

IN GLAD CONTENT.
The world, they say, is getting old and weary as can be!
But write me down as saying it's good enough for me!
It's good enough with all its grief, its pleasure, and its pain;
As there's a ray of sunshine for every drop of rain!

They stumble in the lonesome dark, they cry for light to see;
But write me down as saying it's light enough for me!
It's light enough to lead us on from where we fall, and fall,
As the hilltop nearest heaven wears the brightest crown of all!

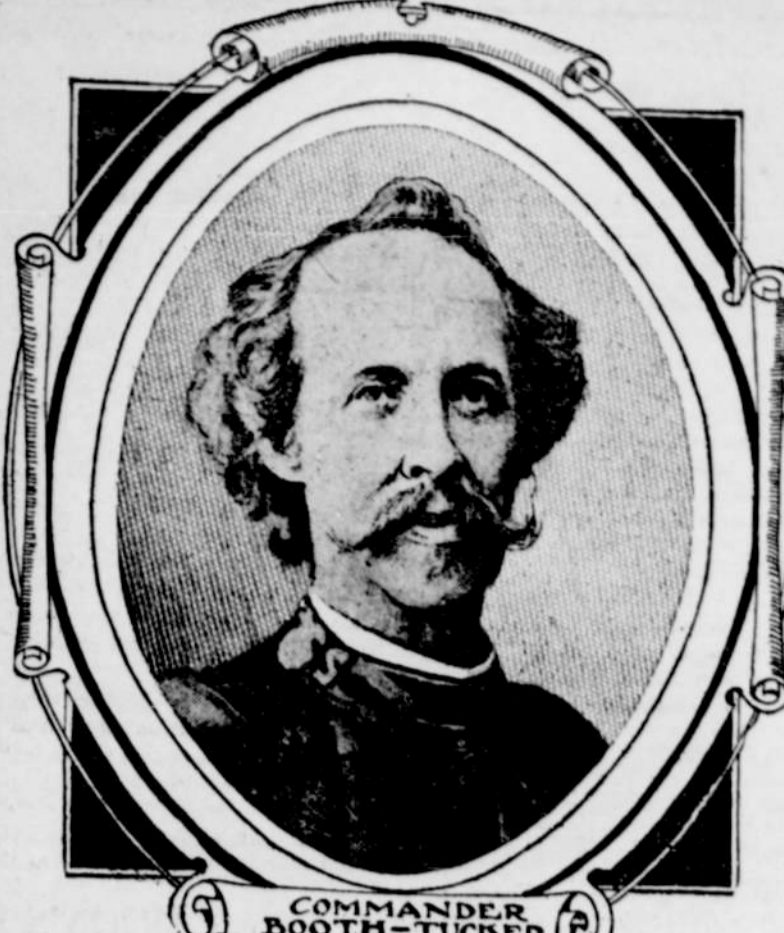
They talk about the fad; hopes that mock the years to be;
But write me down as saying there's hope enough for me!
Over the old world's walling the sweeter music swells;
In the stormiest night I listen and hear the bells—the bells!

This world of God's is brighter than we ever dream or know;
Its beams grow brighter—an' it's Love that makes 'em so!
An' I'm thankful that I'm livin' where Love's blessedness is seen,
Neath a heaven that's forgivin', where the bells ring "Home" to me!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Caught Per Telephone.

PROPOSAL of bank note thieves, said Inkster, my detective friend, "did I ever tell you how I caught one with the assistance of a girl? Well, here is the yarn:
"Ring-r-r-ring" goes the telephone bell in a Liverpool bank.
"Well, who are you?" asks the attendant clerk.
"Mr. Silvertown, of Silvertown, Sons & Co., Princes street, London," comes the answer. "Is Mr. Golden in?"
"Yes," says the clerk.
"Then ask him to speak to me at once, please," requests Mr. Silvertown.
"Are you there? Ah, how are you, Silvertown?"
"Dreadfully worried and annoyed, and I want your assistance. One of my most promising men, Cecil Hampton, has gone away on his holidays, and as a large number of notes are missing, I fear he has absconded."
"Well," queries Golden, "how am I likely to be of any use in the matter?"
"Among the notes," answers the London banker, "there are two thousand pound notes, and, as I expect he has some destination, it is quite likely that he will call at your bank with the notes and a plausible story, and ask you to cash them."
"I suppose I am to have him arrested out of hand, then?" interrupted Mr. Golden.
"No; nothing of the kind!" testily answered Silvertown. "You must get him into your office and give him a thorough good lecture and £500. Please do not interrupt. Tell him to go out of the country and begin an honest life. Tell him also that it is entirely owing to the position his father holds in the world of politics, and my respect for him as a man, that I give him this chance. I will not blast the lives of his father and his family for the son's speculation. Don't talk to me about condoning a felony, or give me any ethical definition. I consider that, apart from giving the youngster another chance after his first misstep, it is infinitely preferable to marking the family with shame for the rest of their lives."
"Is this the opinion of your partner?" asked Mr. Golden.
"No," answers Silvertown; "they know nothing of it as yet; but, if they did, I am convinced they would agree with me. I will remit the £500 to you, and you will then send the recovered notes by a trusty man, whom I will recoup for his out-of-pocket expenses."
"Very well, I agree," said Golden, at length. "And if you suspect, he comes to us, I will do as you desire. But give me a description of the man, so that there can be no mistake, and I will instruct my tellers how to act."
"Thank you, Golden," said the London banker; "I knew you would help. The lad stands about five feet ten inches tall, 25 years old—but looks more like 30—rather sallow skin, with very dark hair and short, pointed beard. He has a very slight limp, owing to some accident to his left ankle when a boy."
"That is a very good verbal portrait," said Golden, "and I think we'll not mistake him. I'll ring you up after he has been here, and report progress."
"Kindly do nothing of the kind," said Silvertown, "as I am going to Brighton this afternoon, and will probably be there a week or two. I will telegraph to you either to-night or tomorrow morning, telling you where I am staying, as the place is pretty full up, I understand; then you can write me at the address given. Thank you very much for falling in with my view of the case. Good-day!"
"Good-morning," answered Golden, and the conversation ended.
Mr. Golden proceeded to describe Hampton to all the clerks at the counter, and ordered his luncheon to be sent in order to be at hand if the thief turned up.
At luncheon time, when the bank was very quiet, Hampton walked in and boldly asked a teller to change the two notes.
"I am one of Silvertown's men," he said, "and on the firm's business."
"Certainly, sir," said the teller. "Will you just endorse them as usual?"
As Hampton was writing his name on the notes, the teller gave a sign to the watchful commissioner, and also sent a junior for his principal. Mr. Golden was soon behind the counter and addressing Hampton across the intervening mahogany.
"Please walk into my office, Mr. Hampton. I wish to speak to you. Don't attempt to escape, as the commissioner will prevent it at a sign from me."
Once inside the office and the door closed, he dropped into the first chair and shamefacedly buried his face in his hands.
"Well, young man," said his captor, "you have soon launched yourself on the sea of iniquity, and in a most skill-

COMMANDER OF THE SALVATION ARMY.



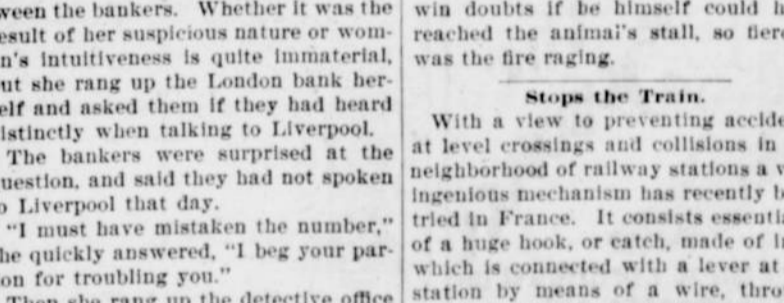
Frederick De L. Booth-Tucker, who is now visiting this country, succeeded to the command of the Salvation Army of America after the secession of Commander Ballington Booth and his wife several years ago. Before that time he was in command of the work in India. On his marriage to Emma Booth, daughter of the founder of the Salvation Army, Mr. Tucker assumed his wife's name, and has since called himself Booth-Tucker. The commander is tall and spare. His long hair is gray and his blue eye is full of humor. In the pulpit he talks more after the "heart-to-heart" fashion than with any attempt at oratorical effect. His illustrations are usually humorous, but none the less effective. He is a firm believer in the "hallelujah" methods of conducting religious meetings, and an "Amen" shout from the audience usually finds a response in the pulpit. In the executive department of the army work and the extension of the relief work he has been fully as successful as his predecessor. He was born in England fifty-two years ago.

ful manner. When you gave way to the temptation and purloined the notes you did not think that they would be so quickly missing. Nor did you think that a shrewd business man would be quite likely to hit upon the route you would take, and by telephoning—yes, you may well start—to the bank you would probably call at to change the notes, have you arrested, and your father, brothers and sisters disgraced, within very few hours of your theft being discovered. It is entirely owing to the latter contingency that Mr. Silvertown has instructed me to hand over to you this bag of £500 in gold in exchange for the notes.
"The sole condition he makes is that you leave England and attempt an honorable career abroad. If you remain in England you will be prosecuted, with the result you may easily anticipate.
"Do you accept the terms?" he asked.
"Yes, sir," answered Hampton. "I am very grateful to Mr. Silvertown. I am truly sorry I have done what I have done, but with the help of the money lent me I will keep straight."
Mr. Golden handed the bag to the younger man and received the notes which he casually compared with the list of missing notes received, of course, from Mr. Silvertown by telephone.
Golden accompanied Hampton to his office door, and warmly shook him by the hand, and wished him good luck and success in his new life.
"Where do I come in, you ask?" said Inkster, pausing in his narrative.
"Well, you see, I don't appear until near the end, which will probably be rather a surprise to you."
There happened to be a very smart but rather curious young lady in the telephone exchange, and it also happened—by accident, let us say—that she heard the telephonic conversation between the bankers. Whether it was the result of her suspicious nature or woman's intuitiveness is quite immaterial, but she rang up the London banker herself and asked him if he had heard directly when talking to Liverpool.
The bankers were surprised at the question, and said they had not spoken to Liverpool that day.
"I must have mistaken the number," she quickly answered, "I beg your pardon for troubling you."
Then she rang up the detective office and detailed the supposed conversation to the chief, who laughingly called out to me:
"Here is your man, Inkster, and run to earth by a telephone girl."
"I was in Liverpool at the time after a troublesome gang of forgers," interposed Inkster.
On being told what Miss Telephone had said, I was soon in a hansom and being quickly driven to the bank. The cab pulled up with a jerk, and just as I alighted Hampton walked out of the premises into my arms.
The roll of notes were very clever forgeries, of course, and he would have been amply repaid for his labor had he received £500 cash from them, but he will not be allowed to visit the States

THUMB REVEALS CHARACTER.

Unsuspected Traits Discovered by a Study of This Member.
The thumb confesses the man; no man is clever enough to deceive his thumb. For all time it has been divided into three parts typifying the three qualities that master the world—will, logic and love. The first or nail phalanx signifies will; the second, logic; the third, which is the boundary of the Mount of Venus, love. When the thumb is unequally developed, and the first phalanx is extremely long, it is neither love nor logic that governs the individual, but merely sheer will. If the middle phalanx be much longer than the first, reason predominates, yet the man may not have the power to will himself to do that which his reason dictates. When the third phalanx is long and the thumb is short, man is revealed as the slave of the senses, guided neither by will nor reason. If the thumb is easy-going, spendthrift, carelessness of time, money, energy, opportunity and all things, it is firm-jointed he is cautious, watchful, keen, diplomatic, tireless in planning, confident and sure of success, self-poised and self-controlling, says a writer in the Ledger Monthly.
Suvoroff, celebrated for the strength of his will; Danton, that magnanimous soul, who took upon him the disgrace of a crime to save his country; Galileo, Socrates, Newton, Leibnitz, St. Simon, Fourier, Owen—these profound reasoners, those bold innovators—had infallibly very small thumbs. Voltaire, the big of the world, whose heart was subject to his brain, had enormous thumbs.
The intimate psychic connection between the mind and the thumb, revealed by science in a thousand phases, makes it folly to deny that the thumb is the thermometer of character, and the barometer of mental health.

TRAINED ALLIGATORS TOW HIS BOAT.



Jefferson Lee, who lives on the St. John's river, in Putnam County, Fla., has the most extraordinary team in the country. It is a team of alligators that Mr. Lee uses to tow his boat up and down the river when he goes to market.
Mr. Lee has to go six miles down the river to his postoffice, and it is a hard pull against the current coming back. He noticed how swiftly alligators swim, and it occurred to him that it might be a good idea to turn the alligators that swam about in the St. John's river to his aid. He captured a pair of young alligators and he also taught them to swim and drag a weight.
When the alligators were big enough he put a harness that he had constructed on them and harnessed them to his boat. They swam well and pulled the boat through the water at a good speed. By pulling on the reins that passed through the mouths of the alligators, Mr. Lee was able to turn his strange water team in any direction he pleased. Mr. Lee's success has created great interest among all his neighbors, and now many alligators are being trained for duty as sea horses.

THE FLEA A PIRATE.

IS FEROCIOUS, BLOODTHIRSTY, AND SAMSONIAN.

His Strength in Proportion to His Size is Greater than That of Any Other Living Thing—His Pugnacity and His Many Activities.

The flea possesses all the piratical instincts—thirst for blood, rapacity, cruelty. He is, further, as ingenious in devising tortures as he is untiring in the torment of his victims.
The flea is built upon lines that make him forever hungry. But his continuous performance appetite is far from being the oddest thing about him. Proportionately to size, he is the Samson of the universe. If an elephant had the same relative strength he could come near to oversetting a steel-framed skyscraper.
A flea, wingless, with a body out of all proportion to his head, and all over less than the sixteenth of an inch in length, will leap upon a plane surface more than a yard. This, too, when he has been hatched in hair, or straw, or sand, and never known what it was to have a full meal. More marvellous still, he will spring perpendicularly upward from one to two feet. Fancy a man or boy standing flat-footed and all of a sudden leaping over a church spire.
Wonderful things have been done with fleas. They have been put into gold collars and set to drag about lengths of gold chain at least one hundred times their own weight. Further, an ingenious goldsmith back in the leisurely seventeenth century made a coach and four in ivory and gold, with a coachman upon the box, postilion and outriders, yet all so tiny it was dragged by a pair of fleas working in gold collars. They worked under a bell glass, and were exhibited in London and Paris.
To fight like cats and dogs is the synonym of continuing strife, but even cats and dogs do not fight so bitterly as cat fleas and dog fleas. Oddly enough, the cat fleas are bigger than the dog fleas, so should be always victors. But here as elsewhere condition tells. If the cat fleas are lazy and luxurious—fat they can never grow—the small, lean, keen-beaked dog fleas kill them out.
The combatants stand up to fight quite like a pair of prize-ring scoundrels. As they have six legs, they have plenty to stand on and still spare a couple with which to labor each other. Upon neutral ground, as a floor or walk, the cat and dog fleas keep the peace. But let one invade litter or a coat sacred to the other, and there is straightway a fight to a finish. Something even more curious than this inborn antipathy is that dog fleas will not live upon a cat nor cat fleas upon a dog.
Fleas lay eggs after the insect manner, which hatch out tiny wrigglers very capable of feeding on moisture and microbes—at least one judges that to be the diet, since fleas breed so largely in sand, hair, straw and litter where other food is lacking—and after a while spring themselves cocoons. The cocoons are no bigger than tiny grains of sand, but under the microscope show as semi-transparent ovals beautifully formed with pink and pearl. They are banded upon top of the matrix, which ever it may be where the sun or the light can strike them fair. Rain just at the hatching time often kills a whole brood of sandfleas.
A flea's beak is sharp and hard, something like a bird's, only more pointed. A flea bite is not poisonous, save and except in rare cases where a flea has previously been biting infected tissue. Certain French scientists have shown that both fleas and bedbugs could thus carry tubercular infection. Further, rats and rat fleas are greatly dreaded as helping to spread the fearful bubonic plague.—New York Sun.

A FAMOUS BANK.

Old London House Whose Name Figures in Romance and History.
If Londoners have any real sentiment to waste it should rather be directed toward the approaching demolition of the time-honored though frowning and repellent frontage of Coutts' bank. The name of it conjures up the thoughts of heaps of gold second only in size and amplitude to those of the Bank of England. Is not Coutts' the largest private bank in England, and has it not a more extensive connection than any other in the "mobility and landed country"? To possess "a snug banking account at Coutts'" has been the stock synonym for riches with all the novelists of the nineteenth century.
"Great George our King" opened an account with the shrewd old Scotchman who not only founded a bank, but founded a family by marrying each of his three daughters to men of title. The Duke of Wellington was another of his most famous clients, and Dr. Johnson and Sir Walter Scott banked their monies in his keeping. The history of such an institution, could it ever be written, would be far more interesting than any romance.
It is understood that the building will not be wholly destroyed, and the most notable features of the interior will, of course, be preserved. These include costly marble chimney pieces of the florid Chippendale and a valuable collection of portraits of the friends of the founder of the bank, while the dining room is described as being "hung with Chinese subjects on papers which were sent to Mr. Coutts by Lord Macartney while on his embassy to China in 1792-95."—London Telegraph.

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KATE CHASE'S GREAT AMBITION.

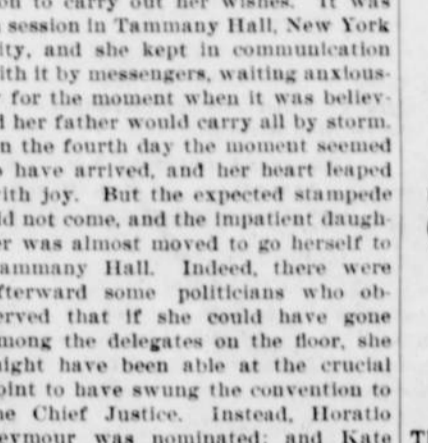
She Wished Her Father to Be President and Worked for His Nomination.
The story of "The Ambition" is told by William Perrine in "The Ladies' Home Journal." Born in 1840, she early began to exhibit a masterful spirit, to study politics, and to dream of the

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

Citizen—I want a perfectly noiseless lawn mower.
Dealer—You are a very considerate person.
Citizen—Yes, I have to be; if I can't get up early and cut grass without the neighbors hearing me I'll have to lend that lawn mower seven times before I get to use it again myself.—Chicago Record-Herald.
Took Them with Him.
Friend—How much money did your defaulting cashier get away with?
Bank Manager—Can't say.
Friend (in astonishment)—What! Haven't you had his books examined yet?
Bank Manager—No; he hasn't returned them yet.—Puck.
Miss Fortune's Curl.
There was a little girl
And she had a little curl
Right in the center of her forehead;
And when it was curled it was very, very good.

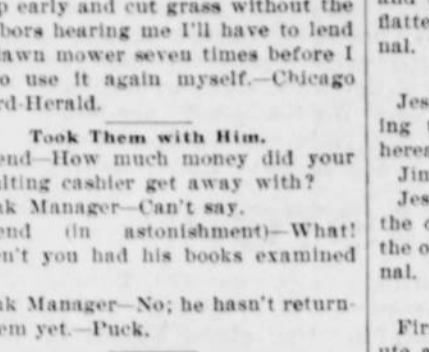


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"The President of the Woman's Rights Club," replied his assistant. "She was making a kick because we referred to her as a 'strong minded person.'"
"All right. Be careful to call her a 'weak minded person' in the future."—Philadelphia Press.

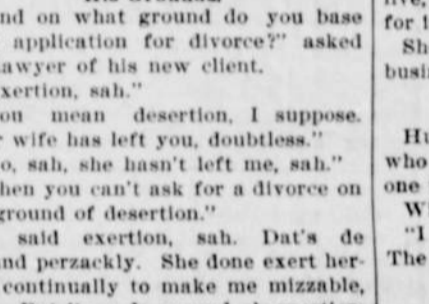
Just What She Wanted.

Tess—Della Mode wants me to try her dressmaker. I wonder if she'd suit me?
Jess—Oh, yes, indeed; she's just the one for you.
Tess—Really?
Jess—Yes, she's a wonder. Why, she can make the plainest kind of people look nice.—Philadelphia Press.
Evils of Politics.
Blithers—Our old friend, Col. Beet-bad, is another instance of the strenuous life of politics.
Blithers—How's that?
Blithers—He sued an opposition party paper for printing a caricature of him, and the jury decided that the picture flattered the colonel.—Ohio State Journal.
Bound to Be Heard.
Jester—I understand our pastor is going to preach through a megaphone hereafter.
Jimson—Why is that?
Jester—Why the sleeping members of the congregation snore so loudly that the others can't hear.—Ohio State Journal.
A Sporting Note.
First Bear—I saw a man shot a minute ago.
Second Bear—What for?
First Bear—For impersonating me, I think.—Puck.
Ready to Use.
Wife—Why do you buy such a lot of stamps at once?
Husband—So there'll be a few that won't get stuck together.—New York Weekly.
Sign of Spring.
"Have you heard a robin yet?"
"No, but I've seen a woman with her head tied up in a towel beating a carpet in the back yard."—Chicago Record.
Death Was Preferable.
"You ought to feel very grateful to Dr. Stocum," said Mrs. Henspeck to her convalescent husband. "He saved you from the jaws of death."
"Yes," replied the poor man, "but he has brought me back to suffer the 'jaws' of life."—Philadelphia Press.
Bargain Day.
"Why am I not shown common courtesy?" demanded the woman warmly.
The sales person lost her temper at once.
"You didn't ask to be shown anything but two-cent prints!" retorted the latter.
Moreover, it was bargain day, when the amount of common courtesy to a customer was necessarily limited.—Detroit Journal.
Irregular.
He—When I tell you that I have come to support you in the style in which you have become accustomed to live, you must take my simple word for it.
She—But, George, is that strictly business?
Equivocal Enthusiasm.
Husband—To-day I met a gentleman who told me he was engaged to you at one time.
Wife—What did you say?
"I congratulated him, of course."—The Smart Set.

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Manhattan—I wonder why it is that so many society women go on the stage.
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A Choice.
"What is it this morning?" asked the new waitress. "Ham and eggs, isn't it?"
"Not exactly," said the boarding-house mistress, "and I want you to work this well. You must be careful to say to each boarder, 'Ham or eggs?'"—Philadelphia Press.
And in Cold Weather.
"When did the window bluish?"
"When it saw the weather strip."—Life.
Anxious to Please.
"Who was that woman?" asked the editor.
"The President of the Woman's Rights Club," replied his assistant. "She was making a kick because we referred to her as a 'strong minded person.'"
"All right. Be careful to call her a 'weak minded person' in the future."—Philadelphia Press.



There was once M. S. O'Grady, who wrote "Heart to Heart Talks" signed "Sadie," a girl from North, East and West. Read this column with zest—Till they found out that "she" was "he" lady.
"Mayne, where is that pretty little brocaded pink silk sofa pillow I gave you?"
"Oh, I took the cover and trimmed my hat with it."
Information from Headquarters.
Cleveland—Look here, have you been making love to Miss Summit?
Dashiway—Yes, sir, I have.
"Well, do you know that I have been making love to that girl?"
"So she said."
Bringing It Back.
Clubber—Old man, do you ever have any doubts about your love for her?
Castleton—Oh, yes; but when it comes on I get down a stack of unpaid bills and look them over.—Life.
Active.
"By the way, old Gotrox is not in active business now, is he?"
"I should call it active. He is dodging taxes at a more lively rate than any other man in town."—Indianapolis Press.
Rare Gems.
The rarest and costliest of gems, though not always esteemed the most beautiful, are pigeon-blood rubies, fine opals, and diamonds that are pure but shed a distinct glow of blue or pink. A very perfect pearl of generous size and lustrous skin, tinted a rarely beautiful golden green, was valued, uncut, at over \$1,500. A faultless green pearl is very rare. A curious stone is the Alexandrite. It is a dark green stone that is polished, cut and set, very like a fine topaz or amethyst, in large showy rings, surrounded by diamonds. By the light of day the Alexandrite has no special beauty save its fine luster, but directly a shaft of artificial light strikes the dull stone deep gleams of red flash out of the green, and under the gas or in the freight one ignorant of this vagary would instantly pronounce it a ruby.
Distribution of Sermons.
The Berlin city mission, headed by A. Stocker, issued each week 108,000 sermons for those who cannot attend church, 20,000 of which are distributed in the city.

THE FLEA A PIRATE.

IS FEROCIOUS, BLOODTHIRSTY, AND SAMSONIAN.

His Strength in Proportion to His Size is Greater than That of Any Other Living Thing—His Pugnacity and His Many Activities.

The flea possesses all the piratical instincts—thirst for blood, rapacity, cruelty. He is, further, as ingenious in devising tortures as he is untiring in the torment of his victims.
The flea is built upon lines that make him forever hungry. But his continuous performance appetite is far from being the oddest thing about him. Proportionately to size, he is the Samson of the universe. If an elephant had the same relative strength he could come near to oversetting a steel-framed skyscraper.
A flea, wingless, with a body out of all proportion to his head, and all over less than the sixteenth of an inch in length, will leap upon a plane surface more than a yard. This, too, when he has been hatched in hair, or straw, or sand, and never known what it was to have a full meal. More marvellous still, he will spring perpendicularly upward from one to two feet. Fancy a man or boy standing flat-footed and all of a sudden leaping over a church spire.
Wonderful things have been done with fleas. They have been put into gold collars and set to drag about lengths of gold chain at least one hundred times their own weight. Further, an ingenious goldsmith back in the leisurely seventeenth century made a coach and four in ivory and gold, with a coachman upon the box, postilion and outriders, yet all so tiny it was dragged by a pair of fleas working in gold collars. They worked under a bell glass, and were exhibited in London and Paris.
To fight like cats and dogs is the synonym of continuing strife, but even cats and dogs do not fight so bitterly as cat fleas and dog fleas. Oddly enough, the cat fleas are bigger than the dog fleas, so should be always victors. But here as elsewhere condition tells. If the cat fleas are lazy and luxurious—fat they can never grow—the small, lean, keen-beaked dog fleas kill them out.
The combatants stand up to fight quite like a pair of prize-ring scoundrels. As they have six legs, they have plenty to stand on and still spare a couple with which to labor each other. Upon neutral ground, as a floor or walk, the cat and dog fleas keep the peace. But let one invade litter or a coat sacred to the other, and there is straightway a fight to a finish. Something even more curious than this inborn antipathy is that dog fleas will not live upon a cat nor cat fleas upon a dog.
Fleas lay eggs after the insect manner, which hatch out tiny wrigglers very capable of feeding on moisture and microbes—at least one judges that to be the diet, since fleas breed so largely in sand, hair, straw and litter where other food is lacking—and after a while spring themselves cocoons. The cocoons are no bigger than tiny grains of sand, but under the microscope show as semi-transparent ovals beautifully formed with pink and pearl. They are banded upon top of the matrix, which ever it may be where the sun or the light can strike them fair. Rain just at the hatching time often kills a whole brood of sandfleas.
A flea's beak is sharp and hard, something like a bird's, only more pointed. A flea bite is not poisonous, save and except in rare cases where a flea has previously been biting infected tissue. Certain French scientists have shown that both fleas and bedbugs could thus carry tubercular infection. Further, rats and rat fleas are greatly dreaded as helping to spread the fearful bubonic plague.—New York Sun.

A FAMOUS BANK.

Old London House Whose Name Figures in Romance and History.
If Londoners have any real sentiment to waste it should rather be directed toward the approaching demolition of the time-honored though frowning and repellent frontage of Coutts' bank. The name of it conjures up the thoughts of heaps of gold second only in size and amplitude to those of the Bank of England. Is not Coutts' the largest private bank in England, and has it not a more extensive connection than any other in the "mobility and landed country"? To possess "a snug banking account at Coutts'" has been the stock synonym for riches with all the novelists of the nineteenth century.
"Great George our King" opened an account with the shrewd old Scotchman who not only founded a bank, but founded a family by marrying each of his three daughters to men of title. The Duke of Wellington was another of his most famous clients, and Dr. Johnson and Sir Walter Scott banked their monies in his keeping. The history of such an institution, could it ever be written, would be far more interesting than any romance.
It is understood that the building will not be wholly destroyed, and the most notable features of the interior will, of course, be preserved. These include costly marble chimney pieces of the florid Chippendale and a valuable collection of portraits of the friends of the founder of the bank, while the dining room is described as being "hung with Chinese subjects on papers which were sent to Mr. Coutts by Lord Macartney while on his embassy to China in 1792-95."—London Telegraph.

THUMB REVEALS CHARACTER.

Unsuspected Traits Discovered by a Study of This Member.
The thumb confesses the man; no man is clever enough to deceive his thumb. For all time it has been divided into three parts typifying the three qualities that master the world—will, logic and love. The first or nail phalanx signifies will; the second, logic; the third, which is the boundary of the Mount of Venus, love. When the thumb is unequally developed, and the first phalanx is extremely long, it is neither love nor logic that governs the individual, but merely sheer will. If the middle phalanx be much longer than the first, reason predominates, yet the man may not have the power to will himself to do that which his reason dictates. When the third phalanx is long and the thumb is short, man is revealed as the slave of the senses, guided neither by will nor reason. If the thumb is easy-going, spendthrift, carelessness of time, money, energy, opportunity and all things, it is firm-jointed he is cautious, watchful, keen, diplomatic, tireless in planning, confident and sure of success, self-poised and self-controlling, says a writer in the Ledger Monthly.
Suvoroff, celebrated for the strength of his will; Danton, that magnanimous soul, who took upon him the disgrace of a crime to save his country; Galileo, Socrates, Newton, Leibnitz, St. Simon, Fourier, Owen—these profound reasoners, those bold innovators—had infallibly very small thumbs. Voltaire, the big of the world, whose heart was subject to his brain, had enormous thumbs.
The intimate psychic connection between the mind and the thumb, revealed by science in a thousand phases, makes it folly to deny that the thumb is the thermometer of character, and the barometer of mental health.

KATE CHASE'S GREAT AMBITION.

She Wished Her Father to Be President and Worked for His Nomination.
The story of "The Ambition" is told by William Perrine in "The Ladies' Home Journal." Born in 1840, she early began to exhibit a masterful spirit, to study politics, and to dream of the

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