

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Prayer Meeting Topic For the Week
Beginning July 4, 1909.

By REV. S. H. DOYLE.

Topic—Patriotism that counts.—Neh. iv, 13-15.

In Nehemiah we have one of the most inspiring patriots in ancient history. He was one of the number of the Jews who remained in Babylon after the return of many in the reign of Cyrus. He held a high position under Artaxerxes, being a cupbearer of the king in Shushan, the winter residence of the king of Persia. While thus situated visitors from Jerusalem told him the story of the sad condition of the people and city of Jerusalem. He became sad and sorrowful in appearance, which led the king to ask him the cause of his trouble, and when it was explained the king allowed him to return to Jerusalem. On doing so he aroused the people from their lethargy and, overcoming various difficulties, finished his task. He ruled for twelve years, restoring the temple and the ancient law, which was found in the ruins of the temple, and dealing out justice and equity to all. Nothing is known of him except what is contained in his book, which should be read at this time by every Endeavorer. It is intensely interesting from beginning to end and gives us a complete picture of the patriotism of a man, which counted.

1. Patriotism that counts is an inborn, inherent patriotism. True love of country cannot be manufactured. It cannot be made to order. It must be born into the man and be a natural part of his being. The patriot is born, not made. It was so with Nehemiah. No sooner did Nehemiah hear that his country was in distress than he "sat down and wept and mourned certain days and fasted and prayed before the God of heaven." No such results could have been produced by a pretense of patriotism. Nothing but an inborn love of country could have produced them. His sincerity could not be doubted, because his feelings were manifested in his appearance. True patriotism is always of such a character, and we may thank God that no nation exceeds our own in this kind of patriots.

2. Patriotism that counts must be self-sacrificing. The man who says "I love my country" and then when it is in distress refuses to deny himself for it betrays his words. Nehemiah was no such patriot. Once he left a position of ease and luxury, returned to his native land and, amid great privations and dangers, gave all his powers for the restoration of his people. The patriotism that counts must not consider self. It does not weigh personal pleasure and ease against privation, sacrifice and danger.

3. Patriotism that counts must be exercised in peace as well as war. Nehemiah's sacrifice was not that of his life, though it may at times have been in danger. His patriotism consisted in living, though at great sacrifice, for his country. Times of peace often require higher standards of patriotism than times of war. Nations have other enemies that destroy besides alien armies. Indeed, most great nations die as a result of inward iniquity rather than by conquering armies. To crush out evil, to uphold righteousness, is a patriotism that counts. But many who would shoulder a gun at the approach of an enemy calmly sit by and allow national, social and personal sins to eat out the vital life of the nation. Our own country is fast approaching the point where we shall need more living patriots than dying ones. The presence of social luxury, which breeds idleness and sin and arouses the anger of the tolling maces, and the undeniable corruption that exists in our commercial and political life are signs of the times that need to arouse the attention of every true patriot in our land and lead him to stand firmly against these things, which are as deadly to a nation's life as booming cannons, scattering shells and belching guns. "Righteousness (and righteousness alone) exalteth a nation" and preserves it.

BIBLE READINGS.

Ezra vi, 8-10; Neh. ii, 1-5; Ps. xxxiii, 12; cxlvii, 20; Prov. xiv, 23; Jer. xxix, 7; Matt. xvii, 24-27; xxii, 15-21; xxiii, 37; Heb. xi, 10, 13-16.

Made by Its Atmosphere.

No one claims that Christian Endeavor has already attained or is nearing perfection. It is a living, growing, developing movement, not a dead method or stereotyped form of words, and it can be adapted to the needs of any church. Like all other departments of church life, it depends for its success very largely upon the atmosphere that surrounds it. If that atmosphere is worldly, indifferent, selfish or critical the society will probably be weak and inefficient. Whenever you hear the question asked, "What is the matter with the Christian Endeavor society?" you will usually find equal reason for asking, "What is the matter with the church, the Sunday school and the minister?" Some recent critics of Christian Endeavor seem to hold the little company of young people who are trying to stem the tide of worldliness that is sweeping so many from their moorings exclusively responsible for the success of the church prayer meeting and the Sunday evening service. If the society is enterprising enough to attract a company of young people to its meeting, but not strong enough to compel them all to go to the second service, then, instead of commending it for what it has accomplished, the advice is given, "Disband it," "Dynamite it."—General Secretary William Shaw.

Mutual Benefit Column.

EDITED BY "AUNT MADGE".

Its Motto: "Helpful and Helpful."

The purposes of this column are succinctly stated in the title and motto—it is for the mutual benefit, and aims to be helpful and helpful. Being for the common good, it is for the common use—a public servant, a purveyor of information and suggestion, a medium for the interchange of ideas. In this capacity it solicits communications, and its success depends largely on the support given it in this respect. Communications must be signed, but the name of writer will not be printed except by permission. Communications will be subject to approval or rejection by the editor of the column, but none will be rejected without good reason. Address all communications to

THE AMERICAN,
Ellsworth, Me.

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

Seed-time and nesting birds:
The air is all heavy with perfumes rare;
The hope of the summer is everywhere,
And a joy too full for words.

Orchards all blossom-crowned;
The old earth wrapped in a mantle of spring,
And a brooding promise in everything,
And a happiness new found.

Skies with an azure light;
Zephyrs that scatter their sweets as they pass,
And violets dotting the springing grass,
And a world all fair and bright.

Harvest, and birds a-wing;
Orchard and vineyard with rich fruitage crowned,
And a golden sheen on the sheaves well-bound—
Fulfillment in everything.

Leaves that flutter and fall,
And skies that mourn 'neath a mystic veil
For the fading beauty of hill and vale;
And a sweet peace over all.

Life has its spring and fall;
Its nesting birds and its birds a-wing;
Its fair seed-time and its harvesting,
And the dear Lord over all.

Life has its falling leaf—
When the Reaper gathers the ripened grain,
And bids it securely with love's strong chain,
In a shining golden sheaf.

Dear M. B. Friends:
The poem is copied from a little collection called, "For the Quiet Hour," written by Edith Virginia Bradt and given me by an M. B. niece. I was reading some of the gems it contained when I had a leisure minute, and I wanted to share this one with you; I don't know just why. Sometimes it seems to me these bits of poems are just the message some one needs, and I have an intuition as I glance over my generous supply of clippings (for which I thank you all) that I shall find the one best adapted to the need of that time. Does this week's poem suggest to us that we are a part of the great world?

L. E. T. writes me a card—a pretty card with June roses on it and the words "Every Good Wish" (think how much that means) in the lower left-hand corner—and she says:

Dear Aunt Madge:
Will you please tell the sister who inquired what remedy to use to get rid of red of black ants, I would advise her to sprinkle sulphur freely in the places that they trouble.

Your niece, L. E. T.
Thanks for the suggestion. I am sure the "new H." will realize how helpful the M. B.'s are.

In last week's number M. A. B. asked for a remedy for canker. Try alum; that will help it sometimes; and by this request I am reminded of a sure cure of canker which was recommended by a lady in Dedham, Mass. If she reads this column I am sure she will be glad to send us the name of the remedy.

Now, Dell, you have not come "a bit too soon." We are interested in the Children's home, and some children from there have found homes in our community.

Dear Aunt Madge:
Shall I come again so soon? I have been a trip and want to tell of it while it is fresh. I went to Augusta and placed two little girls, aged six and two years, in the Children's home. Wish I could make you all see it. There are twenty-five children there, the youngest three months old, the oldest ten years. Everything is done for their comfort and they are placed in homes where kind hearts are open to them.

From there I went on to West Point to the School for Feeble-Minded. Yes, they will take me there, as there were both men and women older than I there and, yes, more feeble-minded. Just think, old men sitting on the ground at play with little boys! Children of six are admitted, and there is no limit as to age, and from what I saw I think none are so idiotic but they are admitted and the State relieves towns of all the expense. Therefore towns can place all such unfortunate there, where so much better care will be given them than can possibly be given at almshouses. But it is truly a sad sight. There were about ninety inmates and more buildings being erected.

It was a beautiful ride through the towns in June, and when our State gets the 1,200 acres they have purchased from the towns of Pownall and Gray in order, it will be a beautiful, quiet place. Well, I cannot express all I feel about it, and will only say as a taxpayer in the State, I am thankful to help support such an institution.

I had the pleasure of seeing Aunt Jana not long ago, also just a glimpse and brief word of greeting to G. Not "ships that passed in the night" but in the day.

We will all read S. J. Y.'s contribution given below, and when we feel out of sorts we will

GET A TRANSFER.
If you are on the gloomy line,
Get a transfer.

If you're inclined to fret and pine,
Get a transfer.

Get off the track of doubt and gloom,
Get on the sunshine train, there's room;
Get a transfer.

If you are on the worry train,
Get a transfer.

You must not stay there and complain,
Get a transfer.

MEN PAST FIFTY IN DANGER.
Men past middle life have found comfort and relief in Foley's Kidney Remedy, especially for enlarged prostate gland, which is very common among elderly men. L. E. Morris, Dexter, Ky., writes: "Up to a year ago my father suffered from kidney and bladder trouble and several physicians pronounced it enlargement of the prostate gland and advised an operation. On account of his age we were afraid he could not stand it and I recommended Foley's Kidney Remedy, and the doctor, who relieved him, and after taking the medicine he was no longer troubled with this complaint." G. A. Packer.

TUMOR OF FOUR YEARS GROWTH

Removed by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lindley, Ind.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound removed a cyst tumor of four years' growth, which three of the best physicians declared I had. They said that only an operation could help me. I am very glad that I followed a friend's advice and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for it has made me a strong and well woman, and I shall recommend it as long as I live."—Mrs. MAY FRY, Lindley, Ind.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy—tumor. If you have mysterious pains, inflammation, ulceration or displacement, don't wait for time to confirm your fears and go through the horrors of a hospital operation, but try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and such unquestionable testimony as the above proves the value of this famous remedy, and should give confidence and hope to every sick woman.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

Get a transfer.
The cheerful cars are passing through
And there is lots of room for you;
Get a transfer.

If you are on the grouchy track,
Get a transfer.

Just take a happy special back,
Get a transfer.

Jump on the train and pull the rope
That leads you at the station Hope,
Get a transfer.

—S. J. Y.

THOUGHTS OF A HOUSEKEEPER.
Now that the heated term is here, the housekeeper should save herself as much as possible; do a little planning, make your head save your feet. If at all possible, cook enough food for the midday meal to serve for tea, served in a different form, of course. For instance, if boiled beef or roast was served for dinner, then make it serve as the "piece de resistance" for tea, sliced and garnished with sprigs of parsley; if potatoes remain, mince and prepare a salad of them as follows: To six potatoes, take a half teaspoonful of ground mustard and pepper to taste, add a gill of best vinegar, add two onions, sliced, mix well; this should be prepared an hour before serving; fresh lettuce leaves may be forked in lightly just before serving. With the addition of fruit, cake, fresh bread and butter, this should be satisfying enough for the wants of an ordinary mortal.

Don't, we beg, befriend and befriend your children's clothes, as many mothers do, and sacrifice yourselves on that Moloch, as you will be sure to do on ironing days. Clothes so made require much time and strength in laundering at a time when strength is at its minimum. A plain hem is quite as tasteful as lace, embroidery, etc., on undergarments.

"There's too much worryment goes to a bonnet."
There's too much ironing goes to a shirt.
There is nothing that pays for the time spent on it.

There's nothing that's lasting but trouble and dirt.
Train your children to form correct tastes; teach them that quiet colors are preferable to gaudy, showy ones. Teach them to admire the beautiful in nature, whether in plant or insect life. Explain the forms of different leaves, petals, etc., classify them; trace the veining of the butterfly's wing which flashed by in the sunlight but late, and was dashed to the ground in the sudden summer storm; teach them that the Hand that formed both leaf and insect is divine.

KITERY TO CARIBOU.

Dr. E. H. Vose, of Calais, one of the oldest practicing physicians in Maine, died Sunday, aged seventy years.

Gustavus S. Bean, a former resident of Bangor, died recently in San Jose, Cal. He was a former deputy sheriff of Penobscot county, and for eight years was warden of the State prison at Thomaston.

The three-masted British schooner Phoenix, bound from Windsor, N. S., for New York with 400,000 feet of lumber, went ashore on Libby island off Machias, in the fog Thursday. Capt. Bentley, his son and daughter, and the crew of four, reached the island safely.

Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, author of many books and regarded as one of the foremost women writers of America, died Thursday, at her old home at South Berwick, where for many years she had been accustomed to pass her summers. She was a sufferer from apoplexy and paralysis.

Charles S. Fobes, a banker and member of Burgess, Fobes & Co., wholesale paint dealers and manufacturers, of Portland, died Saturday at the age of sixty-nine. He was treasurer of the Portland board of trade for many years. Mr. Fobes was vice-president of the Merchants' national bank and of the Portland savings bank, and a director of several large corporations.

Three girls—Celina Gagnon, aged eighteen years, Clara Charotte, fourteen, and Isabelle Peppy, twelve—were drowned in Fish river near Fort Kent last Wednesday. About twenty young people attending the fair of St. Louis parish were crossing the river in a ferryboat when the boat struck some submerged obstruction and at once began to leak badly. Within a few minutes the boat turned over on one side, and all the occupants were thrown into the river. All but three were saved.

Among the Grangers.

This column is devoted to the Grange, especially to the granges of Hancock county. The column is open to all grangers for the discussion of topics of general interest, and for reports of grange meetings. Make letters short and concise. All communications must be signed, but names will not be printed except by permission of the writer. All communications will be subject to approval by the editor, but none will be rejected without good reason.

DATES.

Thursday, Aug. 19—Field day meeting Hancock Pomona grange at Bluehill mineral spring.

GREEN MOUNTAIN POMONA, 26.

Green Mountain Pomona met with Lamoine grange Tuesday, June 22. In the absence of worthy Master A. I. Foss, Overseer D. G. Hall took the chair. The address of welcome was given by W. M. Newell Hodgkins, of Lamoine grange, and responded to by George Scammons, of Schoodic grange, Franklin. The report of granges showed that nearly all the granges in the county were represented. There were about 150 visitors present.

The topic, "Resolved, that it pays the farmer of this Pomona to raise small fruit in connection with his other crops," was taken up and interestingly discussed, and decided in the affirmative.

A recess for dinner was then declared, after which the fifth degree was conferred. Bro. Grieve, Master of Hancock Pomona, being present, he was invited to the chair to exemplify the unwritten word of the degree to the class, which he did in a praiseworthy manner. Next in order was the exemplification of the first degree by Lamoine grange.

The topic, "In what lines can the Eastern farmer compete with the Western?" was discussed, and indefinitely postponed.

During the business session it was voted to hold field day the last Thursday in September at Jordan's Drive, Winter Harbor.

There were about 160 present at the regular evening session of Lamoine grange. The lecturer's program consisted of readings, recitations and songs, after which there were remarks by visiting members.

ARBUTUS, 450, BERRY.

At the meeting of Arbutus grange, Friday evening, June 25, it was decided to postpone Children's night to July 16, on account of the picnic and demonstration July 1. Ice-cream and cake will be served instead of supper.

GOOD WILL, 376, AMHERST.

Good Will grange met June 26. The attendance was small, but all enjoyed a good time. Editors of the grange paper are Agnes Ritchie and Bernice Clark. There was no program.

GREENWOOD, 363, EASTBROOK.

A regular meeting was held June 26. As it was ladies' night, the chairs were filled as follows: Master, Lizzie Williams; overseer, Millie Wilbur; lecturer, Jennie Merchant; chaplain, Goldie Clark; secretary, June Williams; treasurer, Eda Piper; steward, Eva Piper; gate-keeper, Addie Lawrie; assistant steward, Madeline Ashe; Flora, Bessie Wilbur; Ceres, Cora Kingman; Pomona, Edie Dinamore; L. A. S., Vivian Lawrie. The first and second degrees were conferred on one candidate. Candy, peanuts and bananas were served at recess. Forty-seven members and seven visitors were present. The program for next meeting is as follows: Song, Jennie Merchant and Barker French; reading, Archie Piper; reading, Lyman Wilbur; music, Elsie Jellison; reading, Etta Googins.

HANCOCK POMONA, 13.

Penobscot grange entertained Hancock Pomona Friday, June 25. There was a very large attendance, and the day was spent very profitably. The meeting was called to order at 10.30 a. m., and after the opening exercises the address of welcome was given by Grace Condon.

Next came the report of the granges. This report showed the usual interest which is being manifested. The usual amount of business was transacted.

The question, "Which is the most important officer in your grange, master, overseer, lecturer or secretary?" was opened by John H. Littlefield, and discussed by many of the members. The question was laid over until the next meeting, when it will be taken up and disposed of.

Recess was then declared, and a banquet was served to all. After recess the grange convened in the fifth degree, and that degree was conferred on a class of twenty-nine.

Bro. Norris Heath read a very able paper on "The Sunny and the Shady Side of Farm Life," after which the grange closed for the day.

A good many of the visitors decided to stay over to the meeting of Penobscot grange in the evening. This meeting was opened at 8 o'clock. Deputy E. W. Burrill made remarks for the good of the order, as did Past Deputy Joanna Durgain, Sister Burrill, Rev. Milton Beckwith, Bro. Snow, Heath and Howard.

The program which the lecturer had prepared had to be materially shortened, owing to the illness of the pianist, Nina Varnum, but there was a song by Sister Peterson; reading, Roy F. Leach; pictures illustrating famous songs; singing by all; readings, Jennie Bridges, Lizzie Staples.

At this session there were about 160 present, and visitors from all the surrounding granges.

If we could read the future as we can the past, it would probably be just as unsatisfactory.

Kitty's Cream Balm has been tried and not found wanting in thousands of homes all over the country. It has won a place in the family medicine chest among the reliable household remedies, where it is kept at hand for use in treating cold in the head just as soon as some member of the household begins the preliminary sneezing or snuffing. It gives immediate relief, and a day or two treatment will put a stop to a cold which might, if not checked, become chronic and run into a bad case of catarrh.

TRIED TO BE JOCOSE.

Snickers Was in a Jovial Mood and Hungry as Well.

BUT HE SPOILED HIS MEAL.

By the Time He Managed to Order His Breakfast the Glow of Genial Good Humor He Tried to Shed Around Him Had Turned to Gloom.

Mr. Snickers is well known in his home town as the most facetious man in seventeen counties. His method of expressing what ideas he has is entirely along lines of pure jocosity, but now and then his wit falls upon unappreciative ears. On a recent visit to New York Mr. Snickers arrived rather early in the morning, and the pangs of hunger would brook so little delay that he went immediately upon his arrival to a prominent hotel in the vicinity of the station for his breakfast.

"Good morning, Henri," he chortled in his usual salubrious manner to the waiter as the latter hung his hat on a hook over his table. "Has the butcher come yet?"

"Ze what, sir?" asked the waiter, with a puzzled look on his face, for he was not used to Snickers.

"The butcher," said Snickers, with a merry wink in his left eye. "You know—the chap who brings the food. I thought perhaps?"

"Wait one moment, sir," said the waiter, his perplexity growing deeper. "I will bring ze head waiter, sir."

"Oh, never mind," Snickers began, but the waiter had departed to return in about three minutes with the head waiter.

"What is it, sir?" asked the latter, with a great show of civil interest.

"Oh, nothing," returned Snickers rather sheepishly. "I just asked Henri here if the butcher had arrived yet, fearing that possibly?"

"The butcher, sir?" repeated the head waiter, like his subordinate, very much mystified.

"Yes," said Snickers, with a faint smile, which he hoped the head waiter would find contagious. "I was only jok'—"

"Wait till I find ze superintendent," said the head waiter courteously. "I have no doubt we can accommodate monsieur if we can only find out what it is that he wants. I will send for him."

Snickers again started in to explain the mere facetious bearing of his inquiry, but the head waiter, too, had sped away in search of a superior officer who might be expected to be equal to this new and unexpected emergency.

Several omnibus boys and Snickers's waiter as well were dispatched to the kitchen and elsewhere to find him, but apparently without success. Five, ten, fifteen minutes elapsed, and Snickers began to feel that it did not really pay to be as funny as he could under all circumstances.

Finally, however, the head waiter returned and courteously explained that the superintendent had not yet arrived at his post of duty, but that he had telephoned up to the office for the manager of the hotel, who, he assured him, would be down in a very few moments.

"He is rather busy at this time of the morning, sir," he vouchsafed, "but he said he would be down right away."

"Well, I'm sorry," said Snickers ruefully. "You'd better head him off if you can. You see, when I asked if the butcher had come yet, it was only meant as a joke."

"Ah, here is the manager," interrupted the head waiter as a tall, impressive gentleman with a majestic front loomed up in the dining room door and made his way across to Snickers's table. "This is the gentleman, Mr. Pingleton," the head waiter added when the manager had reached Snickers's side.

"Good morning, sir," said the manager breezily. "I hope there is no trouble, sir. I am sorry to have kept you waiting, but this is the busy end of the day with me getting things started along, and our dining room superintendent, I regret to say, is off duty this morning. What can we do for you, sir?"

"I—I want a hard boiled egg and some Lyonnais potatoes," said Snickers—John Kendrick Bangs in Lippincott's Magazine.

Cats Disguised as Snakes.

"Do you know why a cat hisses when in rage or danger?" said a nature student. "Well, sir, she hisses as a flying criminal puts on blue goggles and a false beard. With that hiss she tries instinctively to disguise herself as a snake."

"Did you ever notice the markings on a cat's tail? They are transverse, like a snake's markings. The primitive cat in the wild state lived in rather tall grass. When danger approached he hissed and at the same time put up his tail and waved it slowly. The oncomer heard that serpentine hiss. He saw the tail, and only the tail, which waved in an ominous, serpentine manner. He said 'snake in the grass' and withdrew."

"The cat of today, hissing horribly and waving to and fro his erected tail, follows ancestral precedent. It helps him not at all; nevertheless he always does it, thinking it the right thing. Is not man sometimes like the cat in this respect?"

A laugh costs too much if it is bought at the expense of propriety.—Quintillian.

A CORD OF WOOD.

Contrary to General Belief It Has Variable Quantity.

When is a cord not a cord?

To the farmer harvesting his small wood lot and to the man laying in logs for the large fireplace of his country or seaside home; to the paper manufacturer buying pulpwood and to the proprietor of the ordinary city woodyard, to all of these men this question has an important dollar-and-cents meaning.

Queer to say, and contrary to the belief of most people, there are many times when a cord is less than a cord, and many conditions when it is more. School arithmetic says that a cord of wood is 128 cubic feet, or the contents of a pile eight feet long, four feet high and four feet wide. Wood is marked on this basis.

A pile whose length, breadth, and height multiplied together give this number of cubic feet fills this requirement, no matter whether the sticks are long or short, straight or crooked, round or split, unless there is an understanding to the contrary.

Nevertheless, a cord, though it comes up to legal measurements, is an uncertain quantity, even when the seller is honest and the buyer satisfied.

A lumberman may have a tract of pulpwood which he sells to a paper mill at \$5 a cord, for as many cords as it will make. It is in the contract that he shall cut and stack it. He cuts it in twelve-foot lengths, and when the job is complete, it measures 200 cords, and he receives \$1,000 for it. Would he have made or lost by cutting four-foot lengths instead of twelve?

He would have lost, in the first place from the additional labor required to cut four-foot wood, but his principal loss would have resulted from a greatly diminished number of cubic feet, due to the fact that short sticks lie closer together than large.

Measurements and experimental tests have been made to ascertain exactly how much actual wood is in cords of different lengths, sizes, shapes and species.

Had the 200 cords of twelve-foot wood been cut in four-foot lengths, there would have been only 176 cords, and the owner would have received for it \$880 instead of \$1,000. It was, therefore, clearly to his advantage to cut twelve-foot lengths, but it would have been to the buyer's advantage to have it cut in four-foot lengths. He would have received the same actual quantity of wood for \$120 less.

It also makes considerable difference to the seller whether wood is chopped or sawed. If chopped, the chips are lost. Where the logs are large this loss amounts to no small total. In a cord of four-foot wood, with sticks six inches in diameter, the chip loss is from six to eight per cent; and of course the shorter the sticks are cut the greater the loss. If the wood is sawed, the sawdust loss is scarcely the half of one per cent.

The difference due to spaces between the sticks of course depends very much on the shape and size of the sticks. Straight, smooth sticks lie close together, and a cord contains more wood and less air. For given lengths, sticks of softwoods are usually straighter and smoother, and when stacked lie closer together.

But whatever the kind, cords of long sticks are pretty sure to contain more empty space than cords made of short pieces. Likewise, cords of split wood contain less than cords of round sticks. The finer the wood is split, the more it makes. Hence wood dealers are often willing to sell kindlings, all sawed and split, for the same price per cord as unsplit wood. They get back the cost of labor in the increased bulk.

A cord (128 cubic feet) of four-foot hardwood usually contains about eighty-three cubic feet of solid wood; a cord of three-foot wood averages eighty-three and one-half cubic feet; of two-foot wood, eighty-four feet, and of one-foot wood eighty-five feet. The conifers, softwoods, contain ninety to ninety-six cubic feet. Thus the purchaser receives on an average about two-thirds of a cord of real wood and one-third of a cord of spaces.

In some countries wood is bought by weight, and the buyer comes more nearly getting what he bargains for; but even then he may miss it if he receives green wood when he wants dry. According to timber testing engineers of United States forest service, wood may lose half or more its green weight in seasoning. Cedar for lead pencils is bought by weight in this country. The pieces are so small and of such irregular size that they cannot conveniently be stacked and measured as cordwood.

The bulk of nearly all woods decreases as seasoning goes on. A hundred cords green will make from eighty-nine to ninety-three cords when dry. This is a factor of no small importance to dealers who handle large quantities.

Woodlot owners and farmers who have small forest tracts from which they expect to sell cordwood, are no less interested than contractors who buy and sell large quantities. It will stand them in hand to know how much difference it makes whether wood is cut long or short, chopped or sawed, whether the sticks are round or split, whether large or small, and whether the measurements are to be made while the wood is green or after it is seasoned.

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