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Chile is woman's Utopia. There she can vote on all questions.

The California Fruit-Grower says there is no doubt as to the soil and climate of California being admirably adapted to the successful cultivation of ramie.

With some six thousand homicides in the United States last year there were but 123 legal executions. Judge Lynch, though, contrived to attend 195 more.

The success of the French postal savings banks, which were established ten years ago, is shown by the report for 1890. At the close of that year the total deposits were over \$30,000,000, the number of depositors numbering over 2,000,000.

Not content with planning an underground railway, one of Berlin's civil engineers plans underground streets. They are to be covered with a close grating of steel, well supported, which admits air, light and rain, and over which the usual street traffic is carried on.

A company, backed by Eastern capitalists, has been incorporated in Chicago, Ill., for the manufacture of American fax. The capital stock is \$2,000,000. Speaking for the new company its attorney said: "At present nearly all the fax used in this country is imported. This company has experimented to its own satisfaction that it can manufacture the American article much cheaper than it can be imported, and, at the same time, furnish as good an article as that made in foreign countries."

The gross receipts of the Philadelphia and Reading system will hereafter be \$80,000,000 annually, and the number of its employes will approximate 100,000, being more than are employed by any single corporation on this planet. The acquisition of the Poughkeepsie Bridge and the lines tributary thereto throws the Reading and its entire augmented system into the very heart of New England, giving it the only all-rail route from the Middle and Southern States to the East, with connections with all important New England roads, and enabling it to virtually control the coal traffic of that entire region.

The Boston Transcript says: The decision of the Supreme Court that the "habitual criminal" act is constitutional is a gratifying one. The act provides that on conviction of a third felony a person may be sentenced to the State Prison for twenty-five years. The principal which underlies this legislation is a sound one. The man who proposes to live by preying upon the community has no right to live in the community. This is one of the propositions which prison reformers long ago laid down, and in securing the passage of the law, which the court now sustains, they have done the community a great service.

Asafetida as a cure for "grip" has been ridiculed by a great many physicians, but most of them admit, adds the New York Post, that they have never prescribed it. In the West asafetida in pills of four grains has been tried with gratifying results. Quick recoveries are reported in nearly every instance, without the usual sequel of debility. In Louisville alone 20,000 of the pills were sold in one day recently. No bad effects can follow the use of asafetida, for of all things it is a sedative. In Asiatic countries it is employed as a condiment, but this is a use to which few persons will care to put it. Many old people in the West who were far gone with the disease have, it is asserted, been cured by the asafetida pills. They should be taken, according to their admirers, three times a day with a glass of water, and taken in this way are warranted not to taint the breath.

Occasionally, something turns up to prove, remarks the Boston Transcript, that some of our homelier methods in therapeutics, "old women's remedies," as the doctor's sneeringly call them, are found to be reasonably scientific after all. Lately, for instance, an expert who has been experimenting in M. Pasteur's laboratory, has discovered that no living disease germ can resist for more than a few hours the antiseptic power of essence of cinnamon, which seems to be no less effective in destroying microbes than is corrosive sublimate. Its scent will kill them. A decoction of cinnamon is recommended for influenza cases, typhoid fever and cholera. Perhaps some of us can remember when elderly ladies used to carry in their wonderful pockets, the capacity of which was enormous, bits of cinnamon or other pungent and fragrant spice, the odor of which would betray their coming many feet away. Whether it was carried as a preventive or merely for the satisfaction of having something to nibble was not revealed to us youngsters of those days. Peppermint candy was always a recognized stimulant against attacks of somnolence at sermon time at church.

EVERY DAY. And the tumult of the street And ceaseless tread of restless feet; What varied human forms we meet, Every day.

Some burdened with unwelcome woe; Sad secrets God alone can know; We see them wandering to and fro, Every day.

Some seared by time's decay or blight; With furrowed brow and fading sight, Who haunt our feet from morn 'till night, Every day.

Some swayed by passion deep and strong, Enkindled by some burning wrong, Unheeded by the listless throng, Every day.

The lust of power, the greed for gain, Twin tyrants of the heart and brain; We see the ruin of their reign, Every day.

The crafty ghosts that throng the street, Wearing the garments of deceit, Who breathe to life and live to cheat, Every day.

And some aspiring to be great, With beating eye and heart elate, Scorning the theory thrusts of fate, Every day.

The youth enthralled by some fond dream, Or borne along on fancy's stream, Believing all things what they seem, Every day.

The aged tottering toward the tomb, No light to lift their rayless gloom, Nor hope their weary way illumine, Every day.

The rich and poor, the old and young, With silent lip or fluent tongue, And griefs untold or joys unshung, Every day.

Thus in the drama of the town, Some bear a cross or wear a crown, Untold death rings the curtain down, Every day.

—D. B. Siskels, in New York Press.

SARAH. BY LUCY C. LELAND.

URRIEDLY Sarah Molyneux crossed the hall of her aunt's house in Cheltenham and stood irresolutely for a moment at the head of the old-fashioned staircase. Her hand moved a little nervously on the balustrade, and the line between her delicate dark brows deepened.

"If it were only over with—or needn't be at all," she reflected. But there was no way to avoid the unpleasant task ahead of her, and accordingly Sarah passed down the stairs and into the square parlor over-looking the garden. In about half an hour old Mrs. Thorpe in her room upstairs heard the front door close, and a quick step go down the garden pathway. Presently Sarah came back.

The old lady was popped up in bed and turned a pair of very bright, clear eyes upon her niece as she entered the room.

"Well, Mrs. Thorpe exclaimed with impudence. "Sit down and tell me all about it. And don't oblige me to ask to many questions. You know how I hate to have to write anything out of you."

Sarah laughed. "I'll do my best, Aunt Polly," she answered, sitting down in the window and looking with gentle indulgence at the old lady. "I suppose I must begin at the beginning. I found Mr. Morison, of course, in the parlor and he fairly jumped at the business question."

"Humph, what'd he say?" "Said that he would not like to disturb you while you were ill but that it was very important for him to know when he could take possession of the house. He intends putting up the factory at once, he says. He observed that Mr. Beecham had explained how fond we were of the old house and all that, but of course we could hardly expect him to be sentimental in a business matter."

"Did he talk like that right to your face, Sarah Molyneux?" "Yes, Aunt—I can't say—well it didn't sound quite so bold; but those were his words."

"Who does he favor in looks—the Turners, I guess?" Mrs. Thorpe leaned back and closed her eyes a moment, visions of the high cheek bones and prominent noses of the Turners floating before her. Sarah thought of them too, sharply in contrast with the looks of her recent guest.

"He's not a bit like the Turners," she said, presently. "I don't know the Morison much, she added. "Let me see—he is not very tall—rather slight but looks strong and has a clean-shaven dark face."

"Handsome?" Mrs. Thorpe's eyes opened for an instant. "Oh, no—not at all—oh no, not the least bit handsome; but he has a quick, bright sort of look."

"So he goes to put up a factory—dear, dear—I did not think—but well no—of course the property is his since your uncle Ezra left it to him by will—I never thought Ezra'd do it. Always took for granted he meant it should be mine out-right—and after letting me live here forty years."

"I said something of the kind to Mr. Morison. He's coming back this evening."

"What for; he isn't going to build tonight, is he?" "Oh, no. He wanted to see the garden very particularly."

"Well, you make it clear I want the plants."

When the objectionable guest had paid his second visit Sarah came back to her aunt's room looking very much discouraged.

down to the arbor, and we had a very nice talk at first. I really almost liked him. We began about country life, and he told me how much he had longed for a real country home—a place something like this, he said—then he asked who took care of the garden, and I told him I was your gardener, and how much we both loved the flowers. I showed him the tree planted when I was a baby, and then the rosebush for my tenth birthday; and he said that he should think we'd hate to leave it all—then I explained you wanted the plants; but he said oh, no! they were part of the property."

"Turner said straight through and through," declared the old lady. "Grasping all they can get. I will have the plants, though; I guess Ezra's will had nothing to say to them."

"I could scarcely be civil after that," pursued Sarah, her face flushing in the dusk. I changed the subject, and asked him how nearly he was related to the Turners; but he said it was very distant. He told her where he lived as a boy. It seems his father had a paper in some country village—Saul—I think he called it, and he was a very visionary, impractical, enthusiastic kind of man. I guess he didn't provide much for the family. Anyway Mr. Morison says he started out young in life to carve his own future, and he has been quite successful—only he intends to be thoroughly so, he says, if possible."

"By way of my garden. Humph!" "He says he enjoys obstacles. He likes something to conquer. I told him I had no fancy for battlefields; he said a skirmish was as good as success to him. Oh, Aunt, by the way, do I look like the Turners?"

"Well, some," said the old lady, reluctantly. Sarah crossed the room and in the faint light regarded her face attentively in the long, narrow mirror. It was a thin, clear-cut face, rather shadowy as to what might or might not be its owner's strong or weak points; the face of a girl to whom events or emergencies were unknown. Life had written almost nothing upon it that gave it charm, and the eyes were a pretty hazel with black lashes and delicate brows.

"The Hatfield Turners," pursued the old lady, as Sarah sat down again. "You do look some like them. Why?" "Oh, Mr. Morison said I had a Turner look," the girl answered. "He tried to make out we are cousins."

"Well you are—twice removed. His mother's your cousin, I think."

"I must ask him. He'll be back in the morning, he says."

Well, I declare to gracious the man means to force me out of this bed, I believe. Sarah, you must speak up and not let him impose upon you."

About eleven o'clock the next morning very unusual sounds floated up to the old lady from the parlor where Mr. Morison was again "interviewing" Sarah. Some one was playing on the old piano; then a man's voice, a clear fine tenor, could be heard. The song was one the old lady remembered in her youth— "Phyllis is my only love"—and her withered cheek flushed with pleasure.

"Sarah," she said, directly her niece appeared, "did you ask that young man to sing? I want you should inquire if he knows another piece like that."

Sarah's eyes were very soft and bright.

"Aunt," she said eagerly, "would it look odd if I sang a duet with Mr. Morison? He's coming back this afternoon."

"What'll you sing? You don't know what you're talking about, Sarah."

"Does he think the piano's his?" demanded the old lady with a sudden return of severity. Sarah looked miserable.

"He says it is Aunt," she admitted. "There was an ominous silence; then Mrs. Thorpe closed her eyes again.

"Well, it was Ezra's," she admitted. "It was with mingled feelings that she listened that afternoon to the singing from below. Love of music compelled her to enjoy keenly the way in which Sarah and the audacious Mr. Morison sang "I would that my love" and "Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast." While resentment against what she felt an unjust will, depriving her and her niece of her cherished home, made her consider everything done or said by Mr. Morison objectionable, yet somehow she found herself looking forward eagerly to her niece's next report of their unbidden guest.

"He is going to be married soon, Aunt Polly," Sarah related. "Perhaps that is why he is in such a hurry about the house. He's been telling me about the young lady."

"Well, upon my soul. Seems to me he's very free with his confidences. Married? What'd he say about her?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly," said Sarah; "he said she was the kind of girl I'd get along quickly with; it seems, ever so long ago he made up his mind never to marry any one but her."

"Well, and were there any of those obstacles he talks about?" sniffed the old lady.

"Oh, yes. But he says there's quite a touch of romance in the whole affair. He's a very—well, masterful sort of person, Aunt. I can quite understand what he means when he says he enjoys overcoming difficulties. He isn't the sort of person any one could trifle with easily."

"I guess I will when I get around. What with the garden and the piano and the dear knows what all—I'll be grateful if he leaves us the clothes to our backs. What else'd you talk about?"

"Oh, a great many things. Books some. He's fond of German—and, oh, I meant to tell you, he's coming tomorrow morning and going to read a little German with me."

"Well, Sarah, you just see here. Let that young man know you've something to do besides fool around with him. I know; he wants to force me up. I'll see Dr. Baker, I guess, before that Tom Morison gets me out of the house."

"Oh, Aunt! It's just because he wants, he says, to familiarize himself with the place."

Feeding Vanilla Beans to Hens. A man on Long Island has discovered a way of feeding vanilla beans to his hens so that the eggs are distinctly flavored with vanilla. The hens, moreover, are so fond of them that they will eat them daily to the tune of twenty-five dozen eggs. These are engaged to the full laying capacity of the hens. A vanilla flavored egg at breakfast is the latest caprice of luxury.—New York Herald.

"Well, he's got all the time there is after we're gone. I want you should be very distant with him—and, Sarah, I guess you'd better not begin any German readings."

During Mr. Morison's next visit Sarah appeared in her aunt's room with a very anxious expression.

"Aunt Polly," she said, with an effort at composure, "Mr. Morison's brought the German books, and I don't know what to say about it—"

"Well, go on," said the old lady, "I suppose you're bent on it any way, and perhaps he'll help you some."

She lay very still when she was alone, sometimes with her eyes open, but generally keeping them closed as pictures from the past, and visions of what might be ahead of her floated through her brain, and the peculiar cruelty of her brother's will smote her heart afresh. When she had been left a widow forty years ago, Ezra Turner had promptly bade her stay on in the house which had seen the happy years of her married life, and which had been endeared to her by a regular association; when the sorrows it had witnessed consecrated the place almost as tenderly as its periods of joy, while from the time she had brought her little orphan niece Sarah home, a new interest was given her life, yet one inseparably bound up with the old mansion. Ezra's will fell like a thunderbolt upon the old lady and her niece. Indeed, there was little question but that it caused the weak turn which confined her to her room; and as she lay there now, faintly conscious of the voices from below, something like a wish never to leave the old home save for a final resting place brought a hot moisture into her eyes.

It seemed a long time before Mr. Morison went away. When the door had closed upon him at last Mrs. Thorpe alert for every sound, heard Sarah lingering on the stairs. Presently the girl appeared. Her cheeks were scarlet.

"Well," demanded the old lady, "what now?—what new thing's he going to claim?"

Sarah's color now swept all her face. "Oh, Aunt Polly," she said, "it's all as queer as queer can be. Oh, if you'll only let me. Please—oh, Aunt Polly, it seems Mr. Morison made his mind up right away, the very first day, he says—and he never wanted anything so much before."

"Sarah Molyneux," said the old lady, sitting upright, "what all's you? Speak English."

"Oh, he's asked me to marry him, Aunt Polly," said Sarah; "that is it; and he says I mustn't say no—he made all that up about going to be married—or rather, he says he was bound to make me say yes."

Mrs. Thorpe remained rigid in the same attitude for a moment without speaking. Sarah flushed and paled and flushed again.

"What'd you tell him?" at last demanded the old lady, with an accent of fine scorn. She was very proud of Sarah's conquest. She knew all about young Morison, and was well aware how highly he was esteemed.

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SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Aluminum is the best conductor of heat and electricity. Porcelain is being made from asbestos in Paris, France. It is said to be a superior article.

It has been discovered that colors when passing through a prism can be made to produce sound.

It takes eight times the strength to go upstairs than is required to walk the same distance on a level.

The theory that diamonds owe their origin to volcanic eruptions receives support from eminent scientists.

Flammarion, the French astronomer, is of the opinion that before a great while we shall be able to talk with the inhabitants of Mars.

Mr. Halv, of the Colombo Museum, has discovered that carbolized oil is one of the best preservatives of the colors of fish and other animal specimens.

Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take print out of clothing if it be hard and dry. Saturate the spots as often as necessary and wash out in soap-suds.

A quarry of natural cement stone has been discovered in the Province of Natal, South Africa. Near by are extensive coal deposits, which supply the fuel to burn the stone.

On a farm in the suburbs of Providence, R. I., there has been located what is claimed to be one of the largest and richest veins of granite east of the Black Hills, if not in the entire country.

The British Museum has discovered that the two alleged Etruscan antiquities which it recently purchased at an enormous high figure are mere Italian "fakes," and are absolutely worthless.

A Paris electrician has succeeded by means of his battery in forcing violets. It took four hours to grow his first batch. The bunch was plucked, tied with a ribbon and sent to the ex-Emperer Eugenic.

Lick Observatory in California has just been notified by telegraph of the new discovery of a new star near Chi Aurigae. It is of the fifth magnitude and therefore easily visible to the naked eye. It has a spectrum with bright lines.

Dried sulphate of copper in soap has valuable antiseptic and healing properties, almost entirely neutralizing by its use the ordinary dangers of physicians, nurses and any persons who are exposed to blood poison through cuts or scratches.

In the coming Crystal Palace Electrical Exhibition in London, England, upon the payment of a small fee, persons will be able to see through the telephone to the music performed at theatres in London, Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool.

It is said that a syndicate of Swiss and English capitalists have been formed to utilize a part of the falls of the Rhine at Laufenburg for the generation of electric energy. The water will be led to turbine wheels and 7000 horse power will be developed.

A meteor which fell in Alabama floured a furrow about as large as a four barrel and three or four feet deep, then bounded and struck a large pine tree six feet from the ground, shivering the tree. It then exploded scattering its fragments in every direction, cutting down small growth and tearing up the ground.

Carl Lumholtz is now exploring the natural history and archeology of the Sierra Madre in Northwestern Mexico. Among the birds of the Sierra Madre is the great woodpecker which is twenty-one inches long, and is therefore the largest woodpecker known. It goes in pairs, and cannot be killed except by one or two weeks on a single tree, so that in many cases the trees fall down.

Birds Gathered His Almond Crop. An almond grower of this locality hit upon a neat device for gathering his crop last fall. His trees bore largely, and this early became known to the yellowhammers, a species of the woodpecker tribe of birds, and they had regularly stored away large quantities of ripe nuts taken from the orchard in the limb of an oak tree near by. The astute orchardist watched operations, and at last hit upon a novel and labor saving plan, and he lost no time in putting it into execution.

The limb was sawed from the tree and replaced by a square shaped funnel long enough to nearly reach the ground; a bucket was then set underneath. A genuine robbing game then went merrily on. The birds gathered the nuts, which they dropped into the funnel and down into the bucket below, and as regularly as night came the almond grower would in his turn empty it of its contents and set it back for a new supply. This was kept up until the entire crop had been gathered, and the yellowhammers had departed broken hearted at the heartless deception practised upon them.—Butter City Enterprise.

Bass and Butterfly. I was fishing for bass one day in a quiet pool on Elkhorn Creek, near Frankfort, Ky., on the outer rim of what is known as Gaul's Bend, writes a correspondent.

A few yards above where I was standing, knee-deep in the water, was a broad shallow, where the current rippled, over sunken and about exposed rocks—before subsiding in the deeper waters of the pool. As I drew my bait temptingly across the pool in search of a hungry bass, I noticed a yellow butterfly winging its zig-zag flight across the shallow mentioned, and close to the surface of the water. When half way across, a bass, probably not over a quarter pound weight, suddenly leaped from the water, struck the butterfly with uncaring aim, and fell back with a splash in the shallows. The butterfly was hit hard, as it fell dead or stunned in the stream about three feet from where the bass had intercepted its flight, but unfortunately the little gladiator, failed to recover his prize, as it floated undisturbed down into the pool below.—Forest and Stream.

A TURPENTINE ORCHARD.

OBTAINING A VALUABLE SAP IN SOUTHERN PINE WOODS. Cutting "Boxes" in the Trees to Hold the Flowing Sap—"Dippers" at Work—From Forest to Still.

IN an account of the turpentine industry at Purvis, Miss., a writer for the Picaeony says: A turpentine orchard may comprise any number of acres of pine timbered land, but those of any magnitude contain from 10,000 to 15,000 acres. This, however, does not lie all together, some being close at hand, and other tracts as far out as twenty miles. For convenience sake, this orchard is divided into "crops," consisting of 160 acres of land, or about 10,500 turpentine "boxes."

The first step in opening up an orchard of this kind is the cutting of boxes, which is begun about the middle or last of December, and each year afterward new boxes or new timber are cut, in order to keep up the acreage of the boxes as the old ones give out. These boxes are made by a slice, as it were, being taken out of the tree near the ground, leaving a pocket cut into the tree toward the heart. Later on, another set of boxes come and cut a small chip out of each corner of the box, in order to give it roundness and enable it to hold the flowing sap. This process is called "cornering boxes." The boxes now measure fourteen inches wide, seven inches deep and four inches across. Generally only one box is cut to a tree, but if the tree is large more are put on. The laborers are paid one and one-half cents per box for cutting them. A tallyman goes out into the woods with a crowd, and as each man cuts a box he calls out his number, which is recorded.

About the middle of March, when the owner thinks the weather is warm enough to cause the sap to flow, he sends out the "chippers." To each man is assigned a crop of boxes, which he is expected to chip over once a week. If he is a good workman, he can perform the task in three days, but it is safe to say that the average hand takes the full limit of time and more. Commencing from the edge and center of the box, the tree is scarified in Y-shaped abrasures, with an instrument called a "backer," which is an open, semi-circular piece of sharpened steel attached to a short handle. On the end of this is fastened an iron ball, which gives impetus to the stroke made by the workman. Once a week one of these "streaks," as they are called, must be put on each side of the center line of the box on the side of the tree, in order to keep the sap constantly flowing. Of course, as each new streak is put on, the arch will mount higher and higher, and in two or three years will reach such an altitude that the tree has to be abandoned.

Formerly, when turpentine was higher in price, the tree was scarified to a much greater height than now, the workmen mounting ladders in order to reach the desired altitude. Sometimes, when round timber is scarce, back-boxing is resorted to which consists of going over the same trees that have been worked, and putting in one or two extra boxes to the tree. This policy is profitable in round timber, but, at the same time, it injures and weakens the tree, many being blown down by the wind.

When the fourth streak is put on the tree, which is four weeks after the chipping commences, sufficient crude or sap, has run into the box to enable the "dippers" to start to work. "Dipping" can be done by women and children, as it is comparatively light. Sometimes whole families work together, being given as many crops to dip out as they can undertake. The instrument by which the work is effected is a flat, heart-shaped piece of steel, attached to a long handle. The workman places this paddle into the box, and with a peculiar twist of the wrist brings out the contents, which he places into a bucket. The full buckets are emptied into the barrels, which hold 150 pounds of crude each. A child can dip from one to two, and an adult from three to five barrels per day, getting thirty cents per barrel for the work. When a sufficient number of barrels are filled the driver comes with a wagon, takes them up and hauls them to the still. The work of hauling is very severe, necessitating the use of the stoutest mules and heaviest wagons. Three wagons, pulled by twelve mules, are kept constantly going, consequently requiring a large number of livestock. The teams thus hauling bring in from thirty to fifty barrels of crude turpentine per day. The still runs from one to three "charges" per day, requiring eighteen barrels of crude to the charge. From each "charge" is distilled from two and a half to three and a half barrels of spirits of turpentine, according to the newness of the trees in having been bled. The balance of the "charge" consists of resin and chips. The first year's bleeding of the tree yield what is called "virgin dip," which contains a larger percentage of turpentine than the dip of any succeeding year. The resin which is made from this is also of a finer quality. As each year passes, the percentage of turpentine and grade of resin deteriorate.

In the fall of the year the accumulation on the side of the tree is scraped off and distilled, but it yields a small percentage and a poor grade of resin. The resin is inspected and classed by men whom the purchasers send out, the different grades bringing from \$1 to \$3 per barrel of 350 pounds. I have sometimes seen over a thousand barrels standing on the yard, filled with the hard, brittle amber substance. Undoubtedly much of the "imported English" resin comes from the orchards of Mississippi and Alabama, and has never been within sight of the sea.

The net profits of the Harvard College football team last year were something over ten thousand dollars.

The average amount of steel rails made in this country last year was over 1,000,000 tons per month.

THE OLD SPINNET.

Within an upper room it stands, A garret corner grim and gray Where spiders spin their silken strands Molested by no sunlight ray.

Yet dames and damsels, I dare say, Have loved its music; to and fro Their lily hands were wont to stray On that old spinnet, years ago.

I often fancy ghostly bands A stately minuet essay At dead of night, while unseen hands Their long-forgotten skill display.

The little children—where are they? For many must have danced, I know, To measure fanciful and gay From that old spinnet, years ago.

Some cavalier of other lands To it once sang his rouser lay, Regardless of the reprimand, Of her whose heart he longed to sway; Or some despairing genius may Have made it sharer of his woe, And loved his weary head to pray O'er that old spinnet, years ago.

Behold it still resists decay; There's music in it still, although The hands are dust that used to play On that old spinnet, years ago.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. Sometimes it pays to walk. Ohio has a tramp who is worth \$300,000.—Washington Post.

Some people talk about turning things over in their minds as if their heads were hollow.—Galveston News.