

"SIGN OF THE SMILE."

We're weary a-walking the highway of life; We're fretted and flustered with worry and strife.

Ho, the "Sign of the Smile" is a jolly lan, With gargoyles about it that do naught but grin.

There'll be fagons of jollity for us to slip, And many and many a rollicking quip.

Let us tarry a while at the "Sign of the Smile," For the strictest of rules is the ban upon care.

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Little Marjorie's Mission.

AY WORTHINGTON sat in her luxurious home thinking over the past seven years of her life, and, if one may judge by the expression upon her face, then her's were no pleasant reveries.

Yet they were not all sad memories, for her face would brighten up with an almost holy love light in her eyes, as if the dark clouds were almost dispelled by the strong rays of golden sunlight.

And it was so. Hers was the not unfamiliar story of old—a life begun under the most promising conditions, domestic happiness and wedded unity.

Harold Worthington, the trusted and trustworthy cashier in a large banking institution, had welcomed his bride to an elegantly appointed home. For three years theirs was a life of ideal happiness, and when little Marjorie came to bless their union they felt as if their happiness had indeed been crowned.

Then came the time when that demon jealousy had entered the breast of Harold Worthington, unfounded, it is true, and sowed by the poisonous tongue of an envious club man.

Hourly each had longed for the old happy days of sweet, sweet home, but pride—that barrier to so many happy asides—pride forbade.

On this particular evening May had put little Marjorie to bed, and then she sat down, and, relaxing her self-control, threw her arms upon the table, and, burying her white face in them, cried out:

"Oh, Harold, Harold, if it had not been for your unreasonable jealousy, we might have been so happy."

So absorbed was she that she did not hear the ring at the door bell, nor the footsteps in the hall.

The man who had just entered started back as he saw the bowed form, then advancing he said gently:

"May?"

She started to her feet, and for an instant the old glad look of welcome sprang into her eyes; then, suddenly remembering, she drew herself up proudly and coldly said:

"Harold! You here? I don't understand. It has been so long."

"Yes," he replied in an equally cold tone. "I am going away for a year, two years, ten years—I cannot tell—and I have come to make settlements for your support and Marjorie's education before leaving forever."

"Hush. She must not hear."

He paused, and his glance followed that of his wife. There, between the parted curtains, stood a little, white-robed figure, almost angelic in its purity.

Then she sprang forward with a glad cry of "Papa! Papa! I knew it was my papa's voice!"

Straight into his arms she sprang, and was clasped close to the father's heart.

The almost heartbroken mother could bear no more and quietly withdrew, leaving them together.

The strong man shook with emotion, and a great sob burst from him as he bowed his head upon little Marjorie's neck and asked:

"And mamma—would she wish it?" "Oh, yes! She will not cry any more if you stay—mamma! mamma! Where are you?"

"Here, dear," responded May, as she entered the room.

"Papa is never going away again, and we shall have him all of the time. Oh, aren't we glad, mamma?"

May, remembering her husband's words when he came in, looked at him inquiringly.

"Shall I stay, May?" "Say yes, mamma—oh, say yes, quick!" cried the child.

"Harold," she said, and her voice rang with truth, "as my heavenly father bears me witness, your suspicions were most unjust—unfounded. From the day that I met you at the altar your honor has been as dear to me as my own, and I have been faithful to you in thought, word and deed. I can only answer your question by asking another: My husband, can you trust me?"

"Yes, May, my own true wife. My eyes have been opened, and I have longed, oh, how I have longed for this hour! Take me back to your heart, my darling one, and let us begin again. Come, May, come to me."

Half an hour later the young wife, with a happy smile upon her sweet face, pointed to little Marjorie, as she lay sleeping in her father's arms.

"Yes," said the father as he gazed upon the upturned face, "the little peacemaker's mission is finished, and she sleeps."

Then they bore her to her little white bed, kissed her closed eyes, and hand in hand they knelt down in silent thanksgiving.—Boston Post.

Unclaimed.

Every year there are picked up in the gutters of London, or taken from pawnbrokers' shops, jewels amounting in value from fifteen to twenty thousand pounds. These are duly advertised; but for many reasons even people who recognize the description of their own property in the advertisements do not care to claim it, and it thus comes about that the proportion of property left unclaimed is a large one.

Sarcasm About the Clergy.

"Lighter Moments" is the title of a modest little book, chiefly anecdotes of the clergy, recently published in London by the executors of the late Bishop Walsham How. He relates a couple of anecdotes of Archbishop Magee. When that dignitary was Bishop of Peterborough he was walking with the Bishop of Hereford by the Wye, and said: "If you will give me your river I will give you my see." There is this other story also in Bishop How's collection: "A lady who was a great admirer of a certain preacher took Bishop Magee with her to hear him, and asked him afterward what he thought of the sermon. 'It was very long,' the Bishop said. 'Yes,' said the lady, 'but there was a saint in the pulpit.' 'And a martyr in the pew,' rejoined the Bishop."

The Profession of Forestry.

A comparatively new profession in America, and one that offers substantial inducements to young men of special aptitudes, is that of forestry. The fact that the Federal Government is increasing the area of its forest preserves largely every year, and that many State governments are following this laudable example suggests the ever-widening field already open to students and specialists in the science of forestry. It is now generally recognized that every large forest reservation or preserve needs for its proper care and supervision a corps of men trained for this special purpose. Germany, France and other European countries have had their schools of forestry for years, and their graduates are found in charge of forest lands in every part of the old world.

Can Obliterate Itself.

The sea cucumber, one of the curious jelly bodies that inhabit the ocean, can practically efface itself when in danger by squeezing the water out of its body and forcing itself into a crack so narrow as not to be visible to the naked eye.

Bloomers indicate that the mantle of charity was never intended to be bifurcated.

Ending of a modern novel—"And so they were divorced and lived happily ever after."

FIND A FIFTH GOSPEL

MESSAGE OF ST. PETER TO THE EGYPTIANS.

German Scholars Decipher Ancient Papyrus Found in Cairo—Description by an Eyewitness of the Savior's Sufferings in the Garden of Gethsemane.

Is there a fifth gospel? Did the apostle Peter write a New Testament narrative in addition to the four gospels produced by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John? German scholars believe this to be the case, and that in two fragmentary bits of papyrus recently found the proof of the fifth gospel exists. It is believed to be the lost gospel to the Egyptians quoted by Hippolytus and Epiphanius, two fathers of the church, and referred to in sure terms by Origen, Jerome, and Theophylact. If this discovery is genuine, it is of more interest than the finding of the Logia, which drew the attention of scholars a short time ago.

Last year a number of moidly papyrus manuscripts were purchased in Cairo, Egypt, for the University of Strasburg, Germany. When these papyri were examined it was found that among them were two leaves written in Coptic, the later form of the ancient Egyptian language, and that which was spoken dur-



PAPYRUS FOUND IN EGYPT.

ing the early centuries of the Christian era. When the scholars translated the fragments they were astounded to find that they were parts of a narrative of the Savior's life, by an eyewitness. The first fragment purports to be written by an eyewitness. Now, only St. Peter, St. John, and St. James were present at Gethsemane. The new gospel, therefore, must have been written by St. Peter or St. James. It is argued from what is already known of St. Peter that it must have been written by that great apostle.

Deciphered with Immense Labor. Prof. W. Spiegelberg, of the Strasburg University, one of the best known Egyptologists in Germany, put the fragments together and deciphered their meaning after an immense amount of labor. Dr. K. Schmidt, an expert in gospel manuscripts and early Christian literature, then studied them, and recognized these leaves as fragments of a new and hitherto unknown gospel. Originally the pages were eight inches deep and six inches broad, but none of these were complete.

Upon further examination it was decided from the form of the writing and some of the words used that these pages were written in the fifth century, or somewhere between the years 400 and 500 A. D., but it was also apparent that they were translations of a Greek original, for many of the words had been borrowed from the Greek. These two facts proved the extremely ancient origin of the manuscript. The scholars agreed that the date of the Greek text must be the second century, which is earlier than the oldest known manuscript of the Bible—that of the Vatican—which dates from the fourth century. Having realized the immense importance of their discovery, these eminent professors, together with Dr. Jakoby, immediately prepared fac-similes of the fragments, with explanations and translations, in order to give the world the benefit of them.

One page of the manuscript has been translated as follows:

—when He then had finished the whole story of His life. He turned to us, and said to us: The hour has come, when I shall be taken from you. The Spirit is indeed willing, but the flesh is weak. Wait now and watch with me. But we, the Apostles, we cried while we said to Him: Blame us not, O Son of God. What then is to be our end? But Jesus answered and said to us: 15 Fear ye not, that I shall be destroyed, but take still better heart! Fear ye not the power of death. Think of all that I have said to you. Know ye that they have persecuted me, as they have persecuted you—Ye now rejoice, that I have overcome the world. I have—

Describes Scene in Garden. This passage is held to be clearly a description of the scene in the garden of Gethsemane corresponding with

Matthew xxvi, 86, and Mark xiv, 82. The front page of the manuscript, as translated, reads:

—It (the tree) will be known by its own fruits, so that it will be praised for its fruits, because it is more excellent than many fruits of the garden. 5 den, Verily, give me also Thine power, my Father, with which —the, who love —Verily, I have taken the crown of dominion, 10 the crown of those who, living, while they are despised in their humility, yet unto them can none be likened. I am become King through Thee, my Father. Thou makest 15 this enemy subdued before me. Verily, through whom will the enemy be annihilated! Through the Anointed (Christ). Verily, through whom will the fangs of death be drawn? 20 Through the Only Begotten. Verily, to whom belongeth the dominion? It belongs to the Son. Verily, through whom is all come to pass? Through the First Born.—

This page is a speech of Jesus to his disciples and is an account of the resurrection. At the top of the pages the Nos. 157 and 158 are written in Coptic figures. This indicates that the leaves must have come from a book large enough in

size to constitute a New Testament narrative. The manuscript bears internal evidence of having been written by St. Peter, the leader of the apostles, to whom Christ delivered the keys of the kingdom. The language is noble and full of the characteristic strength of the rugged St. Peter.

WASH THEIR OWN DIRTY LINEN.

Philadelphia Has Introduced a Novelty in the Way of Cleanliness. There is no need of a man in Philadelphia wearing soiled linen because he lacks money to pay a washerwoman. On Friday and Saturday of each week he may be his own washer and ironer, "all for the small sum of 5 cents."

Philadelphia has a public washhouse. It is connected with the public baths, which bear the distinction of being the only baths in the city open during the entire year. The bathroom was intended at first for women only. Here they gather every day in the week and "wash" the family laundry in almost half the time they can accomplish it in their homes, where the small yards and flats are a hindrance to the drying.

Someone suggested that the place be opened to men a day or so a week, and Friday and Saturday were set apart for the men. To the surprise of everyone the men took immediate advantage of the opportunity. As many as thirty a day go, with their bundles on their backs rag-picker fashion, to the washroom. They pay 5 cents an hour and have the use of two tubs, with soap, wringer, hot and cold water and the "dryer." Hot air is supplied for the purpose of drying. The men can usually finish their work in an hour. They are, as a rule, workmen who live in one room somewhere in the city.

There are professional washmen, too, who use the room. They receive about \$1 for each "wash," and pay about 10 cents for the use of the tub. All classes, races and conditions of men are admitted. Strange to say, winter is the favorite time with the "washers." The cause assigned is that the men go away from the neighborhood in the summer, and that the women put up with their home conveniences. Another reason is that the washroom sometimes becomes uncomfortably hot. Both men and women are orderly, and disturbances never happen. If the tubs are all in use there is a waiting-room where each one awaits his or her turn.

This washhouse is the only one of its kind in this country. There are several in Europe. It was from a model abroad that the washhouse was designed. Although at first expenses were not made, the finances are growing better each year, and it is only a question of a short time when it will be self-supporting.

Not Strong Enough. "No," she said, regretfully, "I am not strong enough to run a sewing machine. Why, it just about uses me up to make a century run."—Chicago Post.

Although a hen doesn't dance, she is frequently engaged for a set.

THE BEST SELLING BOOK.

Not One That Is Mentioned in Monthly Literary Reports.

"Several of the literary magazines publish lists every month of the most popular books," said the representative of a large Northern publishing house who is in the city looking after the Southern trade. "These lists are compiled from data furnished by dealers and public librarians at different cities, and the volume that usually occupies first place is, of course, the novel that happens to be the fad of the day. As a matter of fact, however, none of them have ever printed the name of the book that is really most popular and actually the best seller, not alone for this month or last month but for every month of the year. That book is the Bible. It may surprise you to know," continued the speaker, "that the Bible is selling better to-day than at any time since it was first printed. Last year, from Jan. 1, 1890, to Jan. 1, 1900, the American Bible Society alone issued nearly a million and a half copies. The exact figures are 1,426,801. Of course the society is an immense concern, but there are several others in the United States and a number in England and Europe, all turning out nothing but Bibles. They publish them in every conceivable shape, from the beautiful Oxford editions in flexible covers at \$25 apiece down to the little cheap volumes in fine print that retail for a nickel. Nowadays a very good, serviceable Bible is sold for 50 cents. It has all the latest and best notes, several colored maps and a very useful index. The sale of that edition has been enormous and has run into the hundreds of thousands. The war on both sides of the water have had a very marked effect in increasing the demand for Bibles. You can make a calculation of the total force in the field, both English and American, and then count on at least one Bible for each soldier. Some of the boys who went to the Philippines got upward of a dozen, and most of the soldiers' Bibles were handsome, substantial copies. I think, seriously, that the old stories of Bibles that have stopped bullets have influenced many a mother, sister or sweetheart in the selection of a good, thick volume in preference to one of the thinner and lighter editions. Yes, the Bible is decidedly 'the most popular book.' Its copyright for six months would make a man rich beyond the dreams of avarice."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

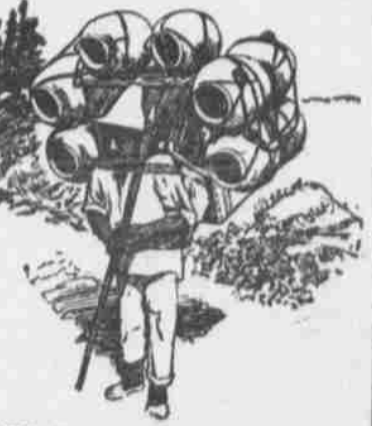
Hands Were in His Pockets.

There was a garden party for a charitable object out in the suburbs one evening recently, and for the space of one long minute in the latter part of the evening I thought I was about to witness what they call on the stage a thrilling situation. I went to stroll in the grounds with a young girl who wanted to ask my advice about what she had already made up her mind, and we wandered where Japanese lanterns were few. She was telling me all about Charley—or, perhaps it was Dick—when suddenly in the dim light before us we saw the young man himself. His back was toward us, and he was walking somewhat closer than was entirely necessary to a girl in a light organdie frock. The gown looked almost white in the faint light, but about the waist of it was a wide band of something dark. The girl beside me stopped short and drew a deep breath.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Just then the couple in front of us stepped into the bright light of a lantern. The wide black band was still about the girl's waist, but both Dick's hands were in his pockets. My companion drew another long breath. "Oh!" she said again.—Washington Post.

Olla Peddler of Mexico.

This picture represents a native Mexican olla seller peddling his wares. The olla is a water cooler. It is made from



SELLING HIS WARES TO THE THIRSTY.

pottery, and the water remains cool a long time in this earthen vessel, which is in universal use in the households of Mexico and in many sections of the Southwest.

Peru's Vast Mineral Product.

The soil of Peru contains the largest number of mineral species—at Pluraria, in the north, petroleum and sulphur; silver, lead, copper and coal in the great mining basin of Cerro de Pasco, in central Peru, and phosphate, quicksilver, auriferous grounds and borax at Arequipa, Carabaya, in the south. At the present time the number of mines in exploitation is 2,500, employing 70,000 workmen. The value of ore has increased by more than 50 per cent. within the last two years.

Matches.

One firm in Austria uses ten tons of phosphorus a year, and turns out over 25,000,000 matches. Another company, an English one, uses 100,000 pounds of sulphur, 100,000 feet of choice white pine timber and 150 tons of strawboard for boxes in the same time.

The most tireless followers of fortune are a man's creditors.

TO A PROMINENT MASON.

Statue Erected in Washington Memory of Gen. Albert Pike.

All the world over, wherever the Scottish Rite is a recognized institution, the name of Gen. Albert Pike is known and revered. In Washington



STATUE TO GEN. ALBERT PIKE.

D. C., there has been erected in memory a statue, the work of a second Italian sculptor, which is second to mark a decided departure from the war and navy heroes who adorn every accessible corner square of the city. The first representation of a private citizen was that of Daniel Webster, also by the same sculptor.

The new work stands at the intersection of two streets and one block from the Supreme Council Building where Gen. Pike lived for so long. It was presented to the city of Washington by the Supreme Council of the degree, and the unveiling was attended with Masonic ceremonies. Gen. Pike is represented in a colossal in size. The pose is extremely life-like and represents the Free Mason standing addressing to people with one hand uplifted and a book of his own poems in the other. On the pedestal, which is twenty feet high and of the finest granite, are colossal allegorical figures representing Masonry spreading the Scottish Rite banner to the world.

MIDGET WHEELMAN.

Elmer Thompson, the World's Champion Juvenile Cyclist.

Elmer Thompson, the world's champion juvenile cyclist, resides at Columbus, Ohio. He now holds the world's 5, 6 and 7-year-old bicycle records. He began to ride a bicycle when he



ELMER THOMPSON.

was 4 years old. He is now 5 years of age, is forty-six inches tall, and weighs a little more than fifty pounds. He is the proud possessor of a large number of gold and silver medals, and has never been defeated in a contest. Elmer's first record was made at the age of 5 years, when he made a quarter of a mile in 0:59 1/4. When he was 5 years old he made three records, the first a quarter-mile in 0:46; the second, a quarter in 0:45; and the third, the same distance in 0:44 1/2, which lowered the world's record for cyclists of that age by thirteen seconds. Last year at the Pa., at the age of 7, he made a half mile in 1:25 1/5.

Would Be of Vast Benefit.

The teacher was hearing the grammar class. On the blackboard was written the following: "Caesar was one of the greatest generals. He was stabbed by Brutus, who was envious of his greatness." "The paragraph on the board," announced the teacher, "is imperfectly written. The class may write it correctly."

In a few moments a dirty hand went up in the rear of the room, and at a signal from the teacher little Johnny arose and read:

"Caesar was the warmest thing that ever happened. He was thrown down by Brutus, who was sore on him because he was a wise 'un."

"O. K.," said the teacher, smilingly. "Strange as it may seem, the idea would not be a bad one, for, in the heat of the rapid strides we are making in the use of slang, it is liable at any time to become the proper form of speech, and would not the blush of shame creep into our cheeks if, at some future day, our children should accuse us of bringing them up in ignorance?"—Indianapolis Sun.

Frozen Stiff but Live.

It is a common experience among mountain climbers to find butterflies lying frozen on the snow, and so brittle that they break unless they are very carefully handled. Such frozen butterflies, on being taken to a warmer climate, recover themselves and fly away. Six species of butterflies have been found within a few hundred miles of the north pole.

We have noticed that when women refer to another woman as refined looking, it will be found that she is a very thin.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who thought that any kind of a black dress was always genteel?