

## SHINGLES.

How They Are Manufactured.  
(Letter from East Saginaw, Mich.)

The oldest, brashest logs are selected for shingles, provided always they are sound. If they are sound they will make lumber; if they are dory, worm-eaten, fire-burnt and disreputable generally, they are worked up into shingles. The prime consideration in shingle timber is to get wood that is sound and brash. It must be sound to make a tight roof, and it must be old and brash to prevent warping. A log may be dory in places, and even hollow, and yet have considerable good timber in it suitable for shingles. The logs selected, they are "run in" and sawed into "bolts" sixteen inches long by a cross-cut saw worked by steam power. These bolts are then placed on end and pushed against a large circular saw in motion, and the good parts cut out in the most economical shape, as the operator judges of it by looking at the end. The refuse goes to the furnace-room, and the select blocks are carried to the shingle-machines at the other end of the room, where they are set out in a sort of vise, and giggle rapidly back and forth against a circular saw, the block being thrown out at the top and bottom, alternately, by an eccentric movement, for the butt and top of the shingle, at the same time it is moved back to the saw, each movement making a shingle. Of course, these shingles are of all widths, and some taper in width; some have knots and shakes and dory strips through them, and sometimes these defects run parallel with the sides of the shingle, and sometimes they do not. Sitting near the man who operates the block from which the shingles are made is the "joiner," a man who picks up the shingles nimble and holds their edges an instant against a planer that runs so rapidly it appears to be standing still, and then tosses them where they belong. All perfect shingles—that is, shingles of sound, unblemished wood, and with parallel edges and square ends, no difference whether they are wide or narrow, are pitched into one hopper and go below to the binder. These are "A-1." Shingles that are perfect in every respect except that they have small sound knots in the upper half, are pitched into another hopper and go below to another "binder." These are "A-2." Shingles that are perfect in every respect except that the butt is not on a right angle with the sides, are pitched into another chute and go below to a boy who lays them on a gauge and pushes them against a saw, by which they are squared, after which they are thrown on a conveyor and go to the binder of "A-1" shingles. Shingles that have a dory streak or crack or knot near the middle, are jointed and pitched over the planer to a man who holds them against a circular saw until they are ripped up and these defects cut out. Then, if this operation leaves the sides and butts at right angles, they are sent below to the binder, but if these defects run at an angle, the butts must be squared, and they are sent down for that purpose first. Shingles that are "feather edged," knotty, dory, shaky and incapable of being made over into anything good, are sent down a chute and come out in bundles, by a strange travesty on language marked "No. 1."

## The Presidency.

Only nine of the thirty-eight States have furnished the country with Presidents. These States are the following, and the length of time the several States have held the office is also indicated.

State.	Years.
Virginia.	36
Massachusetts.	8
Tennessee.	16
New York.	10½
Ohio.	4½
Louisiana.	4
New Hampshire.	4
Pennsylvania.	12
Illinois.	12

Total from 1789 to 1885. In the seventy-two years prior to the civil war the South possessed the Presidency for forty-nine years. The extraordinary contributions of Virginia to the Presidency were due, not at all to her location, but to the unusual relations of her strong men to the Government during the period of the Revolution and the settlement of the constitution. Virginia has furnished no President since Monroe went out in 1824, unless we count the accidental service of John Tyler, whose selection as a Whig candidate for Vice President in 1840 was the result of an intrigue.

Tennessee and Illinois stand next to Virginia. The sixteen years during which a Tennessee man has occupied the White House include the eight years of Andrew Jackson, who would have been just as strong a candidate if he had been born in Delaware or Rhode Island. They include also the four years of Andrew Johnson, who was not elected to the office of President. Of the two Presidents from Illinois, Lincoln was not nominated because he hailed from a State it was important to carry; and Grant, at the time of his candidacy, was regarded more as a citizen of the United States at large than as a son of Illinois. —*Utica Herald.*

## Satan Tempted Her.

Little Mabel and her mother were boarding during the summer on a farm. About the house were several currant bushes loaded with fruit, of which Mabel was excessively fond, and, despite her mother's repeated injunctions, she would eat the currants until they made her sick. One day her mother caught her in flagrant delictu, and proceeded to try the effects of moral suasion. "Why do you persist, my child?" she asked, "in doing what I have so often forbidden?" "Satan tempts me, mamma," replied her precocious offspring, "and I can't help it." "Well," said the mother, "when he tempts you again you must say to him, 'Get thee behind me, Satan, and he will leave you alone.' The next day Mabel's mother again discovered the little girl in the bushes, and, hastening to her, began to rebuke her for her repeated disobedience. "Mabel," said she to the startled child, "didn't I tell you yesterday to say to Satan, 'Get thee behind me?'" "Yes, mamma,"

responded Mabel, "and I did, and as soon as I said it Satan got behind me and pushed me right in!"

## Improving a Style.

"I like to get some law-suits on a gang of young fellers," he replied as the Chief of Police asked him what was wanted.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I was swindled and made some fools of. When I think it all safer I am so mad I clean out my own saloon with a club."

"Do you want to enter a complaint?"

"Well, I should remarks! I like to enter other forty complaints if I have a chance."

"Make your statement."

"Well, I keep a saloon on — street. You may have seen some of Alderman come to my place and what treated shanty like Prince?"

"Go on."

"It was Saturday evenings. I was all alone. By and by some loafer comes in, but he wants nothings. Pooty queer! I had six or seven shanty like him. Nobody wants no beer nor pool nor dominoes, and I was mad!"

"I am following you."

"Well, by and by I asks if dot crowd expects me to pay rent mit sich customers, and one loafer he says: 'Well, why doan' you sell beer by der new game?' So he tells me dot der new game was for all der gang to take a drink, and den I was to call to in der dog from der back yard. Whichever loafer dot dog shmeels of first must pay for all."

"Quite funny."

"It was, eh? I doan' see it. Sometimes I was tickled, but not now. All der loafers said it was shanty like they do in New York and Boston, and I goes after der dog."

"And he didn't smell any of them?"

"No! But why? Because, while I was gone after him all dose loafers ship avhay like grease! It dot was New York and Boston why I was a fool!"

"You can't do anything," said the chief.

"Can't I get some lawsuit?"

"No."

"Can't I have some loafers sent mit der work-house?"

"No."

"Must I put up mit such shwindles like dot?"

"You must look out for them."

"Now I was mad like a wet hen!" exclaimed the caller, as he rose up. "I tell you somethings, an' doan' you forget all about it!—I keep my dog behind der bar! By to-morrow some loafer come in und wants to know if I sell beer by der New York and Boston why. I let dot dog loose mit a shime all of me, and when he shits smelling of dot loafer you may send some boleecemens to pick up der pieces! If a dog in der back yard was New York and Boston style, I improve on it mit some Detroit style of a dog behind der bar!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

## Where the Best Society Reigns.

After all, in a city of a million and a half of people, what is society? This great center abounds in comfortable and happy homes, where respectable men with money enough for all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life live happily, charmingly, inconspicuously. There are thousands of houses here to support which from \$10,000 to \$20,000 a year are none to much, in which reside merchants, brokers, editors, lawyers. There are also very many magnificent residences, better called palaces, in which live honest and intelligent people, who live reputable and domestic lives, spending from \$50,000 to \$150,000 a year, and there are others equally magnificent, in which live schemers, blackguards, liars and thieves, who, having fattened upon the misfortunes of their fellows, flaunt their wealth offensively in the faces of their poorer, but better, fellow-citizens. Outside of these are hundreds of thousands of people who live quietly, who are never seen in public places, who are modest in their ambitions, temperate in their living, church-goers, domestic, quiet, home people.—*New York letter.*

## The Saratoga Dude.

"Yes," said the Saratoga dude, "I do wear corsets, they alone can make the *tout ensemble* of a figure, male or female, perfect, as ignorant nature failed in doing. I must admit that my *tout ensemble* is perfect," he added, with a futile attempt at concealing the vanity which oozed out from every pore.

As he mounted the tallo-ho coach, and, taking the most conspicuous place on top, blew the horn himself as it drove through the streets, the village admirers to whom he had addressed his last remarks, exclaimed: "Do hear that, now; that's his toot horn symbol he was talking about. Don't it make a bulky noise? He's right, it is perfect. Though I don't see how the corsets help it along."—*Cor. Washington Star.*

A stand fell down with a crash, A number of men it did dash, But the entire ten Were soon well again— St. Jacobs Oil cured every gash.

A baker who lives in Duluth, Went away one night with a tooth, He rubbed the gum boil, With St. Jacobs Oil,

It cured him, and this is the truth.

## To Late.

A New York broker who reached a village in Ohio the other evening was interviewed, soon after placing his name on the register, by a farmer, who said: "I just wish you had arrived here this afternoon."

"Any excitement?" replied the broker.

"Well, I should say so. My son Daniel was convicted of stealing seven sheep, and has been held to the higher court. You ought to have been here!"

"Why?"

"Why, I'd have had you on the jury, and you could have cleared Daniel sick as grease. Our folks here don't look at such things as you New Yorkers do."—*Wall Street News.*

HUNTSVILLE, Ala.—Dr. J. T. Ridley says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is a good appetizer and merits attention from sufferers."

## The Mistress of a Family.

The house-mother! What a beautiful, comprehensive word it is! How suggestive of all that is wise and kindly, comfortable and good! Surely, whether the lot comes to her naturally, in the happy gradations of wife-hood and mother-hood, or as the maiden mistress of an adopted family, or—as one could find many instances—when the possession of a large fortune received or earned—gives her, with all the cares and duties, many of the advantages of matron-hood; every such woman must acknowledge that it is a solemn as well as a happy thing to be the mistress of a family.

People Grow Bilious

Scarce less often from imprudence in diet, and failure to avoid other causes which aggravate a natural tendency to biliousness, than from the use of ill-chosen remedies. The violent cathartes injure the bowels by weakening them, but have no specific action upon the Liver. The specific operation of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is widely different from the abrupt effect of drastic purgatives, half trituration blue pill, and potent but injurious calomel: it initiates a natural and healthful change in the habits of the body, stimulates the Liver to renewed activity in the performances of its bile-secreting function, promotes digestion, and maintains its efficiency by the removal of the unpleasant and injurious yellowness of the skin, nausea and furred tongue which accompany Liver disorder. Fever and ague and bilious remittent fever, which are always attended with chronic debility, lost energy and impaired appetite, are relieved by it, and it is a medicine of standard excellence in cases of rheumatism, Kidney and bladder troubles and debility.

The man who hanged himself did it of his own free will and a cord.

MARION, Mass.—Dr. N. S. Ruggles says: "I recommend Brown's Iron Bitters as a valued tonic for enriching the blood and removing all dyspeptic symptoms. It does not hurt the teeth."

To get the cents of the meeting it is only necessary to pass around the hat.

If you have failed to receive benefit from other preparations, try Hood's Sarsaparilla; it's the strongest, the purest, the best, the cheapest.

Kisses sweeten a farewell. They are the cream of a ta-ta as it were.

The best cure for diseases of the nerves, brain and muscles, Brown's Iron Bitters.

A BULL in the ring—Pulling the wrong door-bell.

Personal!—To Men Only!

The VOITZIA BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. D. W. C.'s Celebrated Electro-Voice Bell and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost energy and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above, N. R.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

"Put Up" at the "Gait House."

The business man or tourist will find first-class accommodations at the low price of \$2, and \$2.50 per day at the "Gait House," Chicago, corner Clinton and Madison streets. This far-famed hotel is located in the center of the city, only one block from the Union Depot Elevator; all appointments first class. H. W. Hoyt, Proprietor.

STICKING, irritation, inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary Complaints, cured by "Buch-Palms." \$1.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague, and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya" made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

THAT husband of mine is three times the man he was before he began using Wells' Health Renewer.

ALL our lady friends will be delighted to hear that L. L. Cragn & Co., 116½ st. Phila., are giving first-class Piano Sheet Music, vocal and instrumental, gratis. (No advertising on it.) Write for catalogue. Mention this paper.

WELL'S "ROUGH ON CORNS."—15c. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corncrabs, bunions.

LADIES' & CHILDREN'S BOOTS & SHOES can't run over if Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners are used.

DON't die in the house. "Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs. 15c.

HUMORS.

The animal fluids of the body, when poorly nourished, become vitiated and cause eruptions to appear on the skin. They are objectionable from their disfigurement, and vary in character from a constant uneasy sensation to a positive distress and severe pain. Hood's Sarsaparilla corrects the derangement of the functions, enriches the fluids, purifies the blood, and changes the diseased condition of the body and vigor.

PIMPLES.

HALFORD of New York, had so many pimples and blotches on his face that he was ashamed. He tried various remedies without effect. Hood's Sarsaparilla purified his blood, and all blemishes disappeared.

Rheum.

My brother is a victim to a humor which brings ripples all over his face. He is using Hood's Sarsaparilla, and already is so much improved that his eyes are no longer affected. He will continue its use till he is fully cured.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

Sold by Druggists, \$1.50 per pint. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

Another Life Saved.

Mrs. Harriet Cummings, of Cincinnati, Ohio, writes: Early last winter my daughter was attacked with a severe cold, which settled on her lungs. We tried several medicines, none of which seemed to do any good, but she continued to get worse, and finally raised large amounts of blood from her lungs. We called in a family physician, but he failed to do her any good. Then we called in a physician, a most skillful professor in one of our colleges; he said that she could not get well. At this time a friend who had been cured by Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs advised me to give it a trial. We then got a bottle, and before she had used it all up she began to improve, and by the use of three bottles she was entirely cured.

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