Janet for news of me. She sent him here, and I met him on his way from the boat. He loves me! Oh tell me you are glad, for my heart seems to be breaking with happiness!"

I said all she wished, and when we had talked a little longer, I told her my news. She burst into ringing, merry laughter.

"You dear old goose," she said, "and you loved him all the time! I wondered why you defended him so savagely when I would call him old or stupid."

"He is neither!" I cried.

"Of course not. Only," and the rosy blushes came to the fair, round cheek "he is not Rodney."

Aunt Janet wrote to us the next week. Now that we were to make good matches, from her worldly point of view, she could afford to be gracious. So we sold our little cottage and went to visit our aunt, who gave us a splendid trousseau apiece, and a grand double wedding.

"Though," she told us frankly, "I never imagined that Herbert Somerson would fall in love with that little, ugly Helen while my beautiful Mildred was unmarried!"

But I cannot think, in my deep happiness, looking at the perfect content in my husband's noble face, that Mildred would have made him any happier than he is.

We hear from my sister, traveling in Europe, very often, and we call the blue suite of rooms Mildred's rooms; but when she returns, it will be to her own home, with the husband she loves.
—New York Ledger.

GOOD BEDS.

It Is an Unaccountable Fact that Few Homes Have Comfortable Beds.

"We spend one-third of our lives in bed; and yet beds are not made a supreme or even a very important consideration in the equipment of most homes. The fact is strongly unaccountable," writes Ella Morris Kretschmar in the Woman's Home Companion. "Anne of Austria told her friend Cardinal Mazarin that her idea of future punishment was—to be put between linen sheets. So would say many if questioned—at least the protest against linen would be long and loud. In winter it borders upon refined torture, in summer it is fairly comfortable, but not sufficiently so to justify its expensiveness. Nice cotton sheets, made long enough to tuck in generously, are the sensible thing, and good enough for the most fastidious. Sheets should measure at least two and three-quarter yards. This will make the sheet long enough to tuck it well in at the foot and give enough at the top to turn back and prevent the blankets from coming in contact with the face and hands. Why will people make sheets too short? It is one of those sins of domestic mismanagement which encourages male humanity to profanity and women to hysteria. Did any woman ever save ten dollars in a lifetime by shortening her sheets? If she did, her family, if nomal, have taken it out of her nerves.

"In providing a bed for a family one should guard against misfits. If husband, son or brother is six feet three, let him be spared at home the discomfort he is sure to suffer abroad in the accommodating of his superfluous inches. He is entitled to the privilege of stretching out. The length of a bed for an adult should be no less than six feet six inches.

"The use of a folding bed is either an accusation or a matter for congratulation. If a necessity, by reason of space limitation, its use must be condoned; but if used as a matter of choice it stands as an accusation against the sense of propriety of its owner. Its presence in a roomy, well-appointed home, unless for emergencies, is unjustifiable."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

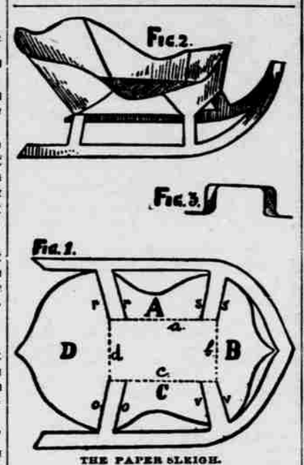
A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

I wonder how many of the girls know how to make a doll's sleigh out of cardboard. Of course, in the winter the fine ladies of doldom love to dress in their furs and go sleigh-riding. And one good thing about it is that they do not have to wait for snow to come in the regular course of nature. They simply command their servants (the little girls) to tear up enough white paper to make a fine, fluffy roadway across a corner of the nursery. Paper snow is the best in the world, for it never melts. And along such a white pathway the dolls may ride delightfully if they have the sleighs to ride in.

If you will closely study the following directions and the accompanying illustration, you may learn how to be your own wheelwright and make as many doll sleighs as you have cardboard to supply the material. Here are the directions:

Cut in a piece of light pasteboard or heavy cardboard of tough and flexible make the model shown in Fig. 1. Bend the four flaps, A, B, C, D, over the corresponding dotted lines, a, b, c, d, and fasten the edges, rr, ss, vv, and oo, to each other by means of a slip of paper with strong glue. Bend downward the runners, as Fig. 2 shows.



THE PAPER SLEIGH.

The bottom of the sleigh may be covered with a small piece of bright-colored cloth, and a seat, as represented in Fig. 3, can be cut from some scrap of heavier cardboard.

The artistic decoration of the sleigh is left to the maker's taste and fancy.—Chicago Record.

The Quarrelsome Kittens.

Two little kittens,
One stormy night,
Began to quarrel,
And then to fight.

One had a mouse,
And the other had none;
And that's the way
The quarrel begun.

"I'll have the mouse,"
Said the biggest cat.
"You'll have that mouse?
We'll see about that!"

"I will have that mouse,"
Said the tortoise shell;
And, spitting and scratching,
On her sister she fell.

The old lady took
The sweeping-broom,
And swept them both
Right out of the room.

The ground was covered
Thick with snow;
They had lost the mouse,
And had nowhere to go.

So they lay and shivered
Beside the door,
Till the old lady finished
Sweeping the floor.

And then they crept in
As quiet as mice,
All wet with snow,
And cold as ice;

And found it much better,
That stormy night,
To lie by the fire,
Than quarrel and fight.
—Selected.

Tops Then and Now.

"The boys of the present times know many things the boys of forty years ago did not know," remarked a 14th street toy dealer to a Star reporter, "but in the way of toys they are far behind what their fathers and grandfathers were. The boy is now satisfied with a penny ash or poplar top and with a string for his top cord, and he gets all the sport out of it that he seems to want. Now, such a thing as a painted top would not be used in my boyhood days here in Baltimore, where I spent some of them. In those days nothing but a hard turned dogwood, hickory or mahogany top was considered the proper thing. The little cast-iron plugs of the tops of to-day would be laughed at then, and the boys would be ashamed to be seen carrying such a thing or playing with it on the streets. The plug then was a steel bolt, was heavy, and was strongly screwed in. Of course, the top then cost from 5 to 15 cents, but it was rigged up to do service, and did it, too. Such tops are not to be had now in the toy trade, though now and then I have had some turned out by the old man who made tops for me when I was a boy, but the boys won't touch them, preferring the painted machine-made tops. The leather top cord is also one of the things of the past, and the ordinary boy knows no more about it than he does of the other 'lost arts.' Several of the old shoe cobblers of Georgetown who were so famous for making top cords have told me that they have not made a top cord for thirty-five years, and that they have not had a call for them in that time."—Washington Star.

The Teacher's Language.

School children are so observant, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, especially of their teachers, and more especially when they are just starting out in school.

A little Cleveland girl of 6 years came home one day with her mind filled with that new wonder, the schoolroom.

"How do you like your teacher?" her mamma asked.

"She's a very nice teacher," said the little one, "only it's such a pity she doesn't speak so many of her words right. I shouldn't think they'd let her teach till she learned to say them so people could understand."

"Why, what does she say that is wrong?"

"Well, yesterday she was going to say, 'Pass from the room quietly,' and what do you think she did say? She said 'pawss,' just like that. I guess nobody didn't understand her at first, and then this morning we were talking about trees, and she said 'brawnches'—yes, ma'am, just like that. She's a nice teacher, but you got to get used to her before you can understand her language.

Misjudging Willie.

The little boy had come in with his clothes torn, his hair full of dust and his face bearing unmistakable marks of a severe conflict. "Oh, Willie!" exclaimed his mother, "you have disobeyed me again. How often have I told you not to play with that wicked Stapleford boy?" "Mamma," said Willie, wiping the blood from his nose, "do I look as if I had been playing with anybody?"

An Internal Warfare.

A little girl was found rolling on the floor in the agonies of colic. Between her sobs she explained the reason for her trouble as follows: "I ate some pickles and drank some milk, and the pickles told the milk to get out, and the milk said it wouldn't, and they're having an awful fight. Oh, my! Oh, my!"

A Triple Combination.

The teacher asked her class to put the nouns, "boys," "bees" and "bears" into a sentence. The scholars thought intently for a few moments, when one ragged youngster, with a look of victory on his face, raised his hand. "Well, Johnnie, what is your sentence?" "Boys bees bare when they go in swimmin'."

Where Prayer Was Needed.

Mrs. Slimson—My little boy has been very wicked to-day. He got into a fight and got a black eye. The Rev. Mr. Drowsie—So I perceive. Willie, come into the other room and I will wrestle in prayer for you. Willie—You'd better go home and wrestle in prayer for your own little boy. He's got two very black eyes.

Bohemia's Strange Minerals.

Not far from Trebisch, in Bohemia, are found many glassy-looking objects, of a bottle-green color, and tending, when unbroken, to an egg shape, to which the name moladivites has been given. Professor Suess, of Vienna, from a recent study of these curious minerals, concludes that they are really meteorites, and should be added to the list of foreign bodies that have found their way to the earth's surface by falling from space.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

One of the neatest-looking gear cases on the market is formed of an endless flexible tube slitted along its inner face and stretched over the chain, completely inclosing it between the sprocket wheels and opening partially for passage around them as it revolves with the chain.

To cleanse the dust from railway seats and other upholstered cushions a new device is formed of a suction pipe entering a casing having an open bottom, the latter being drawn over the cushions or used to beat them to dislodge the dust, which passes off through the pipe.

In an improved letter box for the delivery of mail matter the entire face of the box is opened by the carrier, disclosing a series of pigeon-holes for the reception of letters. After the distribution the face is closed and subscribers can open their private boxes with a key.

An improved car brake is formed of two semi-circular bands surrounding friction plates attached to the wheels, one end of each band being attached to the car frame, while the other is connected to a beam operated by the brake lever to tighten the bands around the disks.

For use in excavating for the foundations of bridge piers and other work under water a wooden caisson is fitted with an air chamber and weighted to sink it to the bed of the stream, jets of water being used to dislodge the dirt and cause it to flow toward a suction pipe to be pumped out.

Easily Regulated.

A New York man of wealth and leisure, who has tried many obesity cures without result, has succeeded in reducing his too solid flesh in a very simple way. His usual diet is not modified; but everything taken into the mouth is masticated till it slides down the throat without the voluntary action of the person eating. Nothing is forcibly swallowed. This may seem impossible at the first thought, but a single trial will convince anyone of its practicability. Not only solid food is chewed in this way, but liquids of all kinds, tea, coffee, milk, beer, and so on. From the standpoint of economy this new method of eating is very satisfactory, because in following it one cannot take more than half the amount of food consumed in the ordinary way. When the food is thoroughly masticated, hunger is soon satisfied; and physicians have said for a long time that people eat very much more food than is necessary to keep them in health and strength. In the instance cited, at the end of twelve weeks the patient had reduced his weight fifty pounds.

Parnell's Superstitions.

Parnell had some pet superstitions, according to his biographer, Barry O'Brien. "He would not pass another person on the stairs. He was horror-stricken to find himself sitting with three lighted candles; the fall of a picture in the room made him dejected for the entire afternoon; and he would have nothing to do with an important bill drawn up by a colleague because it happened to contain thirteen clauses. He also thought green a most unlucky color—a strange and inconvenient feeling for a Nationalist leader—and the sight of green banners at the political meetings he addressed often unnerved him."

A Squirrel in Amber.

Flies are not the only things found in amber. In a big mass of clear amber, dredged up out of the Baltic Sea recently, there was distinctly visible in its interior a small squirrel—fur, teeth and claws intact.

IMITATION RUBIES.

Jewelers Admit They Cannot Tell the Artificial Gems from the Real.

One of the prima donnas at the Metropolitan opera house wears in one role a beautiful parure of diamonds, and she horrified another singer in the company by telling her that they were French imitations that had not cost one-fiftieth of what they seemed to have cost.

The other woman was distressed because all of hers were real, and the thought of the money invested in them was too much for her.

Immitation jewels have come to be so finely made that detection is almost impossible. Even for ordinary wear they are accounted beautiful, and it is only the knowledge of their falsity which makes them unpopular. For every ordinary purpose they are as useful as the genuine pieces.

The last jewels to be imitated with wonderful success are rubies, and they happen to be a fashionable stone just now. The manufactory which has these imitation rubies on the market is situated in London, and it has already been said there that the price of real rubies will certainly fall in consequence of the discovery of these wonderful imitations. The profits of the company making the rubies are said to be $185,000 a year.

Artificial rubies weighing 40 carats can be produced, but are not, as there would be no sale for stones of that size. An authority has said that there is no way known to him by which these stones can be told from the genuine ones.

A London jeweler questioned as to the possible results of these good and cheap imitations said that the stones impossible to imitate might become the most valuable and most fashionable, eventually.—New York Sun.

New Story of Mark Twain.

Here is a new story of Mark Twain, whose after-dinner speeches are unique. At a recent dinner to which he was invited his name was associated with the toast of "Literature" by an orator, who referred with great eloquence to Homer, Shakspeare, Milton, and—Mark Twain. In response, the humorist thanked the speaker for his kindly references, and excused himself from making a longer speech by saying: "Homer is dead. Shakspeare and Milton are no more, and I—I don't feel very well myself!"

He who says what he likes will hear what he does not like.

LITERARY NOTE FROM THE CENTURY CO.

"The Century" will issue three special numbers: June, "Out of Doors Number;" July, "The Story-tellers' Number;" and August, "Midsummer and Travel Number." An article by Henry van Dyke on "Fisherman's Luck," and a dozen striking pictures of Niagara Falls by the artist Castaigne, are two of the features of the June issue.

Be careful of your promises, and just in your performances, and remember it is better to do and not promise than to promise and not perform.

Here is the manliness of manhood, that a man has a good reason for what he does, and has a will in doing it.

Love of justice in the generality of men is only the fear of suffering from injustice.

Be what you wish others to become. Let yourself, and your words, preach for you.

The thing that makes pessimism is failure to find in men what angels possess.

None are rash when they are unseen by anybody.

It is an easy matter to love our friends, but it requires some effort to love our enemies.

Our prayers should be for blessings in general, for God knows best what is good for us.

A man seldom forgives an injury until after he has availed himself an opportunity to get even.

A man who does not know how to learn from his mistakes turns the best schoolmaster out of his life.

We have all of us sufficient fortitude to bear the misfortunes of others. Prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

All that is human must retrograde if it do not advance.

The man who procrastinates struggles with ruin.

REVISED VERSION A DRUG.

Booksellers Still Overstocked with Copies of the Newest Bible.

Those who remember the enormous sales which attended the introduction of the revised version of the holy scriptures will be not a little surprised at the general collapse which has gradually made this publication a drug on the market. Over sixteen years ago the first edition of the revised New Testament was published by the Oxford Press, and at the time so strenuous were the efforts made to obtain advance sheets of it that one house alone offered £5,000 for a single copy without success. When the revised version of the entire Bible was published, four years later, the run on the Oxford University Press warehouse was unprecedented, upward of 1,000,000 copies being issued between one midnight and the next midday. At the New York branch of the Oxford Press, in Bleeker street, the office was besieged the night before publication, and special detectives were placed around the building to prevent over-eager purchasers from obtaining copies, even by depositing their money.

It is estimated that 1,000,000 copies were sold in this country during the first three weeks after the publication. Such a sale had never before been known, and several American firms, including Harper Bros., D. Appleton & Co., Dodd, Mead & Co., and Porter & Coates of Philadelphia, issued American editions in large quantities to meet the demand.

The collapse was experienced less than two months after the first appearance of the new version. The total loss to the American firms interested has been variously estimated to be between $500,000 and $800,000. From that date until now the sales have been extremely small, less than eight copies being sold to 100 of the King James version.

That the revised version will ever supplant the King James version seems extremely doubtful from the present outlook. As is well known, the new version is never used in either the Roman Catholic or Protestant Episcopal church in public worship, and can never be, unless authorized by those in power, which is extremely unlikely to occur, owing to the origin of the revised version. The Douay Bible is at present used almost exclusively among English-speaking people of the Roman Catholic church, and the King James Bible in the Protestant Episcopal church. In churches of other denominations the revised version has made little or no headway, and the regular Scripture reading for the day is rarely taken from it.

As a text-book, however, it is considered almost invaluable, and is used extensively by clergymen of all denominations and in many Sunday schools. Its superiority in technical accuracy is everywhere recognized. Its lack of popularity in public worship seems to grow out of a loss of sentiment, which is found to so large a degree in the authorized version. One of the passages which has evoked the most unfavorable comment is the translation of the Lord's prayer, which in Matthew vi., 9-14, is made to read as follows:

"Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven so on earth. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts as we also have forgiven our debtors. And bring us not into temptation, but deliver us from the evil one." The substitution of "the evil one" for "evil" brought forth a flood of criticism.

Another passage which has attracted attention is the translation of "Gloria in Excelsis." Instead of "Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men," the revised version has it: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace among men in whom he is well pleased."

These two passages, perhaps, alone have decided the fate of the new version as a book "appointed to be read in churches."—New York Times.

Culture does not supersede Christ, but Christ precedes the best culture.

There are not many better cables in a storm than a mother's apron strings.

The schools may grind good glasses, but God only can make the seeing eye.

The sun-shiny Christian is the one who keeps near the Light of the world.

Can we expect light on our difficulties when we refuse it on our duties?

Storm-clouds hide the sun-lit peaks as sorrows hide the heights where sorrow is unknown.

When we believe that God has a plan for our lives, we will cease planning for our selfish ends.

The "occasional glass" is the devil's string halter on the neck of the man who thinks that he is free.

You may double one good action by praising it, but it is certain you will not halve a bad one by blame.

Japanese Churches.

Of the 6,000 Japanese on the Pacific coast 800 are Christians, and there are a number of regularly organized churches among them that are entirely self-supporting.