Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,
$1.50 PER YEAR
Strictly in Advance.

The Chatham Record.

VOL. XXIII. PITTSBORO, CHATHAM COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1901 NO. 18.

Chatham Record.

RATES
OF
ADVERTISING

One square, one insertion	$1.00
One square, two insertions	1.50
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TWO GENTLEMEN OF HAWAII.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

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CHAPTER XIII.

The effects of the result of that election were made manifest at once.

It was not an easy matter for the ardent Annexationists to accept the ultimatum of the majority vote, but manfully they had done it, and the intelligence of the reunited elements of the American League was turned toward the upbuilding of a country rich in promise and already yielding fruitfully to their nourishing care.

Sanford Dole was chosen president of the republic without an opposing candidate. The sagacity of the man, his patriotism, his unwavering adherence to the principles of freedom, made him the ideal candidate.

In the construction of his cabinet, he again urged upon my uncle to accept the office he had filled since the revolution; but Uncle Tom declined. He was not the man he was at that time. He was acting under the sorrow of Winnie's loss, and his mind seemed always troubled. He was physically much enfeebled by what he had gone through, and, laying aside the cares and responsibilities of office, he withdrew to The Corals to rest.

Gordon still had the army. Never had a man been accepted as the adopted son of a country with so much affection as Gordon. He was looked upon as the backbone of our military force, and with Gordon at the head, our little army was twice as great as it would be without him.

The ex-queen, as Mrs. Dominis—her family name—still lived in Honolulu, on Washington Square; but her followers, outside the ignorant natives, were few, and the Royalists had sunk to the level of political intriguers, without a cause and without hope.

The wisdom of the government was shown best when it looked to the wisdom of other successful republics for example in bringing about a most successful form of legislative influence; and from the best bricks in the fabrics of other republics they gave to Hawaii a substantial, indestructible rule of the people for their own good and under their own control.

The election laws were simple, but they were safe. There was no ballot-box stuffing, no purchasing of votes. There was no rioting at the polls, for the rule of the majority was for the right, and by the rule of the majority the guardians of the peace were chosen. The electric franchise, under a constitution framed by twelve of the ablest men of Hawaii and adopted by the people, was jealously guarded. Citizenship was conferred upon those who were born in the country, or who, after having resided there a certain number of years and had given evidence of their intention, claimed citizenship papers. But to become a voting citizen of Hawaii a oath of allegiance was necessary to the Hawaiian flag, by which they were held always to support the constitution and uphold the government against all others, and, further, the naturalized voter must forswear all allegiance to any other power. Nor was this all.

To vote well, a citizen must vote intelligently. Therefore, an ability to read and write must be proven before an examining board before the would-be citizen obtained the papers that entitled him to exercise his voice in the management of affairs or the election of legislative officers.

It has been noticed that during a long season of drought or the other extreme, overwhelming storms, all nature stunts. It does not progress. Nothing thrives. Everything seems to go to the dogs. The blight removed, the cooling showers in the one instance, the warm breath of the sun-dried air in the other, bring about a change. Nature goes forward in leaps and plunges. It makes up for lost time. The balance must be restored, the gap must be filled; and after a time, all traces of the former stagnation are gone.

So it was with us in Hawaii.

Once safely under the new constitution, Dole inaugurated, the government and legislative others filled, business went on with a rush. Everything boomed. Money that had been hobbled with a view to getting it safely out of the country was put into profitable ventures that employed many and brought trade and commerce to our shores.

As out of the darkness of the night comes the dawn and after the dawn the brilliant light of day, so, out of the darkness into which Hawaii had been plunged by corruption, intrigue and treachery, she came proudly into the light of freedom and the dawn of an era of prosperity.

Where, under the old regime, there had been one ship in our harbor there were now ten.

There were iron, tin, lead, silver and gold in the mountains, and upon the importation of the products of these there was a prounce's tariff. The stagnation and demoralization of business in the United States when her tariff was in danger had been our object-lesson, and we builded wisely upon the plans laid down by the former administration.

A peculiar fact began to impress itself upon me. It was a strange thing, and I attributed it to Uncle Tom's melancholy over Winnie's disappearance. He was almost too tender toward me. When he spoke to me there seemed to be in his manner evidence of anxiety over something, an anxiety that he wished to conceal. He frequently sat with me on the porch, and as we smoked and chatted, I often thought I saw him studying me furtively. Yet the reason for such a course was absent, and I dismissed the thought as often as it occurred.

But it came back to me with redoubled force. Mornings, when we met, he scanned me carefully, and I fancied once or twice that his voice fell as he spoke to me.

At this time I was not feeling in my usual good health, but was not in any condition to render medical aid necessary, or to excite anxiety.

A sense of numbness would at times come over me, and at others I felt a slight tingling sensation of pain. But I attributed my loss of health to my constant worry and the anxiety I was under.

One day I sat on the porch, idly looking towards the mountains. I did not feel at all well that day, and when Uncle Tom had gone for a drive I did not accompany him. I had taken a book into the porch with me, but had thrown it aside, having no inclination to read. I had been sitting in the shade, but the sun was getting to the westward, and its rays soon fell on me. In the bright light my hands looked blue and thin. I smiled to myself as I looked at them. What was that? On the fingers, around the nails, were some little blue-white scales.

Heavens! The whole misery of the thing came upon me in an instant, like a thunderbolt.

My uncle's tremulous voice, his strange anxiety, his tenderness, were clear enough now. How the blood ran me chilled! How my heart throbbed, paused, then seemed stilled with horror!

I was a leper!

I staggered into the house and threw myself down on a couch with a groan. My mind was tortured with pictures of misery and woe that were enough to set my brain on fire.

The reception hospital, the hateful yard, in which I would be stared at like a bull to be butchered or a thing to be despised and feared.

Then the leper-ship with its cargo of misery, taking me to Molokai, where, in the leper settlement, I must live out my days in pitiless misery, like the poor devils I had seen there, waiting, with torturing pains, for a sure and horrible death.

There was no hope. The fate of one leper was the fate of all. The law was inexorable. The high standing of my uncle or myself could not prevent the carrying out of the law. And now my tortured mind ran riotously into the future, and I saw my self horribly disfigured, member after member decaying under the foul disease and dropping off; my senses leaving me; no interest or desire for food a raging thirst; no sense of smell leafless following the loss of my ears, blindness, death!

I lay with these horrors before me when Uncle Tom came home.

"Don't come near me!" I cried, springing up and warning him off by a gesture. "I have discovered the horrible secret you have so tenderly sought to shield me from. I know my fate. I am a leper! There is no use making feeble attempts to combat fate. I must go away from you all. I must leave—you—and——"

"Don't Tom, my boy, dear Tom!" cried my uncle, sinking into a chair and dropping his head into his hands. He sat there sobbing for some moments. Now and then a groan would come from him. He seemed to be struggling with himself.

Suddenly he raised his head.

"Did anybody know of your discovery?" he asked in a whisper, excitedly.

"No," I replied wearily. "I have seen no one."

"Dole knows. Oh, why did I tell Dole!" he cried, now rising from his chair and pacing to and fro.

I could not see any reason why Dole should not know. The whole island would know in a day or two.

"But Dole may not think," said Uncle Tom. "Ah, I have it! Trust in Dole! He is my friend. But he is upright. He would enforce the law if the leper were his own son!"

"Enforce the law!" I said. "Of course, the law must be enforced. What else? I cannot remain here, a menace to all of you. I must go to Molokai."

Uncle Tom glanced furtively around.

"No," he whispered. "Not Molokai, to hasten your death, where you will suffer and I cannot reach you. Not that, Tom, dear. There are the mountains, Tom. It has been done before. I had a friend once who had it, and they hid him in the mountains and cared for him all through."

"Until he died?"

"Yes."

"But he died, just the same, and they risked their own lives."

"Don't talk like that, Tom, my boy," said my uncle. "I can't see you go to Molokai. I can't do it. And you, anyhow, you are so well and strong. How terrible to have you old here, where I can't see you. No, no!"

"It is a horrible thought, Uncle Tom," I said, gently. "If to you, much more so to me. But what good would it do to hide in the mountains? I would surely be discovered, and you would perhaps be punished for disobeying the law. And I am not well or strong. I am getting weaker all the time. At Molokai I would have care, as well as in the mountains—more, for you could not be with me always. And there's another thing. Now I am the same in looks as ever. You know what I will be after a time. I prefer to take leave of you, Gordon and my other friends now, and have them remember me as I am."

"Don't, Tom, boy, don't," said my uncle, breaking down and sobbing. "If you go to Molokai I will go with you and remain."

"Not one step! You will not run in any danger. There is Winnie to think of. She may be found. Gordon will pursue the search. It seems hopeless, I know, but it may be all right yet."

We sat sobbing, we two men.

You who think you have known sorrow and think your manhood is proof against the weakness of tears, place yourself in the position of a leper about to separate from all he holds dear, still with his faculties and energies, and to isolate himself among the horrors and miseries of that settlement of which I have spoken before. With my uncle's double grief, my own heartache over Winnie, and now the thought of my own sufferings, I was in the depths of woe.

Gordon had to be told.

I went for him one day, and he came clattering up the valley, full of vigor and energy. He strode across the porch to where I sat—half reclining—waiting for him. Uncle Tom could not stand the interview, and went inside.

"Hello, Tom," hailed Gordon. "What, off your feed? Ill?" He put out his hand.

"Keep away," I said. "Sit down over there. Don't touch me."

"Why, what is the matter? You look fit to drop."

"I am. Gordon, I'm a leper."

"No! No!" He sat and stared at me. "You are mistaken, surely," he said in a moment.

"No mistake about it. I have the marks and the symptoms."

"But for the love of heaven, Tom, how could you get it?"

"I got it from that fellow who bit me the day we had the fight up the valley."

"True!" said Gordon. "I had forgotten that."

"I am going to Molokai."

"No! I say no!" he replied vehemently. "You shall not! We will hide you! Your uncle and I will keep your secret."

"No. It cannot be. You would simply run a great risk yourselves, and would do me no good. We have talked all that over. To-morrow the leper ship leaves Honolulu for Molokai, and I am going.

"Why not stay with Warren awhile?"

"Why prolong the agony of parting?"

"Why, it is horrible!" said Gordon, getting up and pacing back and forth. His sword clanked at his heels. He paced the porch at every step, so heavily did he send his heels fate the wooden platform.

"Yes, it is horrible enough," I said. "Before I go I want you to promise me two things."

"I'll promise a hundred—a thousand—a million!" he said. "Go on!"

"I want you to always be a friend to Uncle Tom. This affliction will eventually kill him. Take care of him. He is getting old, and now that he is to be left alone, will need you."

"Don't fear; I'll see him every day—every hour if you like."

"And Winnie—keep up the search. Ah! If my poor sister were only safe, I would die more easily."

"I'll do that, Tom, too. Not a day shall pass but I shall do all I can to find her."

"And if she is found, Gordon—there is something else—I can't quite say it as I'd like to, but you will understand me. She will be entirely alone when Uncle Tom dies. Friendless, almost, and not a relative. Take care of her, Gordon. I'd like to have her—marry you."

He stood still before me.

"Tom, old fellow, you have taken the words out of my mouth. I wanted to say them—to ask you to consent to that. I have loved Winnie ever since the day we met on board the Monowai. I did not know it until she disappeared, and then it was too late to speak. But Tom, dear, old fellow, if she is alive in this world, I'll find her yet. And if she will have me, she will make me happy—as happy as I can be without you, Tom."

Gordon's voice now trembled as he spoke.

"It was to be our last night by there. We ate a mournful supper, and sat long on the porch, Gordon, Uncle Tom and I, smoking. We conversed with ear other as, but said few words. Each of us was too full of bitterness and sadness to say much.

In the morning they accompanied me to Doctor Warren's office in the Reception Hospital. The old man knew at a glance what the trouble was. He had dealt too long with the dread disease to make any mistake.

"Poor boy!" he said, offering me an easy chair.

"Doctor, I am a candidate for Molokai," I said, with a feeble effort to be calm and even cheerful. "When does the ship sail?"

"In two hours," he replied. "But why not remain here for a fortnight, until she sails again?"

"No. Why prolong the misery of the thing? I am doomed. Let me go at once to my last earthly residence."

"Oh, Tom, I can't! I can't!" cried Uncle Tom, turning into tears.

(To be continued.)

Although the flap of skin which covers an elephant's ear is a considerable size, the ear itself is very small in proportion.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Coal Ashes as a Fertilizer.

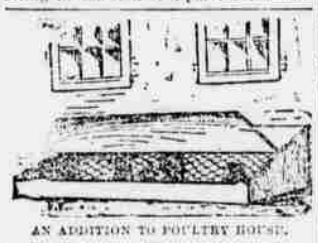
Coal ashes do not possess any value as a fertilizer. They can be used successfully around currant and gooseberry bushes, however, and on light soils, as they are obnoxious to some insects. They also serve to make light soils heavier, performing the same service as clay. It is claimed that ashes and cement are excellent for walkways and that ashes are excellent for filling in the low places of roads.

Soil For Rapidly Growing Crops.

The more rapid the growth of a crop the better should be the soil. It is true that some crops will grow and mature without manure or fertilizer, but their growth will be quicker if they are assisted. The quality of some plants is improved by quick growth such as radishes and early beets. It will also pay to shorten the period of growth as much as possible in order to take the crop off the ground and follow with another, thus utilizing the land to its fullest capacity, but to grow two crops the land should be very rich. All early crops that come up very thick in rows should have the surplus plants thinned out as soon as possible, and a day's delay may do considerable harm, as any plant not wanted becomes a weed. As soon as beets, carrots, radishes, lettuce, parsnips and early turnips are large enough to be thinned with the finger and thumb it should be done, as those remaining will get a better start.

To Get Outdoor Air.

The device shown in the cut was recently seen on the south side of a poultry house, and was admirably fulfilling its mission of a place for a win-



AN ADDITION TO POULTRY HOUSE.

ter airing and a summer shed. It is easily and cheaply made, there being no glass in the top to add expense or get broken. The cover is turned back against the house on sunny days, when the fowls are practically out of doors. Built of matched boards such an addition will last for years. It can be used in spring as a run for a hen and chickens.—American Agriculturist.

The Pruning of Fruit Trees.

The question of proper pruning in the orchard is one of importance, but one which often fails to receive the attention it deserves.

No doubt every farmer and fruit-grower has his own ideal as to the form he would desire in his fruit trees. My preference is for a tree with the top started well up, so as to be readily worked under with a team, and then by proper pruning trained to a low, spreading top. Much depends, as to the future of the young tree, on the start given it by pruning in the nursery row. This, of course, is beyond the ordinary tree planter's control, unless he is so situated that he can himself go to the nursery and personally select his stock, and reject those trees the form of whose heading out does not please him; yet the form may often be modified by judicious pruning, even when a wrong start has been made. There is so much difference in the natural form of growth of different varieties that some sorts will require an entirely different method of treatment from others.

It has been said that an apple-tree top in the form of an inverted umbrella is the most nearly perfect form that can be secured, and such a form is at least not an undesirable one. By close attention to the young trees from the time of planting out, the form may be said to be largely kept in control by the fruit grower.

As to the best time for pruning the orchard, authorities differ, but where the work is properly attended to every year so that only small limbs are to be removed, it makes little difference as to when or how it is done. When large limbs are to be cut, I believe, from close observation for many years, that late in May or during June, when the season of growth is most active, is the most favorable time, as then the wound to heal more readily than at any other time. Whatever instrument is used, a smooth clean cut should be made, and for limbs of any considerable size, a fine tooth saw will effect this more readily than any of the various forms of pruning shears so highly recommended. These may be good enough in their place, and, for the smaller limbs, are certainly all right, but none of them will ever entirely supplant the saw with the careful orchardist.—J. J. Brownell, in The Country Gentleman.

Handling Bees.

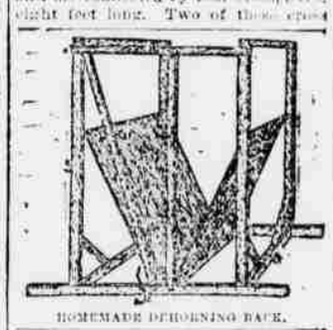
We have all known people who could handle bees with seemingly as little chance of getting stung as if they were so many flies, while the first application of bees seems to set the whole neighborhood in an uproar. Then they can't understand why a stranger bee is allowed to come to their home and be treated as one of the family. As evidence of the fact, my own bees stop two or three times a day at the watering trough set for them in the bee hives, and where the little rivers often repair in warm weather for drink. (And just here is a point that bees require water. No matter how warm and sweaty the horses are, they are never molested by the winged gleaners; but more than once has a strange horse been forced by them to a rapid retreat from the trough.

Nervous and excitable people will do well to keep away from bees unless they are willing to muster up enough of will power to restrain their emotions. As a rule bees do not sting except in self defense, either real or fancied. The beekeeper who can quietly let them crawl over his hands and clothing, never striking at one even though it assume an offensive air, is the one who escapes with the fewest scars. Be careful not to pinch them in moving the frames. A little smoke will drive them out of danger, yet excessive smoking should not be indulged in. The object is to get them out of harm's way, not to stupefy them. One successful apiarist smears his hands with honey before commencing work. Though bees may light on the hands for a good purpose, they get a taste of honey, and for the time being forget their anger in their joy at finding an expected sweets. Of course there are times when it is not practicable to adopt this device, sticky fingers impeding the work to a great extent.

When stung, brush the sting off instead of picking it out. By the latter method poison from the tube is pressed into the wound, thereby increasing the pain. A slice of onion placed upon the wound, renewed as it becomes impregnated with the poison. Ammonia applied freely to the affected parts is also a standard remedy. But do not use either when working around the hives. The bees have a natural antipathy for both and fall with ten-fold fury upon one who has traces of either upon his person. It is safer to open the hives during the middle of the day, when the bees are hard at work than in the morning or evening, or worse still, some rainy day. They are then more vigilant and more inclined to be cross.—Bessie L. Putnam, in The Epitomist.

Handy Rack For Dehorning Cattle.

Farmers who wish to dehorn their cattle experience difficulty in controlling them during the operation. The illustration represents a rack for this purpose. The main part is made of four-inch square timber. Two pieces, each six feet long, are laid at the base, and are connected by four crosspieces, eight feet long. Two of these cross



HOMEMADE DEHORNING RACK.

pieces are placed each one foot from the end of the six-foot pieces; the other two are placed in the middle between the first two, about one foot apart. Above the base thus formed is built a frame six feet high. Four-inch timber is used at most places, and the frame should be well braced lengthwise, as shown.

Near the top, at a, two two-inch boards are fastened on one side of the uprights. One of these shows clearly, the other merely suggested. Between these, about three inches to one side of the middle, is bolted another piece which extends down to the base. Opposite the middle from this is a standbolt. It is mortised loosely at the bottom, and should work

ROLLER FOR LOADING BACK.

easily between the two boards at the top, and should be so placed that when upright it will allow a six-inch space. A few holes are bored through the boards at the top to fit the animal's neck.

On each side of the rack about four feet high is a crossbar. To these, and at the other pieces in the middle below, are bolted boards, making a kind of floor. Between the two sets of boards is placed a roller, which should be long for a hog. This roller is made from the frame, and fit tightly on a board bolted to the frame, which could be shown in the engraving. Near the bottom of the standbolt and in front, a footpedal (seen to advantage in the first cut) is bolted. About a foot from the floor is a hole to drive a pin through to keep the roller from turning, and the machine closed by putting a pin through one of the holes of the bolt behind it. The hog is then put in the rack, its neck or upper shoulder is put under the roller, and the bolt drawing down tight is wrapped around the neck.

An enterprising farmer may pay the cost of making his rack, by doing work for his neighbors. The customary charge is seven cents per head in considerable numbers, and more for a smaller number. If any one wishes to follow this plan it would be well to have it also made of two-inch lumber, so it can be moved on which to haul the rack. On one side of this frame is fastened a roller two feet long, as shown in the figure, so that it can be used when the top of the frame is removed. To haul the rack from place to place and drive the animals with it, it may be rolled up on the roller.—A. Franklin Shull, in Orange Judd Farmer.

Immature wood, that is the wood of a tree which has not attained its full growth, is said not to be so durable as the wood of a fully grown tree.

Good Roads Notes

Combined Efforts.

THE strenuous efforts of drivers and wheelmen in behalf of improved highways have been doubled and redoubled since the appearance of the automobile. The organized bodies which represent the three divisions of our citizens prominent in the use of the roads, namely, the drivers, the wheelmen and the chauffeurs, seem determined to work together vigorously and unceasingly for the accomplishment of their purpose.

Perhaps no better illustration has been seen of the fraternal feeling existing among these organizations than was afforded at a recent meeting in this city. The event was announced as a "good roads reunion" and was conceived by the President of the Road Drivers' Association. Among those present were enthusiasts advocates of the good roads movement from various parts of the country who, as cyclists, automobilists or drivers of horses, discussed intelligently upon the need of better roads in the United States. General Miles, who spoke, emphasized the advantages of first-class highways in case of military conflict. He said:

"The subject of good roads is one that military men, of course, are interested in, for it is one of the vital questions that the General has to study as to how he can best maneuvre his brigades, corps and armies. Frequently during the Civil War the line of march was marked by dead animals and wrecked wagons, owing to the wretched condition of the roads over which the armies had to pass. On one or two occasions the movements of the armies were very much embarrassed, and the campaign had to be abandoned for it was found impossible to maneuvre an army. On the plains we were compelled to make the roads as we passed over the country."

Of course, in times of war, as well as in times of peace, smooth and hard roads have always been eminently desirable; but it must be obvious to every one that the advent of horseless vehicles, whose utility for military purposes has been indorsed by distinguished Generals on both sides of the Atlantic, has rendered their construction a matter of even vital importance. In the South African war, where perhaps automobiles have been put to a more practical military test than anywhere else, it has been found that their use not only facilitates transportation, but that the machines can carry heavier burdens and necessitates the attendance of fewer men than would be required in the case of wagons drawn by mules or horses. It has been estimated that, considering the greater speed of the motor vehicle, thirty-four of them, each of twenty-five horse power, can transport in a given time as many pounds of provisions and artillery as 1200 horses. Besides, the use of the latter would involve the element of forage, which must be taken and transported as necessary for them. In France, experiments conducted with an automobile of twenty-seven horse power have shown that twenty-four such vehicles can supply an army corps, or forty-eight with 200 rounds of ammunition per man, over a distance of eighty miles in twenty-four hours, and can transport heavy guns to overcome pounding advantage.

Manifestly, the usefulness of automobiles, as of bicycles, depends largely upon the condition of the roads over which they are to be run. When the road is right, the possibilities of the machine are vastly increased. No one should underestimate the highly creditable results already achieved by the good roads workers in many parts of the country, and notably in New York State. The cause in which they are enlisted is one which deserves universal support.—New York Sun.

Better Roads.

One of the most substantial progresses in the South is the increasing interest in road building and road improvement.

It is true that we have much more talk than performance on this subject, but there are signs of practical progress in several Southern States. In Louisiana there seems to be a good prospect of much broader road work for years.

The principal locks at the Sault Ste. Marie (Michigan) canal have been one of the most conspicuous and important passages in the commerce.

It was a fact said that the Illinois Central has never charged any more for a mile of road than it did for a mile of track. In the close great things for transportation Illinois Central is leaving. It has always been adverse to promotion and has kept aloof, yet it has added many thousands of the best class of manufacturers in that section.

The railroads purchased large tracts of land from time to time, which it sold up into farms and sold on very easy terms to steady and intelligent farmers from the Northwest. These new citizens of the south are so well pleased that they have induced many others to come to us. They have added much to the value of land lands in Mississippi and Louisiana.

The Illinois Central is now doing an other good work for the South. It has already helped to organize.

It is beneath all the work exhibits simple elements of good roads along its lines and is distributing much practical information on the subject of good roads. In addition to this it gives low freight rates on road materials and in other ways encourages the good roads movement.

If all the railroads in the South would do as much in this cause as the Illinois Central is doing the result would be of immense benefit to this section, as well as the railroads themselves.—Atlanta Journal.

An Educational Influence.

We need good roads not only for business and commerce, but as an intellectual and educative influence to give us an enlarged intellectual power for comprehending the world that is about us.

THE WHITE PINE DISAPPEARING.

Result of Ruthless Destruction of Trees.

"The white pine tree is disappearing," said a student of the conifer family to a Washington Star reporter in the grounds of the Department of Agriculture, "though now that attention has been called to the ruthless destruction of the trees the various schemes of preservation and conservative lumbering are being given consideration. It has been calculated that the original stand of white pine in Canada and the United States represented something like 500,000,000,000 feet of merchantable lumber, board measure. In 1890 it was computed that the stand had been reduced to 150,000,000,000 feet, 100,000,000,000 feet being in the United States in the region of the great lakes, 30,000,000,000 in Canada and 600,000,000,000 scattering.

"The white pine is distinctively a Northern tree. The native distribution of the tree was from Newfoundland on the east to Lake Winnipeg on the west and thence to the southern boundary of Wisconsin, Michigan, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Connecticut. The white pine belt also followed the Appalachian range as far to the south as Georgia. The best growth of the tree was in Maine and the British territory east of that State, along the St. Lawrence River, in New Hampshire, Vermont, Northern New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Central Pennsylvania. The forests of white pine have been annihilated in New England, though some cutting continues in Maine. Some white pine still grows in almost inaccessible parts of New York and Pennsylvania.

"According to Professor Spalding the white pine tree seldom attains a height greater than 100 feet or a diameter of more than forty inches. A tree of this variety once measured by the division of forestry of the Department of Agriculture was 170 feet tall and forty-eight inches thick. That tree was 400 years old. It was a little sapling fifty years before Columbus sailed from Palos.

"It is not an easy tree to propagate, so many of the seeds being unfertile. It does not, as a rule, produce flowers and cones until it is fifteen or twenty years old. During the first decade of its life it will grow about one foot every twelve months, and then it grows a little faster till maturity. A tree twenty years old ought to be about twenty-five feet high, and at thirty or forty years of age it ought to measure about sixty feet."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The ideal is certainly the real.

Love is the adjunct of eternity.

Poverty does not make thoroughness.

Every knave is an income tax fool.

A little folks may hold much wisdom.

Faith is the force that makes motives.

You may always suspect the suspicious man.

The sorter the straw as it falls the deeper it will sink.

The roots are invigorated by the rain released by the leaves.

There can be a universal face only where there is a universal heart.

He who stoops to meanness finds it hard to get the stink out of his face.

You can tell a mean price when you know what he will do for a principle.

When earthly goods become our highest good they become our greatest evil.

Many who are waiting that their work should be honestly praised will be surprised to have neither reward that way.

He who cannot forget the kindness he has done is little better than he who remembers the injuries he has received.—Benjamin Franklin.

Testing His Company.

"A young man from a country town called a young man from town. I could guess at his errand. He was a missionary from a church organization. Drew a room in the club, and hung up a notice that he would be at home to any young man who desired to meet him. As I passed the door I saw a long line of young men waiting to shake the hand of a man who was willing to give up his evenings to good work, so I dropped the card he had sent me and stood myself in the line. What the young man expected to accomplish by his method I cannot say, but I suppose it resembled in the way to make my acquaintance last."

"Didn't your wife suppose?"

"No."

"What did she say?"

"Make your own bed and wash it first."—Life.

Fortune in a Mattress.

The police of Levallois Perret, a suburb of Paris, were recently called to the house of the sister of an old woman named Mademoiselle Blisson, who had long been considered as a miser. She had been in receipt of outdoor relief for a number of years and had been regularly visited by the sisters of charitable persons. The latter showed the police the corpse of her dead sister, which had been concealed about for months, and further investigations revealed the existence stowed away in the woman's mattress of a small fortune, consisting of bonds to the value of over $20,000 and a considerable sum in gold.