

Sunday Reading.

A True Story.

The official report of the Board of Health of Louisiana, a few years ago, contained a story as inspiring and as tragic as any in fiction.

An old woman named Ours, an Acadian, living in a village in St. Mary's parish, when sixty years of age developed leprosy. She had two sons and a daughter, but one after another they fled, leaving their mother alone.

There was in the village a young woman 'a cheerful, healthy person,' says the report, 'upon whom no one was dependent.' Finding that Madame Ours was deserted by her family, this girl made ready to go her.

The leper's house stood in a lonely place surrounded by an acre of ground. The sick woman was not permitted to leave this enclosure. When Mary—her last name is not given—made known her intention, the villagers held her back, almost by force, declaring that if she went she, too, must be imprisoned with the leper; and that Madame Ours was a stranger, with no claim upon her. To this the girl replied that her religion told her that she must go.

She went, and for two years worked for the leper without reward, being to her both servant and nurse. At the end of that time Madame Ours died, and after waiting some time and undergoing careful disinfection, Mary returned to the village, and presently married a young man whom she had known from childhood.

When she had been a wife for three years symptoms of leprosy showed themselves, and eventually she died of that loathsome disease.

When one reads this story in the report, one's first thought is that such an ending is cruel. Why should this generous hearted girl die of leprosy? Why was she not rewarded for her heroic deed by years of happy life with her husband and children? Shall we forget that to the Great Shepherd death is not a punishment or a pain but rather the opening of the gate through which He calls His sheep home to the fold?

Filial Devotion.

In November a most illustrious literary company meets in Paris to hear one of its members read a paper full of stories of humble people who, pained at the sight of suffering, have labored to relieve it. These yearly reports, which have been presented to the French academy regularly since the fall of Napoleon, form a mass of illustration to St. Paul's great burst of eloquence in praise of charity. The originator of the 'rewards of virtue' was Baron de Montyon, in 1783. Since the others have followed his example until, in 1899, the income for these prizes amounted to seventy-three thousand two hundred and fifty francs, and one hundred and thirty eight persons were 'crowned.' The rewards are given for instances of beautiful unselfishness and self-sacrifice on the part of the poor.

In 1899 the annual report was read by Pierre Loti, and one of the most touching instances was the following, as related in the outlook:

It is the story of the Michaud sisters. They have both been blind from birth. Under their old thatched roof, on a floor of beaten earth, they began from babyhood to work like two good little fairies. While their parents tilled the ground and tended the orchard that gave them a bare living, the two daughters managed, hard as it was, to keep the pans and dishes clean, and even to cook the meals.

When the neighbors were amazed at the beautiful order in the little house, the little blind girls would say: 'Why if we were not careful to put the things back in the same place, how could we find them again, because we cannot see?'

The family lived thus almost happily, until about ten years ago, the father died, leaving the orchard to take care of itself; for the mother was worn out with hard work and almost decrepit.

At this juncture the officials in the mayor's office in the neighboring village thought they were doing a kind turn when they offered to place the widow in an asylum; but the thought of parting with their mother threw the two blind sisters into despair. 'By and by,' they said, 'by and by, if it must be. Let us first try to live together; we will do all we can.'

And when I tell you what they did, you will think I am drawing on my imagination. They learned to spin wool, and by dint

of keeping up their practice until midnight they succeeded in learning to sew well enough to make money, for their kind-hearted neighbors gave them work. They learned to wash their own linen, sitting in front of the wash-tub by the side of an obliging neighbor, who told them when the things were clean enough or when a little more rubbing was needed.

At first they had a goat whose milk, together with bread, was their only food, and the old mother had strength enough to take the goat out to browse along the roads, while she herself gathered deadwood for the evening fire.

After a time the poor widow became childish, but had the desire to wander as before along the roads, to the great anxiety of her daughters, who no longer dared let go of her gown.

'Suppose she were to get lost,' they would say, 'or fall into the ditch. How could we go to find her when we have no eyes?'

But now they are freed from his anxiety, for the mother is bedridden and has gone blind. And the two sisters are twice as tender to her whom they have never seen, and who can never see them. They work twice as hard to procure what may soften her decline.

They rack their brains to amuse her, they strive to keep her neat, and what seems to me an adorable touch, when they change her linen they always piously warm the poor, coarse garments in front of the flame made by a few dead branches, for which they have groped in the woods.

Never have they asked an alms, never has murmur or lament been known to pass their lips. Sunk in this night that never ends, groping and feeling about with their hands to aid this mother, who also spreads her hands in equal darkness, they show only sweetness of temper, one may even say an invincible contentment.

A GREAT CANADIAN MISSIONARY.
Dr. Mackay of Formosa, Famous Throughout East and West, is Dead There.

A missionary famous throughout the world has just died in Formosa, where for thirty years he had labored to complete one of the most successful missionary enterprises in modern times. The dead missionary is the Rev. Dr. N. G. L. Mackay of the Canadian Presbyterian Church, one of the best missionary authorities on the Chinese and their language.

According to a brief cable despatch received in Toronto he died of cancer of the throat, from which, as his intimate friends had known, he had been suffering for several months.

For nearly thirty years the name of Dr. Mackay has been linked with that of Formosa. Since 1891, except while on two brief furloughs, he had lived on the island. He has founded there between sixty and seventy churches, a hospital, schools and a college, which he called Oxford, for the training of a native ministry and for the higher education of the girls of the island.

He landed there, the first missionary, thirty years ago. There are now at least thirty five women missionaries besides men on the island and there are eight day schools for the education of the children of christian homes. All this is directly the result of Dr. Mackay's work.

'He was a whole college in himself,' was the comment of the head of his society on hearing of his death.

Dr. Mackay wielded great influence in Formosa, both under Chinese and Japanese rule. He himself married a Formosan woman in 1878 and by her had a son and two daughters. Both of the daughters married Chinamen and are engaged in mission work. To Formosa and his work there, in fact, Dr. Mackay's whole life and interest were pledged.

In 1894 he went home to Canada for a year. The general assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Canada elected him Moderator and everywhere where the fame of his work had reached he was received with honor, but he could not be persuaded to remain. In a year he was back at his work in his beloved Formosa.

When the land was ceded by China to Japan at the close of the war between the countries Dr. Mackay exerted a powerful influence for good in reconciling the Chinese population to their new rulers. He was constantly consulted about the affairs of the island.

He was the author of two works—'From Far Formosa; the Island, Its People and Missions,' and a 'Chinese Romanized Dic-

tionary of the Formosan Vernacular,' as well as several lectures on the flora and fauna of Formosa, delivered before the Canadian Institute.

This tribute to him was paid by the secretary of his church's foreign missions when news of his death received:

'When Dr. Mackay landed in Formosa in 1871 there was none before him, none to welcome him. He found his home in a stable and immediately acquainting himself with those around him began to learn the language. He has shown a limitless amount of courage; nothing could daunt him. He was a man of intense fervor of spirit, which has never been quenched by any adverse circumstances he has met. I consider his missionary work the most successful of modern times.'

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

The Problem of Caring for those Who Visit Buffalo Next Summer Being Solved By

DR. PIERCE'S FREE BUREAU OF INFORMATION.

With a liberality which characterizes all enterprises undertaken by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, the founder of the World's Dispensary, he has established a free bureau of information and assistance, free to visitors and householders.

The purpose of this Bureau is to provide a headquarters for visitors to the Exposition, where mail may be addressed and delivered. To furnish conveniences for correspondence, such as writing desks, stationary, etc. To provide a list of desirable accommodations for guests which will obviate the tiresome search for lodgings in a strange city. To give information concerning Buffalo and the adjacent points of interest, in order that the visitors may do their sight seeing with economy of time and money. To help visiting friends in any way consistent with the proposed scope of the Bureau.

ITS CENTRAL LOCATION.

This Bureau is located in a beautiful old mansion of Buffalo, at 652 Main St., just opposite the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of which Dr. R. V. Pierce is chief medical director. The Free Bureau is fitted up with reception rooms, wash-rooms, dressing-rooms, parlors, and all conveniences for out-of-town visitors.

Dr. Pierce's Free Bureau had its origin in the desire of the Doctor to be of some aid and assistance to the sixty odd thousand druggists and dealers, who are mostly his customers, as well as his old patients; but when the plan was formulated it was found that it would take little more effort and expense to care for everybody who might need the Bureau's assistance.

When visitors arrive in Buffalo, they go straight to the Bureau, at 652 Main Street, and ask for the needed accommodation.

NOT FOR PROFIT.

No bureau organized for profit can afford to do what Dr. Pierce is doing, and no other bureau could attempt it by reason of lack of a facilities and the great expense involved.

Dr. Pierce has arranged to make your visit inexpensive, free from annoyance and anxiety, and gave you every minute of time to enjoy the wonderful Exposition and its manifold features of charming interest.

Dr. Pierce believes that a great medical institution like his "World's Dispensary," that is in constant touch with thousands of people, has other obligations besides those of a commercial nature.

It may contribute to the pleasure and comfort of humanity, even in cases where the profit is not immediately apparent.

Impelled by these principles, he has organized a Bureau to furnish Pan-American visitors with accommodations and such information, guidance and direction, when they arrive in Buffalo, as will help them to spend their vacation in the most agreeable manner.

The question of where are you going to lodge is of prime importance and should be settled first of all. Have all mail, telegrams and parcels sent in care of the Bureau, if you wish. Use their waiting rooms and parlors. Ask them about special rates and excursions to Niagara, the Whirlpool Rapids, Toronto, Chautauque, up the Great Lakes, down the St. Lawrence. Reliable information on any and every point of interest to tourist will be cheerfully granted. Remember, there is no charge or fee for any service rendered by Dr. Pierce's Bureau.

'My wife didn't stay but a week down at her mother's.'

'Homesick?'

'No; but her younger sisters admired our baby so much they nearly washed it to pieces.'

'Paw,' said little Willie Gettitt, 'give me 10 cents to buy a story book with.'

'Ten cents?' shrieked the old gentleman. 'Do you think I am Andy Carnegie?'

MEN'S FASHIOS.

Solomon in all his Glory Could Not Equal the Men of to day.

Verily, we sit down and make much talk concerning the garb of woman.

And about with a large voice that she is bent in the brains when it comes to garments.

And that she would attire herself in a carpet sack cut on the bias if it were the fashion to do so.

We point the finger of scorn at her if she is in style.

And we pass her up if she is not. Woman has a hard time of it, truly.

She must endure the sarcastic remarks of proud men concerning the dresses she wears.

And about as hard a time as she hath is getting the money from her husband to buy what she getteth.

But let us think a few times at the mark which is known as man.

Verily, he maketh of himself a sight to drive some folk to strong drink.

He changeth the manner of his garb each season, even as woman.

But he doth not make over last season's raiment to meet this season's plans and specifications.

Not any.

Nay, nay, my son; he bieth unto the tailor and sayeth unto him:

'What is the latest wrinkle in trousers?'

And the tailor showeth him that the waist is half an inch looser and the knee one inch tighter and the foot just about the same.

And the price two feet longer.

And the coat, as the tailor showeth him, is cut swaybacked, and hath a bustle effect around the tails thereof, and the button holes must be so far apart or the man will be out of style.

And necessarily dead to the world.

And man putteth himself in the garments when they are done.

And he putteth upon the top of his head a hat which hath a rim like unto the flange of an opened oyster can, and the crown thereof hath the appearance of a discouraging pancake.

For he putteth on shoes that are cut low in the ankle and wide in the toe and high in the heel.

And he garbeth his feet also with socks that can be heard a mile off on a still morning.

Which also have open work and drop stitches and other millinery effects.

Also he weareth a shirt which hath the complexion of a fire alarm and the beauty of a pied rainbow.

Yes, and he carryeth a cane which looketh like an overgrown lead pencil.

Now, when he hath inserted himself into this collection of glad garments, he sayeth unto himself:

'Surely I am the warmest proposition that ever ambled adown the macadamized highway.'

'Verily, there are no other charters in the human race except yours truly.'

'And I am glad in my heart that I am not foolish about clothing like the women are.'

Verily, my son, man is a large and uncalled bluff as to garb.

He is just as much to the gabble when it cometh to a new suit as is the woman who wanted two new roses and 10 cents worth of lace on last year's bonnet.

Solomon in all his glory was not arraped as man now is, for he was a wise man.

Also he had to buy cloths for several hundred wives.

VENERED DIAMONDS.

How the Most Deceptive of Artificial Gems are Made.

The demand for jewelry has of late years increased to such an extent that it has been found necessary to cope with it by artificial means. Quite recently, M. Moisson, a French scientist, has discovered how to make real diamonds out of sugar with the aid of electricity, and other savants have been equally successful with carbon, but the stones are small, and do not meet the requirements of the million, which prefers large jewels at a low price.

It is at Clerkenwell that the artificial gem fraternity gather, and more 'diamonds' emanate from that prosaic neighborhood in the course of the year than from Kimberley, although their respective values cannot be compared. Every precious stone is now successfully imitated, and sold from sixpence to as much as £5, according to size and quality.

Artificial diamonds have been made for more than a hundred years, the process being first discovered by a German named Strass, and the peculiar kind of glass that bears his name exactly resembles the diamond when out. Strass is nothing more than rock crystal, to which borax, arsenic, potash and other chemicals have been added. The ingredients when thoroughly pulverized and sifted are placed in a cruc-



Nothing

What you spend for PEARLINE is nothing to what you save with it. Everything that's washed with PEARLINE lasts longer. It saves clothes from wear and tear—keeps them and you looking fresh and new. PEARLINE economy is known to millions of women. Ask about it. They will say—better than soap or ordinary washing powders. 657

ible and subjected to enormous heat in a furnace. The melting occupies from twenty to thirty five hours, and skill is needed to see that the proper temperature is maintained or the strass comes out cloudy and utterly useless.

At the expiration of that kind the crucible is removed and placed in another chamber where the heated atmosphere is permitted to gradually cool and solidify the mass, which is then ready to be cut as required. Exactly the same process is followed in making emeralds, except that large proportions of fine white sand and green oxide of chrome are melted into the strass. Opals are by far the most difficult stones to imitate; indeed, it is only within the last decade that they have been successfully copied with the aid of electricity and solution of silicates.

So far the work has been practically easy but it now becomes difficult in the extreme and only the most skillful workmen are engaged in the department through which the strass next passes. The 'diamonds' that are sold for a few pence each are merely pieces of white strass cut by machinery, and a yellow tint can be detected in them. But the more costly gems though made of the same material, are subjected to a delicate process known as 'facing-up.'

Each one is aware that when real diamonds are cut a quantity of fine dust is given off which is apparently valueless. But lapidaries collect the sweepings from the tables and sell them to the makers of artificial gems at £4 per pound, who purify them with acid that destroys everything but the pure diamond dust. This is mixed with another acid and placed under enormous pressure, which results in sheets of diamond dust as thin as paper being given off.

The facets of the sham stone are then covered with transparent cement and a layer of diamond paper laid upon them. When dry, the false jewels, veneered with the real dust, are so similar to the genuine stones that they are often set in pure gold, for no one but an expert can detect the difference and then only with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass. This is, of course, the most expensive artificial gem made inasmuch as one that has been properly veneered cannot be purchased for less than 10s.

Thus it will be seen that no small amount of skill is required to make imitation stones, and the workmen in the cutting, polishing and facing-up departments can command high wages. In the first-named, £2 10s to £5 per week is the average salary, while those who undertake the delicate task of veneering and by no means too highly remunerated at the rate of from £3 to £6 per week. No metal work is done at the factories where these stones are made, the setting being left to other firms, who receive the gems in cases holding from 100 to 500 each. Large quantities are used for theatrical purposes, the best are set in gold rings and brooches, but the majority find their way into the collections of 'jewels' owned by laasses among the poorer classes.

Valuable Advice to Rheumatics.

Eat meat sparingly, and take very little sugar. Avoid damp feet, drink water abundantly, and always rely on Polson's Nerviline as an absolute reliever of rheumatic pains. Being five times stronger than other remedies, its power over pain is simply beyond belief. Buy a large 25 cent bottle to day, test it, and see if this is not so. Polson's Nerviline always cures rheumatism.

Taking no Chances.

A canny Scotch farmer, who had been suffering from the aching of a troublesome tooth, went into Glasgow for treatment. The dentist, having examined the tooth, said kindly:

'It's a very bad tooth, and I should advise you to save yourself pain and take gas, which is only a shilling more.'

He showed the machine to the old man and explained its workings; how he would fall asleep for a minute or two, and awake with the tooth and the pain gone. The farmer at last consented, and took out his purse.

'Never mind paying now,' said the dentist, loftily.

'Hoots!' replied the Scot. 'A was na thinkin' o' that; but if I'm ga'en ta sleep A thocht A wad like ta count ma siller fust.'