THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT.

A CURIOSITY OF SOUTHERN COMMERCE.

North Carolina Pine Leads All Woods in General Usefulness—Picturesque Scenes in Southern Forests—Where Alchemists Practice Magic.

For general usefulness, North Carolina pine ranks above all other woods. It exists in a belt running from the James river in Virginia to the northern boundary of South Carolina. This belt is about 150 miles wide, and is intersected by the 15 principal rivers and bounded by the five great sounds of North Carolina. A vast quantity of this lumber is now finding its way to the world's markets and builders from all sections are casting their eyes in that direction for the lumber which can be used for almost anything. The North Carolina forests have been pretty thoroughly opened during the past ten years and the increased prosperity of that section has necessarily followed. Every year witnesses an increased demand for the timber. As all resources of the South are becoming better known, the value of North Carolina pine is becoming more generally appreciated, and is commending itself more and more to practical builders as a wood worthy of consideration, and especially to the poor man, for North Carolina pine is cheap beyond compare whether it be used for framing, sheathing or interior finish.

Eastward from the Carolinian mountains the pine forests run down to the sea. The rolling sandy soil is patched with grass, pine needles and tassels, and here and there cluster great masses of juniper. The logging roads terminate in dense jungles, where gray hanging moss festoons their branches. At intervals lie vast swamps of cypress. Then there are rivers as smooth as glass under the gray haze, with gray logs swinging lazily in the current. The shores are lined with immense logs, stretching in either direction as far as the eye can reach. They are numbered by the thousand, and one may ramble along the causeway dry-shod for miles. The logs are chained together in rafts. Negro crews flit about picturesquely, flourishing hooks and saws and branding irons, and proclaiming measurements in singsong tones. New rafts come floating down from the forests. Steam tugs puff and cough and move off through the rivers and sounds to the waiting mills.

The North Carolina pine trade is indeed one of the curiosities of commerce. Ten years ago this was a despised wood. Now it is being shipped to all sections. It is used somewhat in shipbuilding. Northern railroad companies use it for sheathing depots and freight cars. Large shipments are even being sent to Europe. Shipments are even being unloaded in the ports of Greece. Cuba, in the past, took many shiploads. But the greater quantity is sold about New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington and in the New England states. Over 200,000,000 feet are sold in Greater New York annually. Philadelphia and Baltimore take about 400,000,000. New England takes about as much as Greater New York, and Washington about one-fourth as much. In these sections North Carolina pine has become one of the high class merchantable lumbers. In framing dimensions it is exclusively employed, and an enormous cutting off of demand for spruce, white and Norway pine has resulted. In sheathing, there is no wood which can compete with it, and for interior finish it is being used in many public buildings.

North Carolina pine, while standing in the forests, is easily distinguished by its great trunk and conical head. It is fine grained and very durable. It grows to a height of 90 feet. Over 150 mills are cutting it, and history shows that all this development has taken place since 1886. At present North Carolina pine has assumed an importance which few can realize without reading a few figures. The cut of 1897 was 450,000,000 feet. Nowadays nearly a billion feet of North Carolina pine finds a waiting market annually. When the fact is stated that a billion feet of lumber requires 100,000 freight cars of 10,000 feet each or 10,000 vessels of 200 tons each to carry it away, some idea may be found of the popularity of North Carolina pine.

The 150 mills cutting North Carolina pine and the forestral industries connected with them employ over 15,000 men, and their payrolls exceed $6,000,000 annually. They pay the transportation companies over $2,000,000 each year for delivering the manufactured product, and spend hundreds of thousands more with the merchants of the section. Some of the larger companies own one or more railroads, and the tonnage of a number of dividend paying railroads is largely made up of North Carolina pine.

Lumbering in North Carolina forests is novel and interesting, but is much simpler than that practiced in the Northern states. The forests are fenced by railroads and deep streams, and oxen or mules perform the "skidding," "breaking" and "sacking." In Northern forests it is necessary to depend on spring freshets to float the logs, and in some instances dams have to be erected to re-enforce the streams. Often while making turns in the shallow, narrow and swift Northern streams the masses of logs crowd so closely on one another they fill the entire space between the shores and form a vast wedge, which, until it is broken, prevents further progress of the logs. To break this jam requires skill, hardihood and work of the most laborious character. Another frequent and laborious part of the Northern "drive" is "sacking." This takes place when the log has been thrown up and lodged on the shore. To get them back again the log has to be absolutely carried by men back to the river. This is absolutely done away with in North Carolina, for the rivers are of such depth and character the logs simply have to be rafted, and are then dragged off to the mills by steam tugs; or if the forests are not convenient to water-courses, the logs are loaded in the cars and shipped to the mills.

He who would account himself a traveler must see the great Southern forests and their attendant industries, and no man has seen them until he has visited the forests of North Carolina. These points are inviting fields for inquiry, analogy and contrast as well as for the careless observation of anyone interested in lumber and its uses. The interior of the huge North Carolina mills bewilders into wonderland. It shapes itself into a twilight realm of mysteries, into a laboratory where alchemists practice magic. The mills seem to be all confusion, but harmony is wooed from discord, and order is founded on chaos. All is noise and tangled motion and shiny steel and piney smells. Gang saws are destroying a log a minute, link belts wriggle forward from the saws to the dry kilns with loads of fragrant boards, band saws whirl and whirl and whirl incessantly, and huge "circulars" grind out symphonies in steam and wood and steel. Lumber mills are indeed magic domains, and one may wonder at the genius which has chained forces so that one company can convert a small forest into material for a hundred houses in a single day.—Frank A. Heywood.

FRANK A. HEYWOOD'S LETTER.

Tales of the New South as They're Told by the Editor of the Tourists' Magazine.

Intensive Farming—Pennsylvanians in South Carolina—The Social Life of Colonization—A Farm Village With a Railroad, Sawmills and a Machine Shop.

Chicora, S. C.—The number of Northerners, and especially men from Pennsylvania, who are locating here is very large. This continued interest in the agriculture of the future, which really seems more fresh and strong every passing month, is a good sign, and can only result in good for our common country. The cities are not sufferers by the relief of their unemployed, so they need no sympathy.

The phrase "small farming," used of the South, crops out in directions curious enough to one unacquainted with the special economies and relations of existence in that part of our country. Small farming means diversified products, and a special result of the Southern conditions of agriculture has brought about a still more special sense of the word, so that at Chicora, for example, the term brings up to every mind the idea of a farmer who, besides his cotton crop, raises corn enough to "do him." But, again, the incidents hinging upon this apparently simple matter of making corn enough to "do him" are so numerous as, in turn, to render them the distinctive feature of intensive farming. Small, or intensive, farming at Chicora, for instance, means, in short, meat and bread for which there are no notes in the bank; pigs fed with homemade corn, and growing of themselves while the corn and cotton are being tended; butter made and sold, eggs, chickens, peaches, watermelons, a few calves, a lamb or so—all to sell or eat every year, besides a colt who is now suddenly become all of himself a good serviceable horse; the oxen, who are as good as gifts made by the grass, and a hundred other items, all representing income from a hundred sources to the intensive farmer—all either products of odd moments which, if not applied, would not have been at all applied, or products of natural animal growth, with grass at nothing a ton. All these ideas are inseparably connected with that of the intensive farmer.

But intensive farming in Southern colonies is commendable in a broader sense than that of production, and that lies in its social superiority over any other method of farming. The Northern or Western farm is too large to be worked properly. The fields are ill kept, the farmhouses rest on the top of hills, or lie in the ocean of blue-gray prairie like islands in the sea. The sun scorches in the summer, the snow drifts in the winter. At certain times the large farm may be beautiful, but in every season it is lonely beyond words to tell.

The social life on an isolated farm is absolutely insignificant. The newspapers are but few; sometimes the daughter may have an organ and the son a fiddle, but they never have any up to date music. The decorations consist only of crazy-patchwork or the cheap chromos given as premiums with many five cent publications. The women folk of the family are faded, haggard and sallow, tired from early rising in the dark to get breakfast for the help who are necessary to the cultivation of so many acres. The husband is kind, but has to think of increasing his bank account. The woman's back aches, she is dizzy and faint, [illegible] load every day. Help cannot be afforded, neither can the services of a doctor on an isolated farm, as he has to ride ten miles, and charges $5. As for neighbors, the isolated farmer hasn't any. He can't be any worse off for that which makes life worth living, no matter how much money he has in the bank. When I think of the intensive farmers in the colonies, basking in the sunshine of sociability, I am glad that the Risleyites, the Rugbyites, the Ruskinites and the Waldenese have created a farm life where the man never grows footsore, the wife soul sore and where fields and bursting barns are not dissociated with the social requirements which make life worth living.

The farm colony is the mecca of the laboring classes. In America we all belong, or at least we ought to belong, to the laboring classes, but the most of us only get from our labor wherewith to keep a limited amount of roof over a limited number of heads. There are some who toil for ten hours only to buy themselves the right to a dozen cubic feet of sleeping room during such part of the remaining 14 hours as they may not choose to spend in the streets. Of this class, which has no condition or possession to characterize it beyond the fact of its laboring, there must always be found some lively minded and restless members who are ill content to gasp out their lives in the packed cellars and garrets down the back alleys of a sweltering city. They yearn for freedom of movement, for light and air, for the smell of the bare earth and the sight of trees and water. Many of these people have found their way to the colonies, and are multiplying in a measure proportionate to the interest taken in the Klondike or the Spanish war, magnitudinous as that interest has become.

A colony is a picturesque and excellent thing—an expedient by which the farmer secures all the benefits of society without sacrificing any of the utilities of life in the country. A colony is simply a farm village with homes established in a cluster, with churches, schools and stores. Chicora has a railroad, a sawmill, machine shops and a few other industries, operated by colonists, but Chicora is an exception to the general rule. The buildings as a rule are patterned after Northern homes and are made the foundation instead of the outcome of the struggle with nature. Domestic comfort and convenience are in their place the means, and not merely the end of life. Often the household goods are attractively enshrined in advance of the first fertilizers.

The spirit of co-operation which exists in the well managed colony lightens labor, saves money, and above all leads to a sociability that can be found in no other communities in the world. In a colony one plow will do the work for a dozen of the "ten acres enough" farmers. A man with a cultivator exchanges his work with another for the labor of a saw. The man with a pig exchanges a shoulder for a dozen chickens. The man who grows berries finds a ready trader in the woman who has more eggs than she can use. The man who needs to dig a ditch pays for the labor of his neighbor by adding in the shelling of a few bushels of corn. When a tool loses its edge it is sharpened by the man who needs its owner's services in fixing the kitchen clock. If bricks fall out of his chimney the carpenter devotes a few hours to the bricklayer's roof in exchange for the skill of the mason. A colony, to my mind, is a vast clearing house. To the more industrious go the larger balances.

The law of the world of laziness has its counterpart in the world of labor.

Right minded and right thinking people abandon the small, stuffy, half lit tenement house rooms for a colony similar to Chicora. The man who can prefer the seventh floor of a city tenement to the healthful homes in a colony, it seems to me, is filled with a meanness of small conventionality in which unconscious envy must go for something. Compare, ye who will, the dirty encased tenement of the coal or factory town, the black, crowded streets, where the children swarm in darkness, and the sad gaseous red lamps of the fakir's temples flare and flicker, your breath choked with the varied foulness of sewer gas and reeking swill tubs, and the surroundings of a colony, with neat homes dotting the landscapes far and ear; houses marking the lines of fresh roads; where the sunlight steals through the leaves of the trees.

Colonization is yet in the sunrise and spring time of its development. The marvelous exhibit of the past few years is but the prologue to the swelling theme. Only a trifle of the earth's pastures are as yet under cultivation; there are still thousands of tillable acres to be transformed into farms, and the alert and potent influences that have already done so much are in no danger of exhaustion. This strange, intense life which has given a quickened impetus, an enlarged and propitious meaning to the national talent for immigration is not a mere spasm. It comes nearer to marking an epoch of civilization. It is the new crowding out the old; it is progress declaring afresh that the earth is man's and the fullness thereof. And may I not say there is destiny in it? Or shall I salute it by a better name, and call it Providence?

FRANK A. HEYWOOD.

DIED.

May 16, in Franklin twp., Benjamin Hummel of consumption, aged about 45 years.

May 23, in Swineford, J. J. Shelly, the late foreman of the POST, of consumption, aged 23 years, 1 month and 19 days.

In West Beaver, May 11th, Mrs. Lucy Romig, wife of A. A. Romig, aged 52 years.

May 12, in Port Treverton, Mrs. Elizabeth Hoover, aged 78 years.

In Chapman twp., Catherine Arnold, wife of Daniel Arnold, aged 52 years, 10 months and 15 days.

May 13, in Perry township, Ambrose, son of Charles and Cora Ardent, aged 5 months and 2 days.

May 17, near Richfield, Susan Marks, aged 70 days.

Financial Intervals.

"A little quarrel now and then helps a love affair."

"Yes; the lover quits buying roses and gets a chance to catch up with his board bill."—Chicago Record.

Overdoing It.

"What makes you think S—— doesn't care much for his wife?"

"Because he's always so attentive to her in public."—Brooklyn Life.

In the Parlor.

Blake—I notice the young ladies play only religious pieces on the piano.

Lake—Yes; it is an upright piano.—Up to Date.

Hearts.

"My Queen!" fondly exclaimed the infatuated youth.

"My Jack!" softly responded the blushing maiden.—Chicago Tribune.

Knew All About It.

She—Did you know that a very warm room is bad for the complexion?

He—Makes it run, doesn't it?—Yonkers Statesman.

His Other Self.

Benham—You ate my other self.

Mrs. Benham—I wish you would spend more money on yourself.—Town Topics.

A Way Women Have.

Husband (to very old friend)—Strange, but my wife always wants me to remember her birthday, but to forget her age!—Tit-Bits.

How She Fixed It.

She was telling her dearest friend all about it.

"I told him positively I could not be his wife, but he is the most persistent man you ever saw.

"Indeed?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. He actually would not take 'no' for an answer, but I finally got the matter settled."

"How did you do it?"

"I said 'yes.' Will you be my maid of honor?"—Chicago Post.

Divorce Has Its Good Side.

Mrs. Fairleigh—Does your husband ever compare your housekeeping to his mother's?

Mrs. Warwick—Not now. He used to, though.

Mrs. Fairleigh—How did you break him of it?

Mrs. Warwick—I compared his behavior to that of my first husband.—Chicago Daily News.

How They Carry Their Pole.

You will find it a difficult matter
To move with the people of rank,
For, to walk on society's tight rope,
Your balance must be at the bank.
—Puck.

NOT PARTICULARLY WANTED.

Jink—My dear MacFuddle, it's the very thing you want! Charming house—lovely spot! Cheap, too. But one great drawback. You can't get any water there!

MacFuddle—O, that doesn't matter!—London Punch.

For That Tired Feeling.

The trouble with full many a man,
Upon this whirling clod,
Is that he thinks he needs a drug,
When he only needs a prod.
—Chicago Daily News.

Why It Didn't Count.

"Did you give him any encouragement?" inquired the mother, referring to the impecunious young man who refused to consider himself out in the cold.

"Oh, dear, no; none at all," replied the beautiful daughter. "On one or two occasions at the seashore last summer I promised to be his wife, but that was all."—Chicago Post.

A Serious Case.

Mrs. O'Grady—An' how's Mr. O'Reilly this marnin'?

Mrs. O'Reilly—Worse, honey. He was taken with another disease last night.

Mrs. O'Grady—An' fwhat is that same?

Mrs. O'Reilly—The doctor called it convalesh'nt!—Tit-Bits.

His Advice.

Editor—One of my fair subscribers wants to know how to change the color of her hair.

Caller—What would you say?

Editor—I shall advise her to marry some nice young man to reform him.—Puck.

A Last Will.

Uncle (adawyer)—Well, my boy, I'm sorry to hear that you are studying law. I can't see any way that a young lawyer can make money now.

Nephew—There is one way—"Where there's a will there's a way."—N. Y. Truth.

Death of a Noted Character.

Lewis Knapp, known all over the country as the builder of the strangest tombstone ever heard of, died of heart disease recently, aged 86 years. He was one of the earliest pioneers of Kenosha, and as a merchant of the early days took active part in the commercial rivalry of the time when it was believed Kenosha was destined to outstrip Chicago. He retired from active life 15 years ago, and since that time had been active in erecting the monuments which have been the source of his notoriety, and to see which thousands of people have come to Kenosha from all parts of the country. The features of the monuments, modest appearing in themselves, which have attracted such wide interest are the inscriptions. On one tombstone erected for himself he has for years advertised that "He Died as He Had Lived for Forty Years, Thoroughly Infidel to All Ancient and Modern Theological Humbug Myths." There are five of the monuments, all erected in the city cemetery, on the most prominent elevation. The inscriptions on them would fill probably two columns of an ordinary newspaper, and are all most pronounced in sentiment against the Christian religion.

Truth is certainly stranger than fiction, as has been exemplified at New Haven, a small mining town in West Virginia. About eight months ago a young man named Ruddy Roush, a coal miner, was seriously injured by a fall of slate while at work in the mines. All the physicians who saw him said his back was broken and it would only be a question of time until he would die. For weeks he lay in bed, not able to move a finger or toe; he could not turn over and at times could hardly speak. The upper part of his body was, to all purposes, dead and void of feeling. One evening he claimed a queer sensation came over him, and unconsciously he began to move his feet and wiggle his toes and fingers. "Something" he said, "seemed to raise me up" and before any of his family knew what was being done, young Roush had gotten up out of bed and walked across the floor. Since then he claims new life has taken hold of him, and it is believed it is only a question of time when he will be able to go about the street without the use of cane or crutch.

There used to be a hymn, based on a story, the gist of which was: "There's a light in the window for thee, brother!" A newspaper paragraph recently told of the death at West Springfield, at the age of 90, of Miss Lucinda Day. Seventy years ago she had a lover who went to sea and was never after heard from. She had promised to place every night a candle in the window to greet him when he returned, and the story is that she never gave him up, but that the candle burned nightly for all those 70 years. There must be many middle-aged persons who remember the hymn, and will wonder whether Miss Day's candle was the basis of it. It is recorded that the faithful lady's sister is the widow of Israel Bliss, for 40 years a missionary in Turkey, and that seems to make the connection between the candle and the hymn more probable.

His Natural Skin.

The Piccadilly Johnny has a new pair of boots; that is why he wears his trousers turned up even higher than usual.

"They are really real calf, don't you know?"

"I was sure of it," she answered. "Why, when you were coming along I thought you were barefooted."—Punch.

MIDDLEBURGH MA

Corrected weekly by our me

Butter
Eggs
Onions
Lard
Tallow
Chickens per lb.
Turkeys
Side
Shoulder
Ham
Wheat
Rye
Potatoes
Old Corn
Oats
Bran per 100 lbs.
Middlings "
Chop "
Flour per bbl.

FREEBURG.

Mrs. Zellers and her
Mrs. Bieber of Allentown
guests of Rev. Druckenmille
accompanied the Rev. and
to Fremont and Grubb's cong
last Sunday. They enjoye
and services of the day...
Boyer will attend the meeti
board of directors at Mt. Ai
Theological Seminary at
town, Pa.....A large
young men will be ordained
the following week at Phila.
exercises will also be held.
meetings will be of unusua
of the members of the min
of Pa., and all who take an
in the advancement of the
truth.....Memorial exercis
held here.....Charles H
will speak at Evergreen
.....Prof. Boyer at th
Cemetery near the church..
S. Glass at Fairview Cem
of the features of the day w
club of Liberty Girls w
decorate the graves of depa
of America .....Children
S. will decorate the grave
band will furnish the m
Notwithstanding the co
rain the horse sale was well
ed and horses sold readily
prices, averaging $95....
Lark, Esq., of Millersburg
friends at Freeburg. His
short but all enjoyed the
of his company. He is bu
gaged in the practice of la
is one of the delegates to
publican state convention
convenes at Harrisburg..
Charles was at Wagner ass
taking an invitory of goo
store at that place.
Prof. Wm Moyer attended the
of the Reformed classes as a
which convened at Centre H
week..... Subscribers to th
in our locality are very muc
ested in the old marriage
published in your weekly
It is like putting well season
into new bottles.

MARRIED.

May 15th, at the residenc
brides parents, by Rev. B. F.
Mr. Amon Smith of Troxelv
Dennis M. Smith of Adamsb

On May 22, 1898, at R
by Rev. O. G. Romig, Jacob
and Saville Swartz, both
Richfield.