

Sunday Reading.

"Exactly Square"

'It's a good place to load up when you once get to it,' said the homespun station-agent, 'but 'tain't every driver that knows how to set his wagon. Never knew but one man that could back his team up to that platform without swearing.'

'Likely his horse had got used to it!' muttered the travelling pedler. He was wondering if the man meant to be impertinent. Evidently he had overheard him letting out profane epithets and cursing his patient beast.

'Wal, I dunno,' said the station agent. 'George Dean had fourteen horses, and sometimes he'd come with one team and sometimes with another. Never knew him to swear at 'em.'

The pedler was cross. In the course of his business as a seller of small wares he had driven to this little country railway station to take in a consignment of goods. He was a self-righteous man, who prided himself on being always 'exactly square,' and the peculiar remarks of this blunt depot-master irritated him. The man had a good deal more to say about George Dean as he helped load the boxes into the wagon. 'He was the squarest man I ever did business with,' he concluded.

'Well, what's the matter with him now?' asked the pedler, finally. 'Has he backslid? I notice that you always speak of him in the past tense.'

'He's dead,' said the man. 'Died a year ago. But there won't anybody round here forgit him very soon.'

The pedler was glad to escape. But when he drove away there was one more man who could not forget George Dean, the young market fatter who 'never swore.' Had he known that another sermon from the same Christian text lay on his road he would have gone another way. Religion and religious subjects were matters which he usually avoided.

As dark came on, he stopped at a large and well-kept country homestead, and secured the privilege of putting up for the night. As Providence would have it, the place was the home of the late George Dean, and he was the guest of George Dean's parents.

The vexation of discovering where he was changed presently into something like awe. What singular fate had sent him there? He could not prevent the bereaved mother from talking about her son; and when the hired team-drivers chimed in with their hearty testimonies he had to listen; how good the young man had been to his parents; how scrupulous in his duties to his fellow men; how loyal to the laws of God; how kind to his dumb animals.

'He never would drive his team horse to church,' said his mother. 'He bought Townie for light carriage work. The others rested over Sunday.'

The uneasy guest carried all this to bed with him and lay awake. What a difference between 'exactly square' as he regarded it and 'exactly square' as George Dean had considered it! And he had heard enough to explain why. He caught himself envying a man he had never seen. Then the envy turned to admiration and self-reproach.

'You couldn't ha' put up here if it hadn't been for George,' said one of the hired men the next morning, as he harnessed the pedler's horse. 'He built that addition o' purpose to 'commodate travellers.'

It was years before Wightman, the pedler, in his circuits through New England, stopped again at his Berkshire County lodging place. He was not a self-righteous man now. A higher rule of life than his own had become his law, and the travelling trader was known as 'the pedler evangelist.'

During a long stage journey the driver remarked to Abraham Lincoln,—not knowing his passenger, and finding that he would not drink, smoke, chew or swear,—'I've a pretty poor opinion o' folks that haven't got any small vices. I always suspect they make it up in big ones.'

Others have repeated that bit of cheap cephistry. The truth is that the lives which really rebuke wickedness and shame conceit are always pure in 'minor morals.'

Micky's Religion.

The acting Premier of Queensland, Hon. Arthur Rutledge, like the Hon. Dr. Montague, went from the pulpit into politics via one of the secular professions. Mr. Rutledge began life as a Wesleyan minister, but afterwards studied law, and was called to the Bar. In one of his ear-

lier cases he was cross examining a Kanaka witness. Wishing to know if the Kanaka understood the nature of an oath, Mr. Rutledge asked: 'Are you a Christian, Micky?' 'No,' answered Micky, firmly. 'Then what are you?' was the next question. 'A Wesleyan, sah,' replied Micky proudly, and Mr. Rutledge did not pursue the subject further.

LOVE, THE CONQUEROR.

How an Australian Woman Saved Her Life After a Snake Bite.

As Mrs. Morgan bent over the wood-heap in the yard of her Australian home in the dusk of the early morning, she felt a sharp, fiery sting in her arm, and looking down, saw a snake glide away among the logs. It had passed the night in the wood-heap, and angry at being disturbed, had stung her. She flung down her armful of logs and rushed into the house. A sharp butcher knife lay on the table; this she seized and cut the wound, then sucked the blood. But she had little hope, for the bite was from the fangs of a venomous snake, and she had received the full force of the poison.

Already she seemed to feel the first symptoms of coming death in the deadly lethargy which crept through her limbs. The thought of her babies, now lying asleep in the adjoining room, further agonized her, for a mental picture rose before her of her darlings starving slowly to death. And how sad would be their father's home-coming! How terrible to find the wife and children he had left alive and well lifeless corpses!

Then her mother-love cried out for time, only a little time, in order that she might provide for them. Her husband had been away shearing for six weeks. He would be back in a fortnight, and she must prepare enough food to keep them for that time. It would be of no use to try to take the children to the nearest neighbor, fifty miles distant; she would die on the way, and leave the helpless little ones in the cart. The old horse might know enough to take them to their destination, but probably he would return home. There was ample flour in the house; she would bake and cook, and fight back death until enough food was prepared to keep the children alive until their father's return.

With feverish haste she ran back to the wood-heap, where she found the snake pinioned under one of the logs she had flung down in her horror. She quickly killed it; then she returned to the kitchen, lighted the fire, put on the camp oven, kneaded up the dough she had prepared overnight, and put the loaves in the oven. Then she prepared other batches of bread, and placed them in the warmth to rise. Every few minutes a horrible drowsiness came over her, but she resolutely fought it down. She must do her work, and death must be forced to wait until it was done.

The children awoke and called for 'mamma.' She attended to their little wants in a kind of dream. Every now and again she would sway and nearly fall, but always with a strong effort of will she would shake off the fatal coma and address herself to some new task.

The water used in the house was drawn from a well near by; a supply must be secured and placed within reach of the children, the horses must be taken from their own paddock and put in the one where the sheep were grazing, within reach of the great clay water-tank. Little Mora, the eldest of the four children, was trained to take care of the younger ones when mamma should have 'gone to sleep.' Thus the day passed in ceaseless activity, and the evening found the mother still alive.

Only once had she fallen into the comatose state which precedes death from snake bite, and she was roused from this stupor by little Mora, whom she had bidden not to let mamma sleep for one moment, and by the screams of the younger children. She had risen and run up and down like one distracted until the heaviness partly left her.

Even now, when night had come, and the children were peacefully sleeping, she did not dare to lie down lest she should never rise again. She looked round with intense satisfaction on the pile of loaves she had baked; at least her babies would not starve. Then, hope began to dawn. If she had lived through the day, might she not recover? Then a dim recollection came of having heard that if one could ward off the deadly coma until the snake poison was worked out of the blood, life

might be saved.

Spurred by this hope, she went out and passed the night walking up and down. The morning found her weak and weary, but alive and hopeful. When the little ones awoke they cried out to her: 'O mamma, don't go to sleep!' 'It's so scared! Please don't go to sleep!'

Tears of joy and hope filled the mother's eyes as she kissed them, saying, 'I won't go to sleep at all. I will stay with you all the time till father comes home.' And so it proved. Mrs. Morgan did not die. Her mother-love, which had first stimulated her to action, had saved her life. Love conquered death.

For the Women of Japan.

Miss Tsuda's educational venture in Japan is something new in the history of women's education in that country. Her school opened in the autumn of last year, is the first boarding-school for girls started under purely Japanese auspices, and is the first to give an opportunity of higher work to women. Its object is to prepare students for the teachers' examinations in English held by the government. At present, for lack of adequate preparation, few women can pass these examinations, and the result is that the government positions must all be held by men.

The lady who has started this Christian school for girls is thoroughly Japanese in all her interests and sympathies, while she has the additional advantage of knowing something of western civilization. American furnished her with the education she is now engaged in passing on to her own countrywomen.

A writer in the Churchman, who has heard Miss Tsuda tell the story of her childish experiences in the strange land of the west, whither she came at seven years of age, explains that she was the youngest of five little Japanese girls, who, in the early seventies, were sent to this country to be educated. The long journey from Tokyo to Washington was full of adventure, and the American land, when it was reached, presented terrors and difficulties.

The first night after landing in San Francisco the children were taken to see a minstrel show, which frightened them almost into hysterics. Everything in America was strange to them. One evening they were served with supper in their own rooms at a hotel, and were much puzzled by a half hard, shiny yellow stuff, of the nature of which they were ignorant. They took at last a spoonful all round, knowing of no other way to eat this Western dainty. From that day to this one of the party has never put between her lips a morsel of butter. She had too much of it in that first experiment.

When they reached Washington the strangers found that their troubles had only begun. There was no place for them at the Japanese legation. Indeed, there seemed no place for them anywhere, and for some time after their arrival they lived quite by themselves, with only hired attendants to help them. They were very lonely and homesick.

Miss Tsuda's recollections of those unhappy days are chiefly of 'tagging on behind the older girls,' and feeling that she was not wanted anywhere, since even the head of the legation, on seeing her, had asked indignantly why they had sent her a baby. At the end of six months three of the girls returned home, and the other two were adopted.

Miss Tsuda became a daughter in the family of Mr. Charles Lanman of Washington. For ten years she remained in America, and then returned to Japan. She had a perfect command of English, but she found herself a stranger in her own land, ignorant of the manners and customs and even of the tongue, of her people. She set herself to become as thoroughly Japanese as she was American. Afterward when she had succeeded in this, she returned to America and studied at Bryn Mawr.

Miss Tsuda is an enthusiast on the subject of the education of Japanese women. Teaching has been her profession for many years, and she is fully competent for the work she has undertaken.

Truth Pays in the End.

A reporter had been commissioned by his newspaper to interview Wa Ting Fang, the Chinese minister at Washington. Following his usual artless Chinese custom, Mr. Wu asked the reporter how much salary he received. 'One hundred and fifty dollars a week,' he answered. The familiar comment was at once forthcoming. 'It is too much. It is altogether too much. You are not worth more than twenty-five dollars a week.' Some time afterward, while talking with other newspaper men, he minister learned that the reporter had deceived him, and that instead of receiving one hundred and fifty dollars a week he was paid not more than sixty dollars. Accordingly the next time he called at the Chinese Legation in search of information Mr. [Wu thus sharply dismissed him:

'You lied to me about your salary. If you will lie about such a thing as that you will lie about anything. I do not trust you. I have nothing to say to you. I have nothing to say to you. I want to revise my former estimate of your value. Instead of being worth twenty-five dollars a week you are not worth anything sir.'

MINTS ON NEBRASKA FARMS.

Instances of Men who Started With Little and are now Well off.

The real mints of the United States are not in Washington, Philadelphia or San Francisco, but upon the broad lands of the West. Here are some actual experiences of the farmers whose lot Mr. Bryan has so often deplored.

Three years and a half ago Charles J. Wisker bought eighty acres of land within four and a half miles of Minden, paying \$17.50 an acre. In three years his profits from sales of what he raised on the farm paid for it. He would not sell now for \$2,600.

Fifteen years ago George Barnes came from Missouri to visit a brother in Nebraska. He had a dollar in cash and the clothes on his back. His brother lent him a pair of horses, and the first money he earned was hauling grain to the railroad. Afterward he borrowed money and took a timber claim and homestead in Harlan county. He paid back the borrowed money by hauling more grain. He worked for his board when he could get no other work. Today he has 320 acres of land under fence, a house in Alma where he lives in the winter and money in the bank.

T. C. Phelan came to Nebraska in 1880 and filed on a quarter section in Greeley county. He paid \$50 on an adjoining quarter section and built a sod house. It took every dollar he had. He borrowed some money to stock his farm. Three years later he had enough money laid by to buy another quarter section. Then he built a frame house, hauling the lumber fifty miles by wagon road. Today he owns 1,120 acres, 400 fenced for cattle and the remainder under cultivation. Mr. Phelan has been to Europe several times, has travelled all over his own county and today enjoys an annual income of nearly \$4,000 from his farms.

August Warner and Peter Peterson arrived in Lancaster county twenty years ago from Sweden. All they possessed was the clothing on their backs. They worked a year as farmhands, and the next year each bought, with his savings paid down to bind the bargain, an 80-acre tract of railroad land. To-day Warner owns twelve 'eighties' and Peterson has title to thirteen. Each is worth \$50,000.

Lem W. Titman came to Hamilton county three years ago with barely enough capital to operate a rented quarter section. He realized from his first year's crop enough to justify him in renting a 400-acre farm. Last year he sold 3,000 bushels on the market direct from the thrashing machines at 53 cents a bushel. He has this year 225 acres of fall wheat, 80 of corn, 40 of oats and 60 of pasture lands.

Ten years ago Andrew Sherback came to Custer county with \$2,000 in cash and some live stock. He had money enough left after buying a quarter section to stock it and operate it. To day he owns 400 acres of land, all well improved, with all kinds of labor-saving farm implements, several thousand in bank and doesn't owe a dollar. He makes \$3,000 a year without any trouble save that of over-seeing the planting and harvest. The remainder of the time he spends in town, where he is educating his children.

In 1885 Carl Graham loaded all his household goods upon a wagon in Malvern, Ia., and started west. He had just married and had little money. Thirteen days later he landed in Custer county. He struck a job herding cattle at \$25 a month, while his wife became ranch cook at \$4 a week. They had saved \$300 by the next spring. Out of this he paid for the team and wagon that had brought them west, and with the remainder purchased the relinquishment of a homestead. He made a dug-out and covered it with timber from the canons. Nearly all his furniture was homemade. By 1888 he had reached the frame-house stage and had 200 acres under cultivation. To-day at the age of 42, he and his wife have quit the farm for the city to give their three children an education. He can afford to do this, because he owns 640 acres of land, 187 head of cattle, hundreds of hogs and substantial houses and barns on all of his farms.

A John Allen Story.

'Private John Allen of Mississippi has a new story which he tells apropos of his re-



Straighten

up. Why do you wash in the hardest possible way? Use PEARLINE, there's no bending over the tub, no back kinks, no work to speak of, no wear and tear from rubbing. Millions use PEARLINE. No matter how or when you use PEARLINE, or however delicate your hands or the fabric, it is absolutely harmless. 636

Stereoscopic Study of the Moon.

It has been observed that on account of the absence of an atmosphere on the moon and the consequent lack of gradation in shadows, the eye of the observer is seriously misled in judging the actual relief of objects forming the lunar landscapes. Professor Prinz of Brussels has recently developed a method of avoiding this difficulty, and of seeing the craters and other details on the moon in their natural proportions. Taking advantage of the fact that as the moon travels around the earth the eccentricity of its orbit produces the effect of a slow libration, or balancing to and fro, which causes its face to be inclined now a little the other way, Professor Prinz makes two photographs of the lunar object to be studied, at opposite points in the libration, and then combines them in a stereoscope, whereupon the object stands forth in full relief. This principle has hitherto been applied only to photographs of the moon as a whole, and not to particular craters or regions.

Toothache Cured in One Minute.

Not only toothache, but any nerve pain is cured instantly by Polson's Nerviline. Thousands have testified that its powerful, penetrating, pain-subduing properties make it an absolute cure for neuralgia, rheumatism, toothache, cramps, colic and all other pains and aches that beset mankind. The world is challenged to equal Nerviline as a household liniment. Large bottle 25 cents.

'Electric Ghosts.'

Dr. Oliver J. Dodge, in an address to electrical engineers in Birmingham on February 27th, thus defined an electron, that new term of science which has recently assumed so much importance: An atom is ordinarily associated with a charge, and force is required to separate the charge from the atom. The atomic charge, when separated, is called an electron. In an electrolyte, i. e., a substance decomposed by an electric current, there is a bodily transfer of atoms with their charges; in a metallic conductor the charges are handed on, as electrons, from atom to atom. In the discharge through highly rarefied gases the electric current is in its simple form, 'for here there is a flow of electrons travelling by themselves, of disembodied charges or electric ghosts.' Electrons, Doctor Lodge added, are the fastest moving of all known terrestrial objects, their speed being one-tenth that of light, which is 186,300 miles per second.

Hair in the Comb.

A bad sign. You are growing bald. Stop it now. Use Dr. White's Electric Comb and you will find no more combings. Your hair will stay where it belongs. Send 60 cents for one. D. N. Rose, Gen. Mgr., Decatur, Ill.

Briefly, as to Patriotism.

To mind your own business and do the square thing by your neighbors is an extremely high order of patriotism.

If every man were to do this, flags, governments, powers, denominations, thrones, might all take an indefinite vacation.

The man who does not steal sheep is not necessarily less a patriot than the man who takes off his hat when the band plays, 'God Save the King.'

How to Cure a Corn.

It is one of the easiest things in the world to cure a corn. Do not use acids or other caustic preparations and don't cut a hole in your foot. It is simply to apply Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor and in three days the corn can be removed without pain. Sure, safe, painless. Take only Putnam's Corn Extractor.

Magnalium a New Alloy.

Aluminum and magnesium have recently been combined in Germany to produce an alloy which does not rust, and which is as light and tenacious as pure aluminum, while it can be with the file and the lathe. It is named magnalium.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c.
CATARH CURE ...
 Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase, Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.