

### The Pine Tree Passing Away.

A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, writing from Alpena, Mich., says:

Alpena is one of the many Michigan towns that are springing up along the lake shore at the mouths of rivers whose tributaries flow through the great pine forests of the State. Every river throughout the constantly receding timber belt of Michigan, now reaching from the Saginaw Valley to the Straits of Mackinaw, sufficiently large to float of logs, becomes a highway between the lumber camps, wherein motley crews of men, gathered for a few winter months from all nations of the world, rob the forests of their precious pine. The time is near when the pine hoarded by nature for ages within the bosom of her forests will be exhausted; when the rough woodsmen will have departed to other lands; when the saw mills, now bustling with life, will stand silent and deserted. What is to be the future of this region when that time shall arrive? Is it to remain a useless waste, awaiting the slow restoration of its forests? It is certain that the agricultural value of the land stripped of its pine is proving to be much greater than was formerly supposed. Clearings are being made, and good crops of wheat, oats, hay and potatoes raised. A tide of emigration in this way is following the woodchoppers, and converting the mutilated forests into prosperous farms. When the terrible forest fires of Michigan swept over ten thousand acres of pine land along Lake Huron coast, south of Saginaw Bay, and destroyed whole towns, many lives, and millions of dollars' worth of property, the lumbering interests were utterly destroyed. Not a single mill, I am told, in all that region has since been built. It was thought the fire had ruined the future of the burned district, and that it would be henceforth valueless. These fires, occurred in the year of the Chicago fire, just nine years ago, and to-day this burnt district is said to be the finest farming region in the State.

The destruction of the pineries of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota is a matter of importance. How long will the forests of these three States, that contain the chief stores of pine timber on this continent east of the rocky mountains, continue to supply the enormous drains being made upon them? One example will show how rapid is the process of destruction. The Saginaw Valley formerly contained the largest and finest pine forests of Michigan. Mill after mill was built along the banks of the river, until their united capacity reached six hundred million feet of lumber per year. To supply these mills the pine in the Saginaw Valley has been already in great part exhausted, and mill owners are now obliged to bring logs from other rivers, often as far as one hundred and fifty miles distant, to supplement the stock of the Saginaw river. The output on that river has reached its climax. No more new saw mills are built or old ones replaced. The business must gradually diminish in volume until the Saginaw Valley, now the greatest lumber district in the world, shall hear the buzz of the saw no more.

Talking to a gentleman of Alpena, who has witnessed the growth of the lumbering business of that place almost from the commencement, and whose business for years has kept him accurately posted as to the quantity and location of the pine in Alpena district, he said that dividing the number of millions of feet of pine timber tributary to the Alpena river by the annual capacity of the Alpena mills, it gave them fifteen years' supply. These figures agree very closely with those given me a few weeks ago by the president of the largest logging company on the Mississippi river, operating in the Wisconsin pineries, a region that had been work-

ed much less extensively than the Michigan pineries. They would last, he said thirty or forty years. The Minnesota pineries are not so large as either of the others, and will probably not survive them. In from twenty-five to forty years the last tree will be cut, and the entire country from Maine to the Rocky Mountains must learn to live with meager quantities of pine lumber brought at great expense from different countries.

The pineries cannot be replaced. A full grown tree represents hundreds and hundreds of years of growth. I saw small pines, no larger around than a man's arm, bearing the scars made by axes of the United States Engineers thirty-five years ago. What ages, then, must be required to produce a tree three or four feet in diameter? When these forests reach the condition of the pineries of Maine and New York, and become extinct, no new ones will take their places. The American of the near future must learn to hew and build without pine, and marvel at the thoughtless recklessness of his ancestors.—*Scientific American*.

### The Pocket Handkerchief.

We may forget our purse, our penknife, and many other things, says the London *Hatter*, without experiencing any great inconvenience, and even without its being known at times, but to lose or mislay the handkerchief may be followed by very grave consequences, as we all know. Moreover, we make use of this article in many other different ways. All who make use of spectacles do not remove them from their nose in order to put them very carefully into the case without using the handkerchief, and they use it again before putting them on, wiping the glasses with great care. The majority of people pay by far too little attention to an object so indispensable. Many put it into the same pocket with their keys, their purse, their snuff box, without troubling themselves concerning the many strange substances with which its tissue will not fail to come in contact in so miscellaneous a company, and which might sully the purity which the handkerchief ought to possess. Does one go to pay a visit? Before presenting themselves to the person they wished to thank or solicit, some have been known to dust their boots with the handkerchief. Does the careful wife see some grains of dust left on her ornaments? She makes them disappear with her handkerchief. Boys in the school room clean their slates with them; in the playground the handkerchief is the necessary attendant of a multitude of games. With this they wipe off the dirt; they strike off the dust. It is used to stop the blood that flows from wounds—always very numerous in the age of leapfrog and prisoners' base; the age also of communism in handkerchiefs. With wounds come tears, and the handkerchief, full of dust, spotted with dirt, with the blood of bodies known or unknown, serves again for wiping the eyes, the nose, or the cheeks furrowed with tears. We do not wish, and we cannot tell here all the strange uses that people make of the pocket handkerchief. And then what signals have been conveyed by it! How many sad farewells, how many cheerful congratulations! The very method of waving it has a language, as the motions of the fan also have. But no one has hitherto discoursed on the language of the pocket handkerchief. And how useful it often is as a help to the pocket or the hand-bag! How many mushrooms, myrtle-berries, strawberries, and raspberries have been gathered into the handkerchief in young days, and more valuable things in later life! Then there may be evil results traced to it—a number of ailments of which one cannot guess the origin; diseases of the nose and eyes. Fortunate it is for him that incurs nothing worse;

diphtheria, for example, which the handkerchief may heedlessly transmit. Let us not use the handkerchief except for its proper purpose; let us devote to it a special place; let us change it as often as possible, and inspire our children with a great disgust for another's handkerchief on account of the disagreeable, nay, dangerous consequences that may ensue. Much more might be said about the pocket handkerchief, but enough has been hinted at to set my readers a-thinking upon its importance, its uses, and its abuses.—*Scientific American*.

### Select Reading.

—Did you ever see a drinker or smoker who couldn't leave off at any time, if he only wanted to?

—A Chinaman who was looking at an Englishman eating tripe, said: "And yet he hates dear little mice."

—*Covenant*.

—Benzine is said to be more effective than anything else for exterminating moths, roaches, etc.

—Alum and plaster of Paris, well mixed in water and used in the liquid state, form a hard composition and also a useful cement.

—A correspondent from India writes as follows: "It is England's battle and not India's sun which Europeans have to dread in this country. Nearly all the cases of her apoplexy are from drink."

—The wheat fields of the summer did not approach the reapers asking to be gathered, but the reapers went out and cut the harvest where it stood. The world will not come to the Church to be saved; the Church must go to it. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

—Prof. Fawcett, the English Postmaster-General, is a blind man, but the eyes of his wife and his own intelligence have left him few equals as a statesman. He has long been regarded as an authority on Indian matters, and his administration of the British post-office is marked by the greatest vigor. It is reported that he will soon visit this country in order to study our telegraph system. The telegraph in Great Britain is a part of the postal system, and is owned by the Government. There is little doubt but that a similar arrangement in this country would benefit the public.—*Evangelist*.

—Never to insist; never to raise the voice above the clear, musical pitch it should maintain uniformly; never to permit undue earnestness to weigh words down; always to keep the sweetest good nature; to touch things with laughing lightness, lest seriousness, desirable as it may be otherwise, settle where it will soon put a stop to conversation—all that is something to learn.

My baby boy sat on the floor,  
His big blue eyes were full of wonder,  
For he had never thought before,  
That baby by the mirror door,  
What kept the two so near, asunder.

He leaned toward that golden head,  
The mirror border framed within,  
Until twin cheeks, like roses red,  
Lay side by side, then softly said,  
"I can't get out; can't you come in?"

—Miss Sharp says she don't want worn-out shoes, old Scripture question books, old forks, nor old files of country newspapers. The Kroos are native and heathen, but they live on English steamers when not at home, and know a thing or two.—*Northern*.

—Somebody has collected several very curious facts about the cost of books in early times, and in the light of them who shall say that books now-a-days are not cheap? The King of Northumberland in 1690 gave for a history of the world 800 acres of land, and a Countess of Anjou, date not stated, once gave 200 sheep and a large parcel of furs for a volume of homilies, and 120 crowns for a single book of Livy! In 1820, a Latin Bible was valued at \$150, and this was at a time when two arches of London Bridge were built for less than \$150.

The laborer in those days had wages so small that the earnings of fifteen years had been necessary to buy a Bible, and the Bible being in Latin, he could not have read it after all.

### The Web of Life.

Backward my memory wanders to-night  
Into the shadows of bygone years,  
Parting the curtains, and bringing to light  
The past, with its gladness and tears.

Things long forgotten, memories hushed,  
Dreams I had tenderly buried from sight,  
Longings unsatisfied—bright hopes crush-

ed—  
Of sunshine and gladness, of shadow and blight.

Of a sister's tears and a mother's prayers,  
Of trials, temptations, and victories won,

Of days of brightness and freedom of cares,  
Or of striving to utter "Thy will be done."

And I marvel much at the tangled skein  
The parted curtains have left in sight,  
With threads of gladness and threads of pain,  
All mingled and twisted, the dark with the light.

Ah! strangely woven, these lives of ours,  
With a warp of gladness, and a woof of pain,

Yet the flowers would droop in the sunny hours  
Were they never refreshed by the cooling rain.

We wonder oft-times at the broken threads  
And murmur at trials, and crosses we meet,  
Ne'er thinking, it needeth each fragment  
And shred

To render the pattern of life complete.

O, a careful weaver is watching the loom  
And though the web may seem jagged  
And rough,

Whether threads of glory or threads of gloom,  
He knoweth the reason, and that is enough.

—Selected by Lizzie Ely.

### Singing to the Old Man.

A touching incident of the last visit of the Fiske Jubilee Singers to Washington is related by a correspondent of the *Columbus, Ohio, Dispatch*:

The company remained in Washington two or three weeks giving concerts, and during their stay at the National Hotel they unanimously paid a visit to Alexander H. Stephens, who is an invalid. The time for the call was fixed to suit his convenience, and his ordinarily confused apartments were prepared for the occasion. When the "Children" entered the room they found quite an assembly of the ladies of the hotel, and Mr. Stephens sitting in the midst in his "wheel-chair."

He greeted each one with a cordial hand-shake, and when this ceremony was over they arranged themselves in a semi-circle in front of him and sang "Steal Away to Jesus," with the Lord's Prayer.

During the singing he was deeply affected, keeping time with his feet and looking from one to another as if lost in wonder that such a melody could proceed from mortal lips. When they struck the words "Our Father," he covered his face with his hands and ceased to beat time. As they breathed his prayer in soft and almost whispered notes, it seemed as though they were bearing the old man on their hearts to the throne of grace. There was not a sound, not even the stirring of a hand, lest the soft, melodious notes should be lost, and when they ceased, he said, "Oh, it is wonderful! I never heard anything like it."

"Now," said Mr. Stephens, "I would like to hear you sing a good old revival song to a rousing old camp meeting tune."

It was easy enough to comply with this request, and they sang not only one but several, and they probably never had a more attentive or a more deeply affected auditor.

The last piece closed with the benediction: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make His face to shine upon thee. The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace both now and forevermore. Amen."

During this the old man sat with

bowled head. It was as though the "peace that passeth understanding" had settled upon him; and when after a moment's hush, he raised his head and extending his hands in parting, his eyes were moist, and there were tears in his voice.

It was a pleasant incident, this meeting of the ancient Southerner and the hitherto slaves, the more so from the fact that Mr. Stephens has always been an independent and practical friend of the race.—*Companion*.

### Florida's Orange Groves.

There will be an early crop of Florida oranges this year. The flourishing condition of the groves indicate that picking will begin in the latter part of September, or about thirty days earlier than last year's ripening. Florida's commercial importance in the production of table fruits and vegetables has become especially noteworthy, but her successful cultivation of the orange tree is a matter of marked interest. A few days ago the now famous Florida orange was to be seen merely in sample lots; now its cultivation employs large capital and the careful and persevering attention of many professional pomologists. Mr. John F. Maxfield, of the fruit firm of Maxfield & Co., No. 67 and 69 Park Place, New York, who has lately returned from a tour through Florida orange country, has given a *World* reporter some very interesting statements and statistics. He says that in 1874 the growth was not enough for home consumption, and the groves could very easily be counted. The most important were Mr. Anderson's at St. Augustine, Mrs. Mitchell's at Jacksonville, Hart's at Palatka and Dummit's at Indian river. There were, besides, a few small groves on the Gulf coast. But very little fruit found its way North, Charleston, and Savannah consuming any surplus. To-day the product exhibits a marvelous increase from stocked plantations, while hundreds of groves are still in their infancy all over the state. The largest and most productive grove is at Orange Lake, and is owned by Mr. J. A. Harris. Orange cultivation has brought much capital and many energetic men into the state. Practical business-men are ready at the most important centres to purchase and prepare for market the delicious fruit.—*New York World*.

A SAFE DRINK.—Lemonade is one of the best and safest drinks for a person, whether in health or not. It is suitable to all stomach diseases; is excellent in sickness. The pips, crushed, may also be mixed with water and used as a drink. We advise every one to rub the gums daily with lemon juice, to keep them in health. The hands and nails are also kept clean, white, soft and supple, by the use of lemon instead of soap. It also prevents chills. Lemon is used in intermittent fevers, mixed with strong, hot, black coffee, without sugar. Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the parts affected with a cut lemon. It is valuable, also, to cure warts, and to destroy dandruff on the head by rubbing the roots of the hair with it.—*Western Rural*.

### A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat

should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. Brown's Bronchial Troches are certain to give relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Catarrh, Consumption and Throat Diseases. For thirty years the Troches has been recommended by physicians, and always give perfect satisfaction. They are not new or untried but having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Public speakers and Singers use them to clear and strengthen the Voice. Sold at twenty-five cents a box everywhere.

—Dr. Johnson once silenced a notorious female backbiter, who was condemning some of her friends for painting their cheeks, by the remark that "It is a far less harmful thing for a lady to redden her own complexion than to blacken her neighbor's."