

TIMBER CRUISERS.

The Woodsmen Who Explore the Trackless Wilderness.

Guided Only by the Mysterious Secrets of Nature.

On the frontier of advancing civilization there is a species of livelihood called "cruising for timber." The simile is an apt one, for the woodsman who seeks new timber regions amid the trackless wilderness, in which the sun is hidden by day and the stars by night, is as bold a navigator as his brother, who toils on the pathless waste of the sea.

The timber-cruiser is even more a child of the forest than the native he succeeds. He is the precursor of the lumberman and the sawmill, two important factors in our progressive civilization. He is untaught. Generally he knows nothing of astronomy but the sun's course and the polar star, because the heavens are so often wholly out of sight in the tangled forest that he relies on other guides. The mysterious secrets of terrestrial nature, handed down to him by generations of pathfinders gone before, keep him informed.

On the prairie he knows that the tips of the grass always incline toward the south, and that they are less green on the northward side. In the forest the slender twigs on the boughs bend southward so slightly, it may be, that only the trained eye can detect the deflection; yet it is there. The moss on the tree-trunks is always on the north side, the bark is smoother and more supple on the east than toward the west, and southward the mildew never comes. Thus does this unlettered savant box the compass in the wilderness.

The timber-cruiser is a hero. He is a forest king. The wealth of the woods is his. He always travels alone. His acts of courage, endurance, and skill are never witnessed by others and are never boasted of by himself. Indeed, his successes or failures are never talked about, save to the directors of the lumber companies who employ him, and to whom he makes a minutely detailed report. He has probably the best memory known to man, for he will return from a two-months' "cruise" and be able to locate accurately every tract of valuable hemlock timber in a hundred square miles of worthless woods and tamarack.

He undertakes the most arduous journeys without providing more than a blanket and a few days' provisions; he confronts all kinds of dangers, mindful of their inconvenience, but fearing them not, because he studies nature on a commercial basis. In brief, he is a true philosopher; always prepared for the unexpected; happy, because ignorant of the relative values of comfort and discomfort, and brave, because he is an egotist who believes thoroughly in his own abilities.

His is the task of locating the land-ship that capitalists and large corporations have purchased from the government. He precedes the woodsman, the ax, and the saw, just as the post-trader precedes the teacher and the preacher. He is to the advancing lumberman what the Don Cossack is to the Russian hosts.

The location of a choice tract of timber is a secret to be guarded with his life. Weeks, even months, may intervene before the lands can be "taken up" and entered upon the records at Washington. The pathless forest is his home, solitude his companion, and like his brother on the "multitudinous seas," he often dies alone, and his unburied body becomes part of the elements of nature he so intimately courts. He is new to literature, unknown to song and story.—[The Century.]

Effect of Air in Caves.

In his account of the visit to the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, Dr. Hovey describes the peculiar physiological effects experienced on emerging from that locality—the sense of smell being intensified to such an extraordinary degree that most common objects, such as trees, plants, animals and even people had strong individual odors, mostly unpleasant, and some visitors are known to suffer from nausea and headaches by reason of a too sudden change from the remarkably pure air of the cave to that of the outside world.

According to Dr. Hovey's theory, this intensification of olfactory perceptions is due to the rarity of olfactory stimuli in the cave, while on emergence, in keeping with a physiological law, the perceptive powers for these particular stimuli, having rested, are intensified, so that odors too delicate to make an impression under ordinary circumstances are powerfully felt—by

the constant repetition of the ordinary olfactory stimuli, this effect passing off, so that soon only the stronger odors are registered in consciousness; that is, consciousness is mainly concerned with the registration of the contrast between the stimulus of the moment and a background of confused and undifferentiated impressions; and though ordinarily, sensations are increased by more intense stimulation, they may be also increased—as in the illustration just given—by varying the background so as to bring ordinary stimuli into stronger relief.—[Globe Democrat.]

Forced to Live on Barnacles.

Not many people are ever compelled to subsist solely on a diet of barnacles, and when they are it is generally after they have been shipwrecked on some desert island, instead of in the midst of a wealthy Christian community. And yet that is what a man has been doing for several weeks. He has often been seen climbing over the half-rotten piles in the vicinity of the Mail dock at low tide and scraping off the mollusks, but nobody paid any attention to him until the other day he sat on a stringer and began to make a meal out of his gift from the sea.

"Do you like those things?" asked a by-stander, "and don't you know they are poison?" "They haven't poisoned me," answered the man, "and I don't eat them because I like them, but because I have nothing else and don't know when I will have." His story was only another chapter of the terrible experience of the unemployed. He was an unmarried man, and has wandered around the streets of San Francisco without food until he nearly dropped from exhaustion before he thought of eating the barnacles.

That was over three weeks ago, and in the meantime he has eaten nothing else. He was perfectly willing to talk about himself and he greedily devoured the tiny, raw bivalves. "Pretty tough food, ain't they?" asked the man who was watching him. "You bet they are," he replied, throwing a handful of shells into the bay. "But I would rather eat them all the rest of my life than beg."—[San Francisco Call.]

Decline of Whaling.

The whale fishery was at one time an enormous industry in the United States. It reached its height in 1854, when 692 ships and barks, 28 brigs and 38 schooners, with a total tonnage of 238,399, were engaged in it. By 1876 the fleet had dwindled down to 169 vessels, and it is doubtful if 50 are now at sea. The introduction of kerosene, and the increasing scarcity of whales seem to be the cause of this decline.

Some remarkable voyages were made in the old days. "The Pioneer" of New London sailed in June, 1864, for Davis Strait and Hudson's Bay, returning in September, 1865, with 1391 barrels of oil and 22,650 pounds of bone, valued at \$150,000. In 1847 the "Envoy," of New Bedford, was sold to be broken up; but her purchaser refitted her and she made a voyage worth \$132,450. On the other hand, a vessel made a five years' voyage, and on her return the captain's lay was only \$85 dollars. But, as the Nantucket captain, whose vessel returned from a three years' voyage as clean as she went out, remarked: "She ain't got a bar'l o' ole—but she had a mighty fine sail!"—[St. Nicholas.]

Ploughs Drawn by Camels.

The experiment of camels drawing ploughs has been tried in Southern Russia with remarkable success, it is said. The bad harvest of the last two years, together with the low prices of grain, have forced Russian agriculturists to look into the question of reducing expenses, and one great difficulty being to obtain animal power which would cost less for feeding than horses and yet be able to do the varying work of a farm, camels have been introduced upon an estate not far from Kieff. At present eighteen camels are at work, and their keep is found to cost much less than that of horses, owing to oats being dispensed with in their feeding. The price runs between six and seven pounds per head, inclusive of transport from the Government of Orebürg to Kieff.—[New York World.]

A Bejewelled Herring.

Mrs. Harriet Condit, a colored woman of State street, bought some herrings the other day, and upon opening one of them she found embedded parallel with the backbone a gold bar evidently belonging to a lady's pin. It is set with a moonstone about one-half inch long in the centre and at each end a large pearl about the size around of a lead pencil. It is valued by a local jeweller at about \$10.—[Hartford Post.]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

DANGERS OF AMMONIA.

Somebody is always saying to "put a few drops of ammonia in the water in which you bathe." If you want to get old and yellow and wrinkled, follow that plan. Ammonia is fine for household cleaning but never was meant to be used on the flesh. Sal soda, or washing soda, as it is sometimes called, is much nicer than ammonia, and is cheaper. Borax is better than either, but, of course, costs more. If you want to see how ammonia treats things, put a few drops on a cloth and rub a painted floor. It will take the paint off in an instant. That ought to teach sensible women that it will dry out and render the skin liable to crack.—[Washington Star.]

A SEASON OF RIBBONS.

There is to be a season of ribbons when warmer weather comes, and moire ribbons will be the choice when winter furs and other heavy trimmings are laid aside. Plain moire ribbons, especially black, from four to eight inches wide, are good investments at the present moment, as they are to serve not only on bonnets and hats but for neck scarfs, with the huge in-crovable bow at the throat, and also as belts, sashes and collars on light cotton dresses of zephyr or batiste in pink, mauve and green shades, and on the pretty lustrous and taffeta silks. China flowers of natural colors and bright dashes on white lustrous grounds are in other new ribbons for bonnets and gown trimmings, and those of satin and velvet will still give character to the very light colors that promise to be popular.—[New York Advertiser.]

A ROYAL DUMMY.

When the German Emperor was last in England an order was sent to a well-known firm of modelers in London for a model to be made of the Empress' figure, with movable arms complete, the upper part to be made of papier mache, the lower part below the waist like a telescope of wire framework. This unique fac simile of her Majesty is to be used as a substitute on all occasions when the Empress cannot be personally present. For instance, all dresses are to be tried on her second self. When they are sent from the dressmaker finished her Majesty will inspect and criticize them from every point of view, and pronounce on their suitability to the figure, and so on—in fact, see her dresses as others see them. This double is also to be used for decorating evening dresses with flowers, etc., and taking creases out of trunk-crunched gowns. The model is made like a telescope, one part to fold inside the other, so as to take up little more space when traveling than a bonnet box.—[St. Louis Republic.]

BYGONE FASHIONS IN JEWELRY.

A recent peep into a jewel box of twenty-five years ago, brought to light a most curious design in earrings—namely a horn of plenty made of filagree gold, long enough to almost reach the shoulder, and thickly encrusted at the opening of the horn with precious stones of almost every variety. Although at first glance one trembled for the wearer's comfort with the somewhat overpowering looking ornament dangling from her ear, upon taking it in the hand it proved to be very little heavier than the solid gold ball earrings that afterward became so popular. Mosaics were also worn about this time, and some were marvels of artistic workmanship.

The big gold-linked chain, from which hung an enormous gold locket, was the only necklace worn, while the narrow "glove band" bracelet of gold fitting tight to the wrist was considered indispensable to the toilet. Ladies in those days thought sapphire or emerald rings set with diamonds and worn on the first finger to be "quite the thing." Pearls were the favorite stones, become so perhaps, by the famous necklace owned by the Countess Dudley. This necklace was composed of a rope of pearls which went six times around the neck, each pearl being so absolutely perfect that six or eight would have realized a small fortune.—[New York Commercial Advertiser.]

A PRAIRIE WOMAN.

When the Duval family entered the Territory the daughter was but a year old; now she is twenty. By the good graces of the Indians her parents coming from Missouri, were allowed to settle on Sawlog Creek, and have made their home in the land of the redskin since. Mr. Duval started in 1875 with twenty-five cattle. They have increased to over 500 and make a large herd to care for. Minnie is the only child, and though so young,

is her father's chief assistant. She does not simply take the cattle to the range and leave them there, but remains with them all day, looking after the herd as well as could any cowboy.

Her duties frequently take her a score or more miles from home, as the cattle must be kept moving to feed well. Often some of the cattle become mired in the mud along creeks where they graze, or where they wade in to drink. Then comes the hardest part of the work. With true cowboy skill she throws the lariat over the slender branching horns, while the other end of the long but phenomenally strong jawhide rope is fastened to the saddle. Then a steady pull on the part of her pony draws the imprisoned animal to a place of safety on dry ground. She has a large herd for one person to handle, but with the assistance of two well-trained cattle dogs she does it well.

While on the range she dresses in true cowboy fashion—wide brimmed white felt hat, long gauntlet gloves, a lariat coiled about the saddle horn and a revolver at her belt—and rides the wildest bronco with thorough ease. When off duty she is a modest, unassuming young lady, the last one that would be suspected of such masculine accomplishments. At the annual round-up she has, during the past two seasons, taken her place with the other cowboys and made a good record. In lasso-throwing, when the wildest of steers are turned loose and goaded into fury by matado methods, she has held her own, and was given a handsome saddle last fall by her masculine competitors as a testimonial to her exceptional dexterity and skill.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

FASHION NOTES.

The Charlotte Corday fiasco of soft lace or chiffon is worn crossed in front and tied at the back.

A snowflake having the snow tint true to nature in enamel is one of the favorite pins of the day.

The rage for black and white is as great as ever, and the most striking of stripes and plaids are seen on the street.

Geranium red is one of the new colors which no one but a brunette with a pale olive complexion should attempt.

Bertha made to fasten in the back, and finished all around with crisp little frills, are quaint, and at the same youthful looking.

Corn-colored flowered moire makes up an elegant tea gown with chiffon platings in old rose hues and old rose-tinted velvet.

Red serge, camel's hair or sackling dresses are combined with black watered silk and trimmed with many rows of very narrow jet gimp.

There is a great tendency to make bodices with vests of accordion-plated silk, which are wide at the neck and narrowed to a point at the waist, with wide revers turned back on each side.

Murderous looking daggers and scimitars with hilts sparkling with gems impale the lace at the throat, are stuck through hats or run through the Psyche knot at the back of the head.

Some new brooches are of single large stones, ruby, amethyst, topaz or emerald, set in gold, cut in such fine designs that it gives out almost as many flashes of light as small diamonds.

A woman whose neck is thin should never try anything but the square collar. The generously proportioned look best in the V style or the oval. Only perfectly proportioned shoulders should be bared.

Moire sashes are seen on debutantes' gowns. The liberty silk sashes are also worn, being tied in empire fashion high up under the arms and spread out in a butterfly bow at the back, the long ends falling to the hem of the gown.

The bow knot is the latest thing in hair dressing; it is set up high on top of the head and stuck through with a tortoise shell dagger; the front hair is parted in somewhat demure fashion and brought rather low down on the forehead.

A new-fangled form of card tray has been devised. Thanks to its existence talented painters will have a chance to make a spread of their powers. On the surface of tray scenes, either Scriptural or romantic, are painted. Thus does luxury satisfy its whims.

Black and dark blue chadlie with white or gay colored flowers make extremely serviceable dresses for mountain or seaside wear. These pretty gowns replace the India silks and are more appropriate for certain occasions, such as afternoons at home, etc.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN.

His Sweetheart's Face.

WALTER LEROY FOGG.

They found him, when the market rattle Had died away,
Lying there the forest battle
As no that lay
Unknown his name—they only knew
He fell in strife
But where the breast blood trickled thro'
They read his life:
For there his cold hand held a face
Serene and fair,
Features in mold of virgin grace
Framed in gold hair,
And stern eyes then grew soft with tears
To think that they
Had held the same hope thro' those years
As no that lay
With life light put in sad eclipse
By bullet's hiss,
So near the sweet and waiting lips
He longed to kiss.
"Blue and Gray" for March

ONE NIGHT IN THE PITS.

A Period of Danger and Suffering at Knoxville.

DURING the siege of Knoxville by the 43rd Regt., was in line just to the left of Fort Sanders, towards the Holston river, taking in Col. Bowen's fine residence. I remember how much at the time I disliked the idea of helping to make potholes in his house to fire through, but as the Colonel was there himself and said "Go ahead, boys," we did.

Just outside of our line were several little shallow rifle pits, which to occupy during the day was most certain death, as the rebels in some buildings close to hand could pick our men off without much trouble. But at night these pits had to be occupied, as there was danger in the rebels flanking Fort Sanders in the darkness. Once in these pits you had to keep very low, as the rebels, having the range on them, would fire away at random at night, making it very dangerous for the occupants.

It finally got so bad that no one was allowed to be detailed for said duty. The night in question I, with some 23 others, were stood in line; each man's name, with number of the pit, was put into a cap, I being on the right of the line was the first man to draw. I drew the first prize, and a comrade of the same company drew the corresponding number. We two were to occupy the same pit. At the time I was very glad of it, as neither of us were very stout and would not take up very much room.

As darkness came on we received orders to prepare to occupy the pits. Standing in line, Comrade Lanigan on the right, I on the left, at the word of command we both made a run and a dive for our pit, into which we were obliged to land, with the bullets whistling all around us.

Once there all we had to do was to keep low and suffer, for it was in the last of November and very cold and disagreeable without an overcoat and with shoes in a dreadful condition. My comrade I had known from childhood. He was one of those witty, brave young native born Irishmen who don't know how fun y there are, and kept up a steady stream of talk. Otherwise I believe I should have died from the exposure.

His fun was cut short very suddenly about midnight. Some 200 men belonging to I think, the 20th Mich. came charging past us, driving the rebels from the houses, and near our lines occupied by their sharpshooters and setting them on fire. In a very short time they were all ablaze, the light being so great that one could have read from it. Then every battery under Longstreet and ours cut loose and I can assure you things were lively for a time.

But our cup of misery was not half full. It commenced to rain; it poured, and the water commenced to drain into our little pit. Soon we were sitting in water to our hips, and cold water at that.

"Ladies and gentlemen: Under all circumstances it is difficult for me to speak. An hour ago I might have made a speech, but now I am almost afraid to try. I know as few as the good these chaplains have done—writing letters to the friends at home for the sick and wounded, to anxious, sorrowing mothers and fathers. I have not words to express my thanks for this welcome, I appreciate."

But he said not another word. He stood in the presence of that vast multitude and wept, and the multitude wept with him. Before another year had passed, loving hands had laid the body of the incomparable soldier in the tomb.

Brigand Congressmen.

Something much akin to consternation has been created throughout Greece by the issue of warrants for the arrest of several members of the national legislature on charges of complicity in the acts of brigandage which are now monopolizing the attention of the Hellenic government. One of the most prominent supporters of M. Delyannis, namely, M. Takis, representing the district of Trikkala in parliament, has already been lodged in jail, and it is expected that he will shortly be joined there by several of his colleagues who are accused of being in league with the Thessalian banditti.

Five Persons Killed in an Explosion. A paraffine lamp exploded in a dwelling in the Clerkenwell district, London, on Mr. and Mrs. Croger and three little children were burned to death.

Crusoe's Populace.

The island where Robinson Crusoe was monarch or all he surveyed, is now inhabited by almost sixty people, who attend the herds of cattle that graze there.

KEYSTONE STATE COLLINGS.

PROF. HARTSHORN SENTENCED.

HE DOES NOT ATTEMPT TO JUSTIFY HIS CRIME AND GETS TWO YEARS.

NEW CASTLE—Prof. Hartshorn, who pleaded guilty to malpractice, his victim being Aida Robinson, was sentenced by Judge Hixon to two years in the penitentiary and fined \$50. Before sentence was passed Prof. Hartshorn made the following statement:

"I have nothing to say in justification of the crime to which I plead guilty. I am sorry for myself, sorry for my friends, sorry for those who have been connected with the crime, sorry for those over whom I had charge for two years in this city and the disgrace my fall has brought on them. I have not lost all hope of life and expect to rise again, although I have now fallen. Those who have not been in prison know how to compute time. Those who have not been incarcerated know not the length of a month as I know it. The short time that I have been sentenced seems to me an age. I have nothing further to offer, but place myself at your mercy."

ONE MILLION LESS.

FINANCES OF SOME NATIONAL BANKS OF THE STATE.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The national banks of Pennsylvania, outside of the cities of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, according to their reports to the comptroller of the currency on the 28th of February, held over \$1,000,000 less in lawful money than they did at the date of the last previous report, December 31, 1898. At the same time their loans and discounts had decreased from \$104,732,219.15 on December 31 to \$104,496,629.82 on February 28. On the former date their gold holdings were \$5,689,711.69, on the latter date they had decreased to \$5,333,705.94. Stocks, securities, etc., held on February 28, \$10,974,149.23; on December 31, \$16,336,874.44; surplus fund on February 28, \$18,912,236.03; on December 31, \$17,784,927.09. Individual Deposits on the former date \$94,767,753.98; on the latter date, \$97,279,041.25. The banks now hold an average reserve of 31.0% against 28.30 at the date of the December report.

THE STATE'S FINANCES.

HARRISBURG.—While the state will save about \$7,000 this year, because the Legislature does not meet, this financial advantage will doubtless be neutralized by the stagnation of business and the consequent decrease of revenues. Last year the receipts aggregated in round numbers, \$13,252,000, which sum was \$171,000 less than the expenditures.

THE GIANT MAIL CARRIER'S DEATH.

READING.—John Lief, who carried the mail between this city and Dover, Lancaster county, died on his farm near the latter place, aged 63 years. Mr. Lief was a giant in stature, his height having been 6 feet 4 inches and weight 360 pounds.

FOUND TWO MORE BODIES.

SCRANTON.—The rescuers in the Gaylor slope came upon the second body of Saturday night. Sunday morning the seventh body was partially revealed. The rescuers believe the bodies of all the remaining six victims will be found within two days.

SWALLOWED A TOOTH AND DIED.

BUTLER.—Mrs. John McCarthy of this place while in a spasmodic fit of coughing Saturday evening swallowed a false tooth. It lodged in her windpipe and she strangled to death.

WHITE CARS MUST PAY FINE.

WARREN.—Judge Foley sentenced the Kinross white cars as follows: Dr. Stranahan, was fined \$100, Charles Morton, Leroy Strong, Charles Newark, James Hardagan and O. A. Chap were fined \$50 each.

DURING CONVERSIONS.

INDIAN.—During the revival meetings which have been held by the churches here during the past fifteen days 500 persons have been converted and united with the churches.

Six masked robbers forced an entrance to the bedroom of W. S. Confer, storekeeper, postmaster and express agent at Bens Creek, and at the point of the revolver compelled him to hand over \$250 and a gold watch. Of the money \$80 belonged to the postoffice, \$15 to the express company and the remainder to Mr. Confer.

Twenty eight converts to the Church of God, at Hollidaysburg, were baptized in the Juniata river Sunday. While the converts were returning to town the omnibus upset, and Elsie McManany and Mrs. Westley Elliott sustained fatal injuries and four others were badly bruised.

One day last week a large flock of white swans were observed winging their way north along the Cassinetta river. An Abner Wilt of Garrett succeeded in shooting one of the largest birds in the flock. It measured seven feet six inches from tip to tip and weighed sixteen pounds.

Twenty eight brick tenement houses owned by the W. L. Scott Coal Company, were totally destroyed by fire at Scott Haven, Luzerne county. The houses were occupied by employes of the company.

JAMES DOLBERT, a shoekeeper who killed Arthur Michner during a tax chase near Philadelphia, was found guilty of murder in the second degree there.

LOUIS MORRIS, the O. J. oil operator, who was drowned recently in Chautauque Lake, carried \$200,000 insurance of which \$45,000 was in accident companies.

ELLA KETTLE, a little 6 year old step daughter of Frank Miller of Du Bois, was struck by a fragment of rock from a blast on Saturday and killed.

T. M. WEAVER, the clairvoyant doctor who was convicted at Erie for fortune telling, was sentenced to six months in the workhouse.

ANOTHER body was recovered from the Gaylord slope near Plymouth. It was that of James Kington. Thirteen miners were killed by the roof caving in the mine a month ago.

At Altoona, Annie, the 19 year old daughter of Andrew Flier, is lying at the point of death from eating fritters made with baking powder containing poison.

The Alice furnace at Sharpsville went out of blast on Saturday order to make repairs. This leaves but two furnaces in blast there—the Spearman and Mable.

WINS BY AND BY.

"Walter," said a gentleman on a ferry-boat to a poor, helpless cripple, "how is it, when you cannot walk, that your shoes get worn?" "A bluish came over the boy's pale face, but after hesitating a moment, he said: "My mother has younger children, sir, and while she is out washing I amuse them by creeping about on the floor and playing."

"Poor boy," said a lady standing near— "not loud enough, as she thought, to be overheard. "What a life to lead! What has he in all the future to look forward to?"

The tear started in his eye, and the bright smile that chased it away showed that he did hear. As she passed by him to step on shore, he said in a low voice, but with a smile: "I am looking forward to having wings some day, lady."

Happy Walter! Poor, crippled, and dependent on charity, yet performing his mission. Doing in his measure the Master's will, patiently waiting for the future, he shall by and by "mount up with wings as eagles; he shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint."—[Christian Statesman.]