

Bellefonte, Pa., December 6, 1907.

#### SEA VENTURES.

I stood and watched my ships go out, Each one by one, unmooring free, What time the quiet harbor filled With flood tide from the sea.

The first that sailed, her name was Joy, She spreads a smooth, white, ample sail, And Eastward drove with bending spars sefore the singing gale.

Another sailed, her name was Hope, No cargo in her hold she bore, Thinking to find in Eastern lands

The next that sailed, her name was Love, She showed a red flag at her mast-A flag as red as blood she showed, And she sped South right fast.

The last that saited, her name was Faith Slowly she took her passage forth, Tacked and lay to; at last she steered A straight course for the North.

My gallant ships they sailed away. Over the shimmering summer sea, I stood at watch for many a day-

For Joy was caught by pirate Pain-Hope ran upon a hidden roof-And Love took fire and toundered fast In whelming seas of Grief.

Faith came at last, storm-beat and torn, She recompensed me all my loss, For as cargo safe she brought A crown linked to a cross.

#### THE TEST.

A man had come to see the Bishop Halohester ; he gave no name, and no statement of his business; nevertheless, he succeeded in obtaining an interview. His lordship, in spite of his busy life, usually found time to see those who sought his

opinion or help.

He was a tall man, this visitor. To the Bishop, who had dealt a good deal with humanity, the thing most obvious about him was that he was laboring under some emotion, held strongly in check. The Bishop wondered what it might be; wondered, too, if he bad ever seen the man before, or if the half-awakened sense of vague recognition was a trick of fancy. The stranger, for his part, did nothing to enlighten him, though he eyed his lordship like one who takes a measure and has to decide what

weapon to use.
"I fear I intrude on the little leisure of a busy man," he said, "but I want your

The Bishop replied that it was his if it was of any use.
"It is on the matter of forgiveness," the

other said. "How far ought a man to forgive ?" A somewhat unnecessary question, one

would say, for a man to bring to a bishop, seeing how most folk answer it for them selves, even if they are not willing to accept the uncompromising reply given nineteen hundred years ago. But if the Bishop thought this, he did not say it. 'We are told 'until seventy times sev en,' " he replied.

"Is that possible?" the stranger asked, eptically. "I think not."

sceptically. "I think not."

The Bishop may have been ready to de fend his words, but the other prevented. "We don't forgive, you know," he said, that count. There are things we never for-

'Von did not ask me what was done, believe me, it could be. It is difficult, but it cannot be impossible."

The stranger nodded, as if he allowed the justice of the correction." What it is to give, I should be a hypocrite; for though forgive?" he asked. "Is it to exact no she might believe, it would be a lie. I do

"More than that," the Bishop answered. "It is to be to the offender as if the offence had not been ; it is to love-differently, perhaps, but as much; to trust less, per-haps—one's first trust is sometimes mis-placed—but to pity more; to understand

Again the strauger nodded; then he raised keen eyes. "Do you forgive?" "I have not had many offences to for

give."
"Not many? But some? At least one?" His voice had taken a vibrant note, and swiftly the Bishop had the balf-awakened memory fast-Fortesque! It was-no, it was not, it could not be! Yet fifteen years make a difference to a man's looks ; fifteen years, and beard or no beard. But it was impossible, totally impossible, that For-tesque should be here. It is possible that a man should take another's wife, destroy his home, and shatter his life, but it is not possible that after fifteen years he should come to consult him on matters of ethics.

"I do not think that I heard your name ?" the Bishop leaned forward to say. "No," the stranger answered. "I did not give it. It is a personal matter on ch I wish to consult you, and I would rather remain unknown.

"Have I seen you before ?" "Very likely; you must see many people; I have seen you." He rose as he spoke and moved across the room. "I will tell you the story," he said, hastily. "I don't say I am the man concerned. I don't say I am not. You shall hear and advise what he oracht to do." advise what he ought to do. Some years ago a young girl was married to a man a good deal older than herself. He was grave, wise, virtuous, all he should be; she was beautiful as a May morning, as full of life, as ignorant of it as a young fawn, and as ready to taste and see. The union worked out as such affairs generally do. She did ber duty, and found it dry diet; she saw the world, such glimpses of it as reach the parsonage of a manufacturing town, and discovered she had tied herself up too late. Then came along the other man. They behaved well for a time; at least they triedat all events she did. She was not to blame -I mean - Oh, hang it! it was just nature, and the inevitable, and-"

He broke off abruptly, and stood, his back turned, staring out of the window, where there was nothing to be seen in the November dusk. The Bishop of Halches-wrong. Fortesque was here, bere by his hearth once more; Fortesque retelling here the old tragedy—which he had acted before. For a moment the Bishop almost the smallest choir-boy of all looked, accordrose, the man that was in him before the ing to his custom, to the kind, lined face

the room, from the house, and refuse to endure that this last insult should be added to the irreparable injury. But by a supreme effort he mastered himself, and out of the dusk by the window a voice spoke,

barshly, almost hoarsely.
"She is dying," it said, "and she wants the forgiveness of the man she wronged."
Dying? For a moment the Bishop's eyelids flickered, then he moistened his lips and spoke with judicial coldness.
"Pussibly she has it," he said.
"Possibly she has not," the other retort-

"Has be done nothing on her behalf?" the Bishop asked. "Has he exacted any payment for the trespass, has he persecut-ed her or her lover, has he prevented whatever his private judgment on such things—the nominal legalization of their union, has be made no sacrifice?"

"To forgive is more than that," came

the answer. "It is to be as if the offence bad not been, to love not less but differently, to pity, to understand, to halve the

The Bishop drew back into shadow; it was his own judgment and it was delivered against himself. For a moment he sat silent, condemned; then be asked, "Does

"Repent?" Fortesque who had come back to the fire, roused himself to repeat the word as if he did not see its bearing on the subject. "Repent of love, or summing, of—of life! Repent!" The words choked in his shroat. "Good Lord!" he groaned, "fifteen years of it, only fifteen! I would go through hell to have it again. Aud so would she! And"-he covered his face with his hands-"she is dying!"

John Peterham, Bishop of Halchester, leaned forward at last; but it was John Peterham who looked at the bowed head, the Bishop of Halchester was gone. It was John Peterham who saw the suddenly called vision of love, of sunshine, of blood that coursed fast, of joy new every morning he saw in his mind the backwa 1 stretch of the gray lonely years that was all that had been left to him. Work had been his success—the kindling of many hearts, the bearing of many burdens, but his own heart had been left unto him desolate and his own hearth cold. These two had had all, and the man in him rose up, refusing

this last demand.
"Sir Richard," he said, "you have gone too far ; you have no right to come here:

Fortesque looked up. "No," he said simply,—"no, I know that; it was a beastly thing to do, but it could not be helped; she wants you. I said I would fetch you.

"That is impossible."
"What! You will not come?" John Peterham shook his head. "But she is dying !"

"So," he said, with coldness, "I bave "And you will not come? Man, don't

on understand? She has got it on her mind ; she wants to see you !" But the argument which was so swerable to the one man seemed to carry no weight with the other; he only shook his

head, and rose as if the interview were at an end. Fortesque did not move. "For her," he said—"for her you will come? Oh, I don't suppose it will be any easier for you to come to me than for me to come to you ; but for her! A man would do it twenty times over for that, creep

kneeling down your cathedral before all the world-anything !' The Bishop's face did not relax; perhaps even it bardened a shade. "Sir Richard," he said, "it is useless to say any more;

on the door. Then Fortesque saw that it was of the Bishop reminded him, 'but what should be done; and if it should be, then, will not practice the creed you preach? You-you damned hypocrite !"

"I am not a hypocrite," Peterham answered. "If I came and appeared to for penalty for the wrong done, to take no not forgive, neither you nor her; I shall vengeance, to ignore the offence—and the never forgive so long as I live. You have never forgive so long as I live. You have taken all—all, do you hear me? and left me nothing, nothing!" He opened the door. "Go!"

Sir Richard Fortesque went back to town alone. Just as he reached the railway station a thought occurred to him. He took a card from his pocket, enclosed it in an envelope, then addressing it to the Bishop he went back the way he had come, and left it with the man who had before opened the door; after that he went back to

But the Bishop of Halchester was alone in the gloom, and over and over in his mind a few words repeated themselves— "fifteen years of sunshine, of love, of life -fifteen years," and he had nothing! Across and across the room he strode, but ever the same words were there-"and he had had nothing!" The common joys, the right of meu, had been taken from him; love and comradeship, wife and children, all had been denied him. And these two, these two had all. And now, when it was over, when they had wrung the uttermost from life, and the end was come, now they came to him to forgive-to forgive!

Across and across the room again. There by the window Fortesque had stood when by the window Fortesque had stood when he said that she was dying. Dying? Kitty, little Kitty; it was hard to believe; he could only recall her full of life and youth and the joy of living. A wild oreature of sunshine and winsome ways, with charm beyond the power of words. His Kitty, his little, little Kitty. Something choked at the back of his throat; almost for a moment he felt the touch of her fluttering. ment he felt the touch of her fluttering hand—saw her eyes that laughed, then grew wistful when he refused her some request. Child's eyes, neither blue nor gray, where the soul slept, had always sleptuntil Fortesque came and love woke the slumbering woman within to suffer and to rejoice, to live—for him!

The Bishop opened the door and went out. In the hallway the man servant gave he stooped or how besought even the man he had wrouged for the sake of his beloved. The Bishop tore the card across and dropped it into the fire; but the address, once read, remained at the back of bis mind.

Then he went out, for it was ime for even-

A beautiful service have the Reformers never once did prayer or psalm pierce through to his soul. When the Nunce Di-mittis was sung, and the choir chanted how the servant was ready to depart in peace, bis face did grow a shade more set. When the smallest choir-boy of all looked, accordchurchman crying to him to sieze the of-fender by the throat, to thrust him from there, he looked away again, chilled;

night; the boy turned away repelled.
Others turned from the Bishop, too, that night. There were children running about the close when he crossed it; they shrank from the grave man who passed them by the gas lamp—a thing they were never wont to do. He observed it, but went his

The Bishop spent a busy evening; h was one who took little rest, and until after eleven he and the others with him were hard at work. Once one began a tale of trouble and suffering, but stopped himself, putting it hastily off for another time; for there was neither sympathy nor interference of the Bishon's eves, which were used that and the earth to earth whence it came, the Bishon's eves, which were used that and the earth to earth whence it came, were hard at work. Once one began a tale est in the Bishop's eyes, which were used to be quick to see trouble and to bring help. Once one began humbly to speak of failure and difficulty, but he did not go on; there was neither hope nor cheer tonight in the man many had come to regard as a

tower of strength.

By eleven o'clock the Bishop was alone in the library, with uo readiness for sleep or desire for bed. He went to his desk and took up a sermon that lay there ; tomorrow he was to speak to a great meeting in London; what he would say was here, all ready. He glauced through the manuscript, then put it down ; it no longer rang true to him. He felt it was not what he ought to say. But what could he say? How alter this, how say anything different? How speak at all to these people? For a little while he sat gazing before him, facing the question. They were ordinary people, who sinned and suffered, worked played, struggled; they needed a faith to live by, a hope to live for, a charity wide as the world to live with one another, to forgive one another. He was to speak to them, to show them a light-and be was in the dark !

Five minutes later a door shut quietly and steps sounded in the street : John Peterham, Bishop of Halchester, had gone out. Down one street and down another, the woman he had loved with the sole love that had come to him. He saw that, and he saw in his mind the backwa 1 stretch hoping that the great love he bore her was big enough for two, knowing in his inner-most soul it could not be; Kitty, who wanted him to forgive, not her alone, but with her, included in her, the man who had made her life blossom, given her all the joys of earth, but who could not without the first lover smooth the way of death -death that was calling Kitty !

Joseph Horner, the one-legged cobbler, was a patient individual; when a thing could not be done, it could not, and there was an end for him. Mrs. Horner, who was twice the size of her husband, lay in the gutter hopelessly and completely intoxicated. Joe, having tried in vain to get her to her feet, sat down on the curb to

wait the time of nature. "If you won't, you won't," he said "but you're a dirty ole toad to choose the gutter, you are."

What is the matter ?" In the darkness, the street was but ill lighted, Joe could not see that it was the Bishop of Halohester who spoke. "Tain't nothin'," be said.

"Is any one burt?" the Bishop asked. "No," Joe answered; "it's only my ole Dutch. She's been on the drink again. When she comes round a bit I'll take her

"Home?" the Bishop said. "It would be better if she were locked up for the night." But Horner thought otherwise. "She's

my ole 'oman," he said, as if that explained everything. "Do you want her home like this?" the Bishop asked. ourse I do." Joe answered.

get her there as soon as I can.

round the corner ; I'd a-had her before this, only she popped my clothes along o' the other things while I was abed. The Bishop was a big man; he stooped and lifted the woman. "Show me the way," he said. "I will bring her for you." Horner hobbled off, his wooden leg

'Thank you, mister; thank you kindly,' he said. 'Why do you want her home?" Bishop asked. "She is no good to you she takes your money, pawns your things, disgraces herself and you. Why do you want her?"

stumping on the uneven pavement

"Why?" Joe said, in astonishment. "She's my ole 'oman!" Then feeling somehow that a fuller explanation was Then feeling needed, he added: "She don't get like this all the time, sir; not more'n half a dozen times a year, or maybe a dozen. She's a good 'un in betweenwhiles. Turn ner out? I ain't no saint myself, not with the drink. I'm a tectotaler, but I ain't no better'n another, and I'll be in Queer Street if the Lord don't blink at some 'o my doin's by and by." He stopped at the door of a humble house. "Besides," he added, as he opened it, "she's my pal, my sweetheart what was, my ole

He pushed the door open and entered. "This way in," he said. "Wait till I get

The Bishop followed, and in the small glow of a low fire found his way across the room, and while Horner found a light he put the woman on the bed. Joe struck a match, but almost let it fall when he saw the man who had brought home his wife.
"The Bishep!" he said. "Lord love

"You are right," the Bishop murmured. and his voice was strangely humble. "I am not fit, but thank God that He let me do it." He turned on the threshold. "Good night," he said, "and God bless you." Then he went out.

Down the street and down another, quickly, quickly as before. And still in his mind words rang—Kitty was dying; Kitty whom he used to love, whom he loved still; Kitty, who wanted him to for-give her and the man who had made her him the envelope Fortesque had left. Mechanically he opened it. Inside there was only the card with the name and address, left in the forlorn hope that he might relent. Left by one who did not mind how he therefore the man who had made her life perfect, as in the beginning it was meant to be. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against meant to be. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," these words rang in his ears too. Jesus, the carpenter's son, had said them. Peter and James and John, the fishermen, had taught them, and Joe, the one legged oobbler, lived them in his daily life; and John Peterham, Bishop of Halohester, had sefered to go to the woman he leved—the refused to go to the woman he loved—the woman who was dving!

Twelve, the cathedral clock struck sol emn and slow—twelve! And there was no train to London till seven in the morning, and Kitty was dying. John Peter-ham went home and prayed as he had nev-er prayed before, wrestled all night in prayer, prayed that she might live till he came, that he might be forgiven.

On the next day, when the Bishop of Halchester preached in town he did not speak with his usual eloquence; his voice

there was no encouragement in the face to- shook sometimes and his face was drawn and lined: yet he spoke as he had never spoken before, as from soul to soul, from the depths to those in the deep. He came straight from the bedside of the woman he loved. He had been in time, he had held her hand once more in his, he had said, "My dear, my dear, I forgive, I under-

stand; may God forgive us all. When the first December snow fell, two men followed a woman's body to the grave. Between them was the greatest gulf there can be between man and man, yet was it bridged over by love for the woman who they turned away and with a silent handclasp parted, each to go his own separate way-the one to the desolation that had come upon him, the other to the work that was his to do. They were Sir Richard Fortesque and John Peterham, Bishop of Halch ester.-By Una L. Silberrad, in Harper's Monthly.

## Some Famous Hymns.

Strange and pathetic are many of the stories connected with the origin of famous hymns. In some cases, however, fictitious tiful words sung in our chapels and churches. For many years it was believed that Cowper's "God Moves in a Mysterious Way" was written as an out-pouring of the poet's soul in gratitude for the frus tration of his attempted suicide, in October, 1773. The fact, however, that this hymn has been found in a MS. in which the latest date is August, 1773, proves that it was written before Cowper's attempt on his life, save London Tit-Bits.

Then again it is a popular belief that Augustus Toplady wrote "Rock of Ages" while sheltering from a storm between two limestone rocks in the Mendips. No proof of the story is forthcoming, however, and consequently it must be accepted with cau-tion. But there is no doubt that the author of "Christmas Awake," John Byron, composed that magnificent hymn as a Christmas gift to his favorite daughter, Dorothy, for he inscribed upon the MS. 'Christmas Day for Dolly.

It was characteristic of the late Bishop Bickersteth, who wrote "Peace, Perfect Peace," that he always found it easiest to express in verse what subject was uppermost in his mind. One day he heard a sermon delivered by Canon Gibbon, vicar of Harrogate, on the text, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee," and shortly afterward went to risit a good daying relative. visit an aged and dying relative, Arch-deacon Hill, of Liverpool. Bishop Bickersteth found the archdeacon somewhat troubled in mind, and, it being natural to him to express in verse the spiritual com-fort which he desired to convey, the bishop took up a sheet of paper and there and then wrote down the hymn just exactly as it stands, and read it to his dying friend. An example of a hymn being written to suit a certain tune is furnished by the grand old favorite, "I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old." Mrs. Luke, the author, was very much impressed one day by an old Greek tune which she had seen the children of the Normal Infant School, Gray's Inn Road, marching to, and while going home on the stage coach she wrote

the words to suit the music on the back of physical weakness on a sofa, the other members of the family being present at a bazaar in which all but the invalid were taking an active part, that Charlotte Elliot the author of the hymn, wrote the words the author of the hymn, wrote the words the camp is very different from the author of the hymn, wrote the words.

Inquor is sold of anowed to be discipled in the camp.

Blackfish Oil.

Few of those who read recently of the stranding of a school of blackfish on the fallmouth shore in Buzzards Bay and of the camp is very different from the camp is very different from

a new dress for a ball. On her way she are daily staples.

met a priest, who said she ought not to go.

Their bard outdoor life strengthens these met a priest, who said she ought not to go. However, she went, but did not enjoy the men physically, and when one sees a large evening at all and returned home miserable. Charlotte Elliot (for that was the young girl's name) went to confess to her priest all about it and asked what she should do. He advised her to go home and tell Jesus all about it. "Just as am," she said. "Yes just as you are." She returned home and on her knees composed that lovely hymn : "Just As I Am." The proofs, however, seem to point to the irst story, which is given in Doctor Julian's 'Dictionary of Hymnology,' being the

correct one. This dictionary by the way, which was first published fifteen years ago, and a new edition of which has lately appeared, is the most wonderful work of its kind. The author has been in communication with two thousand correspondents in all parts of the world and spent upward of £350 in post-age alone. The volume contains 3,000,000 words and figures, two-thirds of which have been written originally or in revision by Doctor Julian himself. Altogether the work has occupied him forty years.

Doctor Julian, by the way, tells us that the total number of Christian hymns in the 200 or more languages and dialects in which they have been written is not less than 400,000. Germany coming first with 100,000 and England next. The most popular hymns, according to a census which he has taken, are "When I Survey The Wondrous Cross," "Awake, My Soul, and with the Sun." "Hark the Herald Angels Sing," and "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me."

## A Woman's Story.

A woman's story is very often a story o suffering if it deals with the period of maternity. A great many such stories have begun with suffering and ended with smile of happiness because Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription had cured the pain and restor-ed the health. The following is one wom-

an's story:
Mrs. W. J. Kidder, of Hill Dale Farm (Enosburg Center), Enosburg, Vt., writes: "Your kindly advice and medicines have brought me great relief. During the past year I found myself pregnant and in rapid-ly failing health. I suffered dreadfully from bloating and urinary difficulty. I was growing weaker each day and suffered much sharp pain at times. I felt that something must be done. I sought your advice and received a prompt reply. I took twelve bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and also followed your instructions. I began to improve immediately, my health became excellent, and I could do all my own work (we live on a good do all my own work (we live on a good sized farm.) I walked and rode all I could, and enjoyed it. I had a short, easy con-finement, and have a healthy baby boy."

-It's a deplorable fact that the average man spends too much time trying to acquire money and too little trying to ac quire happiness.

-Criticise yourself today and others tomorrow.

Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

#### THE GOAL

She knocked at the Paradise gate. She tiried at the golden pin Who is this that cometh so late, And thinks to be let in?" 'Ah! keep me not here without, Open quickly!" she cried,

'For there are those that need me, need Waiting just inside."

Weary she was and worn, Her knees and her shoulders bent With the leaden burden of years foriorn, All in vanity spent.

But she leapt like a yearling doe Across the threshold of light-She flew to the arms that drew her, drew her, As a homing dove takes flight.

One was clasping her wrist,

And one was grasping her gown To one that cried to be kissed Tenderly stooped she down. As a bird outspreadeth its wings, She gathered them closely in-"Now is the time, O children, children, When life shall at last begin! [Pall Mall Gazette.

## Logging in the Northwest.

The picturesque lumber regions of the North and Northwest, which once produced most of the lumber supply, are now almost destitute of pine and cedar, the woods which once made them famous, and are cutting timber formerly despised. The well-known logging scenes of the New England States will live only in pictures and history, and when the supply in the northern Minnesota, Michigan, and Wis-consin forests is exhausted, there is only the Pacific slope on which to depend on the American side. Across the Great Lakes on the Canadian side lies one of the largest timber lauds of Canada, which has not been surveyed yet, so, in spite of the tariff im posed, it is not unlikely that we will be able to draw from Canada for many years after our own supply is exhausted. In fact, much timber cut on the other side of the line has been shipped to this country. It is said that there is a timber belt of at least three thousand miles in Canada. Estimating the amount of timber still standing in the United States, and that which we could draw from our neighbor country, it will be nearly a century before a substitute

will be necessary.

Of course the Forestry Department is not idle in the meantime, and active steps are being taken to maintain the reserves

and plant new trees.

When the immensity of the industry forces itself upon the attention, it is little wonder that one is interested in the men who do the actual work.

Early in the fall the lumberman sends out his "tote teams," with supplies to last for the season, from the centers of northern Michigan, Wisconsin, and Munesota, and he gathers a beterogeneous lot of men, known as "lumber jacks," comprising men of almost every nation under the sun, who leaves civilized life, and go back close to 'nature's heart' and to labor as did their forefathers in the days before luxuries warp ed their strength.

Their work, in spite of the many labor-

saving devices of the day, is that of the primitive man. The discipline of the camp life is rigid. The men are up at four o'clock an old envelope.

There are two accounts of how "Just As I Am" came to be written. One authority There are no holidays except Sundays. No There are no holidays except Sundays. No American. in the morning, and work from dawn until liquor is sold or allowed to be used in the American

which have stirred the hearts of thousands. that of a few years ago. Now coffee, sugar, On the other hand, the story is that a condensed milk and cream, unknown luxuyoung girl was going to the town to choose ries to the camp of even twenty years ago,

crowd of them eating their dinner in the open with all the gusto of a school boy, while the temperature is sixty degrees below freezing, one is disposed to envy them. The plan of bringing out the midday meal to the men, instead of having them leave their work and trunge back to camp, is a recent idea and saves much time, besides being very pleasing to the men. The cook, "runabout," brings the dinner "red hot," to the nearest opening, or clear-ing space, summons the men with his whis-tle, and they sit about on logs or on the snow and partake of dinner utterly disregarding the weather. It is at the evening meal that you see the

men at their best. They relax and thoroughly enjoy themselves. After supper they retire to the bunk-house and smoke. One might feel a little "finical" about sleeping in a room after fifty or sixty ill-smelling pipes of all sorts and conditions had been filled with tobacco, the odor of which haffles description, but this, like eating out of doors with the thermometer thirty degrees below zero, is an acquired

It is only nature that there should be all kinds of men in a camp—garrulous, noisy men; sullen, morose, and reticent men. Sometimes sickness or death reveals the fact that a man who in camp is known as John Smith really was given another name quite different when he came into the world, and perhaps sold his birthright for drink, orime, or for some other reason. A camp is usually loyal thou. b, and John Smith he remains to the end of the chapter if he so desires. Then there is the born entertainer, quite a different sort of a fellow, who always has a story and who is always in demand.

The lumber jack, like the dog with a bad name, is often a maligned individual, not being collectively any better or any worse than other men. It is said that pine out of ten lumber jacks are intemperate, and it is certain that the drink habit is the prevailing evil. The very strictness with which the liquor law is enforced during the long lumbering seasons seems to foster the desire; and in the spring, when released from the camp, the majority of the men never get beyond the Bowery district of their home town, always conveniently near to their landing place, until every cent of

their hard-earned money is gone.

It is said that the moral status of lumber camps has improved in the past few years, owing to the distribution of good literature, missionary efforts, and the infusion of a number of better class laborers, notably Finlanders.

In every camp there is a "general store," where everything from a needle to a suit of clothes is kept, and an account run with with every man. Each camp also has its own blacksmith and barness shops; in other words, each camp is a small settlement, complete within itself.

is the construction of an ice road by means of a large water cart. And this roadway aids greatly the bauling of logs.

The methods of handling and hauling the giant logs differ in different parts of the country. In the South, an axle with the large wheels and the chain are used, in

One thing done quite early in the season

Minnesota and Michigan horses and sleds are used, and an ice road is made at the beginning of the season by means of a sprinkling cart, and in this way it is comparatively easy to draw a load quite a dis-

In Oregon and Washington traction encutting points to the place of shipment. On the Great Lakes the lumber boats are among the largest of the modern water

craft It is quite a sight to see two mediumsized horses drawing an immense load of logs with so little apparent effort, this ease being entirely due to the ice road-way

way spoken of previously.

When the trees are felled and sawed into logs, they are skidded into piles by the side of the ice road. This "skidding" is done by means of a small sled, to one end of which the logs are fastened while the other drags upon the ground. Modern skidding is done by means of a skidding machine. Loading logs is an achievement of itself. It is done by means of horses, or by a ma-chine. The banking ground, or rollway, is usually beside a river or stream of some kind, down which the logs are floated to a

shipping point.
With the breaking up of the ice in the spring, these large piles of logs are colled into the stream, to be brought to the mills. This is a most interesting and exciting time. The drivers, as they are called, the men who guide these immense lots of logs, are necessarily men of strength, quickness of perception, and nerve, for it is a very perilous accupation, and in which many lives have been lost. The most expert of these men ride upon the swiftly-moving ogs, jumping from one to another when the case requires it, and being a second too late will cost them their lives. When, passing through some narrows, a log is caught, causing hundreds of others to pile up, raising the water and forming what is known as a jam, a driver has the opportunity to show his mettle, for this is the real danger. There are what are called "key logs" in this jam, that is, logs which, if released, will ease the congestion, and it is locating these and releasing them which becomes the driver's duty. Sometimes this is not easily done, and frequently a driver loses his life because he is not sufficiently agile to escape, once the fallen

giants are released.

In many portions of the country rafts are used, as for instance in the South and on the Columbia River, rafts of from five to six million feet of logs are not uncommon. In the early days on the Great Lakes, rafts were brought down to the barbors of Lake Erie, where the sawmills were located. For the part number of years, however, the mills have been located at the shipping points, and the lumber is shipped on the oats. There are over three hundred lamber boats depending for cargoes on the lumber of northern Minnesota, Michigan, and Wisconsin, loading at Doluth, Su-

perior and other points. Somtimes there is more than a million feet of lumber in one load, and it can be readily estimated what a statement of this kind would mean, when one realizes that there are some dozen or more lumber harbors on the American side of the Great Lakes. Chicago, Cleveland, Duluth, Erie, and Tonawauda are all large distributing points, and each has received more than five million feet of lumber during one shipping season. It would be interesting to

Few of those who read recently of the their subsequent purchase by William F. Nye, of this city, had any idea of what sort of creatures blackfish were or what there is about them that makes them valu-

Blackfish oil is the finest in the world for delicate mechanisms, such as watches, clocks and chronometers, and the monopol in petroleum enjoyed by the Standard Oil isn't in it for a moment with that enjoyed by William F. Nye in the manufacture of watch oils. The watch of the conductor who has charge of the train across the continent, the watch of the bearded official who controls the destinies of the trains across the Siberian deserts, are oiled with oil made in New Bedford; while the same oil is used in lubricating the mechanism of the clock in the Strasburg Cathedral, the necessary supply being furnished gratis by Mr. Nye in commemoration of a visit to that city some years ago.

Mr. Nye makes blackfish oil, but the

oredit for the discovery of its superlative merits belongs to a Fairhaven man, Ezra Kelley. A Provincetown sailor saved some blackfish oil free from the oils of other species of fish. Ezra Kelley, a repairer of watches and ships' chronometers, tried it and found it the best he had ever used. He began using it in chronometers brought to him for adjustment. The whale ships carried these chronometers to foreign ports and there took them ashore for adjustment. The repairer noticed the excellent quality of the oil and made inquiries. Mr. Kelley sent samples abroad and soon built up a considerable business. It remained, however, for Mr. Nye to push the trade into practically all the countries of the world. There is hardly a railroad in the world but what has an account with Mr. Nye. Every one has noticed the bells at unprotected grade crossings which signal the approach of a train. These bells are operated by a delicate mechanism, which of neces-sity is exposed to extremes of heat and cold. The best of oil is required to keep them in good condition, and that oil is manufactured in New Bedford. At the time of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia Mr. Nye offered a prize of \$1,000 to anyone who would produce an oil other than fish oil that would be the equal of fish oil. The offer is still standing

# FOR SOME ONE.

I wender why I toil away, My heart replies "For some one. Why think and work the livelong day? For some one, just for some one

I pressed along the crowed street. I hear the tramp of many feet, But over all I hear the sweet,

For there is with me all the while The presence fair of some one. And thro' my cloud there shines the smile, The cheering smile of some one.

Hard is the toil and and stern the fight, But work is play and loads are light And darkest days within are bright When it is all for some one.

For what is life if lived for self? Without a thought for some one? What sest in glee? What gain in pelf? Without a share for some one. But there is wealth of countless price

A joy supreme in sacrifice, And earth becomes a paradise, When it is all for some one.