

**A SNUFF-BOX FULL
OF TREES & SOME
APOCRYPHAL ESSAYS**

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A Snuff-Box Full of Trees & Some Apocryphal Essays by W. D. Ellwanger

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W.D.

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by

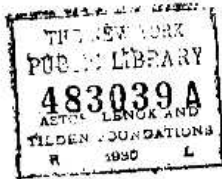
W. D. ELLWANGER

Author of "The Oriental Rug" and
"A Summer Snowflake"

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A Snuff-box Full of Trees

CALIFORNIA gave to the world in 1849 not only the most wondrous wealth known up to that time, but also the tallest trees that ever grew toward heaven. Somewhere in the early fifties G. H. Woodruff joined the throng of gold hunters and went West to seek his fortune. So far as is known he found no gold, but, as the story runs, after a year or more of disappointments, he found himself one day in the forest primeval, forlorn and disconsolate. He threw himself on the ground, and, yielding to despair, gazed up into the treetops for help or resignation. Above him towered the big trees of the world, the grand Giganteas. You may call them, as you please, Gigantea, Washingtonia, or Wellingtonia. Their generic name is an arbitrary one, and it is still a disputed question whether they were first found and named by an Englishman or an American. No worry of nomenclature disturbed Mr. Woodruff, but he knew trees. They had been part and par-