

POPULAR SCIENCE

A French physician has devised a painless method of slaughtering animals by the use of electricity, electrodes being placed at each end of the spine.

A novel device by which a street car motorman can announce the streets to his passengers consists of a speaking tube leading to a megaphone within the car.

Cholera is being successfully treated in India by a new method, which consists of hypodermic injections of morphine and copious draughts of water and hot tea.

At the Millwall Docks, London, a new installation of grain-handling and storing appliances has recently been put to work, including pneumatic elevators which draw grain out of the hold of a ship at the rate of 75 tons per hour for each elevator. Four work simultaneously, each dipping into a separate hold. The grain is lifted through flexible pipes to an elevation of eighty feet. Band-conveyors, electrically driven, having a total length of

brightness of the reflected light from the snow, the difficulty of getting badly hurt, however sharply one shoots a mountainside or even tumbles over a cliff, the absence of damp or moisture, the fact that one can travel anywhere in soft, light moccasins and in such clothing as is most conducive to agility, without any reference to conventionalities, all help to vanquish any realization of labor on a long trip.

There is infinite scope for skill in choosing, tending and training your dogs, also for both pluck and physical strength in driving; and all the craft of the woodsman is called for in crossing miles of virgin country, where, at any time, any wrong turn will surely mean a night in the open, and perhaps a temperature of forty degrees of frost.

Dog-driving also teaches one what boxing is said to teach—self-control; for of all the trials of temper one can be called on to endure, the worst is, given a glorious day for traveling, and when one is in a hurry, to have one's dog run wild, listening to nothing, but watching anything, but tangling with everything that comes in the way.

As one man told me, when I asked him what kind of a team he had, "I's had to give 'em up, sir, though I loved they well enough. Good dogs

RELIGIOUS

Puzzled.
You ask me whether I'm High Church,
You ask me whether I'm Low;
I wish you'd tell the difference,
For I'm sure that I don't know.
I'm just a plain old body,
And my brain works pretty slow;
So I don't know whether I'm High Church,
And I don't know whether I'm Low.

I'm trying to be a Christian
In the plain, old-fashioned way
Laid down in my father's Bible,
And I read it every day;
Our blessed Lord's life in the Gospels,
Or a comforting Psalm of old,
Or a bit from the Revelation
Of the city whose streets are gold.

Then I pray; why, I'm generally praying,
Though I don't always kneel or speak out,
But I ask the dear Lord, and keep asking,
Till I fear He is all tired out;
A piece of the Litany sometimes,
The Collect perhaps, for the day,
Or a scrap of a prayer that my mother
So long ago taught me to say.

But now my poor memory's falling,
And often and often I find
That never a prayer from the Prayer-Book
Will seem to come into my mind.
But I know what I want and I ask it,
And I make up the words as I go.
Do you think now that shows I ain't
High Church?
Do you think that it means I am
Low?

My blessed old husband has left me;
'Tis years since God took him away;
I know he is safe, well, and happy,
And yet, when I kneel down to pray,
Perhaps it is wrong, but I never
Leave the old man's name out of my prayer,
But I ask the dear Lord to do for him
What I would do if I were there.

Of course He can do it much better;
But He knows, and He surely won't mind
The worry about her old husband
Of the old woman left here behind.
So I pray, and I pray, for the old man,
And I'm sure that I shall till I die;
So maybe that proves I ain't Low Church,
And maybe it shows I am High.

My old father was never a Churchman,
But a Scotch Presbyterian saint.
Still, his white head is shining in Heaven,
I don't care who says that it ain't.
To one of our blessed Lord's mansions
That old man was certain to go.
And now do you think I am High Church?
Are you sure that I ain't pretty Low?

I tell you, it's all just a muddle,
Too much for a body like me;
I'll wait till I join my old husband,
And then we shall see what we'll see.
Don't ask me again, if you please, sir,
For really it worries me so,
And I don't know whether I'm High Church,
And I don't know whether I'm Low.
—Annie Trumbull Slosson.

Applied Religion.
"Been 'near to nature's heart?"
asked one man of another, who had returned from a month's outing in the hills of New England.

"Yes, and near to the hearts of some good people, too," was the reply.
"People don't count so much as some other things when you're out for ozone and exercise," said the man who had not been away.

"I don't agree with you," said the other. "I've got more good out of people this last month than I did out of the ozone and the hill-climbing, good as they were. I've seen more practical religion this summer than I supposed existed."

"Who had it—the boarders? I thought they left that in cold storage during the summer."
"Some of them had it, but I refer particularly to the keepers of the boarding-house."
"That's a good place for it; may their tribe increase!"

"Yes, they had the real thing. At first I stood a little in dread of it. We were in the woods, three miles from the village, and when on Sunday morning they brought out the wagon with seats for every one who wanted to go to church, I was not much disposed to go, and thought it rather a presumptuous suggestion on their part. But although there was no urging, there was pleasant opportunity. Most of us went, and it paid us. I saw that it was no gain to the keepers of the boarding-house, but only the desire to give other people the good they coveted and could not get, that led them to do it."

"That wasn't all. A convalescent came there who had been refused admittance to another place, and they took her in, although six boarders left immediately, and they could ill afford to lose one of them. They had a hired girl, too, whom they had rescued from some sad condition, I don't know just what, for they never told tales. But they did not save her to any very high sense of gratitude, for she left them in midsummer, when the work was hardest and help impossible to obtain. And they did not scold or indulge in any harsh talk, but took up her work, and did it themselves in an uncomplaining spirit."

"I did not know at first what made them the kind of people they were. I looked to find something that would show a selfish motive, but I did not

discover it. In time I found it was their religion that made them the sort of folks they are.

"I thought a lot about it up there in the woods. I have been 'near to nature's heart,' but I have also found the heart of some good people, and I have learned what it is that keeps men's hearts right."—Youth's Companion.

God Himself Our Reward.

To work for God is to work with God. To follow Christ is to live with Christ—to march in the same road, engage in the same campaign, share in the same experience. To enter God's service is more than to be His servant. It is to be His child. It is more than to do His will; it is to be in purpose and spirit one with Him. Religion is the life of God in the soul of man. To be religious, Christianly religious, is to have God as our Companion. Then, truly, our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ. Then our will is to do God's will; then we see the world as God sees it; then we do our little to help God achieve what He is achieving; then we are cheered and sustained by the unflinching hope of Him who sees the end from the beginning. God is Himself our exceeding great reward.

The Life of Faith.

The Gospel is a directing as well as an enlightening power. Christ's life, death and resurrection are the center of all Christian teaching. No truth can be understood save in its relation to these. They are the center of all practical spiritual life, for the only true life is that lived by the faith of the Son of God. The old fable of the philosopher who took a candle to look for the sun is a fair illustration of those who would search for the truth in regard to God and duty and the future life by unaided human wisdom and science. If one cannot see the light or feel the influence of the Sun of Righteousness, no mere human device will enable him to do so.

AN EXPLORER'S HARDSHIPS.

Samuel Hearne first entered the employment of the Hudson Bay Company as mate of one of the sloops trading with the Eskimos. Afterward the information that he acquired in his explorations. He was still a young man, writes L. J. Burpee in "The Search for the Western Sea," when he set forth on the expedition which was to make his name famous—the discovery of the Coppermine river.

Hearne encountered many misfortunes. His second journey had to be abandoned because of the loss of the quadrant, and on his third expedition the old Elton's quadrant, "which had been upward of thirty years at the fort," the only instrument he could obtain, followed the example of its predecessor.

"I cannot," says Hearne, "sufficiently lament the loss of my quadrant, as the want of it must render the course of my journey very uncertain."
"While at Great Slave Lake his watch stopped, which added greatly to his misfortune, as he was now deprived of every means of estimating distances with any degree of accuracy."

Nevertheless, he added materially to the geography of the far North, and it is still a fact that Hearne is the only authority for the topography of much of that unexplored part of Canada. Most important of all, his expedition paved the way for further explorations toward the West and North, by showing that a man possessed of sufficient perseverance and endurance can safely penetrate every quarter of the unknown West.

"PRINTER'S PI" LIKE HOT CAKES

An Edition of 150,000 Was Sold Out in Less Than Four Hours.

Hugh Spottiswoode, who is the King's printer, tells me an amusing example of how his countrymen take to publications, says a London correspondent in the Paris edition of the New York Herald. Once a year the firm of Spottiswoode prints a magazine called Printer's Pi. It is beautifully illustrated and the articles it contains are all voluntary contributions from well known English authors. It is sold at a shilling a copy for the benefit of a charity, a fund to support old and indigent people who have been in the printer's trade, also their widows and families. The result each year is a large sum of money. This year I think it is \$20,000. The edition this year was sold out in less than four hours. A few days ago the firm of Spottiswoode brought forth another pamphlet at a shilling a copy. It contained all the information and details of the new finance law, about which England has been frothing at the mouth for three months.

"You know," said Mr. Spottiswoode, "that we kept the presses running night and day with two crews working to have ready an almost unlimited number of these pamphlets for Tuesday morning, when they were to be put on sale. How many do you think we have sold in the last five days? A little less than 6,000. Doesn't that seem remarkable, considering that the book has no rival, for we have the exclusive authority to print it? After all, perhaps, Englishmen do not care so much about the details of their finance in the budget as they pretend."

Some men are homeless and some haven't sense enough to go home.

THINGS YOU MAY NOT KNOW

Foreigners living in Switzerland must pay a tax.

The largest locomotive in the world has been built in Chicago for the Southern Pacific Railroad. It weighs 195 tons without the tender.

Before the Russian war the street railway system of Tokio was less than one mile in length. Now the mileage is 100 miles, with a revenue last year of \$775,000.

Strongest, blackest Kentucky or Missouri tobacco, if kept and properly cured for two or three years, whether chewed or smoked, has the smoothest, finest effect upon the system of any tobacco extant.

London was somewhat shocked and amused the other day to discover that the glass front of the portrait of Prime Minister Asquith at the Royal Academy exhibition had been placarded with a bill inscribed "Votes for Women."

A Western school journal is responsible for the story that a youthful pupil in the history class wrote the following statement: "The American War of Independence took place because the colonies refused to submit to taxation without temptation."

Ruskin's dislike of tobacco is believed to have arisen from the fact that it is a comparatively modern discovery. There was no tobacco in the Middle Ages. He connected "the noxious weed" with the decline of England as an art-producing country.

There is in London a school for mothers. One poor woman was dissolved in tears when her baby was undressed at the hospital and its wasted limbs revealed. She ingeniously explained her grief by saying that "it was a beautiful child last time it was undressed."

Hector Apollinaire is the name of a negro who was admitted to the bar in Paris a few weeks ago. He is a native of Guadeloupe, about 30 years old, tall and muscular, and very black. He enjoys the distinction of being the only one of his race among the recognized lawyers of Paris.

On the first night of the representation of a drama by Douglas Jerrold (English satirist, 1803-1857) a successful adapter from the French rallied him on his nervousness. "I," said the adapter, "never feel nervous on the first night of my pieces." "Ah, my boy," Jerrold replied, "you are always certain of success. Your pieces have all been tried before."

London has a new Chief of the Fire Brigade, Lieut. Sampson Sladen, R. N., having recently been elected to the place by the London County Council. The salary of the office is \$4,500 a year, less than half what New York pays Chief Croker, whose compensation was raised a while ago to \$10,000 a year. Lieutenant Sladen is not new to the fire fighting business, having been a divisional officer of the brigade since 1899.

A parson was sent for by a dying parishioner, who had always sternly refused to have anything to do with him before. He hurried to her bedside, found her in a most contrite mood and made the best of his opportunities in a long extempore prayer, ending with a sonorous "Amen." The last word made her sit up with sudden energy. "Aye," she exclaimed, "that's it! It's a' for men and nowt for us poor women in this world!"

The effect of singing on a child's health is dealt with in a memorandum issued by the Scotch Education Department on the teaching of music in Scottish primary schools. "There is no more health-giving form of physical exercise than singing," says the memorandum. "It develops, strengthens and maintains in good condition the lungs and other vocal organs, and through them exerts a corresponding influence upon the whole body," it declares.

Gratifying progress in the anti-opium crusade in China is reported by the North China Daily News. In a recent issue it said: "The Anti-Opium Commissioners have decided on the opium prohibition laws on a graduated scale. From the current year to the fifth year of Hsuan Sung the maximum penalty for officials who should smoke opium will be strangulation; in the sixth year this punishment will be extended to gentry, and in another year to the common people." service of that one lamb."

The Lancet, the great English medical paper, says that Englishmen and Americans eat too much. It especially advises people of middle age and older to practice self-restraint in the matter of food. "As the fire of life burns less fiercely and the output of energy is smaller," says the writer, "so the fuel supplied should be reduced that the system may not be clogged with ashes and half-burnt cinders, whereby the activity of the whole machine is impaired and may even be prematurely arrested."

The latest development in municipal ownership agitation comes from Chicago, where retail liquor dealers, groaning under the prices charged them this summer, are demanding a city ice-making plant from which they can get their supplies. The Record-Herald says that nobody need be surprised at the appeal: that "the tendency is only in its beginning. It will show itself in more and more instances as sure as fate." The remedy for such agitations, the Record-Herald believes, "lies in such an efficient public control of consolidated industries as has yet nowhere been achieved."

PHOEBE OR FLORRY, WHICH?

Old Man Would Like to Know Which One Steve Favors.

It was with more than wifely eagerness that Mrs. Bonney welcomed Mr. Bonney's return from town. She had a bad ankle, there had been a three days' gale, nobody had called, the telephone wires were down, and she was perishing for news.

"N-no, Susan," he apologized, before she had a chance to ask questions. "Fraid you'll be disappointed, but I didn't see a soul, 'cept sittin' at their winders. 'Liza Doane beckoned me to the door, but I didn't dast to stop. 'Twas late, and she's sech an everlastin' talker, and I knew she'd be jest bilin' over about this fool performance o' Steve Coe's—"

"What's Stephen's latest, I'd like to know?" demanded Mrs. Bonney, brightening.

"Nothin' much; on'y nobody but jest Steve could ha' managed it," drawled Mr. Bonney, carefully extracting a bottle from his pocket and making sure it was unbroken. "Young Pender told me, while he was puttin' up your liniment for ye. He rooms over to Steve's now."

"Steve, he went to call at Florry Gaines—goes there reg'lar now, it seems, only folks ain't sure yet whether it's Florry or Phoebe he's after. Phoebe's most as hen-headed as he is, but Florry's too good for him, I say. Well, he's got a notion Mrs. Gaines ain't too pleased with his attentions, and when he rung, and rung agin, and nobody come, and he fancied he saw a whiskin' petticoat inside, he got mad; though she wouldn't let him in. So he rung more—hard. And the rickety old handle come out in his hand, and he went down three steps back'ards, and sot on the brick walk so suddint he was dazed."

"That would ha' been enough for most folks, wouldn't it? But bein' Steve, there was more. Half a dozen yards o' wire come jumpin' out along o' the bell, and got mixed with his muffler, that was streamin' kind o' wild, and both of 'em together whipped round his face 'n' head and bundled him up so tight he couldn't pull 'em off, nor so much as let out a yell for help."

"Ma an' the gals come back jest then, an' there he sot gurglin' smothered remarks inside a scarlet handkercher an' a wire cage, and seeminly doin' his best to claw his own head off. They most died laughin' fore they got him loose; but they did, and he wa'n't none the worse, 'cept kind o' redgy crost the cheeks where the wire wrapped tightest. Phoebe wouldn't mind that, I guess—or Florry. Land! I wish't I really knew which gal 'twas."

"Let's see," mused Mrs. Bonney. "'Twas Phoebe, wa'n't it, got ice and keys fer him that time his nose bled so awful, when he nipped it in the foldin' doors of the hall?"

"Yes," assented Mr. Bonney, sadly. "But 'twas Florry pounded his back to the picnic the time he most choked on a June bug in the lemonade."—Youth's Companion.

COINING FOREIGN MONEY.

Uncle Sam Virtually Supplies All of The Latin American Republics.

The beginning of a new political regime in Haiti has already been marked by an order for a fresh consignment of metal money from Waterbury, Conn. The stuff will shortly be shipped thence to Port au Prince, packed in kegs, and the treasury of the black republic will again be flush of funds—for a while, at all events.

For many years Haiti has secured all of her coin from a factory in Waterbury, which turns it out at an incredibly small cost, the pieces being dimes, quarters and half-dollars, all made of nickel. The half-dollars are worth about five cents each, intrinsically, and the dimes and quarters proportionately less. Of course, this means a big profit for the government of Haiti, where the circulation of the money in question is compulsory. That is to say, if anybody refuses to accept it, he is liable to arrest and imprisonment, if not death.

About fifteen years ago a considerable quantity of "silver" dollars, consisting chiefly of nickel, was manufactured for the government of Haiti by the United States mint in Philadelphia. Since then, however, the black republic has found it more expedient to order its coins from Waterbury.

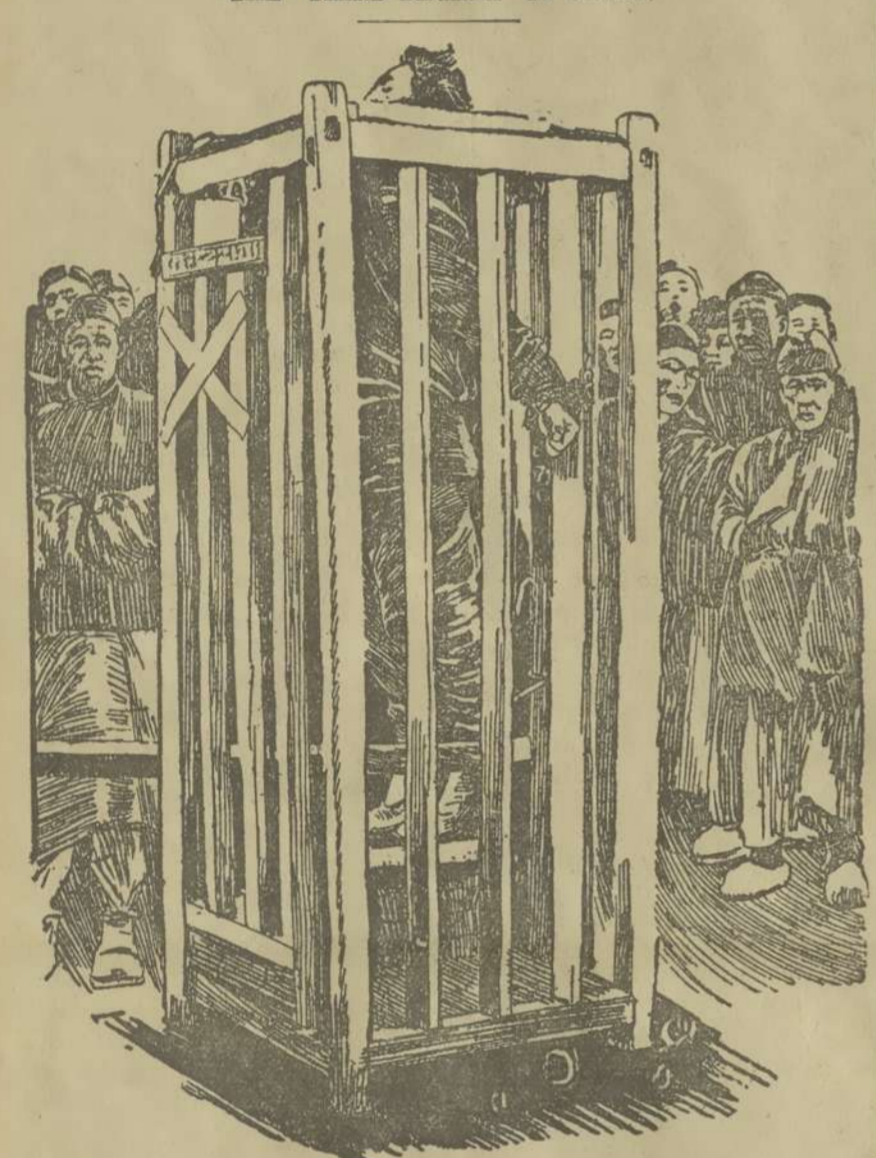
Other Latin-American countries continue to patronize Uncle Sam. In fact, a very large part of the coinage of our sister republics on this continent is struck in the mints of the United States. The reason why is simple enough—we do the work cheaper than the South and Central American governments can do for themselves.

To start a mint and equip it with proper machinery, even on a small scale, costs at least \$200,000. Operating such a plant continuously enough coins could be made in three or four months to meet the requirements of a small republic for quite a number of years. Thus the money-stamping outfit would soon become idle and remain so for a long period.

Small countries in various parts of the world have found it expedient, as a rule, to adopt such a policy, and the big nations are accustomed to bid in competition for their coin-making business. Uncle Sam is a competitor with the others, but he gets nearly all of the contracts for the Latin-American republics because he is the lowest bidder. He does such jobs at net cost.

There is a certain kind of man that no amount of effort will ever make a man out of.

THE "THIRD DEGREE" IN CHINA.



HOW THE PRISONER IS FORCED TO CONFESS. A prisoner in "The Cage." This is the refinement of Chinese torture. The man is so placed that only by standing on the tips of his toes may he escape a sharp knife that would sever his jugular vein.

2 1/2 miles, carry the grain to the granary on the quay.

When the new twenty-dollar gold piece was issued, in 1907, a critic of the design on the coins asked, "Who ever saw an eagle in flight with its legs trailing behind it?" This touches upon a question that has often been debated, but Dr. C. W. Townsend thinks that the designer was right and the critic wrong. All birds of prey, he says, habitually carry their legs behind in flight, except when about to strike their quarry. Water-birds also fly with their legs extended behind, and pheasants, grouse and other gallinaceous birds do the same thing as soon as they are well under way. But the Passeres or perching birds, such as English blackbirds, sparrows, robins, ravens, rooks, crows and swallows, when in flight carry their legs drawn up in front. The habit of humming-birds is uncertain, although some have been photographed carrying their legs in front.

At half past seven o'clock on the evening of Feb. 22 a fire-ball passed over Southern England, producing what W. F. Denning says may be called "the meteoric spectacle of a generation." The meteor varied in brightness and in color as it shot along. Its visible course was about 135 miles in length, and its velocity twenty miles per second. During its flight the elevation decreased from sixty to about twenty-six miles. When about half its flight had been performed it seemed to explode, but the principal mass continued onward after the outburst. At the point where the seeming explosion occurred a short luminous streak was left, and this immediately intensified and extended backward along the whole track. It became bent and distorted, and remained visible for two hours. At the end of its flight the meteor turned abruptly in its course, and fragments shot earthward. Then the trail bent eastward and extended rapidly in a horizontal direction.

A Strain on Character.

No sport in the world, so Doctor Grenfell, of Labrador, declares, can compare with winter-driving with a team of a dozen dogs. This is his vivid description of the sport, quoted by James Johnstone, in "Grenfell of Labrador:"

Although there is no harder work when driving over a rough country, yet the bracing cold, the exhilarating

be that wild it is too hard to be a handling of 'em and be a Christian.

DREAMING ON WEDDING CAKE.

Modern Way Seems to Make Marriage More than Ever a Lottery.

"My sisters," said Brother Claude, "are now busily dreaming on wedding cake."
"Three days ago we all went to a wedding, and of course each of us got a nice little box of wedding cake, and every night since then sisters have been putting these boxes under their pillows nights and dreaming on them to see who they are going to marry."
"There is an old saying, you know, that marriage is a lottery, and from what my sisters tell me about the modern way of dreaming on wedding cake I should say that marriage is now a greater lottery than ever."
"It seems that the custom once was to put the cake under your pillow three nights in succession, and then the man you dreamed of two out of the three nights was to be your future husband. That was the old, the simple way, before things had taken on their modern present-day elaborate complications. In these days dreaming on wedding cake appears to be carried on like this:

"You take seven little slips of paper, and on each of six of these you write the name of a suitor, leaving the seventh slip blank. So here you have six slips with names on and one blank slip, and now without looking at them you mix these slips all up together, so that you won't know which is which, and then you put all seven slips together in an envelope.

"By this modern method of dreaming on wedding cake, with the envelope system, you dream on the cake seven nights in succession, and in the morning of each following day you draw a slip from the envelope, and the last slip left in the envelope after the seventh night's dreaming indicates your fate; if it's got a name on, why, that's the man you are going to marry; if it's the blank slip, why, then you are going to be an old maid."—New York Sun.

She—Of course, I'm not so old as you think I am. He—I hope not—I mean you can't be—that is—how old are you?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

One thing every woman is willing to undergo is a new bonnet.