

Maine railroads are giving more of the crossing-tending jobs to women.

The recent storms in Florida are said to have completely destroyed about 1,000,000 acres of timber and the monetary loss to the state will reach \$1,500,000.

The Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier notes the shipment of a carload of "palmetto extract" to Chicago, which it notes "is the first palmetto root extract to be used outside Florida and Georgia for making leather."

Katsura, the Japanese Governor-General of Formosa, intends to forbid the use of opium by all resident Chinese under eighteen years of age. It is feared that a stricter law would lead to the emigration of all the wealthy Chinese merchants.

Science laughs at the ordinary ailments of love. One of the cleverest women botanists in the country, the wife of a scientific man and college professor of New York, says that her husband fell in love with her at a time when she was in the most unpleasant stage of the disease known as ivy poisoning. "And what a sight I was," she adds.

Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, once known as Beecher's church and now as Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott's, has a bicycle rack, and encourages young people to come to Sunday school, which is held in the afternoon, on their wheels. "What we want to do," says the Superintendent, "is to keep young persons out of the parks on Sunday and draw them to Sunday school."

Despite innumerable explanations and demonstrations, the question continues to be asked whether 1899 or 1900 will be the closing year of the century, observes the New York Tribune. Reference to the rule by which the Gregorian calendar was established should be sufficient to settle the matter. It states explicitly that the number in a date is the number of the current year. The nineteenth century, therefore, will end with December 31, 1900, and the twentieth century will begin with January 1, 1901.

In spite of prohibitory laws, duelling is much in vogue in Italy, so as, indeed, actually to figure in the vital statistics as a cause of death. Between 1879 and 1895 no less than 3,444 duels were fought, 3,070 of them being with sabres. A total of 4,475 wounds were inflicted, no less than seventy of them causing death. It is significant that the greatest number takes place in hot weather, and the least in winter. There is evidently some relationship between the state of the weather and that of the blood, or the temper.

Beebohm Tree, the English actor, has evolved an ingenious theory to explain why it is that heavy tragedy has almost disappeared from the stage, and even light comedy is not too successful with the "variety show," says the New York Times. It is, he suggests, merely a matter of the dinner hour and digestion. When people eat their principal meal at midday, they could go to the theatre several hours later with their stomachs at rest and their brains demanding employment. Now passing directly from the dining table to the playhouse, they instinctively shun anything provocative of mental exertion. "What is tragedy?" asks Mr. Tree, and answers: "An empty stomach. What is comedy? A full one."

The trials of alleged Cuban filibusters that have occurred from time to time in various courts of the United States form, in their strict adherence to the letter of the law, an amusing contrast with the trials of Cretan filibusters that have lately taken place in Athens. According to the Hestia of that city, five officers of the Greek army were recently arraigned before the military tribunal charged with aiding filibustering expeditions destined for Crete, one of the officers Second Lieutenant Kalomenopoulos, was also charged with deserting in order to serve against the Turks in the island. The Attorney-General demanded that the prisoners be found guilty in accord with the evidence given; but the court without rising rendered the opposite verdict, and thereby established a remarkable precedent, the spirit of which seems to be that it is patriotic in a Greek to fight for Crete, and that patriotism may disregard all law and discipline. A procession of a thousand persons accompanied the liberated soldiers through the streets, while cries of "Long live Crete! Long live Crete!" rent the air.

A GOOD STORY



An Impromptu Pine Cutter.

BY GERTRUDE ELOISE BEALER.

Both would always remember the Christmas holidays that had just passed. They were as full of lights and shadows to her as a painting of one of the old masters.

The present days were employed in the fashioning of dainty garments, in a preparation for a wedding not far distant. With every stitch went a thought of the piny woods where she had found what she felt to be her life's happiness.

She had gone to visit a friend in South Georgia, whose cultured home lay just on the outskirts of a small village. She had returned full of wonder that a few short weeks could hold such joy.

The first portion of her visit was spent in idly enjoying all the delightful languor created by the climate; then she roused herself, and, in a whole-hearted way, joined in the plans formed for her entertainment.

Such novel affairs these appeared to her, fresh from her conventional city home. One evening there was an oyster roast in a great yard. Both sat upon a pile of adjacent lumber, and ate with decided relish the oysters brought to her in quick succession by her rustic admirers. The large logs burned with a cheerful glow, and allowed no closed oyster shell to remain long on its warm bed without revealing its inmost secrets. There were dances characteristic of the surroundings, and the rough fiddler's notes lent a lightness to her feet which the most select city orchestra failed to impart. It was all delightful. That which pleased her most of all was to drive through the piny woods and over the sandy road for hours at a time. The tall pines whispered softly their gladness that here at least no ice king ruled over the trees and the flowers. The white soil glistened with the sun's rays, as if its broad bosom were decked with precious stones.

A few weeks after Beth's arrival in Jessup, having expressed a desire to visit a turpentine farm, her friend Mrs. Leigh planned a winter picnic to the most interesting still in the surrounding country. It was owned and operated by two brothers, Ralph and Herbert Landell, who, five years before, had come from North Carolina. Both brothers were unmarried. The elder was forty years of age, and an interval of twelve years lay between him and the younger brother's age. The Landells were old friends of Mrs. Leigh, and they entered into the scheme for her guest's enjoyment with much pleasure.

On the appointed day quite a crowd of young people went out on this picnic frolic. It fell to Herbert's lot to be Beth's guide over the interesting portion of the farm, after the party had dined in the kitchen-dining-room of the little log house. He showed her the hands busy at work cutting deep gashes in the trunks of the pines so that in the approaching spring the sap would collect for its useful purpose. The workmen plied their chopping to an accompaniment of weird song, the melody of which vied in sweetness with the notes of a neighborhood mocking-bird. The immense turpentine still lay near by, silent. The huge, serpent-like copper pipes served at present only as tunnels to facilitate the travel of the varied families of creeping things over the move. Before many months, however, all this would be changed. There would be instead the whir of the machinery and the hum of life. Heat applied to the boiler would cause the pine sap to bubble and boil and two new substances would appear: the condensed vapor forming the salable turpentine, and the residue the rosin.

Herbert informed Beth that after this was accomplished he and his brother and the hands were kept extremely busy, packing and shipping the barrels of their goods to different points. She grew thoroughly interested in the work.

The day was one which brought a change into Beth's life. As a result, Herbert Landell became a frequent visitor to the home of the Leighs. The bright image of the city girl had stolen into his heart and refused to depart. Beth was not indifferent to the man whose deep voice and clear gray eyes unconsciously revealed to her every day how dear she was to him.

A few weeks after the day at the turpentine farm, their engagement was an open secret. Only one thing clouded Beth's joy. Her lover's elder brother, Ralph, did not approve his choice. The brothers were quite devoted to each other, and the younger relied greatly upon the other for advice in all matters. The difference in their ages had strengthened this reliance. When Herbert joyfully told his brother of his engagement and waited for the expected congratulation, he was disappointed that instead came only words of disapproval.

"She is a gay city girl, Herbert, and not the kind for you," he said, as he turned away.

"You forget, Ralph," the other retorted, "that I was reared in a city, and do not always expect to spend my life among tar, pitch and turpentine."

"I know all that," Ralph replied; "but there are years yet of this life for you. A fashionable city girl will never be satisfied even with a year of it. Several years may develop her now sunshiny disposition into one that will not keep yours sweet. Mark well what I say, my boy, and pause before it is too late."

Nothing could induce Ralph even to call upon his prospective sister-in-law. Of course this state of affairs caused happy-hearted Beth much sorrow, which was shared by her lover. She was always gracious in her manners when she happened to meet the elder Mr. Landell. He never unbent from a rigid politeness. All this only made her the more resolved to win his friendship before she should leave for her home. Intent on this, and with all the enjoyment which love gives, the days slipped by until she had been away from home for two months.

Beth was accustomed often to drive alone. Mrs. Leigh could not always accompany her, and thus it came about that her otherwise unoccupied time was spent behind old Charley, the gentle family horse.

One Sunday afternoon Mrs. Leigh asked her to be the bearer of some delicacy to a sick friend who lived a mile or so beyond the Landell farm. The distance was too great for walking, so the horse and buggy were brought out for her use. The glorious wealth of sunshine appealed strongly to her as she was driven lazily in the midst of all the glistening beauty.

Her route lay past her lover's home; and as she neared it she recollected that he had told her both Ralph and himself intended going that day to the nearest village. She was rather glad, for she preferred encountering him anywhere else than here.

Beth's visit to the sick woman consumed about one hour of her time; then she turned the horse's head homeward. How delightful was the spicy aroma which the breeze swept to her from the stately pines! Oblivious of time and distance, so intense was her enjoyment of her quiet surroundings, she was suddenly aroused from her reveries by the familiar landmarks which told her she was again approaching the Landell farm. She stopped the horse for a moment better to enjoy the peaceful picture. A hush lay over the whole place. In the distance she could just see the workmen's cabins where, no doubt, their inhabitants were at this time indulging in their usual Sunday afternoon slumbers, the reward of the week's hard labor. The silence was only broken by the occasional yelpings of the hounds.

But what was that flash of light Beth suddenly spied, as it leaped among the thickly scattered pines? She sprang from the buggy, quickly spotted Charley, and hastened to the spot which had attracted her with its brightness. She turned cold with terror when she saw a tall pine tree already kindling in flame. She did not stop to think how it had happened; she only realized that the flames were reaching out their hungry tongues in search of other food, and soon the forest of valuable trees would be ablaze, and the Landell still would be destroyed. It would take too long

for her to arouse the workmen. Then, what must be done? Looking around she spied an axe which one of the hands had carelessly forgotten. In a moment, throwing off her hat, Beth seized it and began chopping at the base of the burning tree. If she could cut it down then she could put out the flames with water from the spring which she knew was near by. A large tin bucket was always kept there with which to water the horses. Her swift and determined blows were accomplishing the desired effect. The slender trunk of the tree was becoming more frail in its support as the sharp axe sent the chips flying in every direction. At length it swayed, and, leaping out of the way, the excited girl saw the doomed pine fall with a crash.

There was no time to be lost. The flames, as if afraid of losing their prey, leaped higher and higher. Beth rushed to the spring, and quickly returned with the bucket of water, which she emptied upon the fire. This she did again and again, and soon only a harmless, smoldering mass remained of the lately blazing tree.

With flushed face and disheveled hair the young woman stood viewing her work, while Charley, near by, was quietly munching grass, as if nothing had happened. Just at that moment a buggy came in sight. It carried the Landell brothers returning from their drive. At sight of the bare-headed girl they hastened to her, and immediately saw what had taken place. Beth then related the particulars, and was overwhelmed with thanks and praise from both men.

"I will drive Charley back for you," said Herbert, as she prepared to depart. "The little hands that managed to chop down a tree must certainly be allowed to rest for a while."

"That girl's a brick, Herbert," exclaimed Ralph upon his return; "and I'm glad you've been lucky enough to win her."

Thus it was that Beth won the friendship of her lover's brother. She will always be grateful to the little boy who, she afterward learned, had mischievously set fire to the pine tree that memorable Sunday afternoon.—New York Independent.

At a Barrel of Eggs a Day.

"Do you like eggs?" was the question that stirred up a "49-or" to make some talk in a Bangor store the other day. He was an old man and he straightened up to something like the height of his prime as he answered: "I had a surfeit of them once. 'Twas toward fifty years when I was on the way home from California. We left the isthmus on a good brig bound for New York, but ran into a coral reef in the Caribbean sea and were wrecked. It was a patch of sand just out of the water, but you ought to see the flocks of sea fowl that nestled on it! They had to move out of the way to give us room to stay there, and that was about all they would do. Their nests were everywhere, and there were eggs in abundance. We ate about a barrel of them every day during the twelve days we were there. Some of us got off in a boat and went to San Juan, in Nicaragua, where we got a vessel to go after those we left on the reef. That vessel was commanded by William Lawrence, of Bath, who was killed by a man named Wilkinson, while he was a policeman there. He tried to get to the reef, but bad weather stove us up so we had to set in for New Orleans, where we found the rest of the men rescued by another vessel. But eggs!—the old man's face took on a peculiar expression.—Lowiston (Me.) Journal.

Curious Case of Manslaughter.

The bad habit that is of almost universal prevalence with the managers of music halls of not opening the doors until a few minutes before the performance, thus indirectly inducing a dangerous headlong rush of the crowd that has been collecting outside for an hour or more, has had a fatal result in Sydney. The most popular music hall in that city is the Tivoli. On the Saturday prior to the departure of the last Austrian mail, the rush into the top gallery was so great that a man named Gill was precipitated over the railings. He fell into the stalls right on the head of a Mr. Alfred Neander, who was promptly removed to the Sidney Hospital, where it was found that he had received a fracture of the spine. Gill escaped with a few slight bruises, but the Coroner's Jury found him guilty of manslaughter, and he has been committed for trial. The verdict was opposed to the charge of the Coroner, who said that Gill could not possibly have foreseen that he would have fallen over the railings of the gallery into the stalls.—London Westminster Gazette.

GINSENG DIGGING.

An Important Industry With the Indians of Michigan.

Peculiarities of the Root Which the Chinese Reverence.

Grand Traverse County, Michigan, claims the distinction of being the home of an industry of considerable importance which is but little known. This industry consists of gathering ginseng for exportation to China, where it is almost held in sacred reverence, the celestials believing it to be a cure for about all the ills which afflict humanity.

The Traverse City Herald says that from the middle of July until late in October the Indians, as well as many white residents, devote their time to hunting for the ginseng roots, which are to be found only in the dense forests and which will not stand cultivation or thrive in the openings. These hunters dry the roots and bring them in bags to the local druggists, who in turn ship them to the jobbers, by whom they are forwarded to the Chinese markets. The dried roots bring from \$2.75 to \$3 a pound and the green ones bring an average of eighty cents a pound. A considerable sum of money is paid out for them at Traverse City every season. The best quality of ginseng root is found in northern Michigan, although the root is to be found in other sections of the United States.

An examination of the best roots show that in shape they resemble the human body. The Indians have given them the name "A-ne-she-na-ba-sel-wang," which means "the little Indians." The Indians have many superstitions about this root, believing, among other things, that unless an offering of some kind is made to it, it will, if dug, exert an evil influence and even bring on war. In order to appease this evil spirit they always scatter a little tobacco in the hole from which the root is dug as an inducement for it to grow again and also to avert any evil influence which it might otherwise exercise. Under no circumstances can the Indians be induced to use the root themselves for medicinal purposes, although they have faith in the curing properties of many other kinds of roots and herbs.

It is not generally known that the name "ginseng" is the anglicized form of the Chinese "gen sang," although it has a foreign sound. The Chinese are the only people who have any use for the root, and they, too, are full of superstitions concerning it. All classes of the Chinese use it, it being the most favored portion of the highest mandarin as well as the lowest coolie. They believe that if they carry it with them on long journeys, it will give them strength and health, and keep them from all misfortune. They believe that in whatever form water appears in the body it is governed by the veins and ginseng so tones them up that they keep the other organs in a normal state of saturation and the animal spirits flow freely.

They also believe that the nearer the root resembles the human form the more efficacious it is. They say that the genuine root will have two offshoots near the crown to represent the arms, while about the middle it will bifurcate to represent the legs. It is the opinion of all the celestials that they never get the genuine root, as that grows only in the garden of the gods, and their druggists tell them that only earth-grown imitations can be procured. The roots, they say, have the power of concealing themselves from the eyes of the curious, and a few of them, whose natures are entirely pure, can at night see the halo of spiritual essence which it puts forth; thus locating it, they can unearth it at daybreak. This pretty idea would doubtless be dissipated if they could once see the Indians of northern Michigan hustling through the forests and digging the sacred roots by the bushel.

A Mammoth Pulley.

The largest two-piece pulley in this country is in one of the great iron work establishments at Pittsburg. It was made in 1893, and is looked upon as a marvel in the wheel casting line. None of the great casting works of the country would undertake the contract for making the gigantic wheel and the necessary apparatus to accompany it, so the firm desiring it (although it was out of its line of business) finally did the job itself. As it is now the wheel is twenty-four feet in diameter, has a face forty-eight inches wide and weighs 54,000 pounds. The whole pulley, clamp, side pieces, bolts, hooks, etc., weigh 61,000 pounds.—St. Louis Republic.

Life Saved by Salty Water.

No case in the history of Hahnemann Hospital has ever interested the doctors and nurses so much as the remarkable one of Charles Chatterton, who was struck in the side by the shaft of a cab at Broad and Filbert streets. He was taken to the hospital in a grave condition, and rapidly became so much worse that, fearing he had been internally injured, Dr. Northrop made an incision and found the spleen badly torn in two places.

While this was being done, the patient was rapidly sinking, and, as a last resort, although the case was regarded as almost hopeless, three and one-half quarts of warm salty water was injected into the veins through the arm and leg to take the place of the exceedingly large quantity of blood that was lost. This infusion has been used before in such cases, where the loss of blood has been great, for, were it not done, the heart, having nothing to pump, would soon cease beating.

The injured spleen was carefully and antiseptically packed in gauze to stop its bleeding, and Chatterton was placed in bed, with but little hope of his recovery. But he lived through the night, and, although slightly stronger the next day, was still so low that there was scarcely any hope that he would survive the injury and shock.

As Chatterton still continued to improve in the face of such odds, the doctors began to take more interest in his case. He was given blood-making foods and two subsequent infusions of salt water. The treatment seemed to agree with him particularly well, for it is said he is now fairly on the road to recovery.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Guessing Advertisements.

Look over your old newspapers and cut out any advertisements which are so printed that the picture can be used without any of the printing to tell what is advertised. Get about twenty different kinds, two of each kind. Take one of each kind and cut off all the reading, so there will be nothing to show what the picture advertises, and number them on the back.

When the company have gathered, provide each guest with a slip of paper and a pencil; then pass around the pictures, which are numbered, and request each player to guess what the picture advertises and write down his guess with the number of the picture on his paper. When the pictures have all been the rounds and been guessed on, ask the players each to write his name on his paper. Collect the papers and mark the guesses which are wrong, then count up and see who has made the greatest number of correct guesses. Award him the first prize, which may be anything your fancy suggests. For the booby prize, take the advertisements you have not used and make a scrap book. Make the leaves of bright colored cambric, pink the edges and paste the advertisements. Give this to the one who made the most mistakes in guessing, with the remark that if he will study this little book carefully he will do better next time at guessing advertisements.—New England Homestead.

Peculiar Defect in Eyesight.

"I know a boy who has a peculiar defect in his eyesight," said A. C. Lawrence of Rappahannock county, Virginia, at the Howard. "His name is Eddie Howe, and the story can be substantiated by almost any citizen of my county, as the case is well known in that locality. From birth the boy was supposed to be practically blind, and he was five or six years old before the discovery was made that, while he could not see in daylight, everything being blurred, and his eyes unable to bear the glare, he could see well at night. When the boy was five or six years old his father bought a pair of red-top boots for him and took them into his son's room in the dark, expecting to leave them and have the boy surprised when he felt them, but Eddie said, 'Oh, father, what pretty boots, and copper toes, too.' As the father could not see the boots, it was so dark, he began to investigate and found that the boy could see. The next morning the lad was blind again, and since then a great many oculists have been consulted. None of them have been able to cure the defect or even to determine what caused the peculiar condition.—Washington Star.

Vaccinated With Condensed Milk.

During a small-pox scare in Johannesburg, South Africa, an enterprising fellow declared that he was a doctor, and with a can of condensed milk and a needle, vaccinated about 1,500 people, charging each of them five shillings for his services.