

WOODSMEN IN WINTER.

LUMBERMEN OF THE SUSQUEHANNA AT WORK IN THE FOREST.

HOW THE RED-SHIRTED GIANTS WILL PASS THE SHORT DAYS AND LONG NIGHTS OF THEIR HARVEST SEASON—TALKS TRAGEDY FROM THEIR LIVES.

The approaching winter brings satisfaction to hundreds of men in the mountains along both branches of the Susquehanna who follow that most ancient of calling—woodcraft. A cold white winter brings happiness to the rugged woodsmen, to whom it means steady work in the forest with good pay and plenty to eat until April and then another or so of rafting down the timber this out. The great operations where are up in acres of pine trees are felled and hewn are not as numerous as formerly, for each clearing demands so much of the forest gone for all time or at least for decades, for nature cannot replace in a year what man destroys in as many days. Still, although the output of the West Branch timber lands is steadily decreasing there yet remains sufficient of the old time industry to clearly portray the simple modes and customs of the work and its followers.

The red-shirted giants with great grizzly woolen countenances, knit by their sweaters, wound around their necks and with their feet encased in heavy woolen stockings reaching to the knee, without shoes which would only pinch and frostbite their feet, or at most shod only with rubber overshoes and wearing heavy trousers supported by another long-colored sash around their waists or thrice around the waist and tied with long dangling ends, are familiar sights along the Susquehanna. Whether hard at work felling trees in the clearing or seated on a log sled like some modern modern skis dragging a Hoe of the forest, the woodsmen is ever full of life and animal spirits. Eating prodigious quantities of food in the most primitive way and consuming all the liquor he can obtain without regard to its quality, the lumberman enjoys life to the utmost. To pass the long winter evenings when other recreations fail he has always two courses open to him—either to play "penny poker" or to go to the nearest revival, the protracted meetings held by devout Methodists, usually in the lumberman's home and continuing weeks, frequently months, without cessation. And to the credit of the men it is stated that, although generally holding crude ideas of religion, the lumbermen are most quiet and orderly during the services and, sometimes moved by the appeals of preachers and friends, a great rough mountaineer may arise and approach the mountaineer's bench.

These, with an occasional change in the way of a spelling bee (at which force of circumstance compels him to be a spectator) or a visit to town are his sole diversions all through the long winter, until spring thaws the rivers and melts the icy roads. Then he replaces his woolen stockings with heavy boots, in the heels of which are set steel nails projecting half an inch and sharpened to a point. "Corks" is their common but inexpressive name. The nails are to enable the wearer to secure a firm footing on a rolling log, but they sadly mar a carpet and the wooden pavements of the interior town are riddled with holes. Armed with a "cant hook" the mountaineer now becomes a raftman and bends his energies toward getting the timber to market at Williamsport or elsewhere. The round saw logs are slowly rolled into the stream on one of these huge platforms observing magnificent maintain security which cannot otherwise be seen, for the streams are not navigable for any other class of boats. Very often a whole family will make the trip, wife doing the cooking for the crew.

As may be found everywhere a trace of the tragic crowd often frequently and stories of trouble and sorrow peculiar to the locality and occupation abound. One may be recalled. A handsome young mountaineer had wooed and won a young maid and the happy pair took their tour on a raft, the young man eager to see the great outside world, of which she had heard so much. The raft had two cabins built upon it, one for the man and the other for the newly married pair. The second night was clear and moonlight, and the pilot determined to run on instead of tying up, as customary. About midnight they drew near one of the largest dams, the river, and although every effort was made to get the raft close in by the shore so that it might pass through the long inclined chute provided for the purpose the state of water was so great that it was soon seen the raft must go over the crest of the dam. The man, thrilling, is not necessarily a dangerous adventure, as very frequently a raft will pass over with no serious damage to the straining of the joints but again every timber may be torn loose and the men thrown into the surging waters. On this occasion the raftman stationed his bride as near him as safety would permit, and with anxiety all awaited the plunge.

Slowly the long mass of timbers approached the booming catwalk and the front section began to curve downward and suddenly disappeared, the second followed and then the third, while the men on the fourth and last could plainly see the timbers just ahead stand all most perpendicular and then right themselves. Finally the last section, upon which were the bride and her husband, pitched over and almost instantly righted itself safe below, but in that instant the long handle of the oar had swung around, despite the efforts of the men and swept the girl into the boiling rapids at the foot of the dam. With a wild yell her husband sprang after her. The raft swept on and both were drowned, but for years raftsmen have refused to pass that dam after nightfall, and local gossip say that in time of flood the shriek of the drowning girl can be heard above the roar of the falling waters.

Another tale in more cheerful strain, is told of the great flood of June, 1889, which devastated the Susquehanna Valley about the same time the Johns-

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CHILDREN'S ECONOMY. Wolf's ACME Blacking. BIKERON. WOLF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

town calamity occurred. A well-to-do resident, whose house stood close to the river, had a beautiful daughter to whom a handsome young lumberman had been paying suit. For some reason the wooer did not find favor in the father's eyes and he was forbidden to communicate with the girl. He continued his suit and patiently bided his time. A few days before the flood he started up a raft. The raft was being started, but the water continued to rise to such an extent that it was deemed advisable to stop. The flood was found to be out of the question, as the flood had covered the "unbarring posts," and so the raft drifted on, carried by the current. Scores of untenanted houses were passed, and they finally approached the home of the young man's sweetheart. As they passed they saw the whole family upon the roof frantically beseeching for rescue. Aided by the current the crew guided the raft so that it just scraped the edge of the house, and with one accord the victims began to leap upon the modern raft. The young man, however, refused to let the father on board, shouting, "Will you give me Mary, will you give me Mary?"

A Doctor's Confession. HE DOESN'T TAKE MUCH MEDICINE AND ADVISES THE REPORTER NOT TO. "Humbert! Of course it is. The so-called science of medicine is a humbug and has been from the time of Hippocrates to the present. Why the biggest crank in the Indian tribes is the medicine man." "Very frank was the admission, especially so when it came from one of the biggest young physicians of the city, one whose practice is among the thousands, though he has been graduated but a few years," says the Buffalo Courier. "Very cozy was his office too, with its cheerful grate fire, its Queen Anne furniture, and its many long and easy chairs. He stirred the fire freely, lighted a fresh cigar, and went on." "Take the prescriptions laid down in the books and what do you find? Poisons mainly, and nauseating stuffs would make a healthy man an invalid. Why in the world science should be so poisonous for remedies cannot tell, nor can I find any one who can." "How does a doctor know the effect of his medicine?" he asked. "He calls, prescribes, and goes away. The only way to judge would be to stand over the bed and watch the patient. This cannot be done. So, really, I don't know how to tell what good or hurt he does. Sometimes ago you remember, the Boston Globe sent out a reporter with a stated set of symptoms. He went to eleven prominent physicians and brought back eleven different prescriptions. These, I think, show how much science there is in medicine." "There are local diseases of various characters for which nature provides positive remedies. They may not be included in the regular physician's list, perhaps, because of their simplicity, but they are not less dangerous. Kidney power is beyond dispute. Kidney disease is cured by Warner's Safe Cure, a strictly herbal remedy. Thousands of persons, every year, write as does H. J. Gardner, of Pontiac, R. I., August 7, 1890.

A few years ago I suffered more than probably ever will be known on the side of myself, with kidney and liver complaint. It is the old story—I visited doctor after doctor, but to no avail. I was at Newport, and Dr. Blackman recommended Warner's Safe Cure. I commenced the use of it, and found relief immediately. Altogether I took three bottles, and I truthfully state that it cured me." Wizard Edison's Wife. NOT THE WOMAN MOST STORIES MAKE HER OUT. A pretty type-writer girl sat at her machine playing a waltz. She was over the key, when a quiet, serious man in a suit of overalls stepped up and motioned her to step. The small, white hands went down, the soft brown eyes were raised, and to their quivering look she asked: "Will you be my wife? I haven't any time for courtship and that kind of stuff. If you want to get married, say so, and I'll treat you well." A wave of scarlet passed over the lovely brunette face, the eyes dropped and a very sweet voice said: "Would you like to think it over?" "How long?" "This evening." She thought about it though affirmatively, and to-day she is Mrs. Thomas Edison. All of which is very pretty, of course, but all of which is untrue. It is this year was called in, Mrs. Thomas Edison was Miss Maria Miller, eldest daughter of L. W. Miller, the millionaire mower and reaper manufacturer of Ohio. She is a beautiful and accomplished lady, and it is very doubtful whether she has ever seen a typewriter. She certainly never manipulated the keys of one—Chicago Mail. The Revolt Against "Protection." Speaking of the results of the recent elections, and their obvious cause, Harper's Weekly says: The revolution of which Massachusetts is the chief illustration has the same meaning everywhere. The more the question of what is ingeniously called protection is understood, the more unwilling are intelligent citizens to sustain under that name a system of high taxation, and to burden domestic enterprise and industry with oppressive imposts on their raw material.

The Last of the Farneses. AN ILLUSTRIOUS ROMAN FAMILY NOW EXTINCT. Prince Farnese Arif Bey, who died the other day as Consul in Rome, was the last survivor of the illustrious Italian family of Farnese, which has now become extinct. The history of this great house, dating back to the thirteenth century, has yet to be written. When given to the world the story will be found to touch upon almost every great movement of the European family during the last four centuries. Some of the Farneses were about as bad as men could be, some were celebrated as warriors, some were the most engaged patrons of the drama and art of their day, others were poets or wit, but all were the most perfect of courtiers. Corruptly was hereditary in the family to the very last. The Palazzo Farnese, close to the left bank of the Tiber, and not many paces away from the English College at Rome, is one of that city's finest places. Its foundations were laid by Pope Paul III, and it was completed by his nephew, Pope Paul III, who was indeed the founder of this family—of rather, the builder of its fortunes—for the Farnese had been illustrious in history long before they had given a Supreme Pontiff to the Church. Now, by the death of this old gentleman by the Bosphorus, this illustrious family is extinct. That families so great as these should become in time so completely extinct is one of the most curious facts in social history.

A Sioux Raid Feared. AN INTERPRETER SAYS THE INDIANS ARE GETTING READY FOR WAR. MANDAN, N. D., Nov. 16.—Settlers living on the border of the Sioux reservation bring stories of the arming of the Mandan, which is borne out by Joseph Buckley, who speaks their language. Buckley came in to-day and says every Indian on the reservation will shortly go on the warpath, and that they have got possession of Custer's rifles which the United States Army never have in the last few days, sold their entire stock of ammunition to the Indians. The Indians say if they are unsuccessful in the raid they will get double rations and they have nothing to lose. Citizens here and settlers who are unprotected believe that General Rogers and the Indian authorities are harboring a feeling of false security, and that when too late the number of troops at Fort Lincoln will be increased.

The Pullmans Build a Travelling Sanctuary for a Bishop. A novel creation has been completed by the Pullman works, the only church on wheels in the world. It is constructed according to the ideas of the Rev. William D. Walker, Episcopal Bishop of the diocese of North Dakota, and it is intended for use in the small towns of the railroad in that section of the country. From each side, midway the two extremes, is a slight projection, Gothic in form, which rises to the height of what is known as the second deck. The main body of the car is for the purpose of giving the clergy an appearance of a church. The car is sixty feet long and ten feet wide. Its interior is finished in oak, after the Gothic style. At one end is a room devoted to the Bishop's use. The main body of the car contains a chancel, altar, lectern, baptismal font, a Bishop's chair and a cabinet organ. There are seats for seventy people. "I first conceived the idea," said Bishop Walker, "about six years ago, when I began my labors in the diocese of North Dakota. There are a number of little towns where practically no church from church privileges. It is for these people that the church on wheels has been constructed. It is not possible to assign a missionary or rector to these towns. They are too small to support one. My cathedral car is by no means denominational."—N. Y. York.

Not Able to Walk. I was confined to my bed for six months with Rheumatism, not able to walk a step. All of the remedies usually prescribed for this disease having been employed to no effect, I commenced taking S. S. S. I have now taken 11 bottles of this excellent medicine and am on my feet, attending to all my house work as of yore. I feel that I can not sufficiently express my thanks for the benefit I have received from the use of this medicine. Mrs. M. A. Woodward, Wabash City, Mo. HE PREScribes IT. I have used S. S. S. for Blood Diseases for several years, and find it all it is recommended to be. I heartily recommend it to any one needing a blood purifier. O. B. Trueman, Drug Clerk, Oakland City, Ind. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga. Harper's Magazine for December will be a superb Christmas number. The illustrations will include besides a frontispiece in the form of a large number of full-page engravings representing some of the best modern artists. The fiction, which will be a prominent place in this number, is of a character especially appropriate to the holiday season, and the editorial department will be brimful of allusions to Christmas cheer and Christmas duties.

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