THE MORRISTOWN GAZETTE.

By JOHN E. HELMS. MORRISTOWN TENN., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1880. VOL. XIV---NO. 37.

Entered at the Post Office at Morristown, Tenn. as second class matter.]

TERMS OF THE GAZETTE.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.—One year (52 issues) $2; six months, $1; three months, 60 cents.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.—One inch first insertion, $1; each subsequent insertion, 50 cents; displayed advertisements will be charged according to the space occupied at above rates.

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Subscription Price, $2.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 1, 1880.

They do the thing deliberately and effectively in God's land. Tip Lundregan wanted to be attentive to Rosa Clairmont, at Burlington, Ohio, but she would not permit it. He called at her home several times, and she refused to see him, sending him word that if he persisted much longer in pestering her she would find a way to stop him. Forcing his way into the parlor, he found Miss Clairmont there alone. She shot him immediately, and he died at her feet.

A GREAT MAN IN HIS DECLINE.

THE CLOSING DAYS OF THOS. CARLYLE.

From the Baltimore Sun.

LONDON, Oct. 15.—I have heard much about Thomas Carlyle being a sufferer from insomnia. He is not. He is gradually going down the hill of life and into "the valley of the shadow of death" by slow and easy stages, with a clear and rested brain. He is approaching 85 years, and may well afford to look back, as Dante did, and be proudly remembered in the future as one "who whipped vice with a scourge of steel, unmasked stern murder, shamed lascivious lust, and plucked off the visor from grim treason's face." I made up my mind to call and personally learn at Carlyle's house his condition.

Years ago I had a letter of introduction to him from a literary light of Boston, and I recalled with some misgivings my chances of seeing "the old man of perpetual fame." Then it took me days to see the "Sage of Chelsea." How could I hope to see "the philosopher of Cheyne Rowe" now in a moment? But I went my way toward this noted abode, so quaint in its simplicity and so true in its snug, quiet retreat. I learned from the trusty servant that Mr. Carlyle was very ill, and not able to see any one. "Take my card, and let him say through you how he really is," I remarked. The servant did so, returned, and to my delight I was ushered up stairs to a sort of semi-boudoir, where, seated in a large, square, half-recumbent chair, I found the great writer, thinker, reformer. We were soon joined by his neice, a calm and thoughtful-looking little lady, who said I might talk, but "he must not." Thomas Carlyle could not be silent, however, and said: "Ah, I cannot work much more, and that of all grieves me before going." The same persistent idea of work that marked the young Scotch lad as he came into the world was with the European octo-genarian philosopher as he was going out. Work to Carlyle—true work—has been his gospel of life. By his side, on a little table, also of cane or bamboo structure, like unto the chair in which he reclined, there were slips of paper, as if notes on something of the past, or perhaps of the future, by this brave old man.

He looked from out and under his shaggy eyebrows with the deep fire of his departing soul, earnestly, seriously, and almost savagely. His thin, scraggy, scrawny face, with coarse, gray, grizzly beard, his compressed, determined lips, made a dual picture of the inner man of youth fighting with the outer one decay. His thin, bony, expressive hands make all his sledge-hammer sentences come to my memory, and I could then and now quote pages of them by sheer enthusiasm. Presently his neice reappeared and said: "La me, you've taken off the mittens!" Thereupon she encased those wiry hands with knitted woollen mittens so large and so loose that all the electoral expressiveness of the hands was instantly gone. Arthur Helps wrote on "great hands and their greatness of expression." Not large and loose hands; great ones.

Carlyle wore a black velvet skull cap, which did not improve his appearance, and around his body had his favorite plaid shawl. "I am not ill—I never was ill," said he, in his emphatic and broad Scotch accent, somewhat pettishly if not peevishly. "I am only going—going—going—going." And his eyes lost their grim fire of expression, his emphatic, rasping voice fell into a lower tone, and I sat silent before the only living man worthy of my silence—the only man when dead ever worthy of my loud admiration! The room was small, and the fire made the temperature oppressive, yet the icy manner of the Sage of Chelsea, relieved the atmospheric pressure on our lungs.

I saw some few books around, chiefly in the German language. A small bust of William of Orange and one of Peter the Great were readily discernible, while an engraving or two of Scotch scenery made the rest of the ornamentation of the close and well-closed room. In taking my leave of the great old man he said feebly: "Go on and work with all your will—uproot error." I shook the feeble and mittened hand and left Thos. Carlyle, who in the flesh may soon leave us, but in the spirit will ever remain.

Job printing dispatched neatly and cheaply at the GAZETTE Job Office.

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

In the minister's morning sermon,
He had told of the primal fall,
And how thenceforth the wrath of God
Rested on each and all.

And how of his will and pleasure,
All souls save a chosen few
Were doomed to the quenchless burning,
And held in the way thereto.

Yet never by faith's unreason
A saintlier soul was tried,
And never the harsh old lesson
A tenderer heart belied.

And after the painful service
On that pleasant Sabbath day.
He walked with his little daughter,
Through the apple bloom of May.

Sweet in the fresh green meadows,
Sparrows and blackbirds sung;
Above him their tinted petals
The blossoming orchards hung.

Around on the wonderful glory,
The minister looked and smiled;
"How good is the Lord who gives us
These gifts from his hand, my child."

"Behold in the bloom of apples
And the violets in the sward
A hint of the old lost beauty
Of the garden of the Lord."

Then up spoke the little maiden.
Treading on snow and pink,
"O father, these pretty blossoms
Are very wicked, I think.

"Had there been no garden of Eden,
There never had been a fall,
And if never a tree had blossomed,
God would have loved us all."

"Hush, child," the father answered,
"By his decree man fell,
His ways are in clouds and darkness,
But he doeth all things well.

"And whether by his ordaining
To us cometh good or ill,
Joy or pain, the light or shadow,
We must fear and love Him still."

"O, I fear Him," said the daughter,
"And I try to love Him, too,
But I wish He was good and gentle,
Kind and loving as you."

The minister groaned in spirit,
As the tremulous lips of pain,
And wide wet eyes uplifted,
Questioned his own in vain.

Bowing his head he pondered
The words of the little one;
Had he erred in his life-long teaching,
Had he wrong his Master done?

To what grim and dreadful idol
Had he lent the holiest name?
Did his own heart, loving and human,
The God of his worship shame?

And lo! from the bloom and greenness
From the tender skies above,
And the face of his little daughter
He reads a lesson of love.

No more as the cloudy terror
Of Sinai's mount of law,
But as Christ in the Syrian lilies
The vision of God he saw.

And as when in the clifts of Horeb
Of old was his presence known,
The dread ineffable glory
Was infinite goodness alone.

Thereafter his hearers noted
In his prayers a tender strain,
And never the gospel of hatred
Burned on his lips again.

And the scoffing tongue was prayerful,
And the blinded eyes found sight,
And hearts, as flint aforetime,
Grew soft in his warmth and light.

SAM HOUSTON'S EXILE.

Explained After Many Years—The Mystery Made Clear in a Letter from Rev. Dr. Samson—Why He Abandoned His Wife.

Rev. G. W. Samson, D. D., in New York Tribune.

The St. Louis *Globe Democrat* publishes some weeks since a private letter of President Jackson to Gen. Sam Houston, dated Washington, D. C., June 21, 1820, preserved by an old Texan, a former friend of Houston's, which has more than a personal history attached to it. President Jackson recalls his delightful meeting with his friend one year before, when, as Governor of Tennessee, he was "about to be united to a beautiful young lady of accomplished manners and of respectable connections." As to his sudden determination to "settle with the Indians and become a savage," he exclaims: "Surely it is a dream," and as hints that though now addressed at the Cherokee Agency, Territory of Arkansas, his intentions is to be found in Texas a Southern Empire, reviving thus a scheme of other men in earlier times.

The *Globe-Democrat* alludes to Houston's act, which called out this letter from his old friend, as "one of the most singular and unexplained acts ever connected with General Houston or any other great historical character." As the true explanation has, since his death, been made known by his widow to those specially intrusted with a preparation of his memoirs, the publication of which is perhaps now indefinitely postponed, justice to truth and to Houston's memory as a model of true loyalty seems to demand the following statement of the proofs of that loyalty:

As pastor of Senator Houston from 1845 to 1861, intimate with his private thoughts as well as his public life, the writer, when requested to contribute to the proposed memoir, was made acquainted with the fact of his marriage wound—keener and more lasting than that of the poisoned Indian arrow whose festering he used sometimes to show to his friends. The attestation of his loyalty in all other relations, heard from his own lips, and read in unmistakeable acts, is in perfect accord with the authentic facts of history, which any reader can verify even in brief Encyclopædia notices. There is not a particle of evidence in any preserved record which indicates a taint of disloyalty in any relation.

Born in Virginia in 1793, left an orphan in boyhood, Sam Houston went with his mother to Tennessee, where he supported her by his own industry, thus early learning family loyalty. In 1813, at the age of twenty, he enlisted under General Jackson in the Creek war, and for his repeated deeds of gallantry he so gained the esteem of Jackson that he urged him to remain permanently in the army. Resigning, however, and studying law in Nashville, he rose from office to office, and in 1823, at the age of thirty, he was elected to Congress, and then again in 1827 was elected Governor of Tennessee. Up to this time Houston was unmarried. Universally admired and urged by associates to form an alliance, which seemed essential to his station, a young lady of beauty and accomplishments was commended to him by family influence. His proposal of marriage was accepted, and late in 1828 the marriage ceremony was performed with unusual pomp. The next day Houston resigned his office, crossed the Mississippi into Arkansas, and December 11th, 1828, wrote from the agency of his old Cherokee acquaintances the letter to President Jackson, which called forth his letter of January 21st, 1829. No one of Houston's companions knew till his death the cause of his new course, which his best friends, like Jackson, regarded as partial insanity; no one but his widow could reveal it, and she only through a sense of conjugal Christian duty. That cause was the highest test of loyalty of which any man could be capable.

On the eve of his marriage Gov. Houston observed a tremor in the voice and in the hand of his bride, when the vow of undivided attachment was pronounced, which convinced him some secret had not been revealed to him. Before retiring he frankly told her of his suspicion, and asked a frank confession and pledged her that it should not work to her injury. His frankdess and firmness led to the confession that her affections had been given and pledged to another before their meeting, and that filial duty had prompted her acceptance of his proffer. Houston retired to his own cot, next day resigned his position, allowed the entire fault to appear to be his, permitted and encouraged her application for a divorce on the plea of desertion, and his bride was married to the man of her former affection. Many irseguiarities rumor, of course, charged on the man who had really sacrificed everything to save one who had erred only in mistaken duty; but no charge of domestic infidelity could be true in a man who denied it to the estimable lady who afterwards became his wife.

The suggestion of ambitious designs, naturally assumed, as true by Jackson, was disproved by facts known to history. One year after the letter was written Houston was the chosen representative of the Cherokees at Washington. It was on a visit to Texas a year or two latter that Houston was drawn into Texas affairs. The large Connecticut colony induced to go to Texas in 1820 had been, in violation of Santa Anna's promise, in 1830 incorporated into the neighboring Mexican province of Coahuila and thus subjected to Mexican law and government. These Americans in Texas, with loyal intent, thereupon organized a distinct province, and they elected Houston as their delegate to the convention that had been called to revise the Mexican Constitution which in 1824 had borrowed largely from the United States. The colonists had increased in number to 20.000 when Houston became their delegate. The crafty Santa Anna, after repeated efforts for peace, did not begin hostilities until 1835. Though superior in ability, Houston did not become commander in chief till the post was resigned by Col. S. F. Austin, son of the first colonist, in the autumn of 1835. Houston's clemency to Santa Anna after the massacres he had perpetrated was loyalty to the rules of war.

During the eight years, from 1837 to 1845, of Texan independence, Houston was faithful to every obligation of life. It was during this period that he obtained a divorce from the Legislature of the State of which he was President, and married one of the most accomplished and devout of Christian women, who, with a large family of children survives him. When at last, annexation could be effected instead of aiming at independent empire, Houston promoted to the utmost the annexation of the State of which he had been the father.

In Washington, as Senator from 1845 to 1861, no truer statesman than Sam Houston sat in the Capitol. In social relations no sign of vice appeared for he was of the Roman stamp, so honored recently by the *Tribune* as a type of the Republican leader of France. Though unable to bring his family to the capital, they were always in his thought. He spent Sunday afternoon in writing to them, and he ever spoke in all company of the fact that to his wife he was indebted for his chief honor and happiness. From his coming to Washington his seat was never vacant in the place of worship; he often referred to a discourse on the words, "Better is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city," as the religions crisis of life; he rose far above the two-fold conviction which restrained most public men from a public profession of Christian faith, namely: the suspicion of hypocrisy and of sectarianism, and was baptized when at the very height of his political expectations.

When secession and the war following it came, Sam Houston was alone in opposing it, in open words and direct acts. When in varied companies the remark was dropped that Lincoln would not be peaceably inaugurated, Houston firmly said: "The man who attempts to prevent it shall walk over my dead body!" True to his words, when, on the day of inauguration, videttes were at every street corner where the procession was to pass, close up to the left side of the carriage in which Lincoln sat, with Buchanan on the right, the tall form of Houston, mounted and armed, was seen throughout the whole route, pressing so closely up to the wheels that no man could have passed between.

The total population of the earth is now estimated at 1,455,923,000, of which number America, North and South, claims 95,495 500, and of this number the United States has more than one-half

WAIFS AND WHIMS.

THE shades of night go about dewing good.

VERY few hens lay at the point of death.

THE baby is musical because he has arrived at the bandage.

THEY dress expensively who go to the lawyer for their suits.

SPARKING across a garden fence admits of a good deal being said on both sides.

AFTER all, it was a girl, and not a boy who "stood on the burning deck"—it was Cassie B. Ance.

A MECHANIC wants to know if the company for the making of artificial limbs is a joint stock one.

THE Boston *Transcript* has discovered that we meet a great many warm friends during the heated term.

ONE man was threatening to whip another. "Well," said the other, "a bull can whip a philosopher."

AN Illinois girl's toast—"The young men of America—Their arms our support, our arms their reward; fall in, men, fall in."

AN elderly maiden lady, hearing it remarked that matches are made in heaven, remarked that she didn't care a cent how soon she went there.

"AN experienced cutter" is advertised for in the New York *World*. They doubtless want him to bobtail paragraphs for their humorous column.

MCFLANNERY heard a gentleman say of another that he had a too benign countenance, and remarked: "A 2 be 9 countenance! Phwat a face, to be sure!"

AN old lady says she never could imagine where all the Smiths came from until she saw, in a New England town, a large sign, "Smith Manufacturing Company."

A GENTLEMAN advertises that his portrait (in oils) has been stolen. There is nothing remarkable about this, though, for every one is having his likeness taken nowadays.

THE word "dear" is one of the greatest inventions in the English language. Every married man can say "my dear wife" and no one can tell just exactly what he means.

"IS the sentence, 'John strikes William,'" remarked a school teacher, "what is the object of strikes?" "Higher wages and less work," promptly replied the intelligent youth.

A FRENCHMAN cannot pronounce "ship." The word sounds "sheep" in his mouth. Seeing an iron-clad, he said to a boy. "Is dis a war sheep?" "No," answered the boy, "it's a ram."

IF you get in a passion, my dear friend, don't fly around and swear, and make all manner of foolish assertions. Just steal away and lie down in the sun a while. A soft tan, sir, turneth away wrath.

A MOTHER noticing her little daughter wipe her mouth with her dress sleeve, asked her what her handkerchief was for. Said the little one: "It is to shake at the ladies in the street. That is what papa does with his."

WHEN a Missouri grocer got up in a revival meeting and owned up that he had sold dollar tea out of the fifty-cent chest for over ten years, the brethren were very backward about telling him that he would hope for forgiveness.

"DASHAWAY is a great reader, isn't he?" asked Jones, the unsophisticated. "Never heard that he was. Why do you ask?" Smith replied. "Why, at the races, the other day, while the rest of us were enjoying the sport, he talked of nothing but his books." "Oh!"

"MAMMA," said a little girl, "as people get old does their hair grow quarrelsome?" "Why no, my child! What ever put such a notion in your head?" "I thought it must be so, ma, because I heard that old people's hair is constantly falling out!"

THE New York *Times* asks: "Can women enjoy a heaven deprived of weddings?" That depends. If new styles bonnets make their appearance every other week, women will manage to feel happy without a marriage to their back. —*Norristown Herald.*

KRUPP, the cannon maker, says he never had the least success in his business until he began to drink beer and smoke.—*Detroit Free Press.* Beer may not hurt him, if he indulges moderately, but we should think that to drink smoke would be pretty hard on the constitution.

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD son of a family the other day stood watching his baby brother, who was making a great noise over having his face washed. The little fellow at length lost his patience, and stamping his tiny foot, said, "You think you have lots of trouble, but you don' know anything about it. Wait till you'r big enough to get a lickin' and the you'll see, won't he, mamma?"

ALL ABOUT THE BIG N.

Lemars (Iowa) Sentinel.

From a large number of similar queries addressed us, we select the following:—

Indanapolis, Ind. Nov. 5, 1880.

ED. SENTINEL:—I see in all the newspapers since the election that it is now settled "This is a Nation with a big N." I have also noticed that the expression is a favorite one of yours. I don't understand it. What does it mean? Yours &c.

JOHN ANDERSON.

The first paper that formulated what proved to be the slogan of the great presidential contest just closed triumphantly for the Stalwarts, was the Lemars *Sentinel*, and, as a matter of course the *Sentinel* is the only paper in the world that realy knows what is meant by the magic words, This is a Nation with a big N. We take great pleasure in enlightening our Hoosier brother.

It means

1. The absolute, unquestioned sovereignty of the general government over all the so-called states—in other words it means

Centralization.

2. Co-relatively it means

The total subordination of the states, and their so called constitutions and laws, to the supreme authority of the central government.

Logically growing out of these definitions, which are now recognized as literally correct by all parties, it means

3. The exchange of state constitutions for provincial charters granted by the Nation.

4. The reconstruction of the national senate with a representation therein based on population instead of states. Thus, the rotten borough of Rhode Island whose population is a considerable less than half that of the city of Chicago will be wiped out. As the senate stands to day, little Delaware balances the great state of New York with its five millions of inhabitants.

5. The electoral college will be abolished, and the Chief Executive of the Nation will be chosen either by a popular vote, or by the national congress.

6. The provinces, or as they are now called states, will sustain the same relation to the general Nation, that the counties now do to the states.

8. As a corollary to all this, the abrogation of all written constitutions will necessarily follow.

And all this implies that the Nation of America will become the

Greatest,
Freest,
Strongest,
Most progressive, and
Enlightened in the world.

How do you like it?

Epizootic.

This troublesome and sometimes dangerous horse disease which has been raging for some time in other sections of the country has finally reached us, and a horse or mule not sneezing or coughing is a curiosity. A horse owner who has had experience recommends Damon's Stock Food, given in warm bran mash, as the best remedy he has found He has not lost a case where this was used. This is a simple remedy, and ought to be generally used.

A Reminiscence of Gen. Scott.

One evening during the early days of our "late unpleasantness" there was to be an exhibition of Grammar School No. 44 in New York City. I arrived late at the school building, and found several distinguished looking visitors on the platform of the hall. Among them was one whom I at once recognized by the portraits I had seen of him—it was Major-General Scott, the hero of the Mexican war. He was in full regimentals, and sat in an arm chair a little to the right of the center of the stage—a very grand, large man, with snowy hair and whiskers. He gave the most flattering, the most rapt attention to the reading of every composition, to all the singing, declaration—every exhibition of skill, however perfectly or imperfectly done. The presence of so distinguished a visitor stimulated some to do their best, while it scared others into doing their very worst. It was on the whole, however, a brilliant success.

After the exercises the president of our local board of school officers approached the General's chair and said something to him. We knew he was asked to make a "few remarks," and wondered if he would consent. To our great delight, there were evident signs of compliance; the old hero commenced to rise. One of the school officers approaching his chair on the opposite side offered to assist him. He declined assistance, but when the gentleman persisted and made an attempt to take hold of his arm, General Scott impatiently and imperatively put him aside. Those near the platform heard him say, "I need no assistance—no assistance—only give me a little time." The process of getting straightened up on the part of the General was very slow, but not a jerky or a trembling one, and suggested rather a rheumatic infirmity than the stiffness of age, though he must have been over seventy. How immensely tall he seemed as he stretched his majestic figure higher and higher until he towered half a foot or more above the men around him! Then he was introduced to the children, and the tumultuous applause of hundreds of small hands greeted him from every part of the immense hall. The applause continued until the principal touched the bell. The General waited until the silence was perfect, and then he said, in a clear, ringing voice, "Youths and maidens"—and for over a half-hour he held forth in a majestic simplicity of style never to be forgotten by any boy or girl who heard him, though there was nothing very original about anything he said. He praised and encouraged the pupils and aroused them to new effort. He compared their educational advantages to those of other lands, and with those of this country fifty years ago. In short, the prince of what children call "goody speeches."—*N. Y.*

Philosophy on the Train.

"Cain slew his brother Abel," said the old man in the slack duster, "because the martyr was so much the better man of the two, and ever since then people who love their neighbors better than themselves have been called Cane abels."

"Nay, not so," replied the young man in the lean pants; "there are people who taste each other to see if they will do to put up; that is, if they are Can-ible, hence canni—"

"But they don't put them up," interrupted the commercial traveler, "they put them down."

"The shin bone," said the returned missionary, "is considered the great luxury among those people; hence he is the happiest man who can nibble—"

"I thought," broke in the man in a zebra ulster, "that it was because they always put up the eyes for the Western trade, like the oysters, and so, in the busy season, the dealers advertise for men to can eye balls; hence the name cannib—"

"Is it not a historic fact," said the Brown University man, looking timidly at the missionary, "that one of the missionaries broke one of the Islander's legs with a club, excusing the cruel deed by writing to the American board of foreign missions that he wanted to make a noble aim in life?"

"Make?" said the missionary appealingly.

"Canoble lame in—" began the Brown man, but just then the brakeman opened the forward door and shouted:

"Mansfield! twenty minutes for dinner!"

And it was so awfully suggestive that none of the passengers could eat a bit of meat.—*Burdette.*

Uses of Cork.

The lightness of cork makes it superior to all other substances for life preservers, for insuring the buoyancy of life-boats. It is also employed as buoys to float nets, and in making waterproof shoes. It has also been converted into and used as gun wadding.

Cork, as is well known, is a non-conductor of heat, and is porous. These peculiarities have been taken advantage of in the manufacture of water coolers, which are much used in Spain. They are made of slabs of the wood, bent round circular heads of the same, and bound with hoops. The porosity of the cork allows the water to percolate slowly to the surface, and there to cool in evaporating, while its non-conducting nature prevents the heat of the sun warming the water within.

About thirty years ago an ingenious Frenchman introduced mattresses and cushions in which cork, reduced to dust or shields, was a substitute for feathers, hair or wool. It might be used alone or combined with the above-mentioned materials. It was claimed that these would make easy beds, smooth, light, and elastic, and especially well adapted for use at sea, where, in cases of emergency, they might be available as life-preservers. But it is evident that cork mattresses did not become popular. A variety of walking sticks are manufactured from young cork trees in Africa, and Spanish black, a superior pigment, is made of calcined cork.

Printing Paper.

The principal ingredients of this paper are straw, rags and wood. A mill of this kind affords a ready market for all the straw produced in the country for miles around. The straw is piled up in great stacks near the mill ready for use. The rags come from all parts of this country and Europe. The wood is brought in the pulp from firms who make a business of reducing wood to a fine pulp. Regarding the processes which these materials undergo while converted into paper:

In the first place the straw is cut up fine and passed through a fanning mill, which separates it from all the grain and particles of dust. It is then put into huge rotary boilers running under eighty pounds of steam pressure, where it is boiled and cleansed in a strong solution of caustic alkali, after which it is emptied into vats and thrown up into washing engines filled with water; there the alkali is extracted, and chlorine is added for the purpose of whitening it. After remaining here until the pulp is thoroughly washed, it is emptied into large vats, where it is left to bleach twenty-four hours. The pulp in this stage is as white as snow, and is one mass of fine, silky fiber.

The rags are first carefully assorted, and everything not composed of cotton or linen is discarded. They are then cut up and dusted by machinery, after which they are boiled and cleansed with a solution of lime in other rotary boilers. Afterward they pass through the same process as the straw until they, too, are reduced to a beautiful, white fibrous pulp. Equal quantities of rag and straw pulp are mixed together with a lesser quantity of wood pulp. To this is added a small portion of alklin, or white clay, which is used to fill up the pores of the paper, and give it a smoother surface. The whole is then put into a beating engine, where it remains until the different ingredients are thoroughly united. This operation usually takes about three hours.

Here also the blue coloring is added—blue white being considered the best shade for the paper. From the beating engine the pulp is pumped up into another engine, where it passes through the last stage of refining, and is dropped in a liquid form into an immense tub. It is now ready to be put into form. There are two kinds of machines for this work, the Fourdriner and the cylinder. The Fourdriner, the lastest invention, is the most perfect machine now in use.

The fibrous liquid is then poured from the tub through a strainer into the machine, where it is caught on an endless sieve of very fine wire, which filters out the water and retains the fibre. This sieve continually vibrates as it moves along thus thoroughly uniting the fibre, and when it reaches the section box, all the water is drawn from the pulp. This sheet is carried over numerous drying cylinders, heated by steam; then over the cylinder rolls, where it receives its final gloss and finish; and is finally wound on spools, weighed, wrapped, marked and stored, ready for shipment

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