

MAKING BERRY BOXES.

INTERESTING DETAILS OF A CALIFORNIA COAST INDUSTRY.

Cutting a Big Log Into a Single Shaving. The Great Blade at Its Work—Forming the Angles of the Box—Making the Bottom—The Last Step.

The thin sheets of wood which form the sides and bottom of a berry box are nothing more nor less than small pieces cut from a great pine, fir or whitewood shaving, and bent and fastened together in the shape of a box.

The logs, which are brought down from the northern coast, are unloaded in the waters of the bay and floated into the boom close to the shore, where the factory is located. From there they are hauled up on a tramway running down into the water, so that the logs can be floated upon the car.

A section of a great log, three feet in diameter, was rolled out from the steam box by two men, and, after the center had been marked at both ends, was hoisted by a small derrick and swung over a machine, the principal feature of which was a long beveled edged knife, firmly set in a strong iron frame, in very much the same manner as the blade of a carpenter's plane is set.

After the water soaked, outer portions of the log had been trimmed off in this manner, the operator adjusted, on the side of the log opposite to the cutting knife, a number of small chisel like instruments at the end of each of which was a small, sharp cutting edge pressing against the log.

An examination of this great white, steaming shaving showed that its entire length was marked by parallel lines cut partially through the wood, made by the little cutters at the back of the log.

The wood bent readily at the partial cuts and formed the angles of the box. Making the bottom of course, consisted in exactly the same operation, except that the strip used for this portion was not so long, having only two cuts and three segments.

All but the small core of the log is turned off into thin shavings, one-twentieth of an inch in thickness and nearly 1,000 feet long, which is folded and broken into convenient lengths for handling as fast as it comes from the knife.

The machinery which thus in a few minutes converts a rough log into a long paper-like sheet of wood is called a rotary veneer machine, and in the factory are several of them of various sizes, the largest of them being adapted to the shaving of logs ten feet eight inches in length.

Explorer Stanley's Extreme Taciturnity. Every white man who has served under the explorer Stanley speaks of his remarkable taciturnity. In the years he was founding the Congo state stations he kept all his plans to himself, and his assistants seldom got an inkling of them until they were ordered to carry them out.

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SUDDEN DEATH.

ONE OF THE SAD RESULTS OF OUR "GO-AHEADATIVENESS."

Americans, as a Class, Live Too Fast to Live Long—The Strong Man's Great Mistake—The Old Gourmand at the Cafe. Apoplexy.

The Bible speaks of three score years and ten as the age to which man may reasonably look forward. It seems as if at least seventy equable, contented and happy years—full of such comfort and gratification as the members of each class in the community have severally a right to expect—should and might be within the reach of every man and woman.

It amounts to nothing more nor less than the simplest of problems in arithmetic to show that if he draws upon this stock twice as heavily as he should the duration of his existence will only be one-half of what it was originally intended to be.

In every community such "breakdowns" may be pointed out on every side, and many, even of our most "successful" men, freely confess they have paid too high a price for their prosperity.

"Died suddenly." How few realize with what startling frequency in this country that report goes out. The strong man foolishly fancies he is practically inaccessible to ailment and death, and so pushes on in his exaggerated expenditure of energy until—too late—insulted nature bestows upon him the logical punishment he has so persistently courted.

What are the causes of sudden death—as by a stroke of lightning? They are not many when only the so called natural accidents are considered. Death on the instant may result from apoplexy, or bursting of an aneurism within the chest or abdomen; it may be caused by the bursting of an abscess within the chest.

While one dines at popular cafes he has but to look about him and he is quite sure to see habits indulged provocative of apoplexy. A familiar sight is the man about 60 years old whose highest pleasure is in tickling his palate.

As we grow old we should avoid those influences which are likely to induce sudden and great rush of blood to the head, such as intense mental excitement—as in public speaking or in a fit of anger—violent muscular effort, gluttony and drunkenness, etc.

While on this continent there are from sixty to seventy species, and perhaps more, of the solidago, or golden rods, and nearly all of them of vigorous habit, growing from a foot to eight feet in height, all the world knows more or less, these valleys and on the broad prairies, by the roadsides and the streams, and in the field and copse they stand as tokens of the genial heat that brings from the soil the golden grains and the beautiful, luscious fruits.

A Typical Adirondack Guide. The great character of our party was the driver, Charley—a chap who is as hard to catch asleep as an old weasel. He is as trim built as an Indian runner, as quick as a greyhound, and can so exactly imitate the hound in full chase that it will puzzle an old hand to tell which is the real hound.

The two sides of the face are not alike. As a rule, says a German professor, the want of symmetry is confined to the upper part of the face. The left half of the brain overweighs the right half; the nose leans a little to the right or to the left.

THE LANTERN'S LIGHT.

Luck of the Little Illustrated Paper of Thirty-six Years Ago.

I have not seen it stated in any of the sketches of his career that Lester Wallace was at one time an editor. And although he was such in a comparative sense only, the fact, nevertheless, is worthy of record.

The meeting was held every Saturday night at Windust's, a famous restaurant on Park row, and after every one had dined their faculties with well served viands and muddled their brains with innumerable draughts of sherry and ale, cigars would be lit, the heavy doors passed around and John Brougham sitting at the head of the table, with Lester Wallace at the other end, would call the meeting to order and the business of the evening would begin.

The contributors to The Lantern were all men of genius. They belonged to a certain set that marked a sort of Elizabethan era in the annals of New York journalism.

St. Paul's Indian Scare. "It is difficult to realize," said a lady who has resided in St. Paul from the early days, "that we had such a scare about the Indians in this city twenty-six years ago, during the Indian troubles.

Toward evening on that day several of my neighbors began to pack up, having heard that the Indians had captured St. Anthony and were about to give their attention to St. Paul. One or two families living near me packed up what they could conveniently carry and rushed down to Bridge square, where many persons were assembled, expecting every moment to hear the war whoop of the savages.

Vick's Magazine thinks that these grouped together should be accepted as our national flowers—"emblems of endurance, light and freedom." After midsummer, in this country, our rural landscape is everywhere brightened by the golden rods and asters; they form a distinct and beautiful feature of the scenery.

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OUR EXPRESS SYSTEM.

MARVELOUS PERFECTION OF OUR PUBLIC CARRYING SERVICE.

Primitive Methods of Early Days—Wonderful Promptness and Celerity of the System of Today—A Frequent Cause of Mistakes—The "Old Hoss" Room.

Next to the mystery of the postoffice, with its thousands, and even millions, of letters, crossing and recrossing each other's paths daily, coming from everywhere and going everywhere else, with comparatively few miscarriages, the great express systems in the modern public carrying service are equally a matter of marvel to casual observers.

Later, as the world grew and modern business methods arose with the increase of trade, the problem of sending packages, whether of merchandise or of private goods, was still comparatively simple, for the driver of the express, who took the parcels at the door, was in the majority of cases the same who delivered them at their several destinations.

One of the most frequent causes of mistake in sending parcels is absent mindedness. A clerk will fill out a way bill from a box marked for Portland, putting in the name and street address all right, and then, with the name Portland before his eyes, writes New York on the bill.

There is a curious feature in connection with these losses which is known in every express office as the "old hoss" room. This is the room which holds all of the unclaimed wanderers, the tagless waifs and ragged outcasts who are awaiting an owner.

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