

MINING CEDAR LOGS

A. Unique Industry in New Jersey Swamps.

Trees Buried for Centuries Found in Fine Condition.

The mining of cedars has been an industry in the swamps near Dauteriville, N. J., for three quarters of a century. It is the most unique mining in the world.

When one speaks of mining cedar the impression usually is that petrified cedar is meant. It is nothing of the sort. Ages and ages ago a forest of cedar trees waved its multitudinous branches in the breezes about Cape May. They were superb monarchs of the forest, many of them, and they met their death in some violent manner. They fell prostrate, perhaps through the agency of some terrific storm, and perhaps through some tremendous earthquake.

Possibly the tumult of the in-rushing waves was sufficient to overturn the gigantic trees by the force of the waves and by the undermining of their roots, but they may have been done to death in a more gradual way by the destruction of their life at the roots by salt water. Down they all went, however, into the soft muck in which their roots were imbedded, sinking deeper by reason of their weight, until the mold of centuries of leaves closed over them.

The resurrection time began away back in the year 1812, when some prosaic South Jerseyman, delving the earth, hit upon a cedar log and hauled it out to the light of day. To the surprise of every one it was found to be in a fine state of preservation. It had been successfully protected from decay by the peculiar qualities of the soil about, one of the strange accidents of nature which set scientists agape every now and then. It did not take long for the natives to reason that there might be more logs of the same sort in the vicinity. So they went about plunging an iron rod into the soil. When the iron rod struck something hard, and after they had satisfied themselves that the substance was wood and not stone, they attacked the earth with their shovels and soon had another laid bare. Practically the same process is pursued to this day, and thousands of feet of excellent timber have been procured since the mining of cedar began.

The trees often lie over one another, and sometimes in heaps, as the dead men lay on some of the battlefields of the Civil War. The miner usually has little trouble in "striking wood." One or two little jabs into the soft soil oftentimes suffices to locate a log. When the prod strikes the log the miner chips off a piece with the sharp points of the tool, which brings the splinters to the surface when drawn out of the muck.

By the appearance of this chip the experienced miner can at once tell whether the log is sound or rotten. If it is sound, he at once falls to work to prod up and down its length until he has determined how long it is. This ascertained, he goes at the mining. He works a saw similar to those used in cutting ice, down into the earth, severs the tree near the roots, and also at the top. The log is then ready to be raised. A ditch is dug down to the log, the trunk is loosened by the cant hooks, and it rises with the water to the surface of the ditch. A very odd thing happens to the logs when they rise to the surface—they invariably turn bottom side up in the water. To haul the log off to the mill is then a very simple matter.

The venerable trees are white cedar, and as the saw cuts its way into them an odor many times intensified over that of the red cedar of today rises to the nostrils. In color the wood is of delicate flesh tint. Strange as it may seem, not a single log, it is said, has ever been found that was waterlogged. The earthen shield about them perfectly protects them from the dampness of the swamps, in the very midst of which they are. So far there seems to be no means of telling how deep down into the earth this cedar mine goes. Although the mine has been worked for eighty-old years, the first layer has not yet been entirely removed. That there are more beneath the first layer is certain.

The old logs make an excellent building material, and there are tubs, pails, casks and even shingles in South Jersey which were made from the wood seventy years ago in a fine state of preservation. What it is in the soil about the logs which has preserved them so perfectly no one seems to know.—Globe-Democrat.

New York has the greatest number of inhabited dwellings. 895,593.

How Ants Put Up Preserves.

No matter how orderly and systematic the housekeeper, when preserves are to be made great excitement prevails in the kitchen. There is a scouring of brass kettles, a washing of bowls, and all hands are set to work peeling the fruit, or taking out the stones—if it has stones—with a quill, weighing, and stirring, and skimming the pot, and finally dipping the steaming luscious fruit out tenderly, placing it in the jar, labeling these, and carrying them into a dark cupboard.

The tiny, insignificant ant, to whom Solomon referred us to learn wisdom, makes no such ado over her winter stores.

She is very much cleverer than a human being, for she simply walks quietly into the granary, touches the great heaps of seeds and grains, that the diligent workers have put away, with their quivering antennae, and the deed is accomplished. What this queer little creature has done is this: she has put a drop of formic acid, as it is called, upon each of the grains, which arrests the process of germination, and consequently the food in these underground pantries may keep for years without sprouting. It is the same substance which the busy little bee introduces into its honey, dropping a tiny bit of this poison into the honeycomb from the end of its sting.

The famous naturalist Moggridge repeatedly observed that when the ants were prevented from reaching their granaries the seeds began to sprout, and that this also happened when they abandoned their nests. It was inferred that these insects possessed the means of suspending the action without destroying the vitality of the grain, and the principle of life hidden in the seed; and now it has been proved that this strange power lies in the formic acid just mentioned. A German scientist went so far as to suggest in 1877 the use of it for preserving fruit for human households.

One naturalist relates that a kind of Indian ant collects large stores of grass and seeds, and after a severe storm brings out the entire stock within the granaries to dry it for it seems the excessive moisture destroys the preservative power of this acid. Another tribe of ants which lays up immense quantities of wheat and oats, is so small that eight or ten individuals are required to carry a single grain. They move in separate rows, over rough and smooth ground, up and down steps, often travelling hundreds of yards to place their booty in the common storehouse, where it is preserved according to the means described.—Atlanta Constitution.

An Emperor's Curious Hobby.

The German Emperor, whose hobbies take various directions connected with engineering—marine, locomotive and military—possesses a splendid working model of a railway, with engines, cars, points, signals and stations. This he works ostensibly for the amusement of his children—in reality, for the pleasure and recreation it affords to himself. The designing and working of small steam or oil launches is another of the German Emperor's favorite pastimes. Of these he possesses a large number. He has recently given an order to a famous Thames builder for a little electric launch, which, when finished, will be as prettily furnished and speedy a little craft as floats. In the palace at Berlin the whole floor space of one great room is frequently the arena for the make-believe manoeuvres of whole troops of toy soldiers, with mimic cannon, artillery, ammunition wagons, tents, fortresses and all the pomp and panoply of modern warfare.—Tit-Bits.

Hot Water for a Cold.

"During dangerous weather of this sort," said the old doctor, "the most careful persons are apt to catch a cold in their chests that will extend swiftly to the lungs if not attended to. It usually makes its presence known by a constricted sensation just under the breastbone, where the flesh is the thinnest. When a person experiences this feeling he can rest assured that he can procure almost instant relief by drinking a cup of water as hot as he can bear to take in the mouth and swallow. There is no better medicine in the world to arrest the progress of a cold than hot water, and, besides its effect upon the stomach and the system generally, it is beneficial in the highest degree. And in sore throat the remedy will be found almost a specific."—Washington Star.

Did Her Best.

Mamma—I hope you behaved like a little lady while Mrs. Hightone was trying to entertain you?

Small Daughter—Yes'm. I put my hand over my mouth every time I yawned.—Good News.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

HOW MUCH DRY FODDER.

The quantity of dry fodder given to a cow may be fifteen to twenty pounds daily. It depends on what other feed is given, as if part of the feed is ensilage, or roots, or much grain is given, less hay will be needed. But if hay and grain alone are used, the feed may be ten pounds of each, or two-thirds of hay and one-third meal. It is best to have the grain ground as finely as possible, and the food is best digested when the hay is cut into chaff and wetted and the meal is mixed with it. The food is then better masticated; and this first digestive process, when best done, aids the other digestive organs to do their work.—New York Times.

NOSTRILS OF THE HORSE.

The large, open nostrils of the Arabian horse is a sign of endurance, as the horse cannot aerate his lungs through his mouth like a dog and other animals. He can only breathe through his nose. The soft palate forms a complete partition between the mouth and throat, and can only be elevated or allow the passage of food or water backward by compression such as that which occurs in swallowing. The passage of air through the mouth is entirely prevented by the soft palate. By plugging a horse's nose he may be readily suffocated. It is because breathing can only be performed through the nasal organs that spacious, open nostrils are considered not only beautiful, but necessary, for they allow at times of unusual exertion for the free passage of large volumes of air into the over-tasked lungs during respiration.—New York World.

FOWLS EATING FEATHERS.

All female animals at times are possessed by a craving for some kind of food which it may be well believed they need at such times. As hens produce a large quantity of eggs in which there are sulphur, nitrogenous matters, and other substances which, of course, are needed to make up the complete bodies of the young chickens, all these must be supplied in the food, and grain alone will not furnish this supply. When, therefore, the hens are called upon to yield the eggs demanded, and they are stinted in the needful materials, these are drawn from the system until this is exhausted, and then the natural instinct of the animal impel it to get what is wanted from the easiest source. And this is from the feathers of her companions, which she pulls out without regard to appearances. The simple remedy is to supply the need in some form of food. This is easiest done by giving chopped cabbage, rape seed, mustard seed, turnip seed and green rape; all of which contain from two to twenty parts of sulphur in a thousand. If this is done regularly, this mischievous habit will never be contracted.

HOW TO RAISE PRODUCTIVE VINES.

A rich sandy loam is the kind of soil best adapted to raising vines. But most any soil which is suitable for general farming can be made to grow good crops of melons, cucumbers, squashes and pumpkins. In fact, there is really no excuse for farmers to be without these fine fruits of the garden. Especially are melons in their season greatly relished by every one and they are also very profitable crop to raise.

The ground should be plowed deep, and be worked until it is perfectly mellow, and then if we want to raise large and luscious fruit fertilize in the hill with barnyard manure, cow or hen manure being the best for this purpose.

Last summer I experimented quite extensively with my vines. I tried a few vines both of melons and squashes, where the manure was spread on the soil as is ordinarily done for corn or potatoes. I also fertilized in the hill with horse, cow and hen manure. While the excessive drouth checked the growth of every plant, yet it was a valuable thing so far as testing methods of culture and the value of various fertilizers are concerned. The vines that were planted where the manure was plowed under bore but little fruit and that of inferior quality. There was a decided gain where horse manure was used on the hill. But the growth was most marked where the hill was fertilized with cow or hen manure, the hen manure being most potent of all. Where the latter was used I raised fine, large squashes, and melons which weighed thirty-five pounds. Hen manure should be composted, otherwise it will be so strong as to ruin the seed. It should be saved in boxes or barrels under shelter until

time for using, if not so cared for it will be of little value as a fertilizer.

When vines are fairly well matured and the fruit has begun to set take a sharp knife or a pair of shears and cut off the ends of the vines. Do not fear to do this, even to the extent of cutting off considerable inferior fruit at the ends of the vines, for the sap that goes to nourish so much vine can be more profitably used by the growing fruit.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

WATER-CRESS CULTURE.

The cultivated cresses are larger and superior in flavor to those grown wild, and the market for the improved sort is good. Wherever there is a good swamp with a fresh water brook flowing through it on the farm, water-cresses should be cultivated as a side crop, and if the markets are near by quite a little income can be made from the crop. The method of culture is simple, although it requires considerable initial labor to start the beds.

The swamp should first be cleared of the trees and bushes as much as possible, and then be cut up into ditches running parallel to each other and at right angles. Each ditch should be about four feet wide and two feet deep. A space between the ditches should be left on either side large enough for a man to pass along to gather the crop. Cross ditches should intersect these parallel ones about every twenty feet. All of the ditches should start from the head of the brook, and the fall in them should be very slight, so that the water will flow away very slowly. If one end of the swamp is much lower than another the depth of the ditches should vary just enough so that the water will be kept distributed evenly through them.

Everything depends upon having the water under control. If the swamp is low on one side the mud from the ditches should be thrown up to form an embankment. At the lowest point a dam should be constructed to let off the water when needed. In the spring and fall the water will collect too rapidly, and it will be necessary to drain off considerable of the surplus, and a good dam will then fully pay for itself.

When the ditches are all ready the cresses should be planted in the bottom of them by securing cuttings from old beds. The cuttings can often be taken from the wild cresses in some neighboring swamp. They will improve in flavor and quality under their new conditions. They can also be raised from seeds, and the seeds are thrown broadcast into the ditches. The cuttings are pushed into the muddy bottom about a foot apart each way. They will in a season spread all over the bottom and form a complete mass of green. In the winter and early spring the plants are harvested for the market. In doing this, care must be taken not to destroy the plants, but simply to cut off the edible part and leave the roots growing. The harvester should take a bunch in the left hand, and them with a sharp knife cut off the stalks about four inches down. The plants should not be pulled. The cresses are packed usually in half-peck baskets, which in turn are packed in crates. In winter these baskets sometimes sell as high as \$1 apiece. This is the most profitable time to gather the cresses for market.—Boston Cultivator.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Ventilation is desirable, but see to it that your horses do not get too much of it.

A good roadster means more now than formerly, both as regards style and speed.

Horse breeders are now finding a market for first class stock in the European markets.

It has been suggested that all lands that are allowed to grow up in weeds, which send their seeds far and wide, should be heavily taxed.

Crude petroleum is an excellent liniment for cuts, bruises, and sores on animals, and a bottle of it should always be within reach in the stable.

The hogs that have not yet been slaughtered will prove expensive during this cold month, as it requires too much corn to keep them supplied with warmth.

Farmers' meetings in winter have done much to improve agriculture wherever they are held. The members discuss subjects of importance in agriculture and stock growing, and frequently excellent lectures are delivered by eminent scientists.

Judging of the value of an animal by its weight will not enable the owner to learn if the animal affords a profit. It is the cost of an animal that gives the value. A small animal may give a larger profit than one that is heavier because its cost is proportionately much less.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Justice to one is mercy to thousands.

It is pitiful to see the penalties which folly has to pay.

Haste makes waste maybe. Yet somehow you seldom see an ex-lustler in an almshouse.

He that at the plow doth thrive is the man who's best at getting others to do all the work.

We attract hearts by the qualities we display; we retain them by the qualities we possess.

Those who have achieved the greatest renown were those most loyal to singleness of purpose.

The man who borrows large sums from a defaulting treasurer is often as guilty as the treasurer.

The average talker in love with his own voice is the victim of unfortunate, but natural, imposition.

A serious and costly trouble with many people is their inability to separate sport from gambling.

A shining light in society is a very poor light to depend upon when darkness comes and storms blow.

There are those who presume to despise work but work has produced all the wonders of the world.

Women frequently do more to injure their characters from mere bravado than from evil instincts.

The older a man is when he gets married the sooner he commences taking his lunch at noon downtown.

A clear conscience can rest easy on a bed of granite, while an evil one would be uneasy on one of swans-down.

He that thinks himself the happiest man, really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatest fool.

When poverty enters at the door, love may fly out of the chimney, but he doesn't always remain, contented, in Fifth avenue palaces.

There is no computing the number of times we have served as a link in the chain of the inevitable in the lives of those whose paths we have crossed.

Western Big-Game Preserves.

Most wild animals are much more local in their habits than we imagine; that is, they become attached to some especial small range of country, to which they confine themselves at certain seasons of the year. We see the same thing in our domestic stock on the range. A bunch of horses will live for months in some little set of ravines, feeding over the same ground day in and day out, until some change in the weather leads them to move to another locality. The same is true of range cattle, though they wander more than horses. Though all species of our Western wild game wholly change their range in spring and autumn, yet, after they have settled down on their summer or winter ranges, the area that they cover in their daily wanderings is not extensive. At certain hours of the day they go to water; at a particular time they will be found lying down, usually in the same place, or feeding in the same neighborhood. The hunter established in one locality, who is fairly observant, who has time to familiarize himself with a particular range of country and its wild inhabitants, and who does not wantonly disturb them, will learn after a time just where to look for small groups of the various species. On a horse ranch, where, in the past, I have spent much time, I came to know exactly where to go if I wished to find two or three little companies of mule-deer or of antelope, and at last believed that I could recognize the different individuals of the various groups. In the same way I know certain valleys, plateaus, or ridges where I can be sure of finding a little bunch of mountain-sheep, known to be the same by the number and ages of its members. I have watched for several successive days the same family of white goats feeding on the mountain-sides above my camps, and can go to certain rough slopes of slide rock and precipice where these animals are always to be found. That elk and moose have essentially the same habit I have no doubt, although I have not been able to verify my belief by observation in the case of these species. The caribou is said to be more of a wanderer.

In the National Park there are believed to be now about 200 buffalo, 15,000 to 20,000 elk, 500 antelope, and an unknown number of moose, deer, mountain-sheep, and bears. But there is no reason why there should not be many other such breeding-centres, where big game should be preserved and very greatly increased.—Harper's Weekly.

VALUE OF A SPY IN BATTLE.

BUSH-WHACKING WARFARE.

Exploits of a soldier Who Gained Information at Gettysburg.

At the recent reunion of the First, Tenth and Twenty-ninth Maine Regimental associations at Beunion Hall, Dr. H. N. Howard, who was assistant surgeon of the Tenth Maine infantry, related the following incident:

"On the second day of the battle of Gettysburg, the Tenth corps was on the right of the Union line. The first division (General Williams) occupied the extreme right at the foot of Culp's Hill, where slight earthworks had been thrown up. In the afternoon the enemy appeared to be massing on our left. General Meade ordered the First division of the Tenth corps over to the support of the left. This left the Tenth Maine occupying the extreme right of the Union line alone.

"The enemy doubtless discovered the movement, after dark it was found that they were moving by the left flank down the ravine back of Culp's Hill. This was reported to General Slocum. He lost no time in informing General Meade, who ordered a trusty scout to be sent out at once to ascertain the facts. Captain Beardsley called for a volunteer for the desperate service, the night being black as ink. Henry Kalkock threw off his chevrons, and in the blouse of a private soldier announced himself ready. Kalkock was First Sergeant of Company D, brave as he was daring and efficient. With dread, as to the result, Captain Beardsley sent him out into the darkness. At midnight the brave sergeant returned, and reported that he had penetrated the lines of the enemy, who were then occupying the works but a few hours before vacated by General Williams' division.

"This was at once reported to General Meade who ordered General Williams to return. Under cover of the darkness the movement was noiselessly accomplished. They approached so near as to hear the whispered voices of the enemy within the intrenchments, and there remained until first light of dawn discovered to the enemy the immediate vicinity of the Union forces. Then was initiated the bloody assault upon Culp's Hill, where, in indiscriminate heaps, lay the fess of other army. When the sun went down old Glory waved in triumph over the little earthworks on the extreme right of our lines, announcing the first victory gained in the battle of Gettysburg.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

OBSCURED TO PAPER COLLARS.

Col. J. C. Rathbone, of Kansas in the late war was in command of the old West Virginia eleventh Union volunteers, which was kept on duty continuously in the mountain country comprehended by Boone, Wirt, Jackson and Litchie counties, in the state, and it was a hazardous, bush-whacking sort of warfare that gave none a chance to make a record, but it was war just the same, and was much more risky than fighting out in the open.

"We hunted rebels just as we did rabbits and squirrels, and they hunted us the same way," said he recently. "It was a war of assassination and rapine. Sometimes I had 2,000 men under my command, and again they would draw men away from me to adjacent commands until I would have only 500."

One of my companies I lost permanently. It was a fine, rugged body of men, eighty odd strong, every man a marksman, and most of them sang men and deer hunters, they got farther and farther away until they got brigaded finally with a lot of Jerseymen and New Yorkers in Sherman's army. They were in the Atlantic campaign and the march to the sea, and they saw Joe Johnson hand over his sword. When the war broke out he came off at Washington in 1865 they were there.

The order went out the night before that every man in the great army should be supplied with a paper collar and a pair of paper gloves for this last and grandest dress parade of the war. There were only twenty-two of the eighty odd left—the others had fallen in action. They were commanded by their surviving second lieutenant. The order for collars and gloves was against the grain. It was said that the lieutenant was the only man that had ever worn a boiled shirt, Linsey-moosey flannels and corduroy and been their accustomed body wear. They rebelled to a man against the order, and the woman's glove linen, and the same night—about the blackest time before the day—the little band broke camp and struck out toward Rockville on the way across the country to their mountain homes in Clay, Boone and Kanawha counties.

The war was over, anyhow, they argued, and why should they stay in camp and let a lot of fool generals make them ludicrous by making them march with paper collars on? They foraged as they went, and for the last time raided the poor country that had been so often ravaged by the men of Lee and Jackson, McClellan and Meade, and Hooker and Burnside. This was as heroic a progress as the famous raid of the 10,000 in history, and the little band got home safe and sound, and in time to plant corn. When the Blair disability pension law was passed some of these old veterans tried to get pensions, and then they were told to get their pension that they had been granted by the little Jersey brigadier as deserters. When General Nathan Goff was in congress he tried to pass a bill setting the men right. I never heard how it turned out. I have been away from the country now located in Kansas with my three sons, some eight years."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE SHILOH CELEBRATION.

The survivors of the bloody battle of Shiloh expect to celebrate its thirty-third anniversary at Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., on April 5th, 6th and 7th. The last anniversary was on the two days last mentioned in 1862. Generals Grant and Buell commanding the Union forces, and Generals Albert Sidney Johnston and Beauregard the Confederates. Colonel E. T. Lee, secretary of the Shiloh Battlefield Association, has the names of over 12,000 survivors who are asked to joined in the reunion. The work of marking the positions occupied by the respective commands during the battle it is expected will be accomplished at this reunion. Many of the surviving leaders will be present. The association wants the company and regiment of every living soldier who took part in the battle. There were 114,338 men in this fight, thousands of whom have not been placed on the roll.—Grand Army Journal.

Tin Plate Making.

A report from John Jarrett, secretary of the Tin Plate Manufacturers' Association of the United States shows there are in this country completed and in course of construction 34 tin plate works. The capacity of these works will exceed an annual production of 260,000 tons of finished product, and will furnish employment to 11,950 to 12,000 hands. The capital invested is about \$8,500,000 and the wages paid will be about \$7,000,000 a year. The mills already fully completed have a capacity of over 16,000 tons of finished product and employ 7,000 to 8,000 hands, with an investment of \$5,500,000.

Coxey Army Reunion.

The survivors of the invading army that marched to Washington under General Coxey a year ago held a reunion at Massillon, O., Monday night. Carl Brown, lecturer at length and made the startling announcement that when the troops were in the heart of the mountains a conspiracy was hatched for the capture of the newspaper correspondents and the execution of those most offensive to the reincarnated reformers. Brown says that he held the destroying hand and the reporters were permitted to live.