

PINE-TREE SUGAR.

The monograph by Dr. Wiley on Pine-Tree Sugar, was printed in October, 1891, in the Journal of the American Chemical Society. The Sugar Beet says: "The *Pinus lambertiana*, from which sugar has been obtained, occurs in the Oregon Cascade and coast ranges, also near the Mackenzie River and the valley of the Rogue river. The question of pine-tree sugar had been examined by Berthelot in 1856. Considerable difference between the rotatory power of the product called Pinite by Berthelot and the pine-tree sugar analyzed by Dr. Wiley, determined the latter to make further investigations. In the meantime a paper was written in France under title of 'A New Sugar with an Aromatic Nucleus.' The product called Beta Pinate melts at 186 to 187 deg. F., and when purified by a second crystallization from weak alcohol, melts at 246 deg. Dr. Wiley says that the product called Beta Pinite should be known as Pinite. A very interesting fact relating to this sugar has been pointed out by Girard, i.e., that from Madagascar Caoutchouc a sugar may be extracted which is identical with the several pine-tree sugars above mentioned. The subject is so interesting that further original research is to be made by the chief chemist of the Agricultural Department at Washington."

THE KIND OF CLERK HE WANTED.

A Minneapolis merchant says that he never allows a clerk to say, "Anything more this morning, madam?" giving as a reason, that it is a stereotyped phrase which has become wearisomely familiar and a bore, adding, "I don't want a clerk to make himself interesting to my customers; I want him to make my goods interesting, and if he can't do that, I have no place for him. There are scores of clerks in this town in demand, because it is believed they carry trade with them. In many cases there is too much of the aroma of the 'masher' in the atmosphere around them young men. If I ever get one of these on my pay-roll, he either reforms (and reformation in such cases is as rare as a thunder storm in midwinter) or he goes—quick. The best clerks I have ever had are men whose chief interest lies not in themselves, but in the goods they sell; men who inform themselves about the stock and can give the customer not merely the points of value in the goods, but the reasons why they are points of value; men who talk the goods as if they believed in them and loved them, and men who can, therefore, interest a customer, because they themselves have the unction and the influence that come from enthusiasm in their business."

THE DRUMMER'S STORY.

The drummer had heard several very interesting stories, and finally someone suggested that he tell one himself.

"I'll do it," he said, "and one of my own experience some years ago in New Mexico, and I want to say here that I have an affidavit that goes with this story if anyone disbelieves it. We were going along in the stage one day when out popped two masked men from the chapparal, and in a minute or two we tumbled out of the stage and stood along in a row with our hands up. There's no need to go into particulars, as these fellows went into our pockets; suffice it that in a few minutes a transfer of property had taken place; we were hustled back into the stage, and the driver ordered to get along fast. We were all congratulating ourselves that we had got off with our lives, and in some instances that a few dollars had been overlooked by the highwaymen, when dashing after us came the robbers, and we were stopped again, and this time we were badly frightened. As soon as the stage stopped one of the men rode up, and, pointing his gun at me, asked me to step outside a minute. To say that I was scared doesn't half express it. I wouldn't have insured my life for \$50,000 for a cent less than \$49,999.75 premium, but I stepped out. I was one in the party to whom a few dollars had been left. In fact, there was \$250 there in my sock, and about \$25 in a small pocket in the lining of my coat. The robber was polite.

"'I am sorry to trouble you,' he said, 'but I believe I got this paper from you,' and he handed me a note for \$200 at four months, which one of my customers had given me in part payment.

"'Yes,' I said, 'you did. Is there anything the matter with it?'

"'No,' he replied, 'I think we can collect it, but you will observe that it has four months to run. The interest for that time at 10 per cent., our usual rate out here, is \$6.66 2-3, and if you can kindly fish out of your clothes, say \$6.65, I don't care about the change, you will do me a favor. I am sure in the hurry a few minutes ago we left you something, or, perhaps, you can borrow it from some of your friends who were not thoroughly searched. Be in a hurry, please.'

"And wasn't I in a hurry? I went through the crowd myself, and gathered together small change enough to make \$6.70, which I handed over, and the robber thanked me and rode off, and that evening, when we reached our destination, I blew in that \$25 in my inside pocket on the crowd."

"Let me see the affidavit you said goes with the story," remarked the hotel clerk, as the drummer finished, and he brought forth a paper that was so soiled and worn it could scarcely hold up its own weight.—Detroit Free Press.

GLAD WE LIVE TO-DAY.

"Recall," said a speaker the other day in Philadelphia, "the raw sugar with which our forefathers were obliged to be content, and in the grinding of which the poor grocer's apprentice was permitted to meditate upon his sad lot, and prove to his own satisfaction the percentage of sand in the sugar. Compare this old combination of questionable ingredients with the beautiful white crystals of pure granulated sugar of to-day, and which, like the product of the great flour mills, is turned out at the rate of thousands of barrels per day, and is cheap enough to be used by the poor. Glance at the table of Americans of to-day, and we see, in the very heart of winter, delicious fruit, wholesome vegetables and nutritious meat and fish, many of which were unknown a century ago to even the wealthy, but which, because of the skill and the cheapness of the canner's art, have become a part of the daily bill of fare of the American mechanic."

PALERMO ORANGE CROP.

A correspondent of the San Francisco Bulletin, writing from Butte County, Cal., says: "The greater portion of the Palermo orange crop has been picked and shipped. In Mr. Braselton's small orchard, consisting in part of olive trees, peach and prunes, there are a half dozen or more orange trees well decorated yet with the golden fruit swinging in the wind and in the rain. Many of the orange trees hold on to their golden fruit with as strong a grip as the miser does his gold. You can see the ripe and the green fruit, as well as the white scented blossoms at the same time, dwelling in harmony under the same green roof. The owners of the groves here are well satisfied with the yield of their young trees this year. There will be some new groves set out this year. Preparations are now being made, and a few trees are already planted. The rains will necessarily delay work. Rain commenced falling early to-day, and has been steadily coming down. The workmen are not at all amiable when it rains, although well-housed, and they wait anxiously 'till the clouds roll by.'"

In the House one day last week Dr. Borden said that the Maritime Provinces imported their coal oil in bulk by water and not by rail, so that they would not be benefited by the change in the duty on coal oil to the same extent as the other provinces. Indeed, the change was a discrimination against the Maritime Provinces. The people imported very much more coal oil per head in the Maritime Provinces than in Ontario, and it was unfair that they should not have the full benefits of the change. He would like to know what relaxations the Government intended to make to remedy what he pointed out.