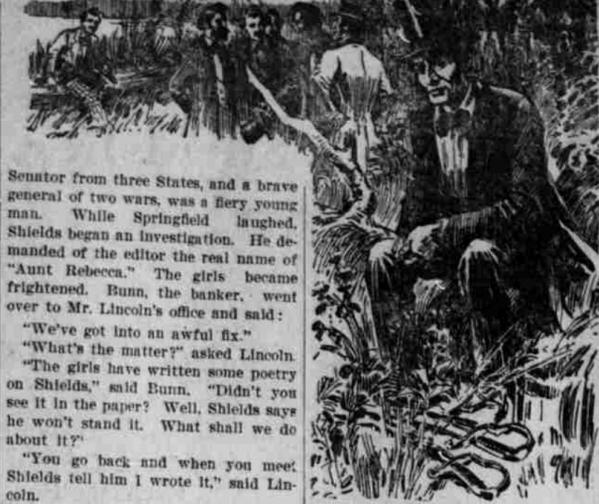


RECOLLECTIONS OF LINCOLN

The old resident of Alton takes the visitor to the river bank in front of the City Hall and, pointing across the Mississippi to an island heavily wooded with willows, informs him that there is the "Lincoln-Shields Park." On the 22d of September, 1842, writes Walter R. Stevens in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, the stage coaches rattled down the long valley through the bluffs of Alton and unloaded an extraordinary passenger list at the Plaza Hotel. The people sitting and standing on the wide double galleries of the three-story, hipped roof, wooden hotel, looked and wondered as James Shields, the State Auditor, accompanied by Col. Whitesides and several other well-known Springfield politicians stepped down from the coach and went into the hotel. They were amazed when another vehicle delivered "Abe" Lincoln, the lawyer; E. H. Berryman and William Butler. About the same time Elijah Lott and J. J. Hardin and several others, well-known public men of Illinois, drove into town. "Jim" Shields had challenged "Abe" Lincoln and they had challenged "Abe" Lincoln and they were going across the river to fight on Missouri soil with "broadswords," the regulation cavalry sabres of the United States Army. Those were the years of "dragoons" in this country.

As soon as the ferry reached the island Mr. Lincoln was taken in one direction and Mr. Shields in the other. They were given seats on logs and left to themselves while seconds and peace-makers discussed the situation. In a short time a serious defect in the proceedings on the part of Shields came to light. The challenge had been sent prematurely. The mistake is explained quite clearly in the Alton traditions. Lincoln had amused himself and had entertained the Whigs by writing funny letters to a Springfield paper about the Democrats, and signing his epistle "Aunt Rebecca." Mary Todd, who afterwards became Mrs. Lincoln, and Julia Jayne conspired to add to the gaiety of the community by getting up an "Aunt Rebecca" letter of their own composition and sending it to the paper along with some verses which they signed "Cathleen." The letter which the girls wrote went outside of politics and contained a burlesque proposal of marriage to Auditor Shields. Now, the Auditor, afterward a United States



Senator from three States, and a brave general of two wars, was a fiery young man. While Springfield laughed, Shields began an investigation. He demanded of the editor the real name of "Aunt Rebecca." The girls became frightened. Bunn, the banker, went over to Mr. Lincoln's office and said: "We've got into an awful fix." "What's the matter?" asked Lincoln. "The girls have written some poetry on Shields," said Bunn. "Didn't you see it in the paper? Well, Shields says he won't stand it. What shall we do about it?" "You go back and when you meet Shields tell him I wrote it," said Lincoln.

Shields accepted this without verification and sent the challenge. The peace-makers, hurrying to Alton, brought the true story of the authorship. The facts came out in the conference on the island, and the seconds began the interchange of notes. Shields saw the error of the proceeding further when he learned that Lincoln was not the writer. For an hour or more the writing and exchanging of notes went on. Meantime the population of Alton stood in a dense mass on the river bank looking across the channel and having a good view of all the movements. "Bill" Souther, a newspaper reporter, kept his eyes on the principals. He told that for some time after the landing Lincoln and Shields sat quietly on their logs. Lincoln said nothing, and Souther thought he looked serious. After awhile something happened, and Souther said that when he saw it he "nearly blew up." The bundle of sabres had been laid down near the log where Lincoln was sitting. Lincoln reached out and took up one of the weapons. He drew the blade slowly from the scabbard, and Souther said "it looked as long as a fence rail." Holding the blade by the back, Lincoln looked closely at the edge, and then after the manner of one who has been grinding a scythe or a corn knife, he

began to feel gingerly the edge with the ball of his thumb. By this time "Bill" Souther was tremendously interested. Holding the sabre by the handle, Lincoln stood up and looked about him. He evidently saw what he was looking for in a willow tree several feet away. Raising the mighty weapon with his long arm, Lincoln reached and clipped one of the topmost twigs of the willow. When he had thoroughly satisfied himself as to the efficiency of the broadsword he sat down. A few minutes later the correspondence was closed on terms "honorable to both parties." As the boat put back to Alton the spectators on the bank were horrified to see lying prone upon the deck a figure covered with blood, while a well-known Altonian leaned over the figure plying a fan vigorously. Not until the boat was close in shore was it seen that the figure was a log of wood and that the "bloody" covering was a red flannel shirt. Wentworth dropped the fan, stood up and grinned. Lincoln was 6 feet and 4 inches, with an arm length in proportion. Shields was 5 feet 6 inches, chunky and short-limbed. "Bill" Souther marveled much over the willow tree exhibition, and wondered how long Shields could have stood up against such odds.

of the king," he said promptly. "I am in the navy." "The arrow means not service," she returned. "It signifies, rather, loyalty. Thou art a loyal man?" she asked. "Always, everywhere," he boasted. "Then why seekest thou information of thy love affairs of soothsayers?" she persisted. "The writ that soothsayers know," he answered vehemently, "and I do not. I cannot tell if I am cherished in her heart or if in my absence I am half forgot. I cannot even tell if I am present in her mind when I am near, for then converseth she most flagrantly with other and less worthy men." "Less worthy men, indeed." "I deem them so." "But is thy judgment much to be depended on? Thou seemest but a youth; thy blood is quick to take offense; thy heart protesteth over trifles and standeth round in way of buffeting. When thou art older, thou wilt better know the other sex and realize that when thou art most flouted thou art most regarded—when thou seemest most madly to pursue, shouldst thou but hesitate, she would run unto thee." "Thou shouldst know women well," he said, "but how know I that thou sayest true of what my power will become with years?" "The stone upon my finger tells me all—of thee and of thy maid who is so steeled; how that she seemeth firm as any wall—yet that if thou persist she shall yield." "Thou wouldst counsel firmness and good hope?" "As I know the future and the sex." "So be it, then," he said, "but I much fear thou knowest gypsy maidens only, and 'tis no gypsy maiden that hath cast her charm on me." "No gypsy maiden? Then thy palm is wrong. Take back thy fee straightway and run along." He shook his head. "She is no gypsy," he explained, "only a make-believe."—Buffalo Express.

TIPS IN SCOTLAND.

An Example of How Some Servants Win Their Wages.

A gentleman was invited to a shoot in Scotland at two places close together. He arrived at the first place, and immediately after his arrival at the first house received a telegram calling him back to town. He, however, determined to have one day's shooting and to proceed to town by the night mail. At the end of the day he gave the head keeper £1 and asked him to send his gun and cartridge bag over to the other place for which he had an invitation and where he proposed proceeding in three or four days' time. On his arrival there after his visit to town he found his gun, etc., had not arrived, whereupon he wrote to the keeper, asking him to forward it at once, and he (the keeper) had received the other £4 to which he was "entitled" the gun would be forwarded. It was detained till payment was made. The gentleman wrote to the keeper's master and received a reply that "he (the master) never interfered between his guests and his servants in the matter of tips." The gentleman also complained that the master in question paid the keeper no wages, but left him to get what he could out of the guests.—London Times.

A Mortal "Immortal."

It may be gathered from an anecdote found in the Gaulois that there was a time when some members, at least, of the French Academy shared New England's former respect for correct spelling.

One day Boissier arrived at Renan's house with a beaming face. "Now," he began, "I'll tell you a piece of news that will take down your crest. My autograph has fetched a higher price than yours."

"That does not surprise me," Renan said, serenely. "Where did you hear this?"

Boissier then explained that at an auction a day or two before a Renan autograph had sold for three francs and one of his own for five.

"Let me tell you the reason," said Renan. "There were three mistakes in the spelling of your letter, which is now lying here on my writing-table. A friend of mine was at the auction and made a high bid for the letter, after noticing the artificial gems that adorned your prose."

"He brought it to me in order that I might return it to you. If it got abroad," concluded Renan, smiling, "the public might get a bad impression of the accomplishments of members of the French Academy."

One Thing He Could Not Have.

Although there was no sort of top which could be bought and for which Harold had expressed a desire that was not in his possession, he still had his unsatisfied longings. "I know what I wish I was, mother," he said one day when his own big brother had gone away and the little boy across the street was ill.

"Yes, dear," said his mother. "Perhaps you can be it, Harold; mother will help you. Is it to play soldier?"

"No, indeed!" said Harold, scornfully. "I just wish I was two little dogs, so I could play together."—Youth's Companion.

(Mrs. Blunder has just received a telegram from India)—What an admirable invention the telegram is! she exclaimed, when you come to consider that this message has come a distance of thousands of miles, and the gum on the envelope isn't dry yet.—Tit-Bits



SOME PROTESTANT BIBLE REVISIONS.

UNTIL Pope Pius X. commissioned the order of Benedictines to revise the text of the Vulgate, a revision of which is now going on, the 1598 Clementine edition of Jerome's version of the Bible, known as the Vulgate, had been subjected to no revision. During these three hundred years several revisions of the English Bible in use among Protestants have been made—the latest being the work authorized by the American committee of revision and completed in 1901. England was behind the other Christian countries in having a Bible in her own tongue. In Egypt, Armenia and Rome the people almost from the earliest days of Christianity had read the Scriptures in their own tongue, but in England the Latin Bible held sway.

The Bible as a whole was never translated into Anglo-Saxon, though metrical paraphrases of some of its parts appeared as early as the seventh century. The first of these poetic renderings of the Scriptures was made by Caedmon, a monk of England. In the eighth century appeared Bede's rendering of the Gospel of John and the Lord's Prayer, and other paraphrases made by different ecclesiastics. In the tenth century Alfred the Good interlined a Latin manuscript with translations of the Exodus into Anglo-Saxon.

John Wycliffe's translation was the first complete English rendering of the Bible. A revision of his translation was published in 1388, just sixty-seven years before the first book printed in Europe with movable types was published. Between the appearance of this first English Bible of John Wycliffe's in the fourteenth century and the publication of Tyndal's Bible in 1525, the printing press, making possible the easy multiplication of books, had been invented. The first book, finely printed in Europe, was a Latin Bible. Before Tyndal's English Bible appeared the other European countries—Germany, Italy, France, Flanders, Spain, Holland and Bohemia—had their vernacular Bibles in print, so England was slow in giving to its people the Scriptures in a language which they could understand.

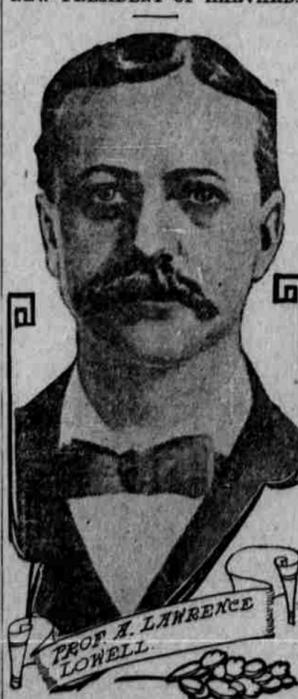
The first complete English Bible was the work of Miles Coverdale, an Augustinian friar. He undertook the work at the suggestion of Thomas Cromwell, Minister of State to Henry VIII. He really revised and secured circulation for Tyndal's New Testament. The first edition of his Bible, appearing in 1535, was not suppressed by the government, which proves that the popular demand for the Scriptures was making itself felt. The second edition, ready in 1537, was printed with the King's most precious license, being the second Bible to receive it. The first to be thus authorized by the King was the Bible edited and published by John Rogers, under the name of Thomas Matthew, in 1537. The Matthews Bible was a compilation of Tyndal's and Coverdale's translations made by Rogers, whose work was that of an editor. The notes in the Matthews Bible did not please Cromwell, so he commissioned Richard Taverner to revise it. Taverner's task was to tone down the notes and to improve the English. His revision was the first published by the King's printer, yet, despite this, it appears to have exercised little influence on later Protestant editions.

During the religious persecutions in the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth many English, both Catholic and Protestant, had to seek asylum in foreign lands. Some of the Protestant faith drifted to Geneva, where a company of Geneva pastors, among them John Knox, Miles Coverdale and William Whittingham, brother-in-law of Calvin, published what is known as the Geneva Bible. No one seemed satisfied with it, and as King James was equally dissatisfied with the Scotch authorized edition, the Geneva Bible, he was ready to yield to the appeal for another version. In 1611 the King James version was published. Though known as the authorized version, it has never been formally sanctioned by any authority, ecclesiastical or temporal. Westcott, in his "History of the English Bible," says: "A revision which embodied the ripe fruits of nearly a century of labor and appealed to the religious instinct of a great Christian people gained by its own internal character a vital authority which could never be secured by any edict of sovereign rulers. In their work the men who prepared the King James version consulted Tyndal, Matthew, Coverdale, the Great Bible and the Geneva—all of the noteworthy English versions. Nevertheless, the King James version encountered severe criticism and was revised in 1629. The American edition, as a recension of the English Revised Edition, retains the stately majesty and the simplicity of the King James version."

Ninety per cent of the words in the King James version are of Saxon origin, showing the strong influence of Wycliffe and of Tyndal, who fixed the standard of the literary style, determining that it should be popular rather than academic. Save in the matter of spelling and of some refinement owing to the development of the language, it has not so far departed from the first English Bible—that of Wycliffe—as may be seen in the extract from a manuscript of the fourteenth century:

"In the blynyng God made of nought hevenc and erthe, forsothe the erthe was idill and voyde, and derknessis weren on the face of deppre; and the Spryt of the Lord was borne on the wattris. And God syde, light be maad, and light was maad. And God saw the light that it was good. And he departede the light from derknessis, and he clepide the light day, and the derknessis nyght; and the eventid and morntid was maad one day."

NEW PRESIDENT OF HARVARD.



Abbott Lawrence Lowell, author, lawyer, Eaton professor of the science of government and distinguished scholar, who succeeds Charles W. Eliot as president of Harvard University, is a son of one of the first families of Massachusetts. The city of Lowell was named after his maternal grandfather, Abbott Lawrence. He was born in Boston on Dec. 13, 1856, a son of Augustus Lowell and Katherine Bigelow Lawrence. Augustus Lowell was one of Boston's foremost financiers in his time. He founded Lowell Institute, which has been managed so ably by the man who is to succeed to the helm of the great Cambridge university. Augustus Low-

ell's father left as a monument, besides the city which is named after him, the Boston and Lowell canal, which he constructed under great difficulties.

Upon graduation, Prof. Lowell entered Harvard Law School, and before he took off his mortar board there saw a year's active practice in the law offices of Putnam & Russell. He was graduated from the law school with honors, and in a partnership with Judge F. C. Lowell, a cousin, entered active practice of law. During the year 1891 this partnership was enlarged to include Frederick J. Stimson. Six years later, Prof. Lowell resigned from the firm to become a lecturer on government at Cambridge. For the next three years he enjoyed a good-sized chamber practice, but he found time to write "The Transfer of Stock in Corporations," a treatise which is a standard text book in law schools. His books on government and politics have earned for him an international reputation.

Origin of Dominoes.

The origin of dominoes has been attributed variously to the Greeks, the Chinese and Jews, but a Paris contemporary has discovered that the ever-popular game owes its invention to the Benedictines of Mont Cassin. Two of the order were sent into lengthy retreat, and they hit upon a method of whiling away the spare time without infringing the rules of silence by playing with square stones upon which various dots were marked. While perfecting themselves they perfected or rather evolved the game, and were accustomed to frequently repeat when playing to the evening palms from Vespers, especially the first, that is Psalm 109, which begins "Dixit Dominus Domino meo." When the retreat was over the game was soon known in the convent. Then its fame spread to the village and beyond. The verse was reduced to one word "Domino," hence the name as we have received it.

When a widower is rich, and good looking, he attracts as much talk as any widow that ever walked the face of the earth.

LOVE AND FAME.

I looked for Fame,
And Love came flitting by,
But paused a while,
With bated wings, to sigh;
But still I looked for Fame,
And Love fled by.

Fame came at last,
When hope was almost sped;
Fame came at last,
When youth and joy had fled;
And then I looked for Love,
But Love was dead.

—M. T. Marshall.

The Gypsy's Gem

The first notes of the Toreador song called a group of idlers and sightseers near and cordial handclapping followed the final note of the gypsies' music, for there were singers in the band who knew how to use their voices. The space near the cottage afforded a brilliant scene these gala days; there were always round about those curious ones who must have their fortunes told—men as well as women, skeptics and believers alike trying for a peep into the future through the eyes of the palm reader, the horoscope interpreter and the oracle.

Elsewhere in the village were merry doings—eating and drinking, all the rough diversions of the early days, the ways that men and women have ever sought for whiling away the time. Beneath a canopy were Mistress Madge and prim companions in sewing industry, while near the stie Miss Betsy lingered for a word with stalwart Hugh. Crossing the village green in pairs and groups were others of the comely maidens, and all the small boys of the town, securing more serious pursuits, played merrily at leap frog, quoits and other robust games.

Within the public houses were heavy discourse of the stock, and clinking of the glasses, and boisterous applause when one would make attempt at witticism. Behind his counter smiled the rotund keeper; among the tables and the benches supple John moved constantly with potables and lights. From all the meadow land and tenant houses round, the men were come to share the village cheer. These moved not at the notes of any song from near the Hathaway garden, but buried their coarse faces once again in cup or mug, and gurgled contentedly.

These were momentous days. The court was come. In brave array were courtiers and warriors and sailors bold, all plucking. The servants ran about in liveries resplendent, important personages stalked hither and away in heavy grandeur. Court ladies and their maids looked on the village and the country folk disdainfully in part, but some took interest and made acquaintance here and there.

The latter, friendly ones, flocked up to hear the gypsies sing, and when the

song was ended clapped and sought to know from members of the band what good or ill future held for them. One visitor, a youth, a short and sturdy lad, with bearing and with bronze of open air and sea, looked in the faces of the gypsies and strayed about from place to place to hear what patrons of the soothsayers might have learnt.

A gypsy lass made bold to ask him: "Sir, have your future told for gold; a bright career may wait there; I'll tell thee whom for friends to hold, and who they are that hate thee."

"Nay, lass, but are all the members of thy company in sight?" he asked.

"All but one maid who readeth palms," she answered him.

"Then will I wait," he said, "and see if she can tell me what I wish to know. It is the one who is the most demanded that must know the most, and I will wait to have her peer into the dark for me."

But there were those who were not so determined, and would by forecasts indiscriminately, so she left him and told others pleasant fibs to make them smile and mostly spared them what of



"THEN THY PALM IS WRONG."

painful truth she read that fate was holding back for them.

Then came that one to view who had been in demand—a riot of the gypsy colors, with burning eyes that melted into mischief in a flash, and teeth and lips so perfect one could guess they never would foretell unhappiness.

He ran to her. "Now read my palm," he said, "and I will pay thee well."

"It is my line," she answered him.

"The good cause needeth funds, and I will tell thee truly what the future holds for thee. I pray thy palm be smooth and hard, then hast thou fortune's high regard. But if it be all lined and crossed, then shalt thou be most tempest-tossed."

Together then they sat and, reddening, he stretched his hand where she might see the palm.

She reached to take it, and showed a sparkling gem upon her finger. And when he touched the gem he thrilled in all the nerves that carry shivers to and fro, but whether from her touch or from the magic of the stone he could not say.

"Alas," she said, "'tis lined and scarred; thy calling works thee overhard. But hard means triumph at the last; thou shalt be rich ere years have passed."

"So rich that I shall own a stone like that?" he questioned

"There is not wealth enough to buy it—'tis my luck stone, lad," she said.

"Now this line here, a bold, full curve, denotes a trained and steady nerve; it is of intersections free—thou must a gallant sailor be."

"All but the gallant," he broke in. "I have never done a gallant thing. The sailor's life is one of good, hard toil and sudden perils, if you will, but landsmen are the ones to whom are offered chances to conduct themselves with gallantry."

"Thou dost not read thy life and duties right," she said. "Each time thou swingest mid the lofty sails or flyest up and down the ropes thou comest nearer to the captaincy, the goal of thy highest hopes. The stone I wear upon my finger tells me where thy thoughts most linger."

A peal of laughter startled them and they looked up to see more of the gypsies, listening. "She hath a promising subject," whispered one. "Aye, he has a simple hand," the second said. "Beth, tell him true," another counseled, "or he'll haunt your days. Let him know the worst and best; clear away the haze."

And they danced away to other parts, telling one another of their winnings and of how they had almost been trapped by some sharp-witted patron trying to deceive them with false information, just to lead them on.

"I read, too, that thou art in trouble," said the girl.

"Thou art the first to know it," said the youth, readily, but wincing in her sight. "How can a man who is most times abroad have troubles? Tell me that."

"Thy trouble bides at home," she softly said.

"Then dost thou truly know," admitted the youth. "Now tell me what I shall do, for I will no longer sail the sea in such uncertainty as has cursed my voyages of late. I am a man"—he said it as a youngster doth who feels the blood bounding in him each day more swiftly than before—"I am a man; I pray thee bid me take my trouble by the throat and strangle it."

"Best take it by the hand and plead with it," she said, "or look it in the eye and say your inmost thought."

"Aye, look it in the eye—and be abashed," he answered. "I cannot say my inmost thought without some help. Is there no firmness or no readiness of speech writ in my palm, dear gypsy?"

"A plain all curleycues and tails—the owner's purpose always falls," she hummed.

"A miserable outlook," he said, and set his face.

"But thine hath no curleycues nor tails, nor anything but well-defined and proper lines—a lifeline long and red and deep, denoting friendship good to keep. Thou lovest one who is sickle!" she asked pointedly.

"I cannot tell," he said. "I mayhap should have brought her palm as well?"

"It is not needed now," the gypsy said. "Come, here's an arrow well defined, sharp-pointed, short and blunt at end. What is the message fate designed by this war token us to send?"

"The arrow must mean the service