



INVENTOR OF PRINTING.

FIVE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF GUTENBERG.

He Was a Native of the Old Rhenish City of Mayence—A Patriotic and Revolutionary Printing Type.

Germany has just celebrated in a most fitting way the five hundredth anniversary of the birth of Johann Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, one of the most notable and characteristic of her sons. In the beautiful old Rhenish city of Mayence, the birthplace of the inventor, there was an exhibition of the best and the most curious which the printer's art has produced during the past five hundred years. There was an historical procession through the old streets in which the costumes of Gutenberg's time were reproduced. Hundreds of scholars and specialists in printing came from all parts of Germany to do honor to the great man's memory. There were festive excursions on the historic river and illuminations in the evenings—altogether a worthy and dignified celebration. No one can accuse the Germans of neglecting the memory of their great men.

It is impossible to state with accuracy the exact year of Gutenberg's birth, but there is strong reason for believing that he first saw the light some time near the close of the fourteenth century. His real name was Gensfleisch, Gutenberg being only his cognomen, probably the name of the place whence the family came. He belonged to a patrician family of Mayence, his father seems to have been a man of political importance, for we hear of him as involved in the troubles which at that time were chronic between the Bishop Elector of Mayence and the guilds and burghers. With his family he was obliged to fly to Strassburg, and it was in the Alsatian city that Gutenberg learned the arts which he was afterward to turn to such good account. He devoted himself to goldsmith's work, to the manufacture of mirrors, and to experiments in iron, copper and lead.

During Gutenberg's residence in Strassburg we get one or two curious glimpses of him, but nothing that is sufficient. He had a legal dispute with some citizens as to a certain plant in which he was interested, but of more human interest is a complaint made against him to the Bishop by a certain Anna of the Iron Gates for refusing to fulfill a pledge he had made to marry her.

This is all we know of Gutenberg until we again hear of him in Mayence, a man of matured middle age, probably fifty years old. Mayence at that time was a great ecclesiastical center, and likely enough Gutenberg had returned to his paternal city to manufacture goldsmith's work for the Bishop Elector and his clergy. But he must have had other views as well. While in Strassburg he had his attention turned to the tedious processes involved in the printing of the Donat, as the elementary Latin grammars of the time were called. The letters were engraved on a large block of wood, much as our wood cuts are at the present time. We do not know Gutenberg's processes of thought, but the idea had evidently struck him that this cumbersome method of production would be vastly simplified if movable metal letters were employed instead of engraved blocks of wood. In Strassburg he had set himself the task of molding these letters of various degrees of hardness, and it is evident that when he returned to Mayence he brought with him a considerable supply of these movable types.

Gutenberg was always a poor man, and evidently thriftless. So on his arrival in Mayence he made the acquaintance of a certain Johann Fust, a fifteenth century capitalist, who for a consideration was willing to set up the inventor as a printer in a properly equipped printing office. Gutenberg anxious to get work, accepted Fust's offer. But the business association of the two men was a failure. Gutenberg could pay neither capital nor interest, and Fust was compelled to cast about for a more business-like partner, whom he found in the celebrated Peter Schoffer. Poor Gutenberg was deprived of much of his best type, and had it not been for the merciful interposition of a wealthy burgher, who believed in him, he would have suffered complete commercial shipwreck. He never, however, was able to get his head above water, and after two or three years of painful struggle he gave up the contest against the powerful firm of Fust & Schoffer.

Toward the close of his life, probably broken down by cares and disappointments, he seems to have joined the confraternity of lay brothers of St. Victor and to have led an ascetic, prayerful life. His friends managed to procure for him a position as one of the Elector's Servitors, a nomination which secured for him a new suit of clothes every year, and a sufficiency of corn and wine for his necessities. Once a year he went to the Elector's castle at Eltville to obtain his suit of clothes. He was over sixty when he died an unnoticed man, and few of his townsmen followed him to his humble grave in the cloisters of the Dominican monastery.

It is to Gutenberg's association with Fust that we owe the celebrated Gutenberg Bibles. There were two of these, the first (1453-1456) with forty-two lines to the page, the second with thirty-six lines. Only thirty-one copies of the forty-two-line Bible are known to exist, some of them imperfect, and of the thirty-six-line Bible no printed copies. A short time after its appearance in 1456 a

forty-two-line Bible was sold in Mayence for forty gold guildens, equal to about \$70; and a few years ago in London a good copy reached the enormous price of \$1900. It is pleasant to remember that this old citizen of Mayence had felt the need of printing the Bible. It was this that spurred him on to his work, and we are grateful to him for the large share he has taken in enabling us now, five hundred years after his birth, to circulate this most glorious of all books in millions of copies in all the languages of the earth.—New York Independent.

A Grouse Cock Fight.

I had nearly lost hope of bagging a chicken and had turned a shoulder to the breeze, says Maurice Thompson in the Atlantic, when something whistled, or chirped, close behind me. At the same time wings fluttered, and upon turning, I saw a cock grouse and not more than six feet from me. When he struck the ground he erected all of his feathers and looked at me wildly. I had twisted myself and was turned but half around. I saw that he was going to fly—I must shoot instantly or not at all. It was an awkward situation. Then a new feature was added. Flying like a bullet came another cock and struck the first, whereupon the two fought like savages, tumbling on the grass, striking with their wings, pecking, kicking, chattering. Evidently they were bent upon killing each other if possible. I let drive an arrow at them and missed. Shot again and knocked one over. The other flew away in crazy haste. On my way back to camp I passed through a scrub-oak grove on a low, sandy ridge lying at right angles to the river, and in the midst of it found a pond literally swarming with ducks of different species. They must have sought the sheltered place to avoid the chill and worry of the wind. It was deep water and the birds kept well out from shore, so I did not shoot, as every arrow would have been lost.

A River's Curious Course.

Unique in its kind is no doubt the Mocona waterfall in the South American republic of Uruguay, situated about two miles below the mouth of the Píperí Assu River into the Uruguay. A great rock divides the river into two separate streams in such a manner that the right arm continues its flow on the original level, while the second arm falls gradually, so that it finally lies twenty-two feet below the level of the other arm. The bed of the upper part of the river is not very deep, and the water flows partly in a right angle to the river, thus forming a waterfall of more than two miles in length.

This unique view presents itself to the traveler, however, only during the winter, for in the summer, and especially during the rainy season, the Uruguay contains such immense quantities of water that both arms form one single stream, navigable even for the largest freight steamers. The fall has been known for centuries, and a description of it was published as early as 1631 by Rev. Antonius Sepp, a missionary from Tyrol, who spent over twenty years among the Indians of Uruguay.

The Roar of a Battle.

The roar of the navy's four-point-seven's, their crash, their rush as they passed, the shrill whine of the shrapnel, the barking of the howitzers, and the mechanical, regular rattle of the quick-firing Maxims, which sounded like the clacking of many moving machines on a hot summer's day, tore the air with such hideous noises that one's skull ached from the concussion, and one could only be heard by shouting. But more impressive by far than this hot chorus of mighty thunder and petty hammering was the roar of the wind which was driven down into the valley beneath, and which swept up again in enormous waves of sound. It roared like a great hurricane at sea. The illusion was so complete that you expected, by looking down, to see the Tugela lashing at her banks, tossing the spray hundreds of feet in air, and battling with her sides of rock. It was like the roar of Niagara in a gale, and yet when you did look below not a leaf was stirring, and the Tugela was slipping forward, flat and sluggish, and in peace.—Richard Harding Davis, in Scribner's.

The Sparrow in a New Light.

An English writer, in a recent issue of the Lady's Pictorial, says: "Do you know that the ordinary sparrow, when tamed, is a very affectionate creature, and a most lively and intelligent companion? A friend of ours tamed one, and it not only discriminated between the members of the family, loving some and disliking others, but actually had its own musical preferences, strange little bird! It hated Chopin, tolerated Liszt, ignored Beethoven, but enjoyed Mozart and Mendelssohn. What bird of high aristocratic lineage could you find who would show such critical faculties as this? Bullfinches, charming as is their mellow whistle, are such delicate birds as to be a constant care, and they are of so jealous a disposition that they have been known to pine and die when superseded by some other pet."

The Brains of Women.

From scientific observations made all over the world it appears that women's brains are invariably of less dimensions than those of men. Height and weight appear in inverse to affect this result. Men of less stature, men of equal weight with women, still own heavier and larger brains. The result is uniform in all countries, and with all races. Whenever and wherever measurements of brain have been attempted the same thing is seen. Men have always nearly ten per cent. more brains than women.—London Graphic.

AWFUL FAMINE

That Is Now Making of India One vast Charnel Pen.

The famine area in India is about 250,000 square miles, and extends over the central, south and northwestern provinces, says Leslie's Weekly. No pen could describe its awful horrors. Some of the things proved by photography are too realistically horrible to be reproduced in any publication, and we print only a few of the less frightful photographs taken by the missionaries, because many have not believed that such an awful condition could exist in this century of plenty and prosperity. Emaciated beyond belief, the starving natives crawl to the house of the nearest sahib, usually a missionary, to crave food; but 80,000 mouths have to be fed. Fifteen dollars a year will feed a Hindu, yet even this pitiable allowance is not to be had. The causes of the famine are the failure of the crops, the refusal of the native princes to allow their hunting jungles to be converted into fertile agricultural regions, and the mysterious disappearance of a special famine fund of \$100,000,000, collected by the government after the famine of 1877. The Hindu is a strict vegetarian. The low-caste Hindu is a fatalist. So, when famine stalks abroad the Hindu submits uncomplainingly. Day by day he will subsist on less food, until at last, when a mere shadow, he will drag his bony self to a relief station. There he may get food—or he may not. If not, he crouches in some corner, or out in the fields, under God's trees, and awaits the coming of death. The majority of the victims are women and children.

Leading Political Economist.

Professor Dr. Gustav Schmoller, whose declaration that Brazil must become a great state under German influence, has been the rector of the University of Berlin since 1897. He is one of the foremost political economists of Europe, and for years has lectured in German universities on political science, economics and history. Professor Schmoller was born at Heilbronn in 1838, and studied in the University of Wurtemberg. In 1864 he was called to a chair in Halle, and from 1865 to 1872 he was dean of the University of Strassburg. In 1882 Prof. Schmoller was transferred to Berlin as professor of history of political science. His opinions upon national matters are of great weight.

Longest Canal, the Erie.

The longest canal in the world is the Erie, in New York, extending from Albany to Buffalo, a distance of 831 miles.

What Shall We Have For Dessert?

This question arises in the family daily. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in 2 min. No boiling! No baking! Simply add a little hot water & set to cool. Flavors: Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At grocers. 10c.

It is estimated that about 2,000,000,000 bicycles have been made in Europe and America.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

North Carolina got along all last year, ending May 31, without a strike.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SARVELL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Tarantulas are being raised in Australia for their webs, which are being used in making threads for war balloons.

You Look Cross

What makes you look that way? There certainly must be some good reason for it. If your tongue is coated, if you are bilious, if your head aches, if your food rests heavy on your stomach, and if you are constipated, then the whole trouble is with your liver.

What you need is a good liver pill, an easy liver pill, a purely vegetable liver pill. You need a box of Ayer's Pills, that's what you need. These pills cure constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, and sick headache.

25 cents a box. All druggists.

"I always keep a box of Ayer's Pills on hand. There is no pill their equal for a liver regulator. Long ago they cured me of liver complaint and chronic constipation."—S. L. SPELLMAN, Columbus, Ohio, May 31, 1900.

Called the Wrong Man.

An Irishman arriving in Cincinnati one night found it impossible to get a bed to himself, but was permitted to share one which had been engaged by a barber. Pat noted that his bedfellow was very bald and proceeded to chafe him. This barber endured in silence, but when Pat had fallen into a heavy slumber the other man got up and shaved every hair off his tormentor's head. The Irishman having a long tramp before him on the morrow, had left instructions that he be called very early, and, it being still dark when he rose, he did not notice the loss of his hair. When some distance on his way, however, he felt thirsty, and, coming to a spring, took off his hat and bent down to drink. Seeing the reflection of his bald head in the water, he sprang back aghast. "The jabbers," he exclaimed wrathfully, "they've called the wrong man!"

"Akzaza" She Gasped.

A boy's magazine had offered an engraving for competition among its readers; the sentence to be transcribed ran as follows: "Kruger's adroit policy of aggrandizement will puzzle a sphinx." Tommy tried combination after combination, but always failed to utilize all the letters. At last a brilliant thought struck him, enabling him to dispose of any superfluous letters. Here is the solution: "With a gurgling cry of 'Akzaza' Miss Nellie Pullen dropped dead." The editor awarded Tommy an extra prize for his ingenuity, remarking that, if the young lady spoke only English, her death must have been most painful.—Stray Stories.

Where the Paint Went.

The Philadelphia Press tells a story of a house painter who seems to have a very pretty wit. "I thought you were working on Jay Krank's new house," said the house painter's friend. "I was going to," replied the house painter, "but I had a quarrel with him and he said he'd put the paint on himself." "And did he do it?" "Yes, that is where he put most of it."

Favorable reports have been received from all parts of South Russia regarding the prospects of the coming harvest.

The native hen of New Zealand is an expert rat-killer.

The chief of police at Erie, Pa., proposes to have tramps make bricks and construct buildings.

Drugs have their use, but don't store them in your stomach. Beeman's Peppin Gum aids nature to perform its functions.

The intense dryness of the South African air is very destructive of leather. Hence the soldiers' boots soon wear out.

Froy's Vermifuge is 60 years old. As the years advance it becomes more and more popular.

The imports of crude rubber to this country have in the last 30 years increased 431 per cent.

Jell-O, the New Dessert. Please all the family. Four flavors: Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10c.

The aging of timber, which formerly required long storage, is now completed by electricity in a few hours.

Permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 161 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

There are 500 hotels and camps in the Adirondacks receiving guests. They have a combined capacity of 62,000.

E. A. Hood, Toledo, Ohio, says: "Halt's Catarth Cure cured my wife of catarth fifteen years ago and she has had no return of it. It's a sure cure." Sold by Druggists, 25c.

A scientific person asserts that bag-pipe-playing in the vicinity of a cowshed causes the cows to yield more milk.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TARTARIC CHINA TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteful form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

The catalogue of the Paris Exhibition will contain the names of nearly 90,000 exhibitors of all nations.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The cemeteries around London cover 2,000 acres, and the land they occupy represents a capital of £20,000,000.

YOUR COW'S PRODUCTION will be increased 20 per cent. by using our aluminum Cream Separators and up-to-date churns. \$4 up. 10 days trial. Catalogue free. Address, Gibson-Stewart Mfg. Co., Gibsonia, Pa.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

BUREAU WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good, Cures in Time. Sold by Druggists.

One Woman's Letter

SAYS
"I doctored with two of the best doctors in the city for two years and had no relief until I used the Pinkham remedies."

"My trouble was ulceration of the uterus. I suffered terribly, could not sleep nights and thought sometimes that death would be such a relief."

"To-day I am a well woman, able to do my own work, and have not a pain."

"I used four bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and three packages of Sanative Wash and cannot praise the medicines enough."—MRS. ELIZA THOMAS, 634 Pine St., Easton, Pa.

Mrs. Pinkham advises suffering women without charge.

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

DON'T STOP TOBACCO SUDDENLY
It injures nervous system to do so. BAGO-CURO is the only cure that really cures and will not injure you when you stop. Sold with a guarantee that three boxes will cure any case. BAGO-CURO is vegetable and harmless. It has cured thousands. It will cure you. At all druggists or by mail prepaid. \$1.00 a box. 2 boxes, \$2.00. Booklet free. Write EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., La Crosse, Wis.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY—press cases. Box of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. H. H. GARDNER'S HOME, Box 5 Atlanta, Ga.
If afflicted with sore eyes use Thompson's Eye Water

A DEAD LIVER



He thinks he lives, but he's a dead one. No person is really alive whose liver is dead. During the winter most people spend nearly all their time in warm, stuffy houses or offices or workshops. Many don't get as much exercise as they ought, and everybody knows that people gain weight in winter. As a rule it is not sound weight, but means a lot of flabby fat and useless, rotting matter staying in the body when it ought to have been driven out. But the liver was overburdened, deadened—stopped work. There you are, with a dead liver, and spring is the time for resurrection. Wake up the dead! Get all the filth out of your system, and get ready for the summer's trials with clean, clear blood, body, brain free from bile. Force is dangerous and destructive unless used in a gentle persuasive way, and the right plan is to give new strength to the muscular walls of the bowels, and stir up the liver to new life and work with CASCARETS, the great spring cleaner, disinfectant and bowel tonic. Get a box to-day and see how quickly you will be

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BEST FOR THE BOWELS

10c. 25c. 50c. ALL DRUGGISTS

To any needy mortal suffering from bowel troubles and too poor to buy CASCARETS we will send a box free. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York, mentioning advertisement and paper.