

materials to a refined civilization, we will take our rightful attitude before France and the world of exchanging with her all the products of an advanced civilization." The annual imports to France amounted to \$117,000,000 of manufactured goods, of which we furnished only \$4,000,000. We turn from the friendly hand of invitation to share in this wealth of commerce, and seek out some crude district remote from the keen competition of trade. It is very evident that republican reciprocity is a sham. Reciprocity means nothing else than tariff reform. It encounters exactly the same difficulties and meets the same selfish opposition of our industrial wards, who never consider revenue needs and national welfare. The treaties perished in the hands of their friends. Reciprocity was never treated more shabbily by the democratic party, which they denounce. We are once again bought face to face with the question of tariff reform, from which there can be no evasion. It appeals to us now, not only through our surplus revenue, but in the pernicious effect on our own industries, whose product is checked and whose exports are repressed. We are now coming into the great family of world nations. A world trade is ours. President McKinley, who has in this matter, a keener sight than his party, has realized our position and tried to remedy it. Let reciprocity now find its true twin, and go hand in hand with tariff reform.

"THEN WILL I FORGIVE."

This is taken from Second Chronicles.

On the battlefield the trees are torn and shredded by the shot and the shells of the opposing forces. The ground is plowed and guttered until all life has disappeared. The battle over, the rain descends, the warm sun calls to the grass, in its hiding place; the chit and flower peep forth; the birds, the timid animals come stealthily out. A faint warble is heard; as time wears on, all nature resumes its wonted cheer; the trees sprout up anew; the torn and scarred face of the earth is covered from view. This is nature's forgiveness. It began immediately upon the cessation of hostilities. The hostilities not being renewed, it has continued, in case of the battle I have in mind, since March 7, 1862. Now there is little evidence on the part of nature that there was such a battle.

Herein is wisdom. Forgiveness begins its work immediately on the cessation of wrong-doing. The only prayer that is ever answered is the cessation of wrong-doing. There is abundance of evidence of this in the Bible; we find it on every page of nature's book. Let no one doubt it. As soon as wrong ceases,

right takes its place. Right builds up the gap that wrong has made. It beautifies the spot that wrong has made ugly. It strengthens the part which wrong has weakened.

A verbal prayer is a mere form showing what ought to be desired. The cessation of wrong and the binding up of wounds will result in pardon as surely as nature covers evidence of battle. It is forgiveness, developed, which otherwise remains dormant.

Forbearance is essential to pardon. Refrain from doing evil and good will come. Do not help or countenance wrong. Do not attempt to accomplish what is not in accord with nature's plans. All men are punished for mis-doing whether they are wrong or not. Sometimes the only way to test an act is by doing it. A child found a hornets' nest. It did not know what it was. It touched the nest with a stick. It soon found out that it is wrong to touch a hornets' nest. It desisted and the poisonous wounds healed. Sometimes the commission of a grave error brings utter destruction. Then the lesson is of benefit to others only. He who learns most from observation and reason will have the least to learn from experience. Experience sometimes kills.

To repent is to renounce wrong. Weeping is evidence of sorrow, and not of repentance. The bowing of the body is only a sign of submission. A change of action with regard to the wrong is an effectual, fervent prayer for forgiveness. Such a prayer is always answered with pardon. No other can be answered with remission. Forgiveness is in nature ready to be developed. The change of action from evil to good, develops it. Thus we are charged with our own misconduct and credited with our own salvation:

There is no jealous God above,
No seething hell beneath;
One happy home where all is love,
The Destinies bequeath;
They live in all, and all in all—
Live in our works and ways;
The lives, in all the beings, call
To duty, not to praise.

Lo, he who errs must feel the pain
That only error springs,
That when he would do wrong again
Knows what it always brings.
While evil will, itself, destroy,
Truth, endless pleasures, yields;
Thus, gently led by pain and joy,
We chose the fairer fields.

While sorrow chides, and pleasure leads,
We cannot farther stray;
Erstwhile, each wandering pilgrim
Heeds
And seeks the better way.
The Destinies are all in all;
They lead us in the right,
Nor need we fear that we may fall;
They guide us to the light.

JOSEPH MAKINSON.

Holdrege, Neb., Dec 25, 1901.

HOW WOOD PULP IS TRANSFERRED INTO NEWSPAPERS.

Let us consider how news paper is made in one of the great mills of the Adirondack Mountains, where the giant machines, rattling on, day after day, never stopping, are scarcely able to supply the demand of a single New York newspaper. The timber, which is felled in the forests of the North, in winter, is floated to the mill in the mountain streams by the spring freshets, and piled up in great heaps about the mill buildings, whose many roofs, chimneys and towers form a strange picture in the wilderness against the back-ground of cloud-topped mountains.

By being fed to shrieking saws, the spruce logs are cut into pieces that are no longer than a man's arm. "Barking" machines, which have disks of rapidly whirling radial knives, attack the wood and tear off the bark. To prevent a waste of any part of the timber, an endless chain conveyor carries the bark to the boiler room, where it is fed to the fires. Another conveyor, like the *trottoir roulant* at Paris, carries the clean logs to the grinding room, where a long line of three-horned monsters is waiting for them.

Flumes, beside which men are mere pygmies, bring the mountain torrents rushing down to the grinding room, feeding the energy of forest cataracts to the great turbines. They have an enormous work to do. Within the iron cases of the three-horned monsters are grindstones of a special hardness, turned by the turbines. The "horns" are hydraulic presses, which force the logs under them against the stones. Thus the wood is ground to pulp, the stones eating away three feet of wood an hour. The engineer tells us that more than ten thousand "horse-power-hours" of energy are needed to convert one cord of spruce into pulp, and that the mills use more power than a whole manufacturing city in New England. Cold water flows continuously on the grindstones to prevent the friction setting fire to the wood, and the mixture of ground wood and water which flows away from the grinders, as a pinkish, gruel-like fluid, runs over dams and through screens and drying machines, until, a thick mass, it is either put in storage tanks, in bulk, or formed by machinery into thick sheets that can be rolled up like blankets. It is then ground wood pulp, ready for the paper machines.

The sulphite pulp is prepared in a different way. The logs, when they come from the barking machines, are cut up lengthwise, by "splitters," and crosswise, by "chippers," into pieces less than an inch thick. This thickness gives the length of the fiber. A "chipper" with its whirling knives eats up a hundred cords of wood in a day. By falling on another "moving sidewalk," the chips are carried away to be screened and then hand-picked,—to sort out dust and dirt,—and then are carried away to storage bins above the great sulphite "digesters,"—monster steel cylinders, with conical ends, standing upright in a row.—Frank Hix Fayant, in January "Success."