

WHO KNOWS.

Who knows we have not lived before in forms that will delight and pain? If death is not the open door through which we pass to life again!

The faithful seed beneath the soil in infant bed and bloom may rise but by the eternal love of God. It is not quiescent till it dies.

The leaves that tremble on the tree fall "neath the stroke of autumn's storm." But, by some mighty mystery, With spring return in other forms.

As currents of the swirling sea From undisturbed sources flow, So what we were and yet may be, In this brief life we may not know.

Not oft some unexpected gleams Of past and unremembered years Break through the doorway of our dream And some familiar face appears.

A gentle spirit, lost awhile, Amid the clouds that love creates, Whose beams and loving smile Recall some former scenes of earth.

And thus unconscious of the life, The mystic link that love creates, Whose beams and loving smile Recall some former scenes of earth.

Perhaps with every cycle passed In all the ages yet to be, Our loved will come to us at last, As parted waters find the sea.

Not wholly dead as they were seen When death unbound their robes of clay, But with auspicious face and smile, And souls that cannot pass away.

—David Banks Nichols in New York Sun.

To restore the leather bindings of books wash them first very lightly and carefully with clean warm water in which a tiny piece of soda has been dissolved, in order to free the leather from grease; then wash with clear water to remove the soda, and dry. Dissolve a bit of gum arabic the size of a small bean in a teaspoonful of water and beat it up with a teaspoonful of the white of an egg. With a bit of sponge go lightly over the leather with this glaze and let it dry.

Should the glaze froth up on the leather, as it is very likely to do if there is much too work on the book, dab it until it subsides with the palm of the hand or with the sponge squeezed as dry as possible.—New York Journal.

Morelli's Humor.

Morelli was a man of humor and wit who took a malicious pleasure in making fun of the ridiculous. "I remember," says Sir Austen Layard, "once going with him to see a picture which its owner attributed to Luino, and with respect to which he desired to have Morelli's opinion. After looking at it for a moment Morelli said very gravely, 'Lui—no, with a slight emphasis on the 'no.' The owner was delighted and boasted that his picture had been pronounced genuine by the great connoisseur."—San Francisco Argonaut.

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AS THE TREE FALLS.

In the woods, as elsewhere, time goes on, and Monday morning comes with all its depressing bluesness to such as have spent the leisure hours since Saturday night in riotous living.

For once Frank's appetite failed him. The work of beefsteak and delectable flapjack were not to his liking. His muscular neighbor noticed it and said, "Better eat sump'n, or you'll never stand it till noon."

Frank felt grateful for the consideration, but did not act upon the advice; whereupon his friend plied him with the coffee pot saying, "Here, then, drink some o' this to scald out yer coppers." But no; the pains of a racking headache and disordered stomach were not to be soothed by cafe noir—very much moir and many times warmed up—so Frank got up and went out.

He seated himself on the bench in front of the cookhouse to wait for the others. The morning air was refreshing, and it enabled him to think coherently of the recent woeful occurrence.

He remembered it all now—the white fronted saloon at the forks in the road; the dingy, foul smelling barroom; the cheap mirror and fixtures; and the audacious pictures on the walls; the card littered floor and the reeking spittoons; the click of the poker chips and the quaint originality of some of the blasphemy.

Then the game. How he did win at the beginning, and how the onlookers craned their necks to see how he discarded; and when he "went his whole pile" on three jacks, and some one behind remarked, in a low tone, "He's blooded, you bet yer!" how a feeling of confidence crept over him. "There's a home stake to be won right here and now," he had said to himself. But the faces wilted if otherwise, for Lucky Buck called him, and the "show down" displayed three queens from the hand of the latter, which ended the game for Frank. But they filled him up with "forty-rod" by way of consolation, and he struck out for camp by the light of the moon.

The railroad track, he remembered thinking, must surely be narrower than standard gauge and the ties unnecessarily close together, and there was something wrong with the moon, for she hid herself behind a cloud until he reached the high trestle, when suddenly she "unveiled her peerless light," that, glittering in the crook below, startled and perplexed him. He had sat him down to consider all those matters, and there they had found him soliloquizing, with many postures and an occasional apostrophe, to the inconstant moon. He remembered their helping him home and putting him to bed—alas! to be aroused in too short a time by the tooting of the relentless horn.

The retrospect ceased as the crew filed out from breakfast. The foreman stood by the door, and with that strangely retentive memory which many unlettered people possess mentally registered each who went to work. Among the first was old Josh, the filer, who took his position behind his bench, and with arms folded and maternal pipe alight waited for the sun to climb a little before beginning his daily task of pointing teeth and swedging rakers.

The crew, apart from the choppers and peelers, was divided into two gangs. Each gang had its complement of sawyers, chain tenders and swamper, and each had a donkey engine to haul the logs from their beds, where the sawyers left them, into the "snaking roads." The team took charge of them from there on, hauling from the two engines alternately. Farther back in the forest the choppers and peelers worked collectively for the two "outfits."

For one of these "outfits" Frank sawed chunks. A chunk sawyer is by no means an exalted position in the wood butcher brotherhood; still, it often serves as a stepping stone for something better. The duties are to cut into movable dimensions any windfalls or worthless tree tops that may lie in the way of the roadmakers, and to remove the lighter obstructing debris by hand.

He needed a sharpened saw. Josh must be interviewed. With a long drawn sigh, he arose and, walking wearily across the track to where the bench stood, made known his wants.

"How's the country where you're workin' now?" asked the old man.

"Steep," was the brief reply.

"Here's what you want, then," handing down the implement from its resting place against a huge stump—"a stiff-backed saw for a side-lin country."

Just then the "boss" came and said: "Guess you won't need that today. Big John's partner's in town, sick, or drunk, or sumthin', an' you'd better go an' work in his place."

No further instructions were needed. The opportunity had come at last. To follow a redwood had been Frank's aim ever since he hired out. Dropping the "stiffback" unconcernedly and forgetting all his woes, he hurried off to overtake his big friend of the breakfast table.

It is expedient to adopt, for the time being, and to a reasonable extent, the speech and manners of those with whom our lot is cast. Frank had learned this by bitter experience. His "grammar" and "alo"

had been subjected, to make matters worse, when first he came. He had long since dispensed with both, and, furthermore, he now could wipe his mouth with the back of his hand after a meal and chew "sawlog plug" with the best of them.

He overtook his big friend at the brow of the hill among the logs and rigging. The donkey driver, or "engineer," as he proudly styles himself, was busy getting up steam, and the pulsing of the pump contrasted strangely with the stillness of the morning—such stillness that the smoke from the little engine went straight up in a bright blue cloud. Over the divide, in the region beyond Jordan, the pure morning light heralded the sunrise.

Out of breath, he began with the colloquial: "Say!"

"Say it yourself, me son."

"Sweet Lip says for me to work in place of Alec, who ain't show'd up this morning. 'Sweet Lip' was a nickname applied to the foreman, on account of his ability to hire high priced men for less than standard wages.

After an inquiry of two concerning his absent partner, John said earnestly, "But, me son, did yiz ever chop any?"

"Suckers for skids, stringers, and the like o' that."

"There's a big difference between 'hackin' down poles and 'fallin' rid woods.'"

Frank knew, but he said nothing. The conversation became sparse, as they had now to walk in single file along the choppers' trail, and all signs of road work were left behind. The way was over fallen trees and around stumps, down one side of a canyon and up the other, ending, at last, in the chopping at the edge of the green timber.

"That 'un 'll be the next," said John, pointing to an eight foot tree of surpassing beauty. "She's mid-dlin soft, an' the grain is straight; you can tell that by the bark; an' she's sound as a dollar—the green top shows it."

"Cold, premeditated murder," Frank said to himself, and then aloud, "which way are you goin to send her?"

"Between them two stumps," pointing across the hill. "There ain't no room to spare; but if she's near plumb as I think she is, I can land her safe enough." He took a plumb from his pocket, squinted up along the extended line at the stump, and was satisfied for he said, "Get Alec's ax and snipe off the inner corners of both them stumps while I fix the bedding."

Both were soon busy, John felling a couple of arrowy firs, which he afterward cut up into movable lengths to be used in filling up a hollow that was in the line of direction, while Frank rounded off the stumps as instructed.

The next thing, after the bed was made, was the construction of the staging or scaffold. They cut socket holes in the tree and inserted the supports known as "drivers." Across, from driver to driver, the stage boards were placed, and on these the men now stood. The undercutting began when the big man, with the corner of his ax, had scratched a line on the face of the tree to indicate the height and extent of the notch. The fibrous, springy bark is hard to cut, and keen axes will often bounce back without making a visible incision.

"You'll have to hit a more slanting lick to get into it," John said. The effect was almost disastrous. Frank made a swipe at the tree, the ax glanced and hid itself between his feet. John stepped. "Now, me son," said he, "ye must hit where you look, an' take yer time, or you'll cut yer damn feet off."

By noon the undercut was put in and the tree "gunned." A tree is "gunned" when a corner is drawn across the stump from corner to corner of the undercut notch will be, at its center, at right angles to the point where the top of the tree is intended to fall.

A chopper's geometrical methods are simple. Stripping a fern of its leaves and using the stem as a measuring rod, he finds the center of the line aforesaid, and from this point extends a "gun stick" at right angles. The "gun stick" is straight and slender and about four feet long. A square is not used to find the right angle. Fern stalk measurement answers the purpose fully as well. He then sights along the stick, and, if it points exactly in the intended direction, the work on the front of the tree is complete. If not, the notch must be chipped into until it conforms to the mathematical requirements.

After dinner they moved their staging to the back of the tree and began sawing. This work came to Frank naturally. He was as limber as an oel, and the sawing motion suited him. They rested occasionally. During one of these spells John said, "If you had as much sleight with the ax as you have with the saw I'd rather have you for a pardner than Alec."

When the saw was well buried they drove wedges in the kerf to keep the tree from pinching down, and then worked on until there were but a few inches of timber left between the saw kerf and the undercut. "Now, me son, you kin take off yer handle. The wedges 'll do the rest," said John.

It was done and the saw with-

drawn and carefully hidden away, and in a trice the woods were ringing with the indecipherable sound that steel sledge make when hammering steel wedges into the body of a tree to break it apart.

Frank was getting a little nervous, and his blows were uncertain and poorly directed, and the big man remarked, "Guess there's been a good nunny wedges you've never drove!" and, to atone for his sarcasm and encourage the boy, continued: "Take yer time, me son. Make every lick count one, and don't try to hit too hard. D'y'ye know that little blow 'll kill the devil!"

We've raised her some already. See you kin stuff yer fingers in the gap now." A wind had sprung up, and was gently swaying the green top.

"Now, watch when the wind swings her from us and tap the wedges in lively. She must have leaned back a little, or she would have gone before now. And say, when she does get ready to go, don't get excited, but just watch your movements and take along that fallen tree yonder, and don't look behind until you're under the shelter of the big stub. I'll look out for myself." Then he made a trumpet of his hands and shouted: "Slashways—across—the—hill! Watch—out—be-l-o-o-w!"

Two peelers heard the warning, dropped their bars and made off out of reach of limbs.

The sledging went on, and there were a few snapping cracks, each of which made Frank's heart jump, but he staid until the last loud breaking boom, when they both jumped from the staging and ran to the stub.

Slowly she began to sail, making a wider gap for the sky to be seen through; quickening by degrees, her top made a swishing sound as it parted the air, faster and faster, noisier and noisier, causing the standing trees nearly and causing a shower of limbs. But she fell at length, with a crash that shook the earth, into the bed they had made for her, and at the same time the butt dropped off the stump.

"Saved her! from butt to browse and from heart to bark, by the great Macanoy!" exclaimed the big man, when the commotion of swaying trees and falling limbs had subsided, and he was pacing back and forth on the trunk. "See how pretty she sets between the stumps. There ain't a foot of room on either side!"

Frank was elated, and wished that the absent partner would stay in town, "sick or drunk or sumthin," for the remainder of the season. Perhaps what followed was a judgment upon him for the wickedness of the wish—but I must tell the story.

In a week Alec had not come back and Frank was learning the craft rapidly. They had moved to a steep canyon, where the timber was small and scanty. They felled most of the trees "up hill," that is, the tops pointed up the hill and the butts rested on against the stump.

"Hing' 'em on to the stump," is the way John expressed it when the butts rested on against the stump.

They "hinged" several, and Frank had asked him:

"Do they ever take a notion to slip down hill?"

"Yes, sometimes," was the reply.

"What's a feller goin to do to get out of the way? They might roll over or flip up and come clear back over the stump."

"That's so, but you've got to take chances, as in all the work in these bloody woods."

They had shouted the warning, for the tree was beginning to topple over. Both men jumped. Frank ran to the right and John to the left. The tree, but a small one, fell; its top broke off about two-thirds up, and the bulk of the trunk balanced—or seemed to balance—upon a knoll above them. Then a strange thing happened. She swung to the right, her bark dropped off, and in her nakedness, like a yellow snake, she slid down the hill. John shouted, but it was too late. He saw the extended arms and he heard the choking groan, and the thought of it all made the strong man sick.

The evening they held a meeting in the hill pulpit to talk the matter over. Josh was appointed administrator. He fortified himself with an unusually large chew of tobacco, adjusted his spectacles very carefully, and then reverently examined the boy's effects. He found a photograph of the girl at home, of course, and a few letters. He read the letters to himself, and then addressed the assemblage. His voice trembled a little: "See here, fellers!" said he, "this yer boy warn't no ordinary scrub. He may have been foolish and reckless and God knows what all, but, by the Eternal, he was white! Now, fellers, these yer letters, which I've read to myself, are so sacred to be handed around or even read aloud. Some o' them's from his mother—a widow, I reckon—an' some's from his sweetheart; an' if you'll agree to let me take care of 'em, I'll see that his folks get the news as gently as possible." He paused and looked around.

There were no dissenting voices, so he resumed. "The next thing is to raise funds for a bangup funeral." The old man, with his spectacles dimmed, picked up a battered hat from one of the bunks, dropped a five dollar piece in it by way of a "starter," and then passed the hat around.

The next issue of the local weekly briefly recorded the event under the headline, "Shocking Death at Rocky Gulch." The woods claim their victims so often that but little attention is paid to an occurrence of this kind. But Josh could tell an eloquent story.

—Barn Savage in Argonaut.

Creal, Creal.

To the victims of this insidious foe to human peace, that destroyer of rest, a dread-ful termination of human life—the malaria. Like many another physical ailment, it is easily remediable at the outset with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which expels through the kidneys. There exists the ample evidence to prove that in cases that have resisted other treatment, the Bitters has produced thorough and permanent results. But to temper with this remedy is folly. A attack it at once with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which expels through the kidneys. There exists the ample evidence to prove that in cases that have resisted other treatment, the Bitters has produced thorough and permanent results. But to temper with this remedy is folly. A attack it at once with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which expels through the kidneys. There exists the ample evidence to prove that in cases that have resisted other treatment, the Bitters has produced thorough and permanent results. 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