

I cannot, for my own part, see why the same method of labor should not apply to modern management. I cannot see why, if the stone-mason lived simply, cultivated his taste (this he has plenty of facility for doing), and during his spare hours lived the life of an artist, during his walks studying nature and art, in holiday time refreshing his body and mind in the fields, learning lessons in design from plants, flowers, herbs, weeds—in fact, whatever he came across—I say I cannot see why the carvers of our churches should remain mechanics only, nor can I see why he should not be a designer and artist, as were the masons of past times. Whether he be trusted must depend upon himself, and before the workman of to-day is trusted to design, it must be quite certain that desire to do really good work exists in him, and, further, that those artisans who would be dignified by the title of artist must, in the first place, prove themselves to be honest workmen. They must give evidence that there is no desire to scamp any work laid before them to execute. Faithful in copying with the utmost exactness, being animated by desire for perfection, work must be the pleasure, and labor the distinguished element, of him who desires ever to be truly an artist. No really good designer ever scamps his work: in fact, it is just in proportion to the strength of imagination that the artist will keep up through toil, and become thereby the buttress of his invention. Whatever you find in art of good design, whatever has lasted through fashion and changes of opinion, will always be marked by good and perfect workmanship. There is to be found a reward in art greater than can be got by money, and more, the best economy for every workman is good work and absolute conscientious labor. This must tell in the long run, and will, if persisted in through all temptations to slacken exertion, ultimately prove to be physically and morally successful."

Some floral forms lend themselves better to a perpendicular than a horizontal position, and it is well to consider the nature of the flower or plant before placing it. Thus, to enrich a perpendicular molding, the fuchsia may be used, for as thus applied it retains the manner of its growth. "Daisy chains" suggest the joys of bucolic childhood, and daisy "swags," are just as appropriate and pleasing.

It would be wise of the young carver to pop out into the fields, gather a specimen of each of these examples, and make full-size drawings of the flowers for his portfolio, saving them against a rainy day. Such a bank of natural wealth will yield good interest in years to come, and there will be found, as Professor Richmond says, "a reward in art greater than can be got by money."

It may be well to refer yet again to the advantages of "conventional" versus purely "natural" treatment, and in order to make the two terms distinct we may give a definition from a standard authority: "Naturalism is the direct imitation of natural forms, the ambition of the designer being to make his work as much like the real thing as possible; while conventionalism, deriving its inspiration from nature, modifies the forms to suit the requirements of ornament. Naturalism is animal or vegetable form merely applied; conventionalism is nature adapted. "Ornamentation," to quote one of our greatest writers on art, "should be natural; that is to say, should in some degree express or adopt the beauty of natural objects; it does not hence follow that it should be an exact imitation of, or endeavor to supersede, God's works." It may consist only in a partial adoption of and compliance with the usual forms of natural things, without at all going to the point of imitation; and it is possible that the point of imitation may be closely reached by ornaments which, nevertheless, are entirely unfit for their place, and are the signs of a degraded ambition and an ignorant dexterity." To indicate the lines of such study in a simple and practical way is merely the object of these chapters. To those who would pursue their researches more extensively, we would recommend the perusal of Mr. J. K. Collins' "Art Botany" and various standard works on plant form.—*The Cabinet Maker.*

IMPROVED GATE.

We give an engraving of a new driveway gate, recently patented by Mr. John F. Lukens, of West Mansfield, O. The gate is composed partly of wood and partly of iron rods. It is very light both in weight and appearance, but amply strong. It is capable of being very easily operated from the carriage or by a person on horseback, and at the same time it may be opened and closed in the same manner as a common gate. The gate opening and closing attachment may be readily

applied to any of the ordinary gates now in use at a very slight expense. As shown in the engraving, the improvement consists simply of a crank formed of a wrought iron rod, and put through the upper eye of a common gate hinge. This crank is supported in bearings on the gate post, and the upper end of the rod of which it is formed is bent to form a lever for receiving the wires which connect with the levers, by means of which the gate is opened and closed. A movement of one of the hand levers in one direction turns the crank so as to raise the free end of the gate, when it will swing open of its own gravity. The movement of the lever in the opposite direction produces the reverse effect, and the gate closes.

Further information in regard to this invention may be obtained by addressing the inventor as above.

PETROLIUM'S SURPRISES AND DISAPPOINTMENTS.

The history of the discoveries in the oil fields in this country has been one of a series of disappointments to the producers. From 1866 to 1872 the price per barrel averaged from \$4 to \$5, and the producers were making money rapidly. Then the field in Butler County was struck, and from that day to this the production has been greater than the consumption. Before Butler had begun to decline the Clarion field was opened. Then came the Bullion pool with its 2,000 and 3,000 barrel wells, which forced the price down to \$1.50. This field was soon exhausted, and better times for the producers were at hand, when the Bradford field, the largest in extent ever known, was opened. For nearly five years the Bradford field, increased its production, until it had a daily out-put of over 100,000 barrels. The consumption was not over one-half this amount, and with the Standard Oil monopoly squeezing the producers many of them went to the wall. Then Bradford began to decline, and again a silver lining was seen in the cloud; but again disappointment came. In May, 1881, the first well was struck in Allegany County, New York, and a new field was opened which soon more than made up for the decline. In the spring of the present year the Allegany field showed that it had passed the climax and was on the decline, and again the producers looked forward to the near future when the consumption would equal the production. Then was the great "646" mystery struck, and with it followed disaster to the owners of wells generally, and lower priced oil than since the summer of 1874, when for a short time it sold for 45 cents a barrel. Where the next field will be is only a matter of conjecture.

The only time when the excitement over a new oil field was as great as that now reigning in the Cherry Grove district was in 1865, when the Pithole fever took possession of the public. The first well was opened there in May of that year. In less than two months Pithole was a city of considerable proportions, and within six months it had 8,000 inhabitants and almost as large a floating population. At the pinnacle of its greatness it had fifty hotels, some of them palatial and gorgeous, and one of which cost \$80,000. It had miles of streets lined with banks and all kinds of business establishments. A \$50,000 transaction was considered of small account, and, miscalculating the future of the place, wealth was squandered on new enterprises which in the minds of its citizens promised fabulous fortunes; but Pithole was only a child of six months' growth when it began to exhibit symptoms of an early decay, and it declined almost as rapidly as it sprang up. The *Tribune* correspondent visited Pithole, the other day and found only one voter living in the place. The railroad was long ago torn up, and most of the houses were torn down. Two of the streets are still open, and beside them remains a pitiful scattering of old houses in the last stages of decay. Fields of corn and oats stretch over the streets and squares where once were gaudy theaters and dance-houses, gorgeous saloons and mammoth hotels. When the oil fever was high a half acre of what is now waste pasture land was sold at a rate equivalent to \$100,000 an acre. Over on the hill still lives old Mr. Copeland, who in 1865 refused an offer of \$700,000 for his farm. Two years later he would have taken as many cents. He still owns it, and his daughter teaches school and supports the family. In all this there may be a lesson for speculators at Garfield to-day.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THERE is annually manufactured on the Mississippi River and its tributaries about 1,500,000,000 feet of white pine lumber, with its proportionate accompaniment of shingles, laths, and pickets.