GIANTS OF THE FOREST.

THE ENORMOUS REDWOOD TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

Great Size Which They Attain—Stumps on Which Quadrilles Are Danced—A Big Lumber Yard in a Single Specimen—Their Value Increasing.

IN VARIOUS parts of California—and in that State only — there are groves of the sequoia, or redwood, the value of which is becoming more and more generally known each year, says the San Francisco Chronicle. A great deal has been written regarding the beauty and utility of the lumber cut from these trees, and figures have been given to demonstrate the great size many of them attain. And still, beyond the facts that there are those standing through the trunks of which a coach and four is driven, others on the level stump of which quadrilles are danced, and others that tower 300 feet into the air, no description of the magnitude of the greater number of the trees found in the redwood forests will convey a better idea of their actual bulk than a brief sketch of what was lately done with one in the heart of the Big Basin, Santa Cruz county, by a party sent in there to fence in a large area.

All of those hired were experienced workmen, and the work of establishing a permanent camp was quietly undertaken. A tree already lying on the ground was selected as being straight grained and of good size. It was about 10 feet through

THE BURNT TREE.

at the base and 8 feet in diameter at the other other end of the trunk, 106 feet away. There was already a cabin on the site selected for the camp, so the first thing done was to build a corral for the horses. For this stakes were wanted. With the cross-cut saw a section of the trunk 8 feet long was cut off and quartered. These quarters were then split into slabs three inches thick and these slabs again split into stakes three inches square. As fast as these were sharpened they were driven six inches apart on the four sides of the square laid out, and in a short time an inclosure measuring forty feet on each side was made. On one side an annex for hay and grain was built twenty feet wide. About 500 stakes were thus used, which was about one-third of the number split out of the first cut. The next cut was 12 feet long and was split up into "slats" six inches wide and one inch thick. The second cut made about as many slats as the first did stakes. The slats were nailed as a ribbon or rail all

THE CABIN, BIG BASIN CAMP.

around the two corrals, which were then nearly finished. To complete them a gate was made to each one, the "swing" post to which being hinged in primitive style. The upper end of this post, being rounded, was passed through a "fork" cut from an oak branch, while the lower end, bluntly sharpened, was set on an oak block slightly hollowed out.

The line of stakes between the two corrals was cut down to about four feet in heighth and a row of stakes set slanting in the stock side. These were then lined and floored with slats, and thus a feed rack was made in a short time.

The cabin in which the cooking was done and meals eaten was made entirely from redwood, there being used in it about fifty slats, besides joists, plates, tie-beams, etc., all split from a tree. The roof was covered with "shakes." These are made three feet long, six inches wide, and one-quarter of an inch thick. On the roof of the cabin and the kitchen about 2,000 were used. One side of the cabin being cut out, a fire place was built, the adobe for lining it being made from the

THE GIANTS' CLUB.

stiff, black soil mixed with water. The chimney of this fire place was of slats set on end and the wet adobe was kept in place by a line of redwood, which is slow to burn when green. Besides, a small fire only was needed mornings and evenings, the day being hot.

Now that the cabin, corral, etc., were finished the balance of the time could be utilized in various ways. Out of the trunk could be made over 200,000 shakes, worth $800 on the ground, or 50,000 slats or stakes, or about 3,000 railway ties. From a single tree—not an exceptionally large one—126 cords of wood have been cut, making over 15,000 cubic feet of wood, and this without utilizing much of the timber among the branches and very few of the branches themselves.

In the Big Basin, where these notes were made, there are thousands of trees that will measure 10 feet in diameter, hundreds of others ranging from 12 to 15 feet, and not a few having a base of 17 to 18 feet One, the "Goliath," is a solid tree measuring 23 feet through at the ground, 20 feet at 5 feet above the spreading base, and 17 feet still higher up. This tree is now 200 feet in height, the lower half of the trunk being free from branches. It has been estimated that its weight is about 100,000 tons, and that it would make 1,500,000 feet, board measure, of clear lumber, the branches and top piling up 100 cords of wood.

The lumber, shakes, stakes, etc., from a good-sized tree have sold for over $500, the man who got out the material being paid $130 for his labor.

The Big Basin trees are as yet inaccessible. That is, they are too far from any railway to be marketed profitably now. But their value increases every year, and

THE PINE OAK.

before many years they will be cut for the lumber they afford. It is to be hoped that before that time comes the heart of the basin may be set aside as a natural park for the benefit of the present and succeeding generations.

Farmer Bell.

Farmer Bell did not believe in mental or moral sugar plums in his own family circle. He was quite willing to commend friend or family acquaintance, but he had a theory that his own family would be best improved by a Spartan discipline. The children must learn to do their duty without praise, and as for his wife, she had toiled for fifteen years without having once been told that she was a satisfactory housekeeper.

One night the two came home from a tea party at a neighbor's house, and Mrs. Bell, with the courage of the meek, said:

"Ezra, seems to me I heard you praising the mottoes the Smith girls worked?"

"Yes, I did," said Mr. Bell. "Real pretty they were for such nonsense."

"Your own girls have made some just like 'em. It'll tickle 'em to death. And didn't I hear you say that squash pie for supper was powerful nice?"

"Well, Mirandy, 'twas a good pie."

"Was it a mite better'n mine, Ezra?"

"Well, no, I can't say, as 'twas."

"When have you ever said one word to praise a pie or cake I've set afore you?"

"Maybe I ain't praised ye much, Miranda, but then I ain't complained."

"Yes, you have," said Miranda. "Yes, you have! Saying nothing is complaining, sometimes. It's just like pushing a heavy load up hill, besides what ye have agreed to carry, to go along day after day and not hear a word of praise."

Ezra began to think, and, although he by no means changed his spots entirely, he did from that time try to act on the theory that "woman folks" are fond of commendation.

Where He Was From.

When Thomas H. Benton was on his way to his first seat in Congress, he, with a large number of other members, stopped at a wayside inn for a relay of stage horses—it being before the days of railways. The members began telling from whence they came, and exchanging anecdotes about their States. Young Benton was silent during all the evening. Just before they began to retire, some one asked Benton why he didn't talk. He said he didn't know much, and had nothing to talk about. This caused a laugh, and an old member asked him where he was from, and if he was ashamed of his State.

"No," answered young Benton; "but I don't think you will care to hear where I am from."

"O, out with it. Don't be ashamed."

"Well, then, I'm from Arkansas. Now laugh, everyone of you blank fools."

It is needless to say they all laughed, but young Benton was voted to be the lion of the assembly from then on.—*Chicago Ledger.*

A Sweet, Confiding Creature.

"George, dear," said a young wife, looking up from the paper she was reading. "I see that people are carrying chestnuts in their pockets to cure rheumatism."

"Yes, dearest."

"Is it customary to carry things in the pockets to cure diseases?"

"It depends upon whether the person afflicted is superstitious or not."

"Because, when sewing on a button, it was your vest, I think, I discovered a quantity of cloves, coffee beans, and cardamon seeds in the pockets. Do you carry them as a remedy? Is there anything the matter with you, dear?"

"Ye—es, my dear," said George, stammering and turning as red as a boiled lobster, "I—I—the fact is, I—I—think I've got a little heart trouble."

"Poor fellow," she said as the tears came to her eyes, "and you never told me a word about it."

Selah!

Parasites of the Blood.

Some years ago a Russian observer discovered in the blood of birds living organisms strongly resembling those existing in the blood of persons attacked by malarial fever. It has since been found that these minute parasites are much more common than was at first suspected. Cold-blooded animals are especially liable to them, and the carnivora more so than other warm-blooded animals; but it is only rarely that they seem to cause inconvenience, and in only four or five out of three hundred birds examined did death result in consequence of lesions produced by the parasites. In those cases the symptoms were identical with those observed in victims of malarial fever.

A Proverb Well Indorsed.

"Remember, my boy, that time is money, and you must use it to the best advantage," said old Parrott to his nephew, at the conclusion of an hour's harangue.

"I will try to," replied the scapegrace. And as he looked at the kind old man's fifty-dollar check in the hallway, he murmured: "Eighty-three cents a minute. That hour's been well employed."—*Life.*

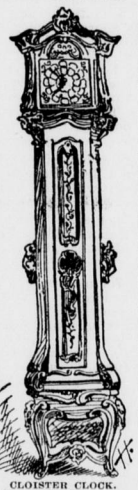
IN a horse-car: Thin gentleman (trying to squeeze in a seat between two stout gentlemen): "It seems to me that people ought to pay fare according to weight." Stout gentleman: "If they did, this car wouldn't stop for you."

CURIOUS OLD CLOCKS.

THE VALUABLE TIME - PIECES OF GEORGE W. CHILDS.

Rare Collection of Beautiful and Costly Specimens of the Work of Long Gone Clock Makers—A Few of Them Described and Illustrated.

HE WHO IS AT ALL interested in memorials of the past will not be loth to follow us in a short description of the highly interesting collection of clocks belonging to Mr. George W. Childs of Philadelphia, Pa. The cut below conveys an excellant idea of a magnificent specimen of the cloister clock of the sixteenth century. The case is of French oak, carved in fine taste. The artisan who fashioned it gives evidence of exquisite skill in management of detail, but best expresses himself when the work is viewed tout ensemble. Standing twelve or fifteen feet away the case most impresses the beholder with the grace and elegance of its proportions. Listening to its slow, solemn "tic toc, tic toc," intensified by its resonant case, it requires but small aid from the imagination to see it back again in chanceled niche, with groined roof and vanishing isles, where its sonorous bell summoned cowled devotees to monkish rites and vigils.



CLOISTER CLOCK.

The history of this clock, says the Keystone, is entirely unknown, but it can well be supposed to have come into the hands of those who bought and sold during the spoilation of Catholic churches at the time of the French revolution. The method of construction indicates that it is at least 200 years old. It stands about nine feet high, and the ornamentation in addition to the carving is of cast brass, cast and wrought over by hand, but the figures are Roman numerals, on plates of Venetian enamel. The panels in the case are also of the same cast metal, elaborately inlaid with tortoise shell. The movement is of no special interest, not being remarkably well made; the teeth of the weels are hand-cut and rounded.

AN EXQUISITE FRENCH CLOCK.

The clock shown is a very fine specimen of the modern French clock make, by Chaumant, Paris. It was constructed to the order of Dr. Swaim, of panacea notoriety. Indeed, for that matter, it was made under Dr. Swaim's own supervision, and it may not be amiss to add that the doctor himself was a very fine mechanician. Few clocks perform their function of time-keeping equal to this exquisite specimen of modern horological elegance, having a rate inside of two minutes in a year. It is a calendar clock, and shows the day of the week and month, making the proper changes for leap year, and showing twenty-nine days on bissextile years.

Below we have something unique, and without a compeer on the globe, the case being composed entirely of pieces of the precious stone, lapis lzauli, joined together in a sort of mosaic, but so skillfully done as to conceal the joinings, except on the closest scrutiny. The combinations are made so the darker portions of the stone harmoniously balance each other in the general effect. This clock was one of the chief attractions of the Russian exhibit at the centennial world's fair in Philadelphia in 1876. The material (lapis lazuli) is what the imperishable ultramarine blue is made from; the only color known to artists on which time has no effect. This substance, as a raw material, is worth its weight in gold, commercially, and when we come to add the value of labor skillful enough to fashion and combine the numerous pieces of selected stone to construct a clock case fully eighteen inches high by twelve broad we can roughly estimate the value of such a gem of horological treasure. The stone is very rare, and, while not being as valuable as the blue sapphire, is still more of a curiosity. It only reveals its peculiar beauty on close scrutiny—an innumerable galaxy of golden stars floating in an azure vault being then perceptible. This appearance is due to small particles of iron pyrites embedded in the crystalline mass. The movement is a fine one, of the modern French pattern, and good for several hundred years service.

A CLOCK OF GEMS

Look now at a beautiful specimen of the old French clock; it is probably two hundred or two hundred and fifty years old. The case is of yellow brass, and elaborately wrought. The history of this clock is also unknown, but it can well be supposed that it, too, is a relic thrown on the market by the tempestuous times of the French revolution when the rare and valuable household articles of the nobility of France were at the mercy of a rude populace. It may originally have been the pride of the boudoir of a French countess, then by change of fortune have told the hour for a sans culotte butcher at the time Danton and Robespierre made Europe stand aghast at the doings of an infuriated mob intoxicated by the most brutal passions. At any rate, this clock, at the time of its construction, cost too much money to belong to any but the most wealthy of the land.

AN OLD FRENCH TIMEPIECE.

Very Strange, but True.

Mr. Guzzle—Say, my dear, there is one thing I never could understand.

Mrs. Guzzle—What is it?

"Why is it that when a storm strikes a town in which there are twenty saloons and two churches, the lightning will dodge all around the saloons to get a whack at the churches?"

Mrs. Guzzle always said that her husband was incorrigible.—*Lawrence American.*

HEARING IN FISHES.

They Cannot Hear Sounds Originating in the Air.

The scientists tell us that in many fishes no trace exists of an organ of hearing; that the tympanum, its cavity and the external parts of the ear are entirely absent; that in others this organ is only imperfectly developed, and that in the remaining few, such as the shark, the shad, herring and others, there is an odd connection between the organ of hearing and the air bladder. With these crude facts before him, the ichthyologist leaves the angler to work out the answer to the question, "Can fish hear?" which is a most practical one to the careful angler in his pursuit of the educated game fish of our inland waters. We sum up briefly the conclusions of an old black bass angler on this subject.

Fish hear no sound originating in the air.

Place a cannon upon an India-rubber carriage, sufficiently large and elastic enough to deaden, when fired, all concussion upon the ground, and Mr. Fish, after the explosion, will be as placid in his pool as a gourmand after dinner.

But, step as lightly as one may upon the margin of a stream, and the fish will scatter like shot from the shallows where they are feeding or frolicking. The larger the fish and the lesser the depth of water the greater and wilder the scattering will be.

Security seems to lie with them in the relative depth of the pools, as the step of the angler only disturbs them in a foot or two of water. A fish lying in a hole three or four feet deep, close to the banks, is undisturbed by any ordinary concussion.

Again, any concussion originating in or upon the bed of the river or below the fish, does not appear to disturb them. This was verified by this old angler one day upon a large bass which he saw lying motionless within a foot of the stake to which the camp boat was tied. The water was about four feet deep. He struck several successive hard blows upon the top of the stake, which protruded about two feet out of the water, without causing a flirt of the fin in the fish below. Our angler at once concluded that the bass could not hear the noise made by footsteps upon the bed of the river, when wading in the stream and, as the jolly fins could not hear the conversation originating out of the water, anglers may indulge in social chat and pleasantries whenever inclined taking care, however, to be always on the safe side by not becoming too boisterous in their discussions or hilarity.

"Boys," said a fly-fisher on one occasion, "what fools these bait-fishers are to put their comfort in a straight-jacket when they go a-fishing. Some old fellows won't let you whisper in the boat, and are as querulous and over cautious as my grandfather was whenever he had an attack of the gout. He would lie flat on his back in bed, with his gouty foot propped up on a pillow, laid across a chair, placed bottom upward, and in this position would centre and strain his eyes and fears upon the knob of the chamber door, which was no sooner turned upon its axel than he was heard crying out with prospective pain, 'watch out for my foot.'

"It is just so with these old bait-fishers. A motion of your lip, although voiceless, and they would cry out if they dared 'watch out for my coming bite.' They are right in thinking that the least motion of the boat is apt to frighten the fish, but 'I won't go home till morning' by a dozen bass voices is less disturbing to a pool or a bank than the twiiching of a toe on the bottom of a boat."

The Largest Flower in the World.

In the farthest south-eastern island of the Philippine Group Mindinao, upon one of its mountains, Parag, in the neighborhood of the highest peak on the island, the volcano Apa, a party of botanical and ethnographical explorers recently found, at the height of 2,500 feet above the sea level, a colossal flower. The discoverer, Dr. Alexander Schadenberg, could hardly believe his eyes when he saw, among the low-growing bushes, the immense buds of this flower, like gigantic brown cabbage heads. But he was still more astonished when he found a specimen in full bloom, a five petaled flower nearly a yard in diameter—as large as a carriage-wheel, in fact. This enormous blossom was borne on a sort of vine creeping on the ground. The native who accompanied Dr. Schadenberg called it bolo.

The party had no scale by which the weight of the flower could be ascertained, but they improvised a swing scale, using their boxes and specimens as weights. Weighing these when opportunity served, it was found that a single flower weighed over twenty-two pounds. It was impossible to transport the fresh flower, so the travelers photographed it and dried a number of its leaves by the heat of a fire. Dr. Schadenberg then sent the photographs and dried specimens to the Royal Botanical Gardens, Breslau, where the learned director immediately recognized it as a species of Rafflesia, a plant formerly discovered in Sumatra, and named after the English Governor, Sir Stamford Raffles. The new flower was accordingly named Rafflesia Schadenbergia.

The five petals of this immense flower are oval and creamy white, and grow around a centre filled with countless long violet-hued stamens; thicker and longer in the fertile flower than in the infertile.

One from John.

There was a very pleasant diversion for quite a circle in the parquet between the acts at one of Kansas City's leading theatres the other night, although the scene covered with confusion a very charming society lady. She is from Chicago, although until a couple of years ago a resident of this city, and her visits here are quite frequent. Some time ago she was paid no little attention by a young man with whose mother and sisters she is intimate; but recently he gave way to another, and by him she was escorted to the theatre on this night, the two being the nucleus of a considerable theatre party. Just behind them sat the mother of the young man who was of old the young lady's regular escort, and with her was her youngest son, a bright lad of 7 or 8. He was always a pet of the young lady, and as soon as he set eyes upon her he waited impatiently for the curtain to go down. Then he spoke, and she turned pleasantly to greet him.

"O I forgot!" cried he, presently. He threw his arm impulsively about the young lady's neck, pulled back her head, and gave her a sounding smack on her cheek.

"John sent that," said the imp, very audibly, referring to his eldest brother, as he settled contentedly back in his seat.

And all the rest of the evening that young lady's cheeks were like the reddest of red roses.—[Kansas City Times.

Shortsighted Children.

A careful observation of some three hundred cases of short sightedness in children, conducted by Professor Forster, director of the University Ophthalmic Clinic of Breslau, led him to conclude that too tight collars were in a large number of cases responsible for the trouble. He found the parents suffering from a chronic complaint brought on by a disturbance in the regular and normal flow of blood, which he traced to the wearing of collars that were not sufficiently loose, and parents and teachers were cautioned to guard against continuing their use. The warning may be serviceable in similar cases everywhere.

—The most interesting exhibition in Europe next year will be the Loan Exhibition of Tapestry at the Austrian Museum.

—Correspondents of two London papers were recently expelled from Belgrade by order of the Servian Government.

—Wits, like drunken men with swords, are apt to draw their steel upon their best acquaintances.

—A departure from truth is hardly ever known to be a single one.

—The reproach of a friend should be strictly just—but not too frequent.

—Take gifts with a sigh; most men give to be paid.

—He is the best gentleman who is the son of his own deserts.

—A Pocket Cigar Case and five of "Tansill's Punch," all for 25c.

—There are 49 Jewish synagogues in New York City. U51

"Tis sad to see a woman growing old before her time
All broken-down and hopeless when life should hold its prime;
She feels herself a burden when blessing she should be
And longs for death to bring her release from misery.

—Berlin has 38,000 dogs.

SHE TELLS HIM THE SECRET.