

## VIEWS AND INTERVIEWS.

Lumbering in  
Bulgaria.

At the National Bulgarian Exhibition at Philopopolis there is a pavilion of forestry, tastefully constructed of log-wood, and containing various specimens of woodwork and blocks cut from the stems of the enormous trees which still flourish in the remote primeval woodlands of Rhodope and the Balkans. This is a reminder of the ruthless destruction of Bulgarian forests which went on in Turkish time and still continues to some extent, notwithstanding the efforts of the Bulgarian Government to check it. An interesting feature in this pavilion is a portion of one of the wooden tramways which are used for bringing timber down the steep sides of the mountains. The stems of young trees supply the place of rails, the felled timber is laid on wooden trolleys with small wooden wheels, and descends the mountain at a rapid rate in charge of two or three men, who find a precarious standing-place on a peg which projects over the wheels, and check the pace by working a brake with the foot.

A Peculiarity  
of Wood.

Microscopical investigation has proved that the pores of wood invite the passage of moisture in the direction of the timber's growth, but repel it in the opposite direction. This fact accounts for a phenomenon which is often noticed, and which puzzles a good many people, namely, why two pieces of timber sawn from the same section of a tree sometimes appear to possess very variable degrees of durability. If the wood, say, of a gate-post is placed right end up, the moisture in the soil will affect it, but the rain falling on the top will do it little harm; if, on the other hand, the butt end of the tree is put uppermost, the top of the post will decay, because the moisture of the atmosphere will penetrate the pores of the wood more rapidly in this position. Many people have noticed that the staves in a wooden tub appear to absorb moisture irregularly, some getting quite sodden, while others remain comparatively dry, and apparently almost impervious to moisture. In this case the dry staves are in the position in which the tree grew, while the saturated ones are reversed.

Some Woods of  
British Columbia.

Between the Kootenay river and the Rocky mountains, in British Columbia, maples are found quite abundantly, but compared with the pines and other coniferous timber they are so small as to appear more like shrubs than trees. But on the flat lands of the coast the maple attains great size, being often two and a half to three feet in diameter, though the trunk is often forty to fifty feet in height. The settlers call it the vine maple. The wood is very cross grained, and when dressed resembles bird's-eye maple quite closely, the grain being really very fine and handsome, and polishes beautifully, but requiring considerable labor. It must, in time, be recognized as of value for a furniture or cabinet wood. Back from the coast, in the valleys, may be found vast quantities of common poplar, cottonwood, white birch, alder, willow and yew. Compared with the other timber these species are so small as to not be considered of any value by the explorers, but the time must surely come when they will all be wanted for lumber. That time will come with the building of railroads and the settlement of the country to the eastward, which is nearly all a comparatively treeless prairie.

Wide of  
the Mark.

It is a good thing to point a moral and adorn a tale when opportunity occurs and the moral is of healthful, vigorous growth. The weaklings in morals are of as little use in the world as the weaklings of the forest. It is amusing, however, to notice how far aside, sometimes, the illustrations of the moralist are from real facts, conditions and experience. A recent writer on these lines tells us that "the history of the lives of the men who have made their country's history illustrious shows that they owed their profundity and diversity of knowledge to the labor they were obliged to perform in boyhood. Daniel Webster was obliged to assist in running his father's saw mill, which he afterwards affirmed was the best school he ever attended. He studied while the saw was cutting through the log." A lumber contemporary rather spoils the story by remarking: "The young man

who undertakes to follow Webster's example in these times will get beautifully left. The modern saw mill doesn't afford much opportunity for study, contemplation or anything else while the saw is cutting through the log. There were no shotgun feeds in the time of Webster."

Brains and Tails  
of Trees.

"What a strange underground life," says Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, "is that which is led by the organisms we call trees! These great fluttering masses of leaves, stems, boughs, trunks, are not the real trees. They live underground, and what we see are nothing more nor less than their tails. Yes, a tree is an underground creature, with its tail in the air. All its intelligence is in its roots. All the senses it has are in its roots. Think what sagacity it shows in its search after food and drink. Somehow or other the rootlets, which are its tentacles, find out that there is a brook at a moderate distance from the trunk of the tree, and they make for it with all their might. They find every crack in the rocks where there are a few grains of the nourishing substance they care for, and insinuate themselves into its deepest recesses. When spring and summer come they let their tails grow, and delight in whisking them about in the wind, or letting them be whisked about by it; for these tails are poor, passive things, with very little will of their own, and bend in whatever direction the wind chooses to make them. The leaves make a deal of noise whispering. I have sometimes thought I could understand them, as they talk with each other, and that they seem to think that they made the wind as they wagged forward and back. Remember what I say. The next time you see a tree waving in the wind recollect that it is the tail of a great underground, many-armed, polypus-like creature, which is as proud of its caudal appendage, especially in summer time, as a peacock of his gorgeous expanse of plumage. Do you think there is anything so very odd about this idea? Once get it into your heads and you will find that it renders the landscape wonderfully interesting. There are as many kinds of tree tails as there are of tails to dogs and other quadrupeds. Study them as Daddy Gilpin studied them in his "Forest Scenery," but don't forget that they are only the appendage of the underground vegetable polypus, the true organism to which they belong."

Wood  
in Clothespins.

The intelligent lumberman is interested not only in the trees of the forest, as they stand there in all their majesty and greatness, but he takes a pleasure in following their history after they have been felled and again after they have passed from the saw and gone, it is perhaps hard to say, where. Aiming to give an individuality and distinctiveness to the "Views and Interviews" page of the LUMBERMAN, we have discussed questions of this character from time to time. Last month, in propounding the problem, "Where does the lumber go?" we showed what a large quantity is used in the manufacture of packing boxes. At another time we have told the story of the lumber employed in the manufacture of spools and shoe pegs. Suppose we trace no inconsiderable number of trees until they reach the shop, and are made into the simple little article of clothespins—a necessary article to every housekeeper. "Clothespins," said a dealer, "are usually made of white ash, but we have them of beech, birch and maple. The wood is taken to the factory in logs and cut into lengths of thirty-one inches by circular saws. These are then cut into blocks which are reduced to sticks, then placed under another saw and reduced to clothespin lengths. Next the turner takes a hand at them, and from him they go to the slating machine. They are placed in troughs by the operator, the machine picking them up and slating them. Then they are placed in a revolving pipe drier, going thence to the polishing cylinder. Each pin passes through eight hands. A single plant consists of a board saw, gang splitter, gang chucker, turner lathe, drying house and polisher, and costs from \$10,000 to \$19,000. The little blocks of wood, 5½ inches long, are placed on an endless belt, which feeds the blocks automatically into the lathe. As the lathe is turned the pin is taken automatically from the spindle and placed on a turn-table and carried to a circular saw, which whittles out the slat into a pin. It is then finished and thrown

out of the turn-table by the same appliance that puts the pins on the table. Falling, they are caught in a basket or barrel, and are taken to the drying house to remain twelve hours or until dry. The polishing cylinder holds from twenty to forty bushels. This is run at a slow speed, about thirty turns a minute, and by simple friction and contact they become polished."

## CHOKE BORE SAW MILLS.

THE saw mill should be in its arrangement the reverse of a first-class shot gun. It should scatter at the muzzle, so to speak.

Perhaps the most common fault in saw mill construction is to make the actual cutting capacity of the mill in excess of the machinery, appliances and means for disposing of the product.

Oftentimes the constriction begins immediately behind the circular, band or gang. Here the trouble will be with the edger perhaps, which may be utterly unable to take care of the lumber if delivered to it as fast as possible, or if it does so will do its work at the expense of quality. More than one saw mill is losing from 25 cents to 50 cents a thousand on account of poor edging.

Sometimes the trimmers are overloaded and either hold back other parts of the mill or do their work without proper regard to its character.

Sometimes the devices for taking care of slabs or edgings are imperfect, and not infrequently a sawyer will have to stop his carriage for a few seconds until some slab is gotten out of the way of the board which is to follow it.

Sometimes the sorting platform is entirely inadequate.

But, while one or all of these facts are often found, it is a very rare thing indeed to find a mill so built that the tail end is too much "opened out," so to speak. The fact seems to be that too much attention is given to the primary machinery and not enough to the others. It may be possible, though hardly conceivable, to have too great a capacity with secondary machines, for such a method of construction would almost invariably result in improving the quality of the product to an extent which would more than pay for the extra expense involved.—The Timberman.

## A THREE CENT STAMP DOES IT.

ON receipt of a three cent stamp we will mail free to any address a copy of our little hand-book entitled "Rules and Regulations for the inspection of pine and hardwood lumber," as adopted by the lumber section and sanctioned by the Council of the Board of Trade, of Toronto, June 16, 1890. Address, CANADA LUMBERMAN, Toronto, Ont.

## THE SAWMILL OF THE GODS.

BY J. L. MOODY.

THE saw mill of the gods saws slowly the tree,

No matter how hard or how soft it may be,  
Nor the kind, whether oak, or basswood, or pine,  
The sawdust comes out of it almighty fine.

And noiseless it runs as the hour glass of time;

And sharply it cuts, and its work is sublime;  
For high on Olympus this saw mill doth stand,  
And ever it runs by an Almighty hand.

On the timber of mortals it saweth away;

And ever it saws by night and by day;

And it faithfully saws up all kinds of wood,  
The infernal had and almighty good.

Trees, storms and lightning have ruined and rift;

Rotten of heart; slimy deadwood and drift;

Old haunts of the vermin, where the woodpecker lurks,  
Are sawed in this mill where the Almighty works.

And the buzz saw therein shines bright as the suns

Forged by old Vulcan; and like lightning it runs

With this notice above it lettered in chert:

The man who here monkeys gets mightily hurt,

And there an Inspector stands silent and sad,

To divide all that's sowed—the good from the bad.

For says an old saw: "In the mills of the gods

Between good and bad there's an almighty odds."

And the one who divides, divideth it well;

The rot, shake and slabs he shutes into hell;

But the sound he saves for the friends of our God,

Who shaketh the earth with his almighty rod

And in the divide of the sawed it well

To consider how much may slide into hell;

For it seems to your servant singing this hymn,

That the part for the gods is almighty sum.

I found, I, in a lumberman's cell what I know,

That in poor grades there's hell and profits are low.

But we'll find when we get to Jupiter's land,

That the profit in "clears" is almighty grand.