

FALL OF A GIANT PINE.

The other afternoon the writer and a friend rode over to the Pratt lot, Westbrook, where Melville Hamblett, of Nason's Corner, is logging with a large crew of men. Some of the men were chopping down trees, others sawing the fallen trees into logs, others were dragging with oxen the logs to the side of the logging road, where they could be loaded on to sleds to be hauled to the city. The visitors told Mr. Hamblett that they wanted to see a big tree cut down. "All right," says Mel, "you shall," and calling two of his best choppers directed them to tackle a gigantic pine, that ran up into the sky more than 100 feet and measured four feet through at the butt.

"Good gracious, Mel" cried Deaire, "we can't stay long enough for them to cut that tree down—'twill take all the afternoon! Let them take a smaller one."

Mel smiled out of a corner of his eye and said, "Don't you worry. You'll have plenty of time to see them fell that pine and another like it, and then get back to the city in good season."

In the meantime the choppers—two brothers, named Hugh Ettinger and Archie Ettinger—young, smart looking men, with straight, athletic figures, had tramped down the snow around butt of the big tree and cut down several little trees that would otherwise have interfered with the swing of their axes. Then they sailed into the giant tree with might and main. Big chips and little chips flew with gaping carfs in rapid succession. In just twenty-five minutes the choppers stepped away from the tree with the warning cry, "Watch out!" This cry means that the tree is on the point of falling and warns all to keep "out from under." For a second or two after the call the enormous tree stood tottering as if in doubt which way to fall, and then down it came with a crash that shook the ground and woke the echoes on every hand. In its fall it swept past another pine almost as big as itself and took from it every one of the lower branches almost as clean as if chopped with an axe. It was a sight richly worth riding over there to see. Hugh and Archie did not appear to be winded in the least by their sharp labor, and, incutting the trunk of the fallen pine, began the task of "limbing;" and thus engaged the visitors to it them, bidding them and the genial Mel "a good day and a clear track" for the remainder of the logging season.—*Portland Argus.*

SUBTERRANEAN WOODS.

Glarence Deming, in his "By-ways of Nature and Life," says of the swampy region of southern New Jersey.

"The huge trees which lie under the swamp to unknown depths are of the white cedar variety, an evergreen, known scientifically as the *Cypripedium Thuyoides*. They grew years ago in the fresh water, which is necessary for their sustenance, and when in time, either by subsidence of the land or a rise of the sea, the salt water reached them they died in numbers. But many of them ere they died fell over as living trees, and were covered slowly by the deposits of muck and peat which fill the swamp. These trees that fell over by the roots, and known as 'windfalls,' to distinguish them from the 'breakdowns,' are the ones most sought for commercial use, and there are found and worked as follows. The log digger enters the swamp with a sharpened iron rod. He probes in the soft soil until he strikes a tree, probably two or three feet below the surface. In a few minutes he finds the length of the trunk, how much still remains firm wood, and at what place the first knots, which will stop the straight 'split' necessary for shingles, begin. Still using his prod, like the diving rod of a magician, he manages to secure a chip, and by the smell knows whether the tree is a windfall or a breakdown. Then he inserts in the mud a saw like that used by ice-cutters, and then saws through the roots and muck until the log is reached. The top and roots are thus sawed off, a ditch dug over the tree, the trunk loosened, and even the great stick, sometimes five or six feet long, is brought to the surface and is split by hand and worked into shingles, as well as into staves used for pails and tubs. The wood has a coarse grain which

splits as straight as an arrow. The shingles made from it last sixty or seventy years, are eagerly sought by builders in southern New Jersey, and command in the market a much higher price than ordinary shingles made of pine or chestnut, which last for roofing usually not more than twenty or twenty-five years. In color, the wood of the white cedar is a delicate pink, and it has a strong flavor, resembling that of the red cedar used in making lead pencils. The trees, once fairly buried in the swamp, never become waterlogged, as is shown by their floating in the ditches as soon as they are pried up, and, what is more singular, as soon as they rise they turn invariably with their under side uppermost. These two facts are mysteries which science has thus far left so. The men who dig the logs up and split them earn their money. The work is hard, requiring, besides lusty manual labor, skill and experience; the swamps are soft and treacherous, no machinery can be used, and long stretches with mud and water must be covered with boughs or bark before the shingles can reach the village and civilization."

THE EFFICIENCY OF A BOILER.

To estimate the efficiency of a boiler the engine must not be left out of consideration, as the quantity of water required per horse power has been shown to be variable, and depending on the kind and make of the same. The amount of water converted into steam from 212 deg., to 220 deg., Fahrenheit is the most reliable means of determining the efficiency of a boiler; then all boilers cannot be compared on the same basis. If the standard for a horse power fixed by Emery is adopted, then all boilers can be compared on this basis, which will give the correct result for engines conforming with the standard, but which results must be altered to conform with engines requiring different standards. Steam heat and power still hold their supremacy as mechanical civilizing agents, and their use is increasing every moment. The expense for fuel represents the largest current expenditure in the production of heat and power, and to save materially in the largest is the aim of every steam user and manufacturer. As a rule, those who supply the money to meet the expenses of the steam plant are men not conversant with the principles and details of steam engineering. They know not the cardinal facts as the theoretical heat energy in the fuel, the limits of efficiency in the steam engine, and rarely have a correct idea of the conservation of energy and its equivalent ratios. They do know, however, that their plant cost them a large amount of money for fuel, and they are, therefore, ready at any time to give ear to those who propose to reduce the figure.—*American Engineer.*

BOXWOOD GETTING SCARCER.

"In less than one year the price of boxwood has tripled," said a hardwood dealer. "The roller skating mania has completely exhausted the market of a certain size of boxwood. Less than 18 months ago I could sell a ton of three inch boxwood for \$38, and it would be first grade wood in every respect, and admirably suited for turning small work. The demand then was steady, and the principal consumers of the wood were rule makers, tool manufacturers and turners, who supplied the market with boys' toys, pool pins and toys of various kinds. The sudden and remarkable growth of the roller skating pastime has created a constantly increasing demand for a size of wood, and now it is impossible to purchase a ton of suitable wood for skate wheels for \$120. Rollers are made in several sizes, ranging from 1½ to 2½ inches in diameter, and only the natural growth of boxwood approximating these sizes is fit for use. Large wood is too costly, and is less firm in setting the tremendous strain of skater's weight upon an axle only 7/32 of an inch in diameter. The boxwood grows in Persia and Turkey, and heretofore the crop has always been handled in England. It is a wood of very slow growth, and in its native country stringent timber laws restrict the depletion of the growing trees. At the present rate of consumption, the world will be practically exhausted of its boxwood in less than 12 months unless some equally cheap and durable substitute is found to take its place."

"Has nothing been tried which gives promise of superseding boxwood?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, rubber, celluloid, rawhide, vulcanized fibres and compressed paper have been tried in making rollers, but for one reason or another they have proved unsatisfactory. Some have proved too soft, while others, like the pure celluloid wheels, have been found too expensive for general sale, and the necessary metal bushings have proved objectionable, because the grit and dust from the floor and shoes of the skaters, wearing between two metal surfaces, has rapidly cut away the axles of the skates, rollers with anti-friction bushings, consisting of a number of small steel plugs freely revolving around the axles, have been tried with some composition wheels with success, but they are necessarily very expensive, and on this account cannot come into general use."

"Will no other kind of wood than boxwood answer?"

"Only for very cheap skates. Dogwood, apple, pepperidge, laurel and lignum vite have been tried by almost every roller maker, and all have been rejected. The lignum vite alone is hard enough, but it will not stand the strain of the small axle. Metal wheels with a rubber surface are made, but nothing has yet been found which in all respects is as good for the purpose as boxwood."—*Lumberman's Gazette.*

ART APPRECIATION.

It seems not unnatural that a Boston correspondent should make a Chicago man the hero of this incident in what is called real life:

A prominent merchant of one of our Western cities, who counts his dollars with seven figures, but who, in the ardent pursuit of wealth, has neglected such frivolities as literature and art, was recently visiting Boston with his family, and seeing the sights of "the Hub." In the course of his wanderings he entered the museum of Fine Arts, and after gazing superciliously around at the contents thereof, his attention finally rested upon some fine paintings by Gustus Dore, which were at the time the pride of the city. These seemed to interest him, for, turning to his guide, he said, "G. Dore? G. Dore? are those by G. Dore?"

On receiving an affirmative response, he continued, "It seems to me that he has improved greatly of late, hasn't he?"

The guide, remembering that the artist had been dead some time, struggled a while with the desire to be truthful, but delighted that the great man had at last found something to interest him, finally doubtfully answered that perhaps he had.

Then the Westerner called his son to him; "John, see these pictures by G. Dore? G. Dore, ay, he painted our house in Chicago!"—*Harpers Magazine.*

A Pretty Old Tree.

A Pottersville correspondent writes. "Joseph and Wm. Archer chopped down a hemlock tree the other day measuring 3½ feet in diameter, and in the centre of the tree there was an old chip. There was nearly a foot and a half of sound timber grown over the chip, and, by the number of growths from the old scar, it must have been 200 years since the tree was chopped into. Messrs. Archer have saved the old chip and a block of the sound wood, and any parties doubting the above statement are welcome to come to come and see for themselves."—*Hamilton Times.*

Fire At Belleville.

BELLEVILLE, March 4.—At about midnight a fire broke out in the lower part of the butcher market building the upper story of which is used as an armory by No. 1 company of the 49th battalion. The fire was confined to the lower floor, where the damage done was estimated at \$1,500, insured in the Queen's for \$300. The fire was incendiary.

Woman's Face

"What furniture can give such finish to a room as a tender woman's face," asks George Elliott. Not any, we are happy to answer, provided the glow of health tempers the tender expression. The pale, anxious, bloodless face of the consumptive, or the evident sufferings of the dyspeptic, induce feelings of sorrow and grief on our part and compel us to tell them of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," the sovereign remedy for consumption and other diseases of the respiratory system as well as dyspepsia and other digestive troubles. Sold everywhere.

A PIECE OF MECHANISM.

A Berlin school contains at present a scientific novelty of particular attention, namely a monster movable globe, made of copper, the work of a blind clock-maker, on the construction of which the energetic man spent seventeen years of his life. The globe, which represents the earth, turns on its own axis by means of mechanism. An artificial moon moves round the globe in twenty-eight days and six hours, while a movable metal band, on which the hours are marked, indicates the mean time in the different parts of the earth. Round the upper part of the immense globe, which weighs a ton and a half and whose surface measures 126 feet in diameter, spins a railroad car (capable of holding six persons,) which serves to give a better view of the regions of the North Pole. The painting of the globe is done in oil, and necessitated the employment of two men during one entire year. The sun is represented by an apparition lighted by an immense Drummond calcium light, which enables the spectator to catch the ori. and change of the different portions of the day and early dawn, the twilight, eclipses of the sun and moon, etc.

PITIFUL SUICIDE.

Mrs. Gertrude Wheeler, formerly of Toronto, and wife of a furrier in Winnipeg, took poison on Monday night and died at St. Vincent's Hospital on Tuesday. She lived on the topmost floor of a Bleeker-street tenement. On Monday she spoke constantly of her trouble, and said "I will do it; I will kill myself," over and over again; but there was nothing in her actions to indicate that she really intended to commit the deed. Shortly before midnight loud groaning was heard in her room, and she was asked what she had done. She replied, "I have taken poison, and I want to die." A box containing "rough on rats" was found under the sofa. She said that she had swallowed two spoonfuls. She had frequently said that she was unhappy, and threatened to commit suicide. Last Saturday she received a letter from her husband imploring her to return home. She told the landlady that she would not go, and answered her husband's letter and wrote to her father in East Hanover, Germany. Mrs. Wheeler was a fine-looking woman, about 30 years of age. Mr. Wheeler was notified of his wife's death.—*Globe.*

A COWARDLY MURDER.

CANADAHARIE, March 2.—There is much excitement in this country over the brutal murder of Prof. C. S. Smith, principal of the Fairfield Seminary, who was shot and killed by Dr. Richter, at Middlefield, on Saturday afternoon. Richter had separated from his wife, and refused to give her any property. She obtained a writ of replevin, and went to Richter's house, accompanied by Prof. Smith, who was the husband of her niece. While Smith was pointing out to the constable the goods claimed by Mrs. Richter the doctor shot him in the back. Smith was only able to reach the street and tell passengers how he had been shot, when he expired. The murderer was lodged in Herkimer county gaol. The people here threatened to lynx him. Smith was very popular.

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon treatment for Catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefited, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination: this accomplished the Catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure Catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured Catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at once. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 303 King street west, Toronto, Canada, and enclose a stamp for their treatise on Catarrh.—*Advertiser.*