

Had to Give up and go to Bed.

Several Doctors Attended
But Did No Good.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills CURED.

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THE CAMPHOR TRADE

NOW UNDER COMPLETE CONTROL OF THE JAPANESE GOVERNMENT.

A Monopoly in the Fullest Sense—Parity Which the Cam Munters Face in the Wild Forests of Formosa—Chief Cause of Present Great Demand is Found in the Manufacture of Smokeless Powder.

Since the acquisition of Formosa by Japan at the close of the Chinese-Japanese war Japan has controlled the camphor product of the world. Japan, China and Formosa are the only countries in which the camphor tree grows in profusion. The Chinese yield has never exceeded 220,000 pounds a year. Japan produces about 3,000,000 annually. The production of Formosa is over 6,000,000 pounds and would if uncured increase rapidly.

To take full advantage of this situation the Mikado's Government four years ago declared the camphor forests of Formosa to be crown lands and made a monopoly of the sale of the camphor taken from them. Quite recently both houses of the Japanese diet passed a bill extending the monopoly over the whole Empire.

Permits are necessary before any one can engage in the manufacture of camphor in Formosa, but these permits are freely granted. The Government, however, names the maximum amount of camphor to be produced annually, and every pound must be sold to the Government at a fixed price.

Camphor enters largely into the composition of celluloid and similar products, and the moths get away with a good deal of it, but the chief cause of the great demand for it at present is its use in the manufacture of smokeless powder. However, the monopoly and the increasing demand are not entirely responsible for the high retail price. The dangerous character of the work of gathering camphor and the consequent need of costly military protection of the camphor camps, is a large element in the regulation of prices.

The east coast of the island of Formosa has been inhabited from



BRANCH OF THE CAMPHOR TREE.

an unknown time by savages of the most bloodthirsty and treacherous sort. It has been the great dread of sailors, for one shipwrecked there, if he escaped the sea, was sure to be murdered by the natives, who were on the constant lookout for loot. The camphor forests are located in the mountains back of the east coast, and it is among these wild hills that the gum gatherers have to work. They are sent up into the mountains, pitch their camps and gather camphor with one hand while they hold a gun in the other. Though their wits are sharpened by the ever present danger, whole parties of them are sometimes slaughtered.

The savages are very dark and go about nearly naked. They are armed with bows and arrows, knives and swords and not infrequently with rifles. They are as crafty as the North American Indians. Though armed guards stand over the men while they are felling the trees and getting out the gum, they may be attacked at any moment unless the savages consider the force too large for them to overcome.

The task of transporting the gum to the plains is even more dangerous than that of collecting it. The paths are narrow, and the carriers cannot present a broad front to the enemy. A strong escort, front and rear, beating the bushes and scrub for savages who may be lurking there, is always essential to safety. As a preliminary step the Government has detailed 1,500 soldiers to guard the camphor camps and convey the carriers. If this is not enough the Government will send a larger force to Formosa, for it means to put the camphor business on a safe basis, whatever the cost.

The camphor tree looks something like a linden. It grows to great age and size if left alone. A tree centuries old and fifty feet in diameter is not remarkable. But to get out the gum it is necessary to kill the tree. Every part of it, including the leaves, contains its share of camphor. The first process is to reduce the tree to chips, which are put into iron vessels having cone shape covers lined with rice straw. The vessels are then heated until the camphor is volatilized. The vapor condenses on the straw lining of the vessels' covers and is scraped off in the shape of tiny lumps of camphor. These lumps are refined and pressed into blocks and are then ready for shipment.

The Government has lately introduced an advanced system of forestry in the interests of the camphor trade, and now for every tree cut down another must be planted. Violation of this rule means the revocation of the manufacturer's permit.

Chinese Seamen. Seamen on native river craft in China get \$3 a month and on sea-going Chinese vessels \$5. They furnish their own food.

ABNER DANIEL...

By WILL N. HARBEN
Author of "Westerfelt"

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"Oh, he has!" Miller laughed out uneasily. "But surely you wouldn't hold anything against me that I said before I met you in Atlanta and fell head over heels in love with you. Besides, I was simply stretching my imagination to save him from making a serious mistake. But I know what it is to care for a girl now, and I have wanted to tell him so, but simply could not face him with my confession—when—when his own sister was in question."

"I have tried to believe," Adele hesitated, "that you had changed in your ideas of love since—since we learned to know each other, and I confess I succeeded to some extent, but there was one thing that simply sticks and refuses to be eradicated. It sticks more right now than ever. I mean this morning, since."

"Now you do surprise me," declared Miller. "Please explain. Don't you see I'm simply dying with impatience?" "You pressed the point in one of those talks with brother," said Adele quite firmly, "that it was impossible for two people of unequal fortune to be happy together, and—"

"Now, you wouldn't surely hurl that rubbish at me," broke in Miller. "I never would have dreamed of saying such a thing if I had not thought Alan was about to butt his head against a stone wall in the hostility of Colonel Barclay. If he had been fairly well off and she had been without money, I'd have said sail in and take her, but I knew what a mercenary old man Barclay is, and I thought I could save the boy from a good many heartaches."

"That—even as you now put it—would be hard for a girl in my position to forget," Adele told him, "for if this enterprise fails today I shall—just think of it—I shall not only be penniless, but my father will owe you a large amount of money that he never will be able to pay. Oh, I could not bear to go to you under such circumstances! I have always wanted my independence, and this grates on my very soul."

Their eyes met in a long, steady stare. "Oh, you must—you really must not see it that way," floundered the young man. "You will make me very miserable. I can't live without you, Adele. Besides, I shall not lose by the loan I made to your father. The land will bring the money back sooner or later, and what will it matter? You will be my wife, and your parents will be my parents. Already I love them as my own. Oh, darling, don't turn me down this way! Really I can't help the turn matters have taken, and if you care for me you ought not to wreck our happiness for a silly whim like this."

She sat unmoved for a moment, avoiding the fervid glow of his passion allied eyes. "If this thing fails I shall be very unhappy," she finally said. "Its success would not make me rich, but it would remove a debt that has nearly killed me. I have never mentioned it, but it has been like a sword hanging over my happiness."

"Then it shall not fail," he told her. "It shall not fail! If those blockheads vote against it, I'll buy the right of way if it takes the last cent I've got." This forced a smile to Adele's lips. "Then we'd be as deep in the mud as we now are in the mire," she said. Just then Pole Baker came to Miller.

"I don't want to make no break," he said, "but I've got a idea I'd like to work on them hill Billies in the jury room if you ain't no objections. I ain't got time to tell you about it, but as you are a-runnin' the shebang I thought I'd ask permission."

"Go and do what you think best, Pole," said Miller recklessly. "We can

trust to your head, and anything is better than nothing just now. I really think it's gone by the board."

"All right, thank you," said Pole as he shuffled away. He marched straight to the jury room and without rapping opened the door and went in, closing the door after him. He found the men all discussing the matter and was delighted to find that the strength of the opposition now rested chiefly in Bartell and a few men who seemed afraid to pull away from him. Pole slid up to Bartell and said as he drew him to one side, "Say, Mr. Bartell, what on earth have you got agin' Alan Bishop?"

"Why, nothin', Pole, as I know of," said Bartell rather sheepishly. "Nothin' as I know of."

"Well, it looks to me like you got a mighty pore way o' showin' good will. Why, he's the best friend you got, Mr. Bartell, an' totes more votes in his vest pocket fer you than any man in this county."

"Huh! You don't say?" grunted Bartell in slow surprise. "Well, he never told me about it."

"Because you ain't announced yore self yet," said Pole with a steady eye and a set face. "Why, he said t'other day to several of us at the log rollin'—you remember you rid by on yore bay, leadin' a milk cow by a rope. Well, after you passed Alan Bishop said: 'Boys, that goes the only man in this county that has convictions an' the courage to stand by 'em. They say he's goin' to run fer the legislature, an' ef he

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Oh what a good night!

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Good Listening.

Good talking is largely dependent on "good hearing." The fact that a man is able to do his mental powers the justice of brilliant expression may be due to the presence of some receptive mind, ready to invite and appreciate. Wits may dash to the point of deafening themselves. The sympathetic and silent listener is the buffer between.

Ruskin is said to have been excellent company. He spoke in a tone of "gentle and playful earnestness." He had floods of thought and knowledge to pour forth, if only he could get the right hearers. But there were the barren occasions when listeners were absent.

One day a friend gave a little dinner for him. Doctor Jowett and Dean Stanley. But no sooner had the dinner begun than the host realized his mistake. He had provided no seating for his few, no junior men as hearers. "They wanted to meet one another," he said. "It should have gone off brilliantly, but the soup came, and the fish followed, and they simply would not talk. At last I said some stupid thing to Stanley about the architecture of Westminster Abbey, and that drew Ruskin and started us all on; then all went well. But I shall never make the same mistake again."

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