THE FAIR SEX.

A Column of Interesting Reading for the Ladies.

THE USEFUL AND THE ORNAMENTAL

Notes of Fashions and Fashionable Folks.

The Effects of Tight Lacing.

Now that rational ideas as to dress have acquired a definite place in public esteem, it may be imagined that the practice of tight lacing and customs of a like nature, if known at all, are not what they used to be. A case of sudden death lately reported from Birmingham proves that it is still too early to indulge in such illusory ideas. The deceased, a servant girl of excitable temperament, died suddenly in an epileptoid fit, and the evidence given before the coroner respecting her death attributed the fatal issue to asphyxia, due in a great measure to the fact that both neck and waist were unnaturally contracted by her clothing, the former by a tight collar, the latter by a belt worn under the stays. We have here certainly those very conditions which would lead us to expect the worst possible consequences from a convulsive seizure. There is no organ of the body whose free movement is at such times more important than the heart. Yet here we find, on the one hand, its movement hampered by a tight girdle so placed that it could with difficulty be undone at a critical moment; on the other, a contrivance admirably adapted to allow the passage of blood to the brain, while impeding its return. This is no isolated case as regards its essential character, though, happily, somewhat singular in its termination. Minor degrees of asphyxiation, we fear, are still submitted to by a good many self-torturing children of vanity. The tight corset and the high heel still work mischief on the bodies of their devoted wearers. Taste and reason, indeed, combine to deprecate their injurious and vulgar bondage, and by no means unsuccessfully. Still the evil maintains itself. Cases like that above mentioned ought to, if they do not, open the eyes of some self-worshippers of the other sex who heedlessly strive by such means to excel in a sickly grace. We would strongly impress upon all of this class the fact that beauty is impossible without health, and would advise them, in the name of taste as well as comfort, to avoid those methods of contortion, one and all, by which elegance is only caricatured and health may be painfully and permanently injured.—*London Lancet.*

The Tea Gown.

The day of the tea gown has by no means passed. Quite the contrary, it seems to have just dawned, so popular has this most comfortable garment become in our own country, as well as in England. Even French modistes have made more charming confections on this model. Madame Jane Hading particularly has helped make this style of dress popular with the simple grace with which she wears it. Sarah Bernhardt often appears in a sublimated tea gown, known by some other name, perhaps, but a tea gown just the same and a most graceful one. Flimsy materials are no longer the only ones used in the construction of the tea gown. Brocades, silk poplins and such silken stuffs are much more favored this season, at least for the main part of the gown, while for the front soft gossamer stuffs are preferred still and give the character to the gown. Lovely embroideries are lavished on the new cut tea gowns in preference to lace, which has so long been the only adornment allowed on this graceful garment. A regal model in a tea gown from a famous house in Paris had a fine and delicate embroidery in gold threads on a rich, dark, red, eastern silk. A net of old *point de Venise* made a drapery in the front and was caught in place by a golden girdle. A robe fit for a princess most truly was such a tea gown. Creamy white with gold embroidery also makes an exquisite combination in the tea gown and one which is always becoming.

Travelling Dresses.

Correspondents who have asked suggestions for travelling dresses for autumn are advised to get faced cloth of light quality and make a princess coat; or, if a separate bodice is preferred, a good plan is to have a coat bodice, which is a cuirasse basque of even length around the hips and back. This bodice should open over a pleated vest of light armure silk, which has a velvet yoke and collar at the top and three straps of velvet ribbon across the waist line, each fastened by a buckle. The large coat sleeves have a pointed puff of the velvet at the top and of the silk at the wrists, with two velvet straps and buckles besides. The skirt is straight and full in the back, with loosely pleated side breadths and the front breadth draped in pleats on the hips; there are five or six rows of velvet ribbon placed beside these pleats, each row ending in a point and holding a buckle. The design is prettily carried out in brown or in green cloth, with ecru or gray armure for the vest and a velvet yoke and straps the color of the cloth edged with gilt or silver cord; the buckles match the metal of the cord. One of the long cloaks described above or else a short directoire cape will add sufficient warmth. A small bonnet or toque made of the cloth of the dress with a velvet bow, some pheasants' feathers, or a blackbird on the left side and narrow velvet ribbon strings, should complete the toilette.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Winsomeness in Women.

Do you recollect what your feelings were immediately after you had spoken the first unkind word to your husband? Did you not feel ashamed and grieved, and yet too proud to admit it? That was, is, and ever will be, your evil genius! It is the temper which labors incessantly to destroy your peace, which cheats you with an evil delusion that your husband deserved your anger, when he really required your love. If your husband is hasty, your example of patience will chide as well as teach him. Your violence may alienate his heart, and your neglect impel him to desperation. Your soothing will redeem him—your softness subdue him, and the good-natured twinkle of those eyes, now filling with tears, will make him all your own.—*Catholic Standard.*

The Next Bride.

A novel wedding fancy was recently inaugurated by a fashionable bride in New York. She carried an unusually large bouquet, and just before leaving for the honeymoon she untied her flowers, which proved to be eight separate posies, fastened with different colored ribbons. Each of these was presented to a bridesmaid, and one of the bouquets concealed a wedding ring, which would indicate the next bride. This idea resembles the custom of putting a ring, thimble and money in the Christmas pudding, marking the finder's lot, respectively, of matrimony, spinsterhood or wealth.—*Fort Worth Gazette.*

Corsets With Very Long Waists.

The corsets shown indicate a tendency toward abnormally long waists. Two of these are accurately drawn in the illustration, and at the time of my sketch they were being critically viewed by two girls whom generous nature had so shaped as to preclude them from ever wearing those same configurating articles. It will be easy enough for attenuated women to remove the artificial layers from their hips, and practically extend their waists to their knees if they choose, but liberally rounded creatures will have to be content with their luxuriousness, and give up the idea of making themselves long-waisted, no matter what fashion may make them long to do.—*New York letter in Cincinnati Inquirer.*

Mrs. Carnot.

Speaking of the wife of the President of France a correspondent says: "Mme. Carnot is of medium height, olive complexion, Roman features. Her carriage has possibly a suggestion of self-consciousness, which may be wholly due to her intensity of eye, an intensity at once to be explained by her deafness. She spends her mornings habitually in the privacy of domestic duties. She looks personally after the education of her children. She speaks English with the English governess, Italian with the Italian. She reads the best literature in the hours of seclusion with her husband and friends, and is as well informed as he about everything that is going on in the world."

Wisdom for Women.

Homely people make the best friends.

There never was a marriage in which one party did not impose on the other.

To flatter a young woman, ask her about her victims; every girl likes to think she has victims.

Nothing pleases a man so much as to see a fine-looking woman who has been married two or three months.

A beautiful woman pleases the eye, a good woman pleases the heart; one is a jewel, the other a treasure.—*Napoleon I.*

There never lived a woman who did not wish she was a man. There never lived a man who wished he was a woman.

A sure sign that a girl is going to get married—when she sits around working pillow shams and tidies with an initial that is not her own.

Elegant Mourning.

The most elegant dresses to be worn as deep mourning are made of a combination of two kinds of crape, the greater portion of the dress being of the lustreless canton crape trimmed with the wrinkled English goods.

A handsome gown of this description has a round waist, with a yoke of English crape, into which is gathered a full blouse, the ruffle of which is fastened down with fancy stitching and arranged in tucks at the belt. The sleeves are full with deep cuffs. The skirt has front and side draperies of the soft material, with inserted panels of the English crape.

Another beautiful dress is of crape, with a front of fish net finished with embroidered vandyke points. A deep fringe of crape ornaments the left side. The waist is entirely of the crape, with gypsy fronts of the net, which is also used for the tight undersleeves, with puffed outside pieces of the crape.

Early Fall Wrap.

This dainty little vetement may be made of cloth or of the costume fabric. The one pictured is made of hazel-brown faced cloth, braided all over with dark-brown soutache in an escurial pattern. The fronts are extended into narrow tabs, which cross at the waist and are knotted together at the back. The coachman's cape, in sets of three or four, is extremely popular with young ladies, and to a great extent will take the place of jackets. Among the latter there is one of the "Incroyable" type, which has double revers pointed in front, the upper one of the coat material, lengthening into a deep, square collar covering the shoulders, while the under revers of different material and lighter shade shows about two inches below the other, the point extending well out upon the arm. The coat fastens with three large buttons below the bust, while the skirt part is straight over the hips, with a few plaits at the back, and the cuffs and pockets are double like the revers. Around the throat is a scarf of crepe lisse, Indian mull, soft silk, or some similar fabric tied in a large bow, the ends being tucked in the open front.—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.*

Mirth is Beauty.

The New York *World* says: "Mirth, cheerfulness, animation and other expressions of a happy spirit or a vivacious mood are to beauty what fragrance is to the rose—its soul, its subtlest charm. The doll-faced girls who have no expression are never anything more than pretty. Beauty is something deeper than color, something finer than regularity of features. Many a woman who lacks the charm of prettiness is seen to be beautiful when she speaks and smiles. What constitutes beauty is a theme as old as love. It has been the puzzle of poets, the despair of artists. The bias of affection or conformity to an ideal makes nearly all women attractive to somebody. But the one thing which enters into and enhances all beauty is the smile that reflects sunshine in the heart." Think of this, girls! With a little effort, and no outlay of capital, you can all be beautiful.

Scotch Camel's Hair.

A new fall fabric that is sure to achieve much popularity is a soft Scotch camel's hair that comes in dull shades of brown, green and gray, or a handsome Scotch plaid that has of late been adopted by the Duchess of Fife and worn when walking or driving about her husband's Highland estates. The beautiful Miss Leighter, who made her debut at Newport during the summer season, has an autumn gown of the plaid. Red and brown lines on a clear green ground are her colors. The skirt is heavily kilted the whole way around; the only relief in the draperies is a long fringed plaid scarf knotted at the left hip, and a round short coat is slipped over the loose cashmere skirt. Broad, solid, low-heeled walking shoes are worn.

A Eulogy on Silk.

Silk is an agreeable and healthy article. Used in dress it retains the electricity of our bodies; in the drapery of our rooms and furniture covers it reflects the sunbeams, giving them a quicker brilliancy, and it heightens colors with a charming light. It possesses an element of cheerfulness, of which the dull service of wool and linen are destitute. It also promotes cleanliness, will not readily imbibe dirt, and does not harbor vermin as kindly as wool does. Its continually growing use by man, accordingly, is beneficial in many ways. Grace and beauty, even, owe something to silk. You cannot stiffen it like thick woollen or linen without destroying all its gloss and value. The more silk ribbons, therefore—the more silk kerchiefs and robes are used instead of linen and wool—the more graceful becomes the outward aspect of mankind. A number of strange, grotesque fashions originating in the use of linen would never have been invented during the more general employment of silk. The fluttering of ribbon, the rustling and flowing skirts of silk, the silk kerchief loosely knotted round the neck, have materially contributed to make our customs more natural and pleasing to the eye.—*Exchange.*

Fashions and Fashionable Folks.

Mrs. Tsui Kwo Ying, wife of the newly-appointed Chinese Minister, has nineteen finger tips, with which she jewels the long nails of her last three fingers. These quaint thimbles are as much like the beak of a woodpecker as anything you can imagine. Some are gold, some filagree silver, others are of shell, and those for ordinary wear are modelled in ivory, to be worn in bed or the bath, or when the royal lady is bundled up in wraps. All are exquisitely carved. A very beautiful set of four, made of old gold, have bits of jade in mosaic for decoration.

The yellow room has had its day, the blue room is passe and the crimson and gold apartment, too emphatic to be æsthetic. Now it is white for brides, debutantes and young mothers.

Unsightly fireplaces may be converted into spicy, woody, sylvan nooks by a rustic arrangement of balsam, palm, bitter-sweet and mistletoe branches. The greens are piled up on the hearthstone unless they can be interlaced about the fender and apron.

A disk or wafer of sealing wax placed in the bottom of a glass bowl will give crushed ice a pretty, delusive glow.

The London *Queen* says that there promises to be an immense demand for fancy velvets. No wonder, for the new productions "are things of beauty, and a joy for ever." Many of the patterns are large, many are thrown on armure grounds, many on thick satin, and some patterns are entirely in frise velvet, while others show plain and frise blended.

Scimetar combs are used to ornament the toilet tables of fashion. They come in various shapes of pearl, ivory, shell and polished rubber, but the handles are copied from the blades, swords and battle-axes of long ago. You can have a Louis IV. sword in solid silver, a Charlemange blade done in plate that will outlast love itself, or an exact copy of Pontius Pilate's weapon of hammered silver that is a real work of art. Prices vary with the quality of the plate, but all the designs are pretty and showy displayed on a linen cover with the rest of the crystal and silver toilet articles.

Buy a silver bread platter with a snake design running along the edge, spread it with a doylie of drawn linen, put a loaf of crusty bread on it, have the butler pass it round the table, and the manner in which your guest breaks off a piece will be a measure for judging of his high breeding.

The ladies in the Blaine family would pass for native born English women in any part of the country. They are partial to low-heeled, broad toed shoes, flat effects in millinery and dressmaking and the invisible checks and hairline stripes that can only be had in stuffs from Leeds, Birmingham and Liverpool. The young ladies braid their hair as tightly as a Gretchen, plaster it with fine hairpins and cover their heads and foreheads with the severest of turbans. Mrs. Blaine wears black and gray, and unlike the ladies of the White House frowns at daylight jewels.

All of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's bed linen is made in France. The hems are finished in drawn work, and the great monograms of applique and batiste that embellish pillow slips and top sheets are inserted in the fine linen with delicate stitches of needle-work that an expert could not accomplish in less than a week's time. When these beautiful white clothes come up from the laundry they are folded in squares and tied with diagonals of narrow ribbons just as they were when they came from the Parisian shop.

Mrs. Burnett Hurt in a Runaway.

A London cable says: Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett met with a serious accident to-day. She has been living at Doris Court, East Grinsted, and while driving to the station to-day her pony shied and dashed up the bank. Mrs. Burnett was hurled out of the cart and fell upon her head. She was picked up unconscious, and is now lying in a condition so serious that a London doctor has been called to attend her.

A Cronin Suspect's Health.

A Chicago despatch of Wednesday says; Judge Baker to-day issued a writ of habeas corpus, returnable to-morrow, requiring the State's Attorney to show cause why Frank Woodruff, one of the Cronin prisoners, should not be released on bail. The confinement is apparently breaking the young man's health down.

Sixty girl candidates for the Mormon life of multiplex blessedness were landed yesterday from the steamship Wyoming and packed off to Utah. If they knew more about the country and its customs they would stop in Chicago, where divorce is had as easy and as often as one wishes. Besides, Chicago wants the World's Fair. And it has so few of them.

"Say pa, would you mind using the other end of the ruler for a change?" asked the bad boy when the spanking was over. "Certainly, Johnny," said his obliging father. "It is a poor rule that won't work both ways," and the spanking was repeated.

CURRENT TOPICS.

CINDERELLA parties art to be fashionable this season. In Montreal they are said to be quite popular already. Cards of invitation bear the words "Cinderella Party." The leading feature of these parties is that promptly at 12 o'clock at night a gong sounds and the guests immediately depart, as did the heroine of the glass slipper. By this means those who have to be at business on time next morning have a chance to obtain something like a night's rest.

FATTENING slaves in a park and feeding them up like animals destined for the table, and then leading them to shambles where they are slaughtered like oxen, cut into pieces, and shared bit by bit among hungry cannibals—such is the practice which is permitted, according to M. Fondese, a French explorer, in some of French, Beligian, Portuguese, and even British territories in Ubanghi. M. Fondese was sent out three years ago by the French Government to discover the sources of the Niariguillon, and having returned after the successful accomplishment of his task, he hastens to tell his countrymen about the terrible things which he had seen in his travels. The "fattening parks," or pad-locks, are, he says, to be seen in each village, and contain men and women who have been taken in the war. The poor wretches take their doom philosophically, and some of them to whom M. Fondese offered freedom actually refused it. They eat, drink, dance and sing until the head "Fetish-man" comes around, accompanied by an orchestra of tom-tom and tin-kettles players, selects a sufficiently fat specimen, carries him or her to the market place of the village, and splits his or her head with a hatchet or scythe knife. The eyes and tongue of the victim are given to the "boss" fetish, and the rest of the body is divided among the atrocious anthropophagi. M. Fondese, who has gone right through the heart of the African continent, has brought several interesting reports back, which he proposes to read in a public meeting. Cardinal Lavigerie, the anti-slavery crusader, will undoubtly find a new incentive in his philanthropic work after having heard the testimony of the new explorer.—*London Telegraph.*

THE Vancouver, B.C., *News-Advertiser* recommends the cultivation of hops in that Province, as the experience of Washington Territory has proved that the soil and climate of the Pacific Coast are specially adapted for the perfection of the plant. One grower in the Puyallup Valley, who has kept an accurate account of the proceeds of his hop yard for seventeen years, states that the average yield for that period has been 2,000 pounds to the acre. During that period the average price has been 20 cents per pound or $400 an acre, and, after deducting all expenses of cultivation and picking, the net profit has been about $200 an acre. The quality of the hops raised is so superior to those raised in many other parts of the world which, until a few years ago, furnished the chief supply, that the prices they can be sold for in London are sufficient to cover all the expenses of transportation for so great a distance and leave the growers a good margin of profit. The price of labor presents no obstacle, as many of the hop pickers in Washington Territory are Indians from British Columbia, who annually go down for that purpose, after the salmon canning season is over. If, says the *News-Advertiser*, "some "of the speculators who hold large tracts "of land at high prices would offer some "of it at reasonable figures to persons who "would make hop gardens, they would find "their lands adjacent would appreciate in "value as soon as one season had passed "and the possible profits of the industry "were realised."

CONSCIENCE MONEY.

The Victim of a Kingston Robbery Receives His Money Back.

A Kingston despatch says: About five years ago J. E. Brown, merchant, of Delta, attended the Provincial Fair here. He started at night for the G. T. R. station, and when near it some men seized him and threw him into a vacant field. They then dragged him about 300 yards and gave him brutal treatment. After the men had robbed him of $130 in bills, a $5 gold piece, $4 in silver, his watch, chain, ring and other valuables, they left him in a dazed condition. Keleher and Ahearn were arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to fourteen and eighteen months respectively in the Central Prison. Now, for the sequel. On Monday a stranger called at the Dominion Express office and handed in a package for J. E. Brown, Delta. On Thursday Mr. Brown received the package and found it contained the articles stolen from him, and a note asking Mr. Brown to insert the following notice in the papers:

John E. Brown, of Delta, who, a few years ago, was robbed of a chain, watch, ring and $130 cash, received a few days ago, through some unknown channel, as conscience property, the watch, chain, ring and $30 in cash.

There was also a note of inquiry in the box asking Mr. Brown how much money he lost. The writer intimated that if he (Mr. Brown) would give a notice in the papers, stating exactly what had been stolen from him, he would probably receive more. The works in the watch were rusted.

A Hired Man Who Shoots.

A Brockville despatch of Wednesday says; A man named Ephraim Haskins, living at Elbe Mills, about eight miles from here was this morning shot by James Pennock. It appears Pennock was paying addresses to Haskins' daughter, which displeased, Haskins, who discharged Pennock a few days ago. Pennock returned this morning, and a row ensued. Pennock shot Haskins in the groin, and also shot Haskins' son in the foot. He gave himself up, and claims he did it in self-defence. Haskins is very low, but may recover.

First bull—Here comes a man. What shall we do? Second bull—Let's toss up.

Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian explorer, is organizing an expedition to the North Pole. Twenty thousand pounds have already been subscribed towards the venture and additional funds will be forthcoming.

Joseph Jefferson, the actor, was urged by his son to extend his season to thirty weeks instead of twenty. "My boy," replied the actor, "I can't afford to waste my time in making money."

Jap Miller.

Jap Miller down at Martinsville's the blandest feller yit!
When he starts in a talkin' other folks apt to quit—
'Pears like that mouth o' his'n wusn't made fer nothin' else
But jes' to argify 'em down and gether in their pelts.
He'll talk you down on tariff, er he'll talk you down on tax,
And proves the poor man pays 'em all—and them's about the facts!
Religion, law, er politics, prize-fightin' or base ball—
Jes' tech up Jap a little and he'll post you 'bout 'em all.

And the comicalest feller ever titled back a cheer
And tuck a chaw tobacker kind o' like he didn't keer.
That's where the feller's strength lays—he's so common-like and plain.
They haint no dude about old Jap, you bet you, nary grain!
They 'lected him to council and it never turned his head,
And didn't make no difference what anybody said—
He didn't dress no finer, nor rag out in fancy clothes:
But his voice in council meetin's was a terrer to his foes.

He's fer the pore man aver' time, and in the last campaign
He stumped ol Morgan county through the sunshine and the rain,
And helt the banner up'ards from a-trailin' in the dust,
And cut loose on monopolies and cuss'd and cuss'd and cuss'd!
He'd tell some funny story ever' now and then, you know,
Tel, blame it! it was better than a jack-o'-lantern show.
And I'd go furder yit, to-day, to hear old Jap norate
Than any high-toned orator that ever stumps the State.

W'y, that air blamed Jap Miller, with his keen, sarcastic fun,
Has got more friends than any candidate 'at ever run.
Don't matter what his views is, when he states the same to you
They allus coincide with your'n the same as two and two.
You can't take issue with him—er at least they hain't no sense
In startin' in to down him so you better not commence—
The best way's jes' to listen like your humble servant does.
And jes' concede Jap Miller, is the best man ever wuz

—*James Whitcomb Riley in Indianapolis Journal.*

My Mother's Pumpkin Pies.

When the beautiful autumn time has come
With its wealth of golden days—
When river and hill and meadow-land
Are veiled in a purple haze,
Down the backward track of the fleeting years
Unbidden my memory flies
To the autumn time in my childhood's home,
And to mother's pumpkin pies.

The yellow globes from the field were brought
Amid rapture of childish glee,
For well I knew the promise they held
Of delightful things to be,
And mute and motionless I gazed,
On the scene with wondering eyes,
While my mother wrought the mystery
Of those famous pumpkin pies.

Meaty and juicy and sweet were they,
And conjured with infinite care,
With a thin, brittle crust of delicate brown,
And a flavor beyond compare;
And though I should live to three-score and ten
Yet oft will the memory rise
Of those happy times in my boyhood days,
And my mother's pumpkin pies.

—*W. W. Runyon.*

MEN'S NECKWEAR.

The Kind of Scarfs and Ties that Should be Worn.

There is one undisputed axiom of fashion Here it is: A man evinces taste or the lack of it more forcibly in the choosing of his neck scarfs than in any other regard having to do with fine dressing as an art. Two treacherous elements enter into the consideration of the case—form and color. The shape of a scarf is mainly determined by the skill of the designer, and except in England, where Lord Euston or the Duke of Portland, or that exemplar of fashion incarnate, the Prince himself, determines upon some radical departure from beaten paths, it is largely an affair of convention, subject only to the usual venial modification of style. Color is everything. The scarf is the one item of apparel that admits of it. It punctuates and vivifies the entire costume, and is faultless and beautiful in proportion to the degree with which the devil of undue gayety and the deep sea of insipidity are avoided in its selection. The wearer's complexion is a matter of first importance. Men whose lead the rest of mankind follow—most of them without as much as suspecting it—have laid down certain precepts on the point which have acquired the force of inviolable laws. For example, says a writer in the *Post-Dispatch*, a man with swarthy features and black eyes should always wear a scarf of distinctive hue—say, black, deep blue, oxblood, red, maroon, violet, and kindred shades. Whether the scarf is illuminated with figures or not, the predominating tone should be pronounced. On the other hand, blonde men should avoid deep colors, restricting their choice to vague and uncompromising tints—such as pale blue, light pink, and the various blendings that produce gayer and more buoyant effects. Persons of neutral complexion and gray eyes should exercise the utmost care and precaution in the selection of neckwear. The character and color of one's garments exert another decided influence which cannot be ignored. If a man dresses in drab or deep black he should never, unless when in mourning, or when wearing a vest opening unusually wide, displaying a big area of white shirt front, wear a plain, black or somber scarf. To do so would produce a grewsome ensemble. The safer rule, it is agreed, is to seek a becoming contrast between the tone of the garments and the predominant hue of the scarf. There are men, however, who appear well dressed and who never affect any other color than black from head to foot. In the case of elderly gentlemen, especially if belonging to one of the learned professions, this exception is considered allowable, but at the same time the effect is exceedingly inartistic from the point of view of the man of fashion. The need for vivacious effect in neckwear this season is thought to be greater than ever, owing to the popularity of the cutaway and sack coats.

Modern science is extracting from the dry sawdust not only wood, alcohol, pyroligneous acid, the bases of the anilines, but many new compounds in medicine, etc., to say nothing of its being converted into wood pulp, or being pressed and utilized for fuel. Fortune and fame await the man who has the genius and skill to invent a contrivance or method to convert it into a cheap and merchantable fuel.