

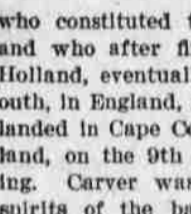


—Chicago Examiner.

**Marvelous,  
Quaint and Curious.**

**Chair Brought in the Mayflower.**

How frequently do we obtain, from the ordinary articles of domestic life which they were accustomed to use, a correct idea of the habits and tastes of whole communities which have long since passed away. A striking instance of this is the chair, of which the above is a correct sketch. It belonged to John Carver, who was one of the band of single-hearted men



who constituted the Pilgrim Fathers, and who after first setting out from Holland, eventually sailed from Plymouth, in England, in August, 1620. They landed in Cape Cod Harbor, New England, on the 9th of November following. Carver was one of the chief spirits of the band, and the chair which we have sketched was one of his best articles of furniture, which he took with him in the Mayflower. He was elected the first governor of the community, and died in the year following his election. How forcibly does it show the simplicity of taste, and the freedom from pomp and vanity which characterized the devoted and fearless men who left their native shores, and sought "freedom to worship God" in a land to them unknown, that they should have selected as their first governor, an individual, the best chair in whose house was the homely article which we have here depicted.

**WAS IN THE SIEGE OF PEKIN.**

**E. H. Conger, ex-Minister to China, Who Died in California.**

Only a few years ago, when the Europeans and Americans in Peking, China, were being besieged in the foreign legation by the murderous Boxers, the name of Edwin H. Conger was familiar to everybody. Recently Mr. Conger died in Pasadena, Cal.



E. H. CONGER.

Mr. Conger was a native of Illinois and was 64 years of age. He served through the civil war and rose to the rank of major. After the war he graduated in law and practiced in Galesburg, Ill. Soon afterwards he went to Iowa and engaged in politics, banking and stock raising. He served two terms as State Treasurer of Iowa and three terms in Congress.

In 1890 President Harrison appointed him Minister to Brazil. In 1898 Mr. McKinley transferred him to China. In the troublous times of the Boxer rebellion it was he who succeeded in sending dispatches to America when other foreign representatives could get nothing through. In 1891 he served for a brief time as Minister to Mexico.

**DOG WAS HARMLESS.**

**Brave Policeman Missed Chance to Get a Medal.**

The occupants of the residence at 446 Hale street came to Policeman Anderson last night in dire distress, telling him in jerky sentences that a huge snuff, or bulldog, "they didn't know which," had taken refuge under the "company bed," and that all their efforts to dislodge the canine from its adopted stronghold had proven unsuccessful, says the Augusta Chronicle.

The officer, ever on the alert to render any assistance necessary to the people on his beat, repaired hastily to the house in question, picturing the while to himself the mortal combat which was destined to take place when

he should try his hand at routing the enemy.

Intent, it seemed, upon making the picture all the worse, the frightened natives who had sought out Policeman Anderson put in good time while the party was approaching the house in describing the terrible foamings at the mouth, the greenish-hued eyes of the hydrophobically inclined canine, and, in general, the unmistakable signs evinced by his dogship to the effect that it had started on the warpath with blood in its eye.

Just as the policeman was in the act of entering the house he spied a goose-necked hoe.

"An ideal weapon," he exclaimed, with set jaws and a gleam in his steely gray eyes, which betoken sudden and terrible death for the dog which had dared to encroach upon the privacy of a man's hearthstone.

The room had been deserted while the policeman was coming to the rescue, and he was followed by a few of the braver ones of the family, who entered the apartment on tiptoe.

"Yes! Yes! Be quick, for God's sake be quick, man; that dog may leap upon you at any moment."

The policeman poked the murderous-looking hoe under the clean-sheeted "company bed," and a thunderous growl caused his blood to run cold. After many skillful manipulations he succeeded in hemming in the beast, and then dragged from the mysterious hiding place the dog with rabies which had caused all the trouble.

It's really a shame to go any further—but here it comes.

The mad dog, to use Policeman Anderson's own language, was nothing more than a "shaggy little old 'nigger' dog," and as it emerged, dusty, from under the bed, it fawned upon the nery policeman and licked his outstretched hand.

**INFANTRY ON THE MARCH.**

**Length of Pace and Speed in the Armies of the World.**

The average rate of march of the armies of to-day so far as drill is concerned, is about 120 paces a minute, or about two steps a second. However, there are some small differences in the different arms, and a few troops are trained to march at a much higher rate of speed.

The Russian soldier takes 112 to 116 steps a minute, the German 114, the Austrian 116, the French, Italian and United States 120. The French chasseurs, however, make 145 and the Italian Bersagliere 150.

The length of the pace should, of course, also be considered. The Russian pace is 28 inches, the Austrian 29½, the French and Italian 30, while the German is 31½ and therefore surpasses all others.

The Russian soldier can therefore cover in one minute from 77.1 to 90.2 yards, the Austrian 93.5, the French and Italian 98.4, while the German covers more than any—very nearly 100 yards.

But in modern battle it is a question of utilizing cover, rapidly moving over short intervals from cover to cover, climbing over hedges and other obstructions, more than marching. Witness the small and agile Japanese and the tall, robust Russians.

Marching power comes into play in getting troops into position, but it is usually more staying power than the capacity to march well at drill or maneuvers that counts in the long run. Nevertheless, troops can be intelligently trained to do both, and both will come into play in action.—New York Sun.

**Their Mecca.**

"But, dear," said the caller, "I don't see why you should care to change the name of your charming little country place. Idlewhille is so romantic. It seems to signify dreamy idleness."

"That's just the trouble," replied the housewife. "It was too suggestive."

"In what way?"

"Why, it attracted all the tramps in the county."—Chicago News.

**RELIGIOUS**

**Blessed by Comparison.**

No one who had the slightest knowledge of the facts could imagine that Sallie Royce had an easy time of it. The eldest of three sisters left alone in the world, she had problems of moment to solve. She made not infrequent visits to the parsonage, and told her perplexities out of a full and sometimes a sorrowful heart. One day, when extra burdens weighed upon her, she came with a tale of woe.

"Trust God and don't worry," was all the minister could say. "You are doing your best. Have faith and be patient."

The advice seemed trite, and easier to give than to take. But while she was there Miss Poxon entered. Now, those who do not know Miss Poxon ought to know what manner of woman she is. She scrubs floors, and teaches Sunday school classes, and scolds recreant husbands, and performs other useful services in connection with a settlement of the Young Women's Christian Association. She is a character the like of which one might go far to meet. "What is it today?" asked the minister.

"I want you to buy four tickets to the concert, and let me give them to the Mavowskis; poor things, they want to go and can't, and the profits are for the playground; and I'm going to ask Mrs. Packard to buy four more for another family; and I need some malted milk for Mrs. Petruski; they've just got their twelfth baby, and the last one not fourteen months old, and her husband sitting round the house and doing nothing, and the children all puny till they get old enough to go to work and get enough to eat."

"I should like to see the whipping-post established; I should faint if I had to do the whipping, but I believe I could salt them a little; and old Mrs. Wiggin—you remember old Mrs. Wiggin that you sent the cloak to? Well, she's little Mary's mother, you know, that sings; and she's down with something the matter with her thigh; it was a muscle gave way, but I guess it's some cancerous trouble."

"She sews the collars on vests, and gets three cents apiece, and when she got that hurt she got round on a cane as long as she could, and now her wrist's given out the same way; and when you come in Sunday afternoon to preach at the mission, do you suppose you can come over and pray for her?"

"And there's the Hofers, you know. There's a man that's good for something, but he got hurt, and now Jimmie's had to stop school and go to work, and—"

There are no periods in Miss Poxon's conversations; she goes on until something happens. But Sallie could hear no more.

"I'm just ashamed of myself!" she cried. "And to think I came here to tell my troubles!"

"Is your rent paid?" asked Miss Poxon, and without waiting for an answer, followed the question by a string of others. "Do all your folks keep sober? Have you got good shoes? Well, then, my dear, you don't know what trouble is! And sometimes I get so tired; I had to scrub a floor this morning, and take three children to the home for the Friendless, and a man scowled when the baby cried, and I just told him they were not my children, and where I was taking them, and I'd paid my fare and those children were going to ride, and if he didn't like it he could take another car; and I do get pretty tired, but it's lots of fun to be helping somebody; and dear, if you've got good shoes, and the rent is paid, and your folks are kind, and you can say your prayers at night and go to sleep, don't ever think you have any trouble, for you haven't."—Youth's Companion.

**The Power Divine.**

Whatever the trial or difficulty that may beset and hamper the christian life, there is little doubt that to consider the will power as divine instead of human would mean added strength, surer victory and stronger character. If each one believed he possesses a spark of divine will entrusted to him by the great Master, and as fast as he uses this bit entrusted to him, he may draw on the never-diminishing supply for more, would we not find ourselves relying on something so much stronger than the weak, human will that we could go out "conquering and to conquer?"

It is only by meeting all temptations and overcoming them that we learn the lessons of life. Maybe not all on this plane of existence. Maybe some things are not temptations to us that are so to others. Perhaps in forgotten experiences we have overcome them. The things we are fighting today, if we overcome them before the night comes, will be put as far from us as the east is from the west, and we will have time in "the eternal years," we will have energy and strength to learn new lessons.

**Acknowledging God.**

Addison has said: "If you wish success in life make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother and hope your guardian genius."

A shorter recipe is to acknowledge God in all your ways. There are two ways in which people pass through this world, one is by remembering and

the other is by forgetting God. To all of us God is out of sight. To some indeed He is out of mind. While the natural eye cannot see God, the spiritual eye can see Him. The eye of the soul sees God through faith. Walking by faith is always surer than walking by sight. There are countless false paths, but the traveller need not take any of them. Faith in God makes the mind clear so that we act wisely and rightly.—Rev. G. W. Barnes, D. D.

**Let Me but Live.**

Let me but live my life from year to year,  
With forward face and unreluctant soul,  
Not hastening to, nor turning from, the goal;  
Not mourning for the things that disappear  
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear  
From what the future veils, but with a whole  
And happy heart, that pays its toll  
To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer.

So let the way wind up the hill or down,  
Though rough or smooth, the journey will be joy;  
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,  
New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,  
I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,  
Because the road's last turn will be the best.  
—Henry Van Dyke, D. D.

**He Careth for All.**

There is nothing so high as to be above God's care, and nothing so lowly as to be beneath it. He Who keeps alive the unquenchable light of the star visible to a hemisphere, kindles the small taper of the glowworm that gleams in the twilight on the mossy bank. He Who piles up and loosens the Alpine avalanche, shapes the crystals of each falling snowflake. He Who guides and bridges the storm wave that breaks in thunder upon the reef, preserves each invisible coral animal that builds its lime cell beneath the booming surf. He Who seeps from His glorious throne the seraph veiling his face with his wings, takes note of the sparrow falling to the ground, and careth for you.

**The Light of Joy.**

We all have our sorrows, and they may be very bitter. We all have to endure pain, perhaps, again and again, and it may be very hard to endure. We all have our griefs and our losses, and oftentimes our hearts may seem to break. But through all these experiences the light of joy may continue to shine within us, and our peace need not be broken. The happiness God gives is part of the life of Heaven, and in that home the light goeth not out by day, and there is no night there.—Rev. J. R. Miller.

**CANADA'S USE OF NIAGARA.**

**Government Competes with Private Power Companies.**

The development of the hydraulic power of Niagara on the Canadian side is leading to some interesting sequences, says Cassier's Magazine. A tribunal called the Hydro-Electric Power Commission has been created, and in the hands of this body has been placed the entire domestic regulation of the power product of stations coming within government control.

In addition there has been given to the various municipalities the right to undertake the distribution of electrical energy within their respective limits.

In order that the commission may be in a position to dictate terms to the existing private companies it is important that the co-operation of the municipalities be obtained, and this appears to be partially accomplished.

The city of Toronto has already arranged for 15,000 horse-power of electric energy from Niagara, the price being \$14 to \$16 per horse-power for a supply for a 24-hour day, including transmission to Toronto, the local distribution to be in the hands of the municipality, and it is believed that a number of other cities and towns will make similar arrangements.

These agreements are made with the Hydro-Electric Power Commission, and in turn must either secure the power supply from the existing private companies or else proceed to develop its own stations.

It is hardly probable that the latter alternative will be found necessary, since the result would be to leave the private corporations with the greater part of their prospective custom permanently taken away, so that the real consequence of the recent legislation is to compel the companies to supply the municipalities through the commission at prices determined by the engineers of the new body.

It is possible that such measures will prove advantageous to the public, but much will depend upon the manner in which the law is carried out. It has been intimated that this legislation will render it exceedingly difficult for promoters to induce outside capital to engage in the development of natural resources in Canada hereafter.

**A Bigamist.**

Little Willie—Papa, what is a bigamist?  
Mr. Hennyneck—A bigamist, my son, is a—Shs-s-s-s! Is that your mamma coming up the street? No, I see it isn't. Well, a bigamist is a benefactor who prevents at least one of his fellow men from marrying.—Puck.

**Earring Shaped Lake.**

The Pend d'Oreille lake, in Idaho, took its name from its shape, which resembles that of an earring.



**IT'S DIFFERENT.**

"Not any for me," said the young man with the beginning of a full-sized mustache. "You can count me out of it."

"Ah, what's the matter with you?" remonstrated the still younger man. "You'll have the time of your life. All the old push is going to be there—Jimmy and Ben and Tod Williams, Sam and me, and the girls. You can come just as well as not, you and Mame."

The young man with the bristling upper lip shook his head.

"What's the matter with you, you old stiff?"

"That's what. You've said it. I'm gramper now. It's me for the warm, cozy chimney corner and soft victuals. I'm getting stiff in the joints and my eyesight ain't what it used to be."

"Aw, come off!"

"Hey?" said the young man with the mustache, scooping his hand behind his ear, "I guess you'll have to talk a little louder. I'm hard of hearing."

"Come and have something," said the other young man. "I'll buy."

"Not even that. No, Willie, you and the rest of the children can go and play and have a good time, but me and Mame ain't taking chances on frost-bites this late in the season. If you want any good advice or anything of that sort come around and we'll give it to you, but we're out of the kindergarten."

"All swelled up, ain't you?"

"No, that ain't it. I feel just as kittenish as I ever did, too, or I do until I get to sporting around with you. Then I get the rheumatics in my back all of a sudden and I walk flat-footed. It ain't so bad for Mame, but I've got to get a divorce before I can shine in society any more. Being married makes a difference."

"It doesn't need to make a difference."

"Don't you bet any money on that and leave it to a married man to decide. It makes all the difference there is. I got the notion that I was quite a boy before the gentleman with the white tie got that \$10 note out of me. I thought I stood ace high. Why, say, right up to the time that linen shower broke loose on us I was in good standing with the bunch, but I felt the change two minutes after they did the congratulate-chu stunt."

"The same day we got back I met little Gladys on the street and when we parted I had to turn up my coat collar. She was me friend, too, but she couldn't see that glad hand I was holding out to her. Oh, she was nice, but things had changed since Willie died. 'Nothing doing,' she says. 'You're a has-been merely. You needn't try to cover up your label, because I know it's there. I'll be as kind as I can be to you and I don't want to hurt your feelings, but—how's Mame? Tell her to come and see me soon. And you come, too, if you don't mind being in the way.' She didn't say that all out loud, but I could hear it, just the same."

"What do you want, anyway?" asked the other young man. "I'll have 'em all get up and hug you when you come in if that will satisfy you."

"No," said the bridegroom, sadly. "Spare me that, Willie. It's had enough the way it is, but I can stand it as long as you don't make it worse. If you went around trying to put the girls up to any game like that it's a four-ace bet they'd do it—and not think anything particular of it. Oh, I'll come if you're going to lay down on me. I suppose I might as well try to get accustomed to it, but, all the same, it comes a little hard at first."—Chicago Daily News.

**GOOD Short Stories**

A young clergyman in a remote country district wrote last Easter time to Bishop Potter, saying that he was about to take a wife and asking if, to save some other clergyman a long and weary journey, he could not marry himself. The bishop's reply was marvelously concise. It said: "Could you bury yourself?"

An old white-haired darky living on a plantation, not feeling well, had the doctor pay him a visit. The doctor told him as he was getting old he must eat plenty of chicken, and stay out of damp night air. "But, sah!" said the old darky, "How can you spect me to stay in de house at night and still get my chickens?"

A certain man, who was recently re-elected to a position that he had held for many years, met a friend who congratulated him on his continued good fortune. To this the other replied: "Yes, but it can't always last; I'll have to give it up some day. I feel a great deal like a man I knew who worked in one place for forty years, and when discharged at last on account of old age remarked: 'Well, when I came here I knew I wouldn't have a steady job.'"

The famous Field family, Cyrus and his brothers and sisters, were brought up to obey. The father was a clergyman with \$800 a year for nine children, and frugality and right living were absolutely necessary. Once a useful rat-trap was missing. The father gave orders that when it was found it should be brought directly to him. A few days afterward during service, when the sermon was in full swing, there was a clattering up the aisle. It was two of the Field boys carrying the lost rat-trap. They gravely set it down before the pulpit. One of them said simply: "Father, here's your rat-trap." Then they turned and went out.

J. G. Phelps Stokes spoke with good-humored regret at a dinner in New York of a charity that had failed. "But it failed through its own fault," said Mr. Stokes. "It failed because it was mistaken. It suggests to me an experience of a friend of mine in Ireland. My friend, at about this season last year, was motoring through a remote region of Ireland, and one day he came upon a poor old woman seated with all her humble furniture about her in the middle of the road before her little cabin. My friend was profoundly moved. Here before his very eyes an eviction, a real Irish eviction, was taking place. He got out of his car and gave the old woman a £5 note. 'Tell me,' he said, 'what is the trouble, my poor friend?' Bobbing and courtesying her gratitude the old woman replied: 'Sure, sir, me ould man's whitewashin'."

Let us leave them, dear reader. They will get over it in time.—Pathfinder.

place the lips within half an inch of the mouthpiece and speak in a considerably lower tone than you ordinarily use in face-to-face conversation. The reason for this is simple. Just behind the mouthpiece is an aluminum diaphragm backed with a very thin sheet of hard carbon. Between this sheet of carbon and the points of contact of the wires is a space filled with finely powdered carbon.

The sound waves of the voice make the aluminum diaphragm vibrate and this in turn affects the carbon sheet, which stirs the granulated carbon behind it. The electrical current that is passing through the carbon powder feels all these vibrations, however slight, and reproduces them in the receiver and the other end of the line, setting in motion sound waves corresponding to those in the transmitter.

If you shout at the transmitter the vibrations may be so violent as to result in only a confusing jumble at the other end of the wire. Besides, loud talking through a telephone is distressing to the listener, who, you must remember, gets the full volume of sound very close to his ear.

If you hear a telephone man talking by wire you will notice that he draws his words a little—not enough to make conversation noticeably slow, but sufficiently so that one word is started on its way before another can tread on its heels.

Clipping words, which is sometimes done under the impression that it gives them a sharper sound, is a mistake. Even for talking over considerable distances the voice should be lowered in telephone conversations. — Brooklyn Eagle.

**Both Were Badly Hurt.**

She said something that rubbed him the wrong way. Seeing the look of pique on his face, she cried: "Oh, my darling, my darling, I have hurt you!"

"No, my dearest," he replied, gravely. "The hurt I feel is due to the fact that I know it hurts you to feel that you have hurt me!"

"Ah, no! Do not let that hurt you for an instant. My hurt is because I know it hurts you to feel that I have hurt myself by hurting you."

"No, my precious. My hurt is because you are hurt over feeling that I am hurt because you feel that you have hurt me, and are therefore hurt yourself, and—"

Let us leave them, dear reader. They will get over it in time.—Pathfinder.

**How He Caught Them.**

Archbishop Whately had a true sense of grammar, says an old Englishman who remembers him, and delighted to spring catch questions. One was: "What's the vocative of cat?"

Generally the assured answer was, "O cat!"

The archbishop would smile then and say, "No. Puss, puss!"

It's time to stand from under when the man who knows it all starts to tell you all he knows.

Every losing ticket on a horse race represents just that much rainbow gold.

It is so much easier for a child to inherit red hair than brains.

**Hints in Using Telephone.**

The art of telephoning is still an accomplishment that few people regard as a necessary part of their education. The way to use the transmitter is to