

Exporting Logs and Lumber.

The successful exporter is the exception—the man who loses is in the great majority. There is no regularity in the foreign market; the price obtained is governed not by the quality so much as by the quantity. When good prices are obtained the report encourages many new men to try a shipment, and the supply being drawn from so large a field, the late good market is at once crowded, and as usually is the case with the new shipper, he has put no price on his stock, but has merely instructed his consignee to "get the best price you can ex quay," trusting to luck that he will get the late quoted high price. If it be his first consignment his commission dealer may "save him for the next time," as it does not do to scare a new man off at the start, and the "best price" may be good enough to encourage the novice to try another and larger shipment with the same instruction as before. If the market is good, it is well, but if bad, the first profit does not nearly make good the loss. It seems that a foreign commission merchant is lacking in discretion above everything else. He will often sell stock for less money than it is worth here at home, and will step out of all responsibility by: "You told me to get the best price I could!" If he had used his discretion and held the stock, submitting the best price obtainable, and waited instruction, he would not only have protected his shipper, but would have maintained prices; for, so long as the foreign buyer can purchase his stock there as he could were he here, he is going to raze all the expense of the ocean freights and the hundred and one petty charges which are tacked on in every port.

Our advice to the shipper is to go slow, know to whom you consign your stock, and, moreover, put a price limit on what you send. In many of the markets the expenses for holding stock are but little more for three months than for the first landing in store. Again, each shipper should bear in mind that what he may lose in storage he will make up in price, and a steady market thereby maintained. The successful exporter is not the one who consigns his stock to this or that market simply because he has heard that it is a good one. He first knows it is good and how long it is likely to remain so. He instructs his commission dealer to get a certain price or not sell it. He is the exporter who will not only make money for himself, but will maintain prices for his brother shippers.—*Lumber Trade Journal.*

The Redwood Forests.

"No adequate idea can be conveyed of the impression received by a 'tenderfoot' in the center of a forest where such gigantic trees stand in solid phalanx," says a tourist who recently examined some of the redwood trees of northern California. "I was impressed with a sense of fear, loneliness and littleness. Three trees, selected at random in different parts of the forest, measured respectively 80, 76 and 74 feet in circumference six feet above the roots, and the first branches appeared to be at least 150 feet above ground, to which point there is no apparent diminution of size. A comparison of those standing with others of equal size and height that had been felled prove to be more than 350 feet to the topmost leaf. To see an isolated tree of such proportion is an interesting spectacle but to be in a narrow path where they are in such close proximity to each other as to momentarily change one's course is a novel experience, yet a strangely pleasurable one."

Peculiarity of the Dismal Swamp.

There was no one at Roger's sawmill who could give us any information, so we paddled on to the village of Deep Creek, before reaching which we passed through another lock. Here the Dismal Swamp proper may be said to begin. At this lock we were again raised several feet, so that we were now, although a few miles from tidal water, probably sixteen feet above the sea level.

"Shall we pay toll here?" we asked the lockman.

"Not till you come out," he answered, making it clear that there was only one entrance and exit on this side of the Dismal Swamp.

"Does the swamp begin here?"

"Yes," says the lockman, leaning at an angle of 40 degs., and slowly pushing the great beam with his back. "It begins here, and it runs all the way to Florida."

This was true, in a way. The whole southern coast is margined by swamp lands; but the Dismal Swamp is not of them. It is high land instead of low land; its water is fresh, instead of salt or brackish. Among swamps it is an abnormality. It leans over the sea and yet contains its own moisture, like a bowl. Indeed, the Dismal Swamp is a great bowl, forty miles long and ten to twenty wide, and, strange to say, with its highest water in the center. The sides of the bowl are miles of fallen and undecaying trees, fixed in a mortar of melted leaves and mold. Deep in the soft bosom of the swamp are countless millions of feet of precious timber, that has lain there, the immense trunks crossing each other like tumbled matches, "since the beginning of the world," as a jumper cutter said.—John Boyle O'Reilly, in *Boston Herald.*

TREES.

I love the trees; each hath its separate charm—
Th' enduring oak, with its out-reaching boughs'
Extended shade; the high, majestic elm;
The graceful poplar and the spreading ash.
Yet, not the least, the ever-verdant pine—
All, with their leaves of varying shades of green.
And vocal with the songs of choristers
That cheer the heart and elevate the soul.

I love to roam through Summer's shady woods,
Among the rugged columns, towering high—
Grand, unhewn, stately pillars, firm as rock—
Pillars unhewn of Nature's God-built temple,
Bearing their leafy canopy o'erhead,
And spreading their protection over all,
Fit emblem of the kindly love of Heaven.

How closely doth the history of trees
Mark out the eventful course of human life,
From the first germinating of the infant sprouts,
Through all successive stages of its youth!
The youthful sapling with its gay, green crown,
Bends playfully before the evening breeze:
But later, wildly sways its leafless limbs
In writhing struggles with the northern blast;
To stand erect amid a world of storms,
Or else succumb, to be deformed and gnarled,
Until, at last, just as it is cut down,
With all its faults and blemishes, laid prone.
This is the course—this is the life of man.
And such th' eventful history of trees—
Trees which of all on earth reach nearest heaven,
True type of human privilege!

For upward from the ground, with growth on growth,
Trees emulate the sky. Upward their progress,
And upward, too, all growing nature tends—
Grass, flower and shrub, each to its height; while still
Their exaltations to the sky ascend
Like prayerful incense to the mercy seat;
So, even so, O man! thy prayers should rise—
Those real aspirations of thy being;
And thy soul upward progress to thy God.

A Monarch of the Forest.

A historic tree was felled near Taylorsville, Ohio, recently, which equaled in magnitude some of the famous trees of the Yosemite. This giant of the forest has been the attraction of that locality for many years, but it was not until a Cincinnati lumberman found the tree that an attempt was made to utilize it. The tree was 11 feet 8 inches in diameter at the base and 240 feet in height. It was hollow at the base for several feet and at least seven feet in the clear. For sixty feet there was not a limb, and it is estimated that it will yield nearly 20,000 feet of lumber. The first section of the tree was sent to Cincinnati, and placed in the Exposition hall, to be gazed at with wonder by the thousands of admiring visitors during Exposition time.

A Lumber Case.

Before a Sheriff's Jury at Dalhousie, New Brunswick, there was recently a replevin suit in which the N. B. Trading Company were plaintiffs and Henry O'Leary was defendant. The suit lasted four days and resulted in a verdict for Mr. O'Leary. The matter in dispute was half million feet of logs, principally pine. The matter is to go to the Supreme Court, unless a fair settlement is effected. Mr. O'Leary admits that a part of the logs in dispute were cut from the plaintiff's lands and has signified his willingness to have the quantity so cut determined by mutual arrangement, when he will pay for what has been illegally taken. A feature of the case was the fact that Mr. O'Leary's parties managed to have a straight-away operating road three miles long while his land only measured only one and a quarter miles along the road. The remainder of it must be on someone else's land.

Chute Landings.

The immense lumber trade of the California coast is carried on, as far as shipping facilities are concerned, under disadvantages which few realize. There are very few good harbors anywhere on the coast line, and from those places where the lumber is shipped, there may be said to be none at all. The result is that a system has been devised for placing the lumber on the vessels, which is different from that in vogue anywhere else in the world.

Wherever there are lumber mills in small settlements, a "chute landing" is built, and at these chutes all freight by sea is handled. As there is as yet no railroad running anywhere near the coast in Sonoma, Mendocino and Humboldt counties, about all the lumber and freight traffic is done by schooners, and for them the chute landings are necessary.

As a general thing these chutes are built on the south side of the points, so as to be protected from the prevailing north-west winds of the summer months. Many of them are very expensive structures to build and maintain. At some places it is expected that the chute will be carried away by the storms of winter, so that new ones are built each season. There are other places, however, where the chutes have stood for years.

At most of the landings there is only one chute, but in several instances there are two or three, where the trade warrants it. The shears or jags are firmly secured to rocks, and the apparently frail structure is secured to them, held in position and braced by strong iron cables. The old cables of the cable railways are now utilized for chute building. The lumber is slid down the chute to the vessel, and by means of a brake at the extreme end its speed is checked before it goes to the deck. In lowering freight to a steamer a sled is used, and horses draw this sled up with whatever is to come ashore from the steamer.

The outer end of the chute is so arranged that it may be raised or lowered to suit the tide or height of vessel. Many of these chutes are very long and quite expensive. Certain specified charges are made, these being fixed by law. The large mills, of course, have their own private chutes. The vessels are securely moored, so as to remain as nearly in one position as possible, but many are lost every year owing to poor harbors. Nearly all these chute landings are exposed in the winter months when the southwest or southeast gales blow. Nearly the entire lumber trade of the northwestern coast is carried on by vessels which load at these chute landings. Of course, at such places as Humboldt bay there are wharves, but the majority of the landing places, are fitted with chutes, since wharves cannot be maintained.—*Mining and Scientific Press.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

White pine logs were brought up from a depth of 700 feet, while drilling wells near Albany, Ga.

There is a man in Rawlins county, Kan., who is the owner of 60,000 trees all planted by himself on his homestead.

A log recently cut at a mill on Puget Sound measured 40 feet in length, scaled 100 inches, and contained 14,620 feet of lumber.

During the month of July there was received at San Francisco, 30,954,608 feet of pine, 12,504,704 feet of redwood, and 11,799,500 shingles.

There is a redwood tree on Isaac Crispin's place, near Point Arena, Cal., that measures 97 feet in circumference, and a fraction over 22 feet in diameter.

A piece of lumber 12x12, and 54 feet long is above the average, but a piece 4x12, 80 feet long, is considerably so. Both pieces were cut in Washington Territory for a school building in Chico, Cal.

A Michigan editor, who is also a member of a saw mill firm, effuses as follows:

Woodman, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough,
In youth it sheltered me,
And it's worth nine dollars now.

It is estimated that the annual consumption of wood in the United States amounts to, in cubic measure, 2,500,000,000 feet for lumber and wood manufactures, 360,000,000 feet for fencing material, 17,500,000,000 feet for fuel, making railway construction, 250,000,000 feet for charcoal, 500,000,000 a total of 21,000,000,000 cubic feet.

A delving historian, says an exchange, has dug up the fact that Colonel Bowie the inventor of the bowie knife, was a Kentucky lumberman. Once when on a sick bed his mind dwelt on the most expeditious way of disemboweling an antagonist, and he whittled out a model of the knife that he thought would best answer the purpose. This model was sent to a man who cut the blade of the first bowie knife out of a discarded saw. It illustrates of what service a lumberman on his sick bed may be to civilization when he settles down to serious meditation.

One of the queerest men in the trade at Toledo, says the *Northwestern Lumberman*, is William Peter. He belongs to Michigan about as much as Toledo, is a German by birth, and I am told once worked for \$4 a month and clothed himself. I'll wager that he saved \$3.50 of it, too. Forty years ago he kept a small store at Columbiaville, or Nigersville, as it was then called, a straggling hamlet on the Flint river, Mich. He started lumbering in a small way, and did business in a hand to mouth manner, but saved money, and finally got on his feet, removed to Toledo, where he owns a planing mill, sash, door and blind factory and lumber yard, a large mill and salt block at Pay City, Mich., a woollen mill and \$25,000 hotel and 600-acre farm at Columbiaville, and a mill in Mecosta county, with pine timber enough to keep the wolf at arms' length for 10 years ahead. He never let a cent get away yet, and his right hand has not yet forgotten its cunning. Personally, Peter isn't very popular. I had a grudge against him once, when a ragged, impecunious lad he refused to trust me for a pair of boots, but it was creditable to his business sagacity, and I long ago forgave the affront. But he "got there all the same."