

OLD BIBLE MANUSCRIPTS.

Dr. Grote's Discoveries in the Cloister on Mount Catherine.

While the discovery of a manuscript dealing with the life and deeds of the Prophet Issa, by a Russian traveller, who asserts that Issa was identical with Jesus Christ, is still being discussed in the scientific world, El-Moukhtaf, the great Oriental magazine published at Cairo, Egypt, in the Arabic language, makes an important announcement respecting the finding of scriptures by Friedrich Grote, a renowned German savant, who some time ago obtained permission from the Turkish Government to copy the manuscripts stored in the cloister on Mount Catherine, founded by Emperor Justinian in 528 A. D.

This ancient edifice up to the present time retains its original character of a mighty fortress, eminently well adapted as a repository to ward off either the onslaughts of robber bands from the desert or the intrigues of rival monasteries and scientific bodies that have an eye on valuable records and prints. Mount Catherine is the highest peak in the mountain group of Jebel Nusa, and from the monastery a path of granite steps leads to the "Mountain of the Law." The desert commences at its base, and the entire neighborhood is covered with the ruins of Christian churches and cloisters.

The very fact of the ruins' presence bespeaks the importance and the exclusive character of the scriptures within the keeping of the Monks of Mount Catherine. The cloister fortress alone was able to withstand the exigencies of perennial wars, and the Christian dwellers of the holy region were forced to deposit their valuable manuscripts with the monks for safe keeping. In the course of time the monks fell heirs to all these scriptural treasures, and now boast of a collection which the libraries of all the world could not duplicate.

"Dr. Grote was, of course, not allowed to acquire any of the manuscripts," says El-Moukhtaf. "He found it likewise too laborious to copy them. So he employed photography as a means of transcribing them, an undertaking in which he, assisted by effective instruments, was eminently successful."

"The photographic plates submitted by Dr. Grote to the editor prove that the majority of manuscripts are in the ancient Arabian and Syrian languages, but the most important discovery is an Evangelium manuscript, which seems to be older than any parts of the original Holy Scriptures heretofore found."

"We were greatly puzzled by this manuscript when we first saw its photographic reproduction. The handwriting was unrecognizable. Finally we discovered a key for deciphering it, and found it to be a part of the book of St. Mark, ix., 11-12, beginning, 'And they asked him, &c., and ending, 'must suffer many things and be set at naught.'"

"The discovery of the key was principally facilitated by the occurrence of the word Ailia, that is, Elias, in the text."

"The language used is the Aramaic dialect that prevailed in Syria at the time of Christ, and it is very probable that Dr. Grote discovered the most ancient of all existing Evangelium manuscripts in the form of contemporaneous Aramaic translation."

It should be interpolated here that Aramaic, according to Julius Furst, is the mother of all Semitic dialects. The oldest writings in that language heretofore known were the Chaldaic parts of the Old Testament—Jeremiah, 10 and 11; Daniel 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 28; Ezra 4, 8, 18, and 7, 12 to 26.

El-Moukhtaf continues: "The last page of a translation of a part of the Evangelium in the ancient Arabic language, which Dr. Grote's photograph reproduces, contains the following:

"The word was disseminated among the brethren, and they believed. * * * And there are many other things done by Jesus, which, if written about, would fill the world with more books than it could hold."

"The holy Evangelium by John was finished at Ephesus. The copying of the four holy Evangeliums was finished in the middle of Lent for the owner, Stephanus, son of Frich, from Antiochia, known by the name of Kuos. The latter was a layman, and when he received his copy of the holy Evangelium he became a monk and took the name of Arsani, and it was written for him by a sinner, a poor devil without virtue, known among the peasants as Suru, Frich's son-in-law, who deserves the fire of hell. God have pity on the reader and the writer—and forgive the writer. Amen."

"And thus happened in the year 438 of the moon era, and the copy is correct."

"Another photograph represents parts of the first book of Timothy, chapter 6, commencing as follows:

"I give thee charge in the sight of God, who quickens all things, &c."

"This manuscript shows traces of the Arabic style of writing in use now."

"While most of the manuscripts are of biblical or religious import, several refer to science and philosophy. One of the Doctor's photographs reproduces a page from a medical book containing this bit of wisdom:

"There is no way of producing hair on a natural bald head, but baldness results from natural causes, which regulate the moisture of the head."

"An extract from another ancient writer reads: 'Oh, man! when thou has found a master and desire to avoid the road that leads to perdition, take a care not to be entrapped by the evil one!'"

"A photograph of a manuscript of Psalm 46 produces Arabic and Syrian translations of each verse set opposite each other. We have before us verses 8 and 9: 'Come, behold the work of the Lord, &c., and 'He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth.'"

"Another Arabic manuscript contains the sentence: 'Whoever killeth a man is excluded from inheritance.'"

So far the reports in El-Moukhtaf.

Dr. Grote is now in Cairo preparing his wonderful collection of photographs for publication. He hopes to establish many new facts in relation to the life of Christ,

His disciples, and the early Christians. His journey to the cloister on Mount Catherine was a memorable one. The edifice is situated at an altitude of 5,500 feet, and surrounded by a wall 40 feet high. There is absolutely no entrance, the only gate in existence having been walled up a century ago. The Doctor was elevated to the citadel by means of a windlass. He found it inhabited by forty old monks belonging to the Greek Church. Though living in the midst of luxury, as it were, with the products of wonderful gardens and vineyards at their disposal, the holy fathers are devoted to asceticism in its most abject form. The Doctor, however, was allowed the same freedom as Tischendorf, who at the end of the fifties, discovered the Codex Sinaiticus in the cloister, a manuscript of the Holy Bible, written in the fourth century, and bought by the Czar Alexander II. It is now at St. Petersburg.

MISSIONARIES IN PERIL.

Bitter Feeling in South China Against Foreigners.

Letters from Canton show that there is dangerous excitement against all foreigners, and that the slightest incident may lead to bloodshed and rioting. This anti-foreign feeling is due mainly to the efforts made by European doctors during the plague to stay the progress of the disease. These efforts were partly thwarted by native intolerance, but there is no question that they prevented thousands of deaths. The foreign doctors wished to shut up the big Chinese hospital, which was in the native quarter, and could not be isolated, and use only the foreign hospital on the shore and a hulk in the harbor. This course would have commended itself to any reasonable people, but the Chinese literati opposed it at once. They spread stories that the Chinese afflicted with the plague were taken to the foreign hospitals so that they might be safely killed and their eyes and other organs used for the manufacture of medicines. Placards to this effect were posted up, and the result was that a great mob gathered, and it required all the troops of the native Governor as well as the foreign police to disperse the crowd, which was bent on looting the European quarter. The foreign doctors were stoned when on their professional rounds, and several had narrow escapes from street mobs that gathered about the doors of houses which they visited.

So great was the excitement that the foreigners were forced to abandon their plan, and the big native hospital was henceforth used as the main place for sending the sick. The inspection of houses was carried on, but not rigidly, and each doctor was accompanied by a large armed guard. Without this precaution every physician would have fallen a victim to the public fanaticism, which was roused to a high pitch. Since the decline of the plague feeling has not abated, and the native city is still a dangerous place for a European.

In Hong Kong much the same experience was met by the foreign doctors who tried to check the plague. The same ridiculous stories of the killing of native patients were spread broadcast and implicitly believed. Thousands of Chinese in good circumstances fled from the city to escape the disease as well as the danger of falling into the hands of the hated "foreign devils." The presence of the large force of Sikh police prevented any outrages in Hong Kong, but the native irritation found vent in the surrounding country, where the missionaries had to bear the brunt of the Chinese anger.

At Talek, a colony of native Christians, numbering sixty families, was savagely attacked, and many persons were injured. About one hundred rowdies descended on the place, drove out the Christians, beat them, looted their houses, and in many cases destroyed their furniture and goods. Several neighboring villages were then visited and looted, and the reports say that the mob, which was now crazy for blood, killed several people.

No details have been received of the destruction of the American Presbyterian Church at Sheklong, but the person killed is thought to have been a native convert. The mission churches at Tungshoon City were threatened with attack, the date of June 26 being given for the onslaught.

It is a singular fact that no Roman Catholic churches have suffered from the mobs, as the authorities have furnished guards for all of them. So general is the bitter feeling against foreigners in the vicinity of Canton that the Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, has sent an urgent message to the Consuls at Canton, asking them to request the missionaries at Tungshoon City to cease preaching.

The missionaries at other points have been warned to be unusually circumspect, as a trifling quarrel may lead to grave rioting and bloodshed. Not since the anti-foreign riots along the Yangtze River three years ago have the Chinese been so much stirred up as now by these lying charges against foreigners, growing out of the plague.

Novel Notices.

Last Summer in the window of a walking stick shop in Plymouth, some canes were marked "Gents' swagger sticks as used by the officers of the garrison." This we thought rather funny, but were afterward to find more amusement in a stationer's shop in Bristol, in the window of which was a card bearing the encouraging information "School Girls' and Boys' Pencils—Excellent make. Warranted to spell correctly and write easily." Most of us will wish we had only had such an offer in our school days. A curious placard posted on the door of a little shop lately attracted the attention of a visitor to Naples. It informed the public that "The title of Duke is offered for sale—inquire within."—[Chambers's Journal.

Her Wise Papa.

She—"Papa says that when coming to see me you must not come in a street-car any more."

He—"Really! Does he expect me to walk all this distance?"

She—"Of course not. He says all he asks is that you will come in a carriage, hired by the hour."

DAIRY FARMING.

A Promising Future for the Prince Edward Island Dairy Industry.

The farmers of Prince Edward Island appear to be cultivating a dairy industry with good results. They, like the farmers in Ontario and Quebec, have been brought to a perception of its advantages. When wheat and barley commanded good prices, the forehanded farmers in these provinces were inclined to despise the petty returns from their surplus butter, and, as a rule, did not keep many cows to produce surplus butter. As for cheese, they had no idea of making it for the market. In those times, however, what butter we had to spare sold readily in England. Towards the end of the seventies our butter exports loomed up large, and butter rose in regard as a domestic product. Production increased, but care in making and shipping did not, and soon our butter got a bad name in the English market. It fell off in quality and arrived in bad condition. There is no doubt that there was a tremendous quantity of

POOR BUTTER MADE

in Ontario and Quebec in those times. One fertile cause of the low average of quality was the mode of placing the butter on the market. The only buyers were the country merchants. By taking butter they could sell more goods than if they restricted their business to cash dealings. As the merchants desired all the trade they could get they were willing to take all butter that came. For fear of estranging a customer no difference was made in prices. No woman had the slight put upon her of a lower offer than her neighbors had received. The storekeeper paid in merchandise on which he had a profit, and was seldom a loser on his butter. But he did the butter industry a serious mischief. By maintaining one price he destroyed ambition in the butter makers, as the most slovenly was rewarded with as high a price as the most tidy. As the quality fell the demand in England fell. Our butter could not hold its own in competition with the fine Irish and Danish butter it encountered in London. Our exports dwindled, butter accumulated in the country, prices fell, and quality did not improve. Then the creameries began to come in, and butter-making started its transfer from the farm-house to the factory. The tendency of this to raise the quality and the price was not long apparent before cheese-making opened to the farmer another avenue for the sale of his milk. The strides to which

THE CHEESE INDUSTRY

grew soon made dairy farming profitable. There has been a rapid and great increase in the number of our dairy cows, which are coming to be very carefully bred and selected. Butter has risen in value, because the material of it has risen in value, owing to the demand for it for cheese-making. In recent years we have been doing an improving export business in butter, but not nearly what we should. We have been making butter much longer than we have cheese, but we have the more to learn about butter-making. The Australians carry on a successful dairy industry in both branches of production. We should be able to do so too, and their example ought to be a spur to us to do so. The farmers of Prince Edward Island have a promising future for their dairy industry. They have a favorable climate, and are seven or eight hundred miles closer to the British market than we in Quebec and Ontario are.

COMPANY 4 MUTINIES.

General Herbert Will Have some Straight Cakes Out to Do in British Columbia.

A despatch from Victoria, B. C., says:—There is mutiny and mimic war in Company 4, British Columbia Brigade of Garrison Artillery, and strong measures will have to be immediately adopted if military discipline is to be preserved in the corps. On Tuesday night the company was ordered to parade in preparation for the annual inspection which is fixed for September 15. The men turned out well but refused to drill unless one or two newly appointed officers resigned. Lieut. Townley thereupon announced that no more drills would be held until further notice, and in the meantime he will report to Col. Prior, the officer commanding. Some time ago a complete new staff of officers were gazetted, not one of whom had worn the uniform and had absolutely no knowledge of military matters. These were to be major, captain and lieutenants respectively. The men objected to being put under officers who knew nothing of military duties, and in whom they could have no confidence if called upon for active service. As Major-General Herbert, commanding-in-chief of Canada's forces, and the strictest military officer the Dominion has ever known, is himself to perform the annual inspection the liveliest kind of a rumpus is anticipated.

KNOTS AND MILES.

Three Knots are Equal to About Three and a Half Miles.

One of the things which it seems difficult for the public mind to grasp is that there is a decided difference between the knot and the mile. It is certainly about time to have it thoroughly understood, that the two are not the same thing. It seems easy enough to remember that a mile is only about 87 per cent. of a knot, the latter being approximately 6,082 feet in length, while the statute mile measures 5,280 feet. Three and one-half miles are equal, within a small fraction, to three knots. The result of this difference, of course, is that the speed of a vessel in miles per hour is always considerably larger than when stated in knots, and the confusion of the term sometimes give rise to rather remarkable claims of speed performances. When a 20-knot ship, for example, is lightly mentioned it should be remembered that this really means over 23 miles; similarly, with higher figures, which are often glibly enough stated, the difference between the terms is worth bearing in mind. It will help to guard against the forming of ridiculous estimates of a vessel's capabilities.

YOUTH AND CRIME IN FRANCE.

The Worst Offenders are Under the Age of Twenty.

The connection between crime and youth is now one of the problems that are being most seriously discussed in France, says a writer in the St. James Gazette. One would naturally suppose that the most atrocious and the most callous criminals would be those who had reached maturity age in a career of crime. But such is not the case. The most daring, the most sanguinary, and the most hardened criminals with whom in France justice has had to deal of late years have been, with few exceptions, mere youths. The great majority have been

UNDER TWENTY YEARS.

Those who wish to be more fully informed on this subject would do well to consult the "Memoirs" of Abbe Faure, who, as chaplain at the Grand Roquette, had ample opportunity for taking note of the most dangerous class of criminals. M. Guillot, an investigating magistrate whose name has become well-known to the public in connection with famous trials, declares that, although statistics show no general increase, in France the contingent of young criminals is growing more and more numerous and that youthful miscreants were never so remarkable as now for cynicism and ferocity. "I had supposed," says M. Guillot, "that during my long career as judge d'instruction I had seen the lowest depth of human corruption, but it is only since I have had to do especially with young criminals that I have become acquainted with it." We learn from him that many a Paris boy belonging to the class from which the prisons are chiefly supplied is completely debauched at the age of 13. This magistrate of the republic has had the courage to declare that the official withdrawal of religious influences from the instruction imposed upon children of the people has had much to do with the production of this youthful type of criminal, who, when he is before the judge,

DOES NOT FRET A TEAR.

but appears really astonished at the explanations asked of him for his evil conduct.

Speaking not from sentiment, but from observation, M. Guillot declares that the passing away of the religious ideal is apt to entail the abandonment of all ideals and the loss of all sense of duty. To English people such an expression of opinion may seem superfluous; but in France it has upon a host of politicians much the same effect as a red flag is said to have upon a bull. It will be remembered how many men of leading, if not light, have striven in France since the fall of the empire to realize the ideal of an atheistical state. It is true that not a few of them, discouraged by a reaction of public opinion, have considerably modified their policy, but it still remains the cherished dream of the Republican who prides himself upon being thorough-paced and considers '93 a glorious date in French history. The criminalists are now very busy studying the strange crop of criminals that has appeared with the new generation which the republic has reared with so much solicitude for all the virtues of citizenship.

The Praying Mantis.

Most people have read of and seen pictures of the "praying mantis," a curious insect of large size, so named from the devotional attitude it assumes when watching for its prey. It lives on caterpillars, such as injure apple trees. A larger number of these valuable insects were hatched out in the vivarium at the Oregon State Horticultural Society's rooms yesterday, and by evening had grown to be as large as mosquitoes.

A great number of caterpillars are being reared for them to feed upon, and it was wonderful to see the tiny mantis, as soon as it had straightened out its legs, start off up the branch of an apple tree on which the young caterpillars, now two weeks old, were feeding. One little mantis, not more than ten minutes old, tackled a caterpillar about ten times as heavy as himself, but was put to flight. The eggs of the mantis were sent from Japan, and the insects raised are eventually to be distributed among orchardists to destroy caterpillars and other insect pests.

Souvenirs From Her Majesty.

Jewellers to Queen Victoria have a soft snap since her liking for theatrical performances at Windsor. It is opined that diamond brooches and bracelets must be bought by the gross, as her Majesty always pays the artists in these tokens of her consideration and appreciation of the show. Many are the favored stars who now own a Queen's brooch, and who look on the gift as a lucky piece ever after. It speaks well for their loyalty and the beauty of the jewel that the recipient always says it shall never leave the family, but become an heirloom from that time forth. The worth of these souvenirs rarely varies in price, but they vary in design, and the artist who receives a crown in diamonds and rubies with the initials "V. R. L." from the royal hand deems the honor worth living for. Strange, is it not, that human beings are built with so much sentiment as that? Mme. Sigrid Arnoldson received one of these brooches when she sang in "Philemon et Baucis" recently, and Mrs. Kendal has one like it which she told some friends was placed in her dress by the Queen herself, when the Kendals were commanded to play at Windsor seven or eight years ago.

Shot His Sweetheart for a Ghost.

At Newbern, Indiana, Dr. Con. Beck was spending the evening with Miss Grace Cohee, and shortly before midnight Miss Cohee left the doctor sitting on the front veranda and went through the house to get a drink. She took her slippers off, and throwing a white wrap over her shoulders came around to the front veranda "playing ghost." The Doctor did not suspect it was his sweetheart, and, pulling his pistol, called to the apparition to halt. She headed him not, when he fired twice, one ball passing through her stomach and one through her leg. It is not thought she can live. The Doctor is almost frenzied.

THE JUDGE'S STORY.

Mr. John M. Rice Tells How He Was Cured of Sciatic Rheumatism.—Crippled for Six Years.

The Hon. John M. Rice, of Louisa, Lawrence county, Kentucky, has for many years served his native county and state in the legislature at Frankfort and Washington, and until his retirement was a noted figure in political and judicial circles. A few days ago a Kentucky Post reporter called upon Judge Rice, who in the following words related the history of the causes that led to his retirement: "It is just about six years since I had an attack of rheumatism, slight at first, but soon developing into sciatic rheumatism, which began first with acute shooting pains in the hips, gradually extending downward to my feet. My condition became so bad that I eventually lost all power of my legs, and then the liver, kidneys and bladder, and in fact my whole system became deranged. I tried the treatment of many physicians but receiving no lasting benefit from them, I went to Hot Springs, Ark. I was not much benefited by some months stay there, when I returned home. In 1891, I went to the Silurian Springs, Wakeshaw, Wis. I stayed there some time, but without improvement. Again I returned home, this time feeling no hopes of recovery. The muscles of my limbs were now reduced by atrophy to mere strings. Sciatic pains tortured me terribly, but it was the disordered condition of my liver that was I felt gradually wearing my life away. Doctors gave me up, all kinds of remedies had been tried without avail, and their was nothing more for me to do but resign myself to fate."

"I lingered on in this condition sustained almost entirely by stimulants until April, 1893. One day I saw an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. This was something new, and as one more drug after so many others could do no harm, I was prevailed upon to try the Pink Pills. The effect of the pills was marvelous, and I could soon eat heartily, a thing I had not done for years. The liver began to perform its functions, and has done so ever since. Without doubt the pills saved my life, and while I do not crave notoriety I cannot refuse to testify to their worth."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post-paid, on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50,) by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

Where Rain is Unknown.

There is, perhaps, no more curious place on the Pacific seaboard than Iquique. It stands in a region where rain has never been known to fall, and where, as was remarked by Darwin, when he visited Iquique in 1835, the inhabitants live like people on board ship. These number about 14,000, nearly all connected with the staple industry of the port, due to the development of the nitrate industry on the adjacent pampas. The rain gauges at Lima, close to the Pacific, record absolutely no rainfall. There are several parts of the earth where rain never falls. Such are the Sahara, or great desert of Africa, and considerable tracts of Arabia, Syria, Persia, Tibet and Mongolia in the Old World, while in South America the rainless districts comprise narrow strips on the shores of Peru, Bolivia and Chili, and on the coast of Mexico and Guatemala, with a small district between Trinidad and Panama on the coast of the Venezuela.

Man Growing Lazier.

Man grows more and more lazy every year, says the Boston Herald. He is living in a machine age, when his walking and his climbing, if not his eating, are done for him by some mechanical invention too obvious to be recorded. If it were not for athletics and gymnasiums, it is believed the race would lose the use of its legs, as scientists say it is losing its jaws and its teeth from too much civilization. Men who used to skip up the long flights of stairs of down town buildings without a murmur now complain if they are asked to walk up one. And it isn't age, either, for boys in their teens will "wait for the elevator" an hour rather than give their legs needful exercise. The result of so much level action would be horrid but there no bicycle in existence. But the wheelman goes "up stairs" for hours and says not a word when there is a saddle under him. It may be this universal wheel is the real cause of the present indolence. On some new principle developed by this popular motion, otherwise able-bodied citizens now refuse to live in houses with high storeys and no "lifts," and kick at any "steps" over or under railroad tracks. In short, there are people who would rather risk their lives than have the grade changed on a road they would be in the habit of crossing.

One View.

First Tramp—"There comes another four-in-hand. What's the good 'er ridin on top of a coach all day along a dusty road, 'specially in hot weather?"

Second Tramp—"It gets up a elegant thirst."

A Veteran's Story



Mr. Joseph Hemmerich, an old soldier, 529 E. 146th St., N. Y. City, writes us voluntarily. In 1862, at the battle of Fair Oaks, he was stricken with typhoid fever, and after a long struggle in hospitals, lasting several years, was discharged as incurable with Consumption.

Doctors said both lungs were affected and he could not live long, but a comrade urged him to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before he had finished one bottle his cough began to get loose, the choking sensation left, and night sweats grew less and less. He is now in good health and cordially recommends

Hood's Sarsaparilla

as a general blood purifier and tonic medicine, especially to his comrades in the G. A. R.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in composition, proportion and appearance.