

"Hurrah! I have my Bismarck pipe again! Now I die happy!"

But, while the honest saddler's thoughts extended to nothing further than to his cherished relic, the judicial proceedings before the magistrate did not end here. The latter's suspicions having been aroused by the evident embarrassment of the two French gentlemen, by their manifest eagerness to be discharged from the trial, and by some contradictory statements they had made, he concluded to hold them, becoming more and more convinced that they had come to Kissingen with some sinister design. This purpose became more and more apparent, as the judicial investigation proved that the two were not provided with passports, had assumed several aliases, had come into town by carriage from a neighboring village in order to escape the scrutiny of the police at the railway station, had put up the night before at an obscure boarding-house, where they had made inquiries about the location of Prince Bismarck's hotel, had been detected loitering about the neighborhood of that hostelry, and had, when searched, revolvers concealed on their persons. The general belief was that the two had come to Kissingen with a view of making an attempt upon Prince Bismarck's life, and that their nefarious design was frustrated only through the means of the Bismarck pipe.

As may be easily concluded, the incident brought about what the honest saddler had devoutly desired, yet what his modesty had hitherto forbidden him to seek—a meeting between himself and the iron chancellor, who also on every later visit to this favorite watering place of his never missed the opportunity of inviting the aged veteran to his hotel, till, a few years ago, when he once more took up his summer sojourn at his beloved Kissingen, he learned with deep regret that, in consequence of his wounds, the brave Bavarian had departed this life during the course of the previous winter, after having expressed his last wish—which was sacredly observed by his mourning comrades—that even in death he should not be separated from his cherished Bismarck pipe.

ABOUT CAMPHOR.

[United States Department of Agriculture.]

Notwithstanding the comparatively narrow limits of its natural environment, the camphor tree grows well in cultivation under widely different conditions. It has become abundantly naturalized in Madagascar. It flourishes at Buenos Ayres. It thrives in Egypt, in the Canary Islands, in southeastern France and in the San Joaquin Valley in California, where the summers are hot and dry. Large trees at least 200 years old are growing in the temple courts at Tokio, where they are subject to a winter of seventy to eighty nights of frost, with an occasional minimum temperature as low as 12 degrees to 16 degrees F. The conditions for really successful cultivation appear to be a minimum winter temperature not below 20 degrees F., fifty inches or more of rain during the warm growing season, and abundance of plant food, rich in nitrogen. In the native forests in Formosa, Fukien and Japan camphor is distilled almost exclusively from the wood of the trunks, roots and larger branches.

The work is performed by hand labor and the methods employed seem rather crude. The camphor trees are felled, and the trunks, larger limbs and sometimes the roots are cut into chips, which are placed in a wooden tub about forty inches high and twenty inches in diameter at the base, tapering towards the top like an old-fashioned churn.

The tub has a tight fitting cover, which may be removed to put in the chips. A bamboo tube extends from near the end of the tube into the condenser. This consists of two wooden tubes of different sizes, the larger one right side up kept about two-thirds full of water from a continuous stream which runs out of a hole in one side. The smaller one is inverted with its edges below the water, forming an air tight chamber.

This air chamber is kept cool by the water falling on the top and running down over the sides. The upper part of the air chamber is sometimes filled with clean rice straw on which the camphor crystallizes, while the oil drips down and collects on the surface of the water. In some cases the camphor and oil are allowed to collect together on the surface of the water, and are afterwards separated by filtration through rice straw or by pressure. About twelve hours are required for distilling a tubful by this method. Then the chips are removed and dried for the furnace, and a new charge is put in. At the same time the camphor and oil are removed from the condenser. By this method twenty to forty pounds of chips are required for one pound of crude camphor.

IN MARYLAND CONFERENCE.

Mt. Savage, Nov. 21, 1897.

I have been laboring for the past year in the Maryland conference and I believe there are many honest people there. There is also a great deal of prejudice, but it is dying out and the people are investigating the Gospel.

Our last conference was held here in this small town in the Odd Fellow's hall, and the meetings were well attended by the members and non-members. We had a good time.

We were assigned to our fields, Bro. Arthur Minson and myself being assigned to labor in Allegheny county. We have held several meetings, and we are doing all we can to spread the Gospel seed. It is against the law of the state to use the school houses for meetings, so we gather in the private houses whenever we can get the opportunity.

We are having good health at present and are enjoying the Spirit of the Lord.

GEORGE M. WHITE,
ARTHUR MINSON,

Cumberland, Allegheny county, Maryland.

SMALLEST CITY IN THE WORLD

John De Salme bears the unique distinction of being mayor of the smallest city in the world. He is the chief executive of Fenton, a beautiful little hamlet on the picturesque Meramec river, fifteen miles to the south and west of St. Louis.

There are less than 100 people in Fenton, yet it has been an incorporated city for more than twenty years. And during that time it has grown considerably. When it was first incorporated there were less than forty-five inhabitants in the place.

It is the only city of its size, in all probability, in the world that is incorporated and has a mayor and a full quota of city officials.

None of the city officials of this unique little place are paid salaries. Instead they receive certain fees for the performance of their specific duties. It has been a long time since any of them collected any money, and even the city marshal, who constitutes the entire police force of the city, has not made a cent out of his job for something like three years. No arrests are made in Fenton, and it has been so long since the squire had a case that when the last magistrate died some years ago

it was not thought worth while to elect his successor.

There is no politics in Fenton—at least, not in so far as municipal elections go. And, for that matter, there have been no elections for a decade.

There never has been a defalcation in Fenton. Fred Wehmeyer was detailed by the board of control to keep the books of the corporation, and the public funds raised by taxation were expended by the mayor in person, by and with the consent of the board.—St. Louis Republic.

TENNESSEE'S SPLENDID SUCCESS.

[From the Chicago Times-Herald.]

The Nashville Centennial has reached the end of its allotted career, and thus passes into history one of the most successful expositions ever undertaken in the South, and, from certain points of view, the most successful in the history of the country.

The projectors of this enterprise hoped that the total attendance would reach 2,000,000, and the fact that the real figures are only 250,000 below that estimate shows that the exposition was liberally patronized, especially in the earlier stages of its existence. The yellow fever scare throughout the South came just at the height of the exposition season and seriously crippled it. The magnificent rally of Chicago on Illinois day did much to stop the panic and turn the tide again in the right direction, but the damage wrought by yellow Jack could not be repaired. But for his visitation of the gulf cities the original estimate of attendance at Nashville probably would have been exceeded.

It is a pleasure to be informed, however, by the management that the finances of the exposition are in good condition and that "all indebtedness can be wiped out dollar for dollar." When everything is taken into consideration, this is a remarkable record.

But the success or failure of such an enterprise cannot be measured by dollars and cents. Its influence upon public life, by bringing into closer touch the people of the North and their brethren of the South, rises above all financial considerations. Nashville has done the nation a service which will be appreciated more and more as the years go by and the exposition results come more clearly into view.

HAPPY IN THE FAITH.

Colfax, La., Nov. 8, 1897.

I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The first missionaries who came to our neighborhood were Elders John A. Edwards, J. E. D. Tomlinson B. W. Dansie and R. S. Hunt. They came four or five months ago. I believed they were good men and were teaching the Bible. When I heard the Gospel I knew it to be true; I knew it from the Bible.

They gave me a tract containing the faith and teachings of the Latter-day Saints. I knew it to be true Christian-ity.

Elder Dansie gave me a book entitled the Voice of Warning which I appreciated very much, and after I had read it, I presented it to my friends. I was baptized on August 13, 1897, and have by the help of our Lord, been trying to do His will. I am the only member of the Church in this immediate vicinity. But there are others who expect to join us soon.

CURTICE JONES,

Colfax, La.

The Spokesman-Review of Spokane, Wash., reports the arrival there of Col. W. L. Peyton, late of Ogden, who has gone to that city to practice law.