MAKING BERRY BOXES.

FORNIA 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 pent and fastened together in the shape of a box. These shavings, of course, are not like those which fall in graceful curls from the carpenter's plane, but are great long sheets, in each of which is almost the entire wood of a big log, and from a single shaving is fre-quently made from 2,000 to 5,000 berry boxes. 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. When brought up, the logs are cut by a drag saw into uniform lengths as desired. These sections of the log are then placed in a large steam box, of which there are several convenient to the machinery, and left for twelve hours, subjected to the effects of the exhaust steam from the engine. This softens the wood so that it can be cut into the thin sheets desired

without checking or splitting into fragments. A section of a great log, three feet in dia-meter, 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 bevel 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. Indeed, the sutting portion of this machine is a great monster shaving plane, with the edge of the blade fixed upwards. The log was next low-ered by the derrick to its proper position, the operator of the machine pulled a lever, and two great clamps, with strong, sharp pointed jaws two inches long, advanced and pushed their iron teeth into the marked centers at each end of the log. The great wooden cylinder was now held firmly in front of the blade of the immense shaving plane, and when the operator pulled another lever, the log commenced to revolve towards the cutting edge, exactly like the strip of wood in a turner's lathe revolves towards the chisel. Another pull by the operator, and the frame holding the great blade began to move up to the revolving log. When the knife came in contact with the steaming wood, the outer edges were peeled off in thin Strips without a sound of cutting, and the broad sheets rolled out under the blade as easily and noiselessly as would a slice of under a sharp knife.

cheese under a sharp knife. 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. These little cutters are placed at various distances, care fully measured by the operator, and evidently formed an important feature of the operation. When the log again began its revolutions against the blade of the great shaving machine, there came out from under the knife a long, wide, thin strip of wood, which the men pulled out and rolled and folded up like wall paper.

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 and emotional strain, once in a while, when the "racket" becomes too intense to be for back of the log. The purpose of these lines

SUDDEN DEATH.

INTERESTING DETAILS OF A CALI- 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. In some countries, however, we find this to be much more nearly the case than with us. Americans, as a rule, live too fast to live long. Every person is originally en-dowed with about so large a stock of vitality, out of which to fashion his life.

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. Indeed, the matter stands much worse than this; his life is likely to be at any moment suddenly cut off short long before reaching even the half. A weeks or one, according to the rate at which it is driven; if it is sufficiently overworked the result may be a general "smash," or such an injury as will necessitate a long and tedious "stopping for repairs," if, indeed, it ever becomes "as good as new." We hardly seem ready to recognize the bounds estab-lished by nature, but when we have reached them, in our greed and ambition, we summon our will, and, as the expression runs, "live our will, and, as the expression runs, "ive upon our nerve," congratulating ourselves on our praiseworthy display of "American go-aheadativeness." Unfortunately nature has not yet become sufficiently progressive in her ideas to manufacture constitutions expressly for the American market, and in the midst of our triumphant tour de force, click, something snaps, and we vanish from the stage or break down for years, perhaps for life.

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. The prizes of existence are so great with us, and seem to be so within the grasp of all, that practically all set out to win them. Each is unflagging and merciless to himself in his grim resolve to obtain that for which he is striving. He works day and night, including holidays, and not inire quently Sundays; he refuses to take time to eat his meals properly, and in such a sense-less luxury as a vacation he never dreams of indulging; amusement he regards as frivolous, and as abstracting too much valuable time from the prosecution of the all absorb-ing project. Every waking minute he keeps his brain grinding away over ways and means, and not improbably the hours which a sensible man would devote to sleep he unnaturally curtails for the same purpose. The social competition runs equally high with that of business. Of course, in the path-way he treads he jostles and is jostled by competitors, and in a nature so tense and set in so great an endeavor as is his, the constant and wearing, though almost unperceived, play of the emotions-as envy, jealousy, hatred, disappointment, eta-is very great. Occasionally, at some "close shave," or some crisis of failure or success, he experiences a culminating spasm of feeling that shakes him to his very center. Perhaps not satisfied with this existence of abnormal and unhygienic physical babits and unnatural mental

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 carsor that Lester Wallack was at one time an editor. And although he was such in a comparative sense only, the fact, nevertheless, is worthy of record. In 1852 the late John Brougham originated and published a little illustrated paper here, moded after The London Punch, calling it The Lantern. Its flame was a brilliant one. Once a week all the leading contributors and artists connected with the paper used to meet at dinner, as do the artists and editors of Punch today, to make suggestions for and decide upon the principal cartoon to be printed in the next issue.

The meeting was held every Saturday night at Windust's, a famous restaurant on Park row, and after every one had dulled their ulties with well served viands and muddled their brains with innumerable draughts of sherry and ale, cigars would be lit, the brandy decanter passed around and John Brougham sitting at the head of the table, with Lester Wallack at the other end, would call the meeting to order and the business of the evening would begin. The assemblage generally broke up at about 3 in the morngenerally broke up at about 3 in the morn-ing; and when the subject for the cartoon had at length been decided upon, my old friend Frank Beliew would go home and make the design. In the editorial duties of the paper, Lester Wallack, so Mr. Brougham has told me, was his right hand man, while a Mr. Tinson, whom if I am not mistaken, was a carpet manufacturer, with no ability whatever in art or letters, was chief adviser. Just why these two gentlemen were chosen it is impossible to say, for their artistic and general ideas were far inferior to those of others in the party. Nevertheless the fact mains

The contributors to The Lantern were all men of genius. They belonged to a certain set that marked a sort of Elizabethan era in bet anals of New York journalism. There was Fitz James O'Brien, the author of many charming bits of verse, and an able literary and dramatic critic, who enlisted in the Union army at the breaking out of the war, and was killed while serving as aide-de-camp to Gen. Lander. There was Thomas Dunn English, one of the few who survive today, notwithstanding the bitter attacks made upon his character by Edgar Allan Poe-attacks which were calculated to kill outright any ordinary man. Thomas Power, who was christened Micawber by the party, both for his traits in common with, as well as his re-semblance to that gentleman, and William North, author of "The Slave of the Lamp," and who afterward committed suicide, were also members of the Lantern club. Thomas Butler Gunn, who stammered so that no one could under tand what he said, but who was, nevertheless, a very able writer and artist, was another of The Lantern's leading contributors, and there are many more whose ghosts I might conjure up were it worth while doing so.-John Preston Beecher in New York News.

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. There was a good deal of excitement all over the city for two or three days. I remember one day an old colored woman came in great excitement to my house and said she had heard the governor had ordered the whole population to leave the city at once-the Indians were marching on us, fully armed and thirsting for our blood. She rushed away, saying she was going to pack up and leave. A German woman who lived on the other side of the block, and whose lot was opposite mine, barricaded her door with her bureau and bed, and got her ax ready to defend herself and, in an extrem-

OUR EXPRESS SYSTEM.

MARVELOUS PERFECTION OF OUR PUBLIC CARRYING SERVICE.

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

Next to the mystery of the postoflice, 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. In primitive days, when Keziah Root passed the door on regular days of the week in his farm wagon on the way to market, and was the common carrier for everything "goin' to town," it was not hard to understand how the knibbed socks reached Uncle Ben "in the first white house with a red barn beyond the orthodox meetin' house at the corners;' or how Aunt Tabby got her pail of butter, for Farmer Root was explicitly directed to "go down the ma'sh road" on his way from Market, "and turn in the lane next to So phrony Thomas', she who was Sophrony Pearce, old Dea. Pearce's daughter, whose barn in the medder was burned last year and lost all his pigs, and then 'twould be the small white house with the cobbling shop in

Later, as the world grew and modern busi Later, as the world grew and modern busi-ness 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 destina-tions. Even after the railroads were in-vented and put into common use, during wented and put into common use, during the first few years the express service did not form any great system. Now, however, with the greatest business centers of the world within the country, and with these centers intimately commercial with each other by inintimately connected with each other by innumerable ties, public and private, commer cial and social, the interchange of goods and packages has reached an enormous extent, which is not found anywhere else in the world. In no other country is such a mar-velous amount of business done nor such a velous amount of business done nor such a perfect running service found. And it is this promptness and celerity of dispatch, consid-ered with the number of pieces handled and the confusing variety of destinations, which makes the wonder of it. A man is relieved of all care in sending parcels. It is as easy to send a package to a billion to A misma on a creat how of dry creates

friend in Arizona or a great box of dry goods to a merchant in New Orleans as to send a letter to either party. All that is necessary after the parcel is arranged is to know the address of the party to whom one is sending the parcel. Instead of getting a postage stamp one simply hangs out a flag. There the consignor's labor ends. The express company's carrier appears, takes the parcel in hand, gives a receipt for it, which repre-sents it in value, and the company thereupon takes full charge of it will it marks it does takes full charge of it until it reaches its destination, or until it is handed over, at the end of that particular company's limit, into the hands of some corresponding company, which amounts to the same thing as far as the sender is concerned. One does not need to know anything about the location in the city if the address is given, nor take the trouble to find out how to get to the city, whether it is in Maine or New Mexico. The

express people do all that for him. 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 ity, to chop down the fence and take refuge the name Portland before his eyes, write New

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was a mystery until the operator carelessly broke off an end of the great shaving, making a strip two or three inches wide, and quickly bent it into the form of a berry box complete, excepting the bottom. The points of bending were the parallel lines cut in the wood, which made the operation of shaping the box nothing but a simple mechanical movement.

The wood bent rendily 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. The middle segment formed, of course, the bottom of the box, and the two at the end extended upward inside the frame formed by the longer strip.

All but the small core of the log is turned off into this long shaving, 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 if 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 feel eight inches in length." This, by the way, in the largest rotary veneer machine in opera-grave." tion in the United States. The thin sheets of wood, as fast as they are taken from the ma-chine, are placed upon a long table near at hand, and pushed under a knife operated by steam power, which cuts the wood into narrow strips, lengthwise, and of the proper width for the sides and bottom of a berry box. The knife which cuts the long shavings crosswise of course cuts lengthwise of the grain. The narrow stripe, as fast as they are cut, are taken away by boys and carried on an elevator to the second floor of the building, where a number of boys and girls rap idly bind them into box form. The last step in the manufacture, which is done by girls, is the fastening of the botton and side strips together. This is done by a peculiar looking machine called a stapler, but which might very properly be called a wire sewing ma-chine, —San Diego (Cal.) Union.

Explorer Stanley's Extreme Taciturnity.

Every white man who has served under the explorer Stanley speaks of his remark-able taciturnity. In the years he was founding the Congo state stations he kept all his plans to himself, and his assistants seldom gof an inkling of them ustil they were ordered to carry them out. Lieut Coquilhat gives a curious instance of this characteristic. Quite contrary to his usual custom Stanley one day offered Coquilhat his choice in the director-ship of one of two proposed stations that were to be started at Lulanga and Ba-Ngala. He told the lieutenant that Lulanga was the center of a large and friendly populace, while the Ba-Ngala, though the most power ful tribe on the river, were audacious and ir ritable, and his life would be in danger among them unless he acted with great dis cretion. Coquikhat told his leader to put him where he could be most useful. Stanley said mothing more, sut Coquilhat soon after re-caived marching orders. Up the river they started on their little steamer, and though Coquilhat wondered greatly what station he was to take in charge, Stanley did not drop the slightest hint. It was not until after several days' traveling the steamer passed La-langa without stopping the squilhat knew that his fortunes were to 1 ast among the Ba-Ngala.-New York Sta.

the time being endured, he varies the monotony-not as he should do, with a change of scene, a quist, wholesome life, amusement and rest, but by plunging into a period of dissipation for the purpose of drowning his worries and cares. But, ruinous at any time, the effect upon his overworked nerves and distracted constitution of such a course must naturally be greatly intensified. He could scarcely take a more suicidal step.

"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 ail-ment 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. "We do fade as the leaf" is the delusion we fondly hug, while we think of death as afar off. Yet every day, simply from faults of his own committing, many an unfortunate is hurried into the presence of his Maker without an instant's warning. Of the twenty-five deaths reported by a New York contemporary one day last week nine were sudden. Some of us may wish that such may be our fate-that we die "in the harness"-but to many such a thought is ter-

What are the causes of sudden death-as by a stroke of lightning? They are not many when only the so called natural acci-dents 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. Great mental shock-as from extreme anger or grief or even joysometimes kills instantly through total paralysis of the chief nerve centers. Cases of sudden death from hemorrhages of the lungs are on record, but they are few in number. Diseases of the heart render the subject liable to instant death, and they are the most frequent causes.

As we grow old we should avoid those in-fluences 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 muscu-lar effort, gluttony and drunkenness, etc. 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 pal-ate. He is overweight by fully fifty pounds; his face is red and shining; he is full to burst-ing, and he looks as though every important button on his clothing was threatened. One on a warm day gives such a man as "wide a berth" as he would a cookstove; he is altogether too hot to sit near. He commences his dinner with an appetizer-cenerally a cocktail. Then he deliberately "fills up," largely on meat and other "hearty" foods, all of which are washed down with one at least, and generally two bottles of lager beer. As he cats and drinks with one hand, he fans himself vigorously with the other, all the time growing redder and redder, and finally, time growing redder and redder, and finally, when he holast himself out of his chair, his face takes a purplish hue in concequence of even that slight effort. He is like a violin when in tone; every part of his system is keyed up, and something is sure to break if the unusual happens / Let such a man, soon after dining, become violently enraged or shocked by some unexpected calamity, and the chances are an attack of apoplexy is the consequence.—Boston flyraid.

in our house. She was fully convinced an York on the bill. The New York messenger attack would be made that night. "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 New York. The same absent way of writing 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. Our carriage horses were taken by the state for service during the campaign. in Massachusetts. Another cause for a great One of them, a very fine horse, was shot dead in the first battle with the Indians. 1 confess I was somewhat nervous. These were really very trying times; but St. Paul, of course, was in no danger of attack "-The Casual Listener in Pioneer Press,

Golden Reds and Asters.

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 golded rods and asters; they form a distinct and beautiful feature of the scenery. The eyes of our countrymen are everywhere gladdened by their smiles, north and south, east and west, on the hills and the moun east and west, on the fulls and the moun-tain sides, in the valleys and on the broad prairies, by the roadsides and the streams, and in the field and copies they stand as tokens of the genial heat that brings from the soil the golden grains and the beautiful, lus-cious fruits. No other country in the world is thus characterized; these plants belong to America, and as such should be our pride and delicht and delight.

While on this continent there are from Six-ty to seventy species, and perhaps more, of the solidagos, or golden rods, and nearly all of them of vigorous habit, growing from a foot to eight feet in height, all the world besider affords less than a dozen, and these for the most part of small size and confined to few localities of limited area, and always in such most part of small size and confined to few to chain. One firm has sent goods to some per-son at his own order. He returns them with eome complaint. The firm will not admit the complaint, and send them back with a very pressing bill, or else to avoid being held for receiving them back at all, they will not touch them, but leave them in the store room of the express office. While on this continent there are from sixlocalities of limited area, and always in such small numbers as to make them rare plants. The species of asters in this country are still more numerous than those of the golden rod. Both are the children of the sun, basking in his favors and reflecting his smiles. Although many indigenous species of flower are pecul-iar to this country, yet none so abound and apparently claim possession as these.-Home Journal.

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. II. seems made of whalebone, trimmed with india rubber. He will start out towards the east with a couple of dogs attached by a chain to his waist, another he leads, and his own two travel in front, with them he holds general conversation on the way. Within three hours he will start each dog after a separate deer, and by short cuts or by some

in the haste of pressing business, simply counts the way bills, sees that he has the seventeen or twenty pieces marked New York, and sends them on. The mistake is not found out until the delivery marking takes place in what one does not think occurs with the consignors themselves. Very often they send a box to a friend on Fifth avenue, New York, whose name and number they know intimately, with an address to some small town deal of confusion is the old markings on dry goods boxes which have been used before Jordan & Marsh, or any similar large firm, will sell some of the packing cases in which goods come to them. When the boxes are again used the address to Jordan & Marsh, again used the address to Jordan & Marsh, Boston, is left upon the side. The new ad-dress is put upon the top, indicating, we will say, some one in Pawtucket, R. I. Some-where along the line, in looking over the stock, the messenger picks out all that which is going to Boston, among which he takes the box with the name of Jordan & Marsh upon it. Then confusion arises, indeed.

There is a curions feature in connectio 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. They are goods "on hand," and the letters "O. H." on the slips which are attached to them gave rise to the equine arcellation. These stray parcels get into the "old hose" room from almost as many causes as there are startling varieties to their character. The consignee couldn't be found, and the contignor, al-though duly notified, has never cared to re-

for some reason all trace of the consignor disappears. He has moved, or died, perhaps. Bo they all drift into the "old hoss," and are kept a year-unless of a perishable natur and then sold at auction. The variety of these waifs is both interesting and amusing. There is hardly anything in the domestic dictionary omitted, from packages of hairpins and sewing machines, laces, silks and pins and sewing machines, laces, sits and jewelry to cooking stoves, guns, fishing tackle, pails of tobacco and empty beer bottles. A large general store could not do better than to buy the whole stock at what-ever lump price they could buy them in, for almost every conceivable thing which could be asked for by rational beings is thera-

The Two Sides Not Alike.

The two sides of the face are not alike. 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 over-weighs the right half; the nose leans a little to the right or to the left. The region of the right eye is usually slightly higher than that of the left eye, while the left eye is nearer the middle line of the countenance. The right ear is also higher, as a rule, than the left ear.—Boston Budget.

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