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BIRDS OF SPRING.

They are come, with flutter and chirp, and song to the earth, late barren and cold so long; And a heartsome, lightsome cheer they bring. These are advents of the sweet, winter's end. Oh! I love the little blue-breasted things—Braving the snow-scars of which winter flings. Slightly back on the northern blast. When forced to flee from the spring at last—Daring the rain clouds, heavy and gray, Which chill the life of the sweet, winter's end. Through frosts and storms they blithely sing—Bright little, brave little, birds of spring.

Plumed augurs of nearing summer days:
Of perfumed breezes of blossom sprays:
Of strawberries, red as your lips, little maid:
Of hare-bells, as blue as your eyes, in the glade
Of emerald billows every where:
And swinging scythes in the sun-bright air:
Of mellow, slumberous, August noons:
Of hazy sunsets, and golden moons:
Of purpling violets of harvest sheaves:
Of boughs fall fruited of ripening leaves:
Prophecy clear of this shifting time.
Do they warble and twitter—my birds of spring!

And these dainty denizens of the air,
In their prudence, and patience, and loving care
Are images sweet, so it seems to me,
Of a provident father, who knows of our fate.
They fashion their dwellings, cosy and wee,
All for the younglings yet to be:
And seek, for the winter of the fallow brood,
They will forage the garden and field and wood
From dawn until darkness of summer days.
They will wing their way to the winter's end;
And my heart will swell with the songs they sing
My early, my cheery, birds of spring!

WHEN THE SUN IS SHINING.

Pointing, my darling, because it rains,
And the flowers droop and the rain is falling,
And drops are burring the window-pane,
And a moaning wind through the lane is calling
Crying and wishing the sky was clear,
And roses aglow on the lattice twining;
Ah, well, remember, my foolish dear,
"This easy to laugh when the sun is shining!"

When the world is bright and fair and gay,
And the glad birds sing in the fair June weather,
And summer is gathering, night and day,
Her golden chalice of sweets together,
When blue seas answer the sky above,
And bright stars follow in the evening,
Why, then, 'tis no merit to smile, my love,
"This easy to laugh when the sun is shining!"

But 'tis in the time the heart to test,
When winter is here and storms are howling,
And the earth from under her frozen vest
Looks up at the sad sky, mute and scowling;
The brave little, it should rise to meet
The season's gloom and the day's repining;
And 'tis in the time to be glad, for sweet,
"This easy to laugh when the sun is shining!"

Four Yeass Old.

What makes it night? I want to go
Way off behind the sky and see
The world as it sounds as it can be,
Somebody told me, so I know.

You yellow Moon, how bright you are!
Have all the stars been put to bed?
And is it true, as nurse said,
That you are the baby-sister's mamma?

And are they sometimes naughty too?
I cried a little bit today,
The tears would come where do they stay,
When people's eyes won't let them through?

My dolly's in the grass out there,
Be quiet, Wind, you rustle so,
I'm afraid you'll know where she is,
Please hush, dear Wind—I wonder where.

That four-leaved clover that grew
Down by the fence 'tis afternoon,
I'm four years old, too. Tell me, Moon,
When shall I be as old as you?

The clocks are striking in the town,
Oh, dear, I have said my prayers,
The little birds, I think, are theirs,
I heard them when the sun went down.

Where did it go, and why? Some day
I'll know a great deal more, I guess,
When I'm not quite so new as day's
Mamma, I'm coming right away!

A REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.

The following story was told a number of years ago, by an old Revolutionary soldier, to his children and grandchildren, as they sat around the festive board of a Thanksgiving dinner. The writer, then quite a youth, was present—though not as a relative—and heard it, and treasured it up in his memory, and now gives it to the public, as nearly as he can remember, in the language of the veteran, suppressing only the names of the parties introduced, which for various reasons he does not wish here to state.

The 19th of April, 1775, (began the aged narrator,) was a day long to be remembered, not only by myself, but by all who take a pride in our glorious institutions. The ever-to-be-remembered morning dawned bright and beautiful, the sun rising in calm glory, as if it were not to witness the bloody opening of that great drama, upon which the eyes of the whole civilized world were instinctively turned, and whose closing scenes have left us a free and independent nation.

I was at that time about two-and-twenty years of age, and was in the employ Mr. S****, of Lincoln, as a farm-hand. I had gone down to the field alone, about the usual hour; but had not been there long, when Mr. S**** came hurrying down, and, in an excited tone, said:

"David, there are great things going on; and the time has now arrived when we must either take a bold stand and defend our rights with our lives, or tamely submit like cowards to British oppression."

I asked him what he meant, and he replied:

"A messenger has just passed by here, on his way to alarm the country, who says that a large body of British troops, on their march from Boston to Concord, passed through Lexington early this morning, and, without provocation, fired upon the militia and citizens, killing and wounding quite a number."

He father said that great alarm prevailed throughout the country round about—that the bells had been rung and the drums beat to arms—that men were everywhere leaving their work and hurrying to the field of action—and asked me if I was willing to take a part in the coming struggle.

"Yes," I replied, "if matters have come to such a pass, I would rather be

on the field of battle than here."

"Then quit your work at once," he said; "take your gun, and go and do your duty; for if you feel as I do, you would much rather die a freeman than live a slave."

Accordingly I left the field, and hurried to the house, where I equipped myself as well as I could, only being delayed some half an hour in running a few extra bullets, my powderhorns having fortunately been filled a few days before. Then putting up some provisions, for I did not know when I should return, I bade Mr. S**** and his family good-bye, and told them, if they never saw me again, I hoped at least they would hear a good account of me.

I had not gone far, when I met a horseman, riding at full speed. I asked him the news, and he sang out, without stopping his horse:

"A large body of British troops, after shooting down several men in Lexington, have marched upon Concord, to destroy the town. Hurry on, for every man is wanted!"

He said something more, but this was all I caught—for his horse, being on the run, had carried him beyond my hearing.

I then struck across the fields to the Concord road, running most of the way; and when I came in sight of the road, I saw many persons hurrying up from every direction, each man tramping with him his gun and whatever else he thought needful—sometimes alone, like myself—but mostly in parties of two, three, and four—seldom more.

Soon after I got into the Concord road, I met a couple of men, partially uniformed, hurrying towards Lexington. I stopped and asked them the news; and one replied very excitedly:

"Dreadful times, friend! dreadful times! A large body of British infantry and grenadiers have marched on to Concord to destroy the place, which they are doing at this minute."

"Then why are you not there to defend it?" inquired I.

"Because the citizens and militia are at present too few to cope with the British; and we, with many others, have been dispatched by Colonel B****, to act as scouts, alarm the country, and get full reports of the doings below."

I then asked them if they thought I could be of any service at Concord; and they answered that I had better go and see for myself; but that everybody was greatly alarmed, and so far there was no unity of action.

After this I did not hurry as before, but walked, keeping a sharp look-out, and wondering to myself how the affair was going to terminate.

Not thinking it exactly prudent to approach the village by the road, and not caring to be mixed up with other parties, I once more turned off into the fields, ascended some high ground, whence I could get a partial view of the place, and form some idea of what was going on.

It was little I could see, however, save a dense smoke, rising from the center of the place, and here and there a glimpse of British soldiers, and some of our own volunteers, as they marched in companies to take different positions.

In an open lot, just back of the village, stood quite a collection of women and children; and on what is now called Burying-ground Hill, were a number of British officers, apparently surveying the place through their glasses; while from every direction, I could see citizens hurrying up, but more in bodies than before, to join their countrymen, and, if necessary, assist in repelling the invaders.

As I thus stood looking, I heard the report of guns, but apparently only some three or four.

Next I heard a single discharge, and then what appeared to be a volley.

This was followed by loud cries, and another volley, and for a few minutes by rapid and continual discharges, by which I knew that an action had fairly commenced on both sides.

While I stood hesitating, not knowing in what manner it was best for me to act, the firing ceased; and soon after, to my great joy, I saw the head of the column of British infantry filing down the road.

I now hurried round to the rear of the evacuating forces, and on entering the village, found some hundreds of our men collected on the common, almost without order, companies apparently being disbanded, and the greatest excitement and indignation prevailing.

Some half a dozen or more had been killed and wounded on both sides, and a considerable amount of property had been destroyed by the enemy; but the latter, having suddenly become alarmed at the determined action and the rapidly increasing numbers of the citizens, had beat a full retreat, leaving two of their dead where they had fallen, and were now filing down the road in fine military order, with strong flanking parties thrown out on either

side, their splendid uniforms and burnished arms glittering in the bright sunshine and making an imposing show.

But thinking only of their dastardly and wanton acts, and that they were only vulnerable men like themselves, the excited crowd speedily revolved to follow and harass them.

"Let us have revenge!" cried one; "revenge for our comrades, shot down in cold blood!"

"Aye, let us follow and shoot them down in the same way!" exclaimed another.

"Who is to lead us?" asked a third.

"We want no leader!" shouted a fourth. "Let every man do his duty by himself, and shoot the scoundrels wherever he can reach them."

With this the people set up a wild shout of approval; and immediately the crowd began to scatter, most of them taking direction of the retreating army, I following with the majority.

On coming up within bullet range of the rear guard, we opened upon them a general fire, and saw some five or six of them drop from the ranks.

They immediately replied with a volley, hitting four of our party and killing two, one of whom fell dead beside me.

Upon this we immediately scattered, leaping the fences and taking to the fields, each man acting for himself.

Loading my gun, I ran forward; and, getting under cover of some bushes, I selected my man, and fired again—the others generally acting in the same manner.

Thus, without concert, and without any regular leader, we began a mode of warfare best suited to our circumstances and condition; and which, during that long, hot day—and it was uncommonly hot for the season—cost many a soldier, the very flower of the British army, his life.

I shall make no attempt to give you a detailed account of that day's fight; in fact, I do not think I could if I would; for I am getting well advanced in years now, and my memory is beginning to fail me. Indeed, so far as I was concerned, it would only be a repetition of loading, getting a new position, firing, and keeping out of the way of the flanking parties—which did all in their power to protect the main body—running down, shooting, and bayonetting the provincials wherever they could. Our men completely lined the way of the retreating army—fired from every bush, house, fence, or covert, and even the open fields—and sometimes maintained a running fight, where the harassed enemy had a good opportunity for pursuit.

From being in the rear, I gradually made my way beyond the head of the advanced column; and having secreted myself behind a large rock, I was waiting for them to come up to a certain aim, when suddenly two soldiers, who had been thrown forward as scouts, approached me unperceived. The first intimation I had of their presence was by two shots, fired at a distance of less than twenty yards—one ball passing through my hat, and the other through the fleshy part of my left arm, the scar of which I still retain.

By the time I had got upon my feet, they were in the act of rushing upon me with their bayonets, one a couple of feet or so in advance of the other. There was no time to be lost; and taking a rapid sight at the foremost, I pulled the trigger; but, from some cause, my gun for the first time that day missed fire.

I was now so situated, with the rock behind me, that it was impossible for me to escape; and as my foes came bounding forward, with loud yells and bitter curses, I thought my last hour had come.

As quick as lightning I cocked my gun again and again pulled the trigger, with the muzzle almost touching the breast of the nearest.

This time, thank Heaven! the piece did its duty, and lodged the contents in the very heart of my foe, who fell back dead, without even a groan.

The next moment the bayonet of his companion passed through my side, with so much force as to drive me back against the rock, inflicting a severe and dangerous wound, and holding me completely in his power.

For a few moments I struggled to extricate myself, but rapidly grew weak and faint; when, finding me sinking to the earth, the soldier withdrew his weapon and made another quick thrust.

In his haste he missed me nearly altogether, but passed his bayonet through my clothes, where it became momentarily entangled.

Throwing down my gun and seizing his, I now feebly attempted to foil his fell intent; but being the stronger of the two, and himself un wounded, he fairly took the weapon from my grasp.

As, fairly foaming with wrath, he drew back for the fatal lunge, a bullet passed through his head, and he fell dead at my side, I had only time to see

a friendly form hurrying up to me, when I fainted and knew no more.

When I recovered consciousness, I found myself lying upon a bed, in the house of a Samaritan, and learned that the British had been met at Lexington by a large reinforcement, and had effected their retreat to Charlestown, being followed to the very Neck by some of our men, and suffering continual losses all the way.

I also learned that my good host was the friend who had so providentially come to my rescue. Being a little distance behind me, he had heard the firing, and had hurried up just in time to save me. Taking up my apparently lifeless form, he had borne me back and secreted me in some bushes, standing guard by me till the enemy had passed; and then with the aid of some friends, had carried me to his own house, about half a mile distant.

Here, under the best of care, I remained for several weeks; and just as I had once more begun to get abroad in the fresh air, news came of the glorious battle of Bunker's Hill, and filled me with new vigor and life.

A few days after, though still far from complete recovery, I joined the army at Cambridge, and once more took an active part in that great and righteous contest, whose glorious results, my children, we all now enjoy.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

CAKING.—All sorts of incredible stories are told of the ostrich farms of California. The latest is that in the morning, during laying time, if the wind is in the right quarter, the cackling of the hen ostrich can be heard at a distance of forty miles.

BRIGAND.—Black Bart has robbed more than a score of stages in California single handed. He had a habit of writing doggerel verses and pinning them to rifled express boxes. The rewards offered for his capture amounted to nearly \$15,000, and a stray bit of his versification finally betrayed him.

A BODY OF WATER.—When it is considered that the Ohio drains a basin of more than two hundred thousand square miles in area, and that the estimated weight of an inch of rain over a single square mile is about sixty thousand tons, the mental effort to reckon up the devastations wrought by the late floods seems useless.

Too Much "Vim."

Riding on the cars one day last week, on one of the roads out of Chicago was a man, not yet in the prime of life, so far as years go, but who was in his old age, so far as mental and physical condition is to be considered. He was what might be called a total wreck in persona and appearance. A few years ago this man was considered one of the most promising young business men in the city. He was full of getup-to-itiveness, pluck, push and energy. But he lacked one thing needful—caution. In an evil hour he became excited in speculation, and for a while he made money hand over fist. Everything he touched seemed to turn to money. He finally sold out his legitimate business and went into speculation exclusively. He had the finest of everything. But one day stocks began to tumble. The man knew what he was about; invested more and finally he too, with his stocks took a terrible tumble, and when he looked about he found himself a bankrupt. He was too proud to take a clerkship, but pawned his fine clothes, jewelry, etc., and took to drink. The result of all of it is that man to-day is deep down in the mire of despondency, and the friends he had in his prosperous days, those who feasted at his expense, and those whom he had helped in time of need only point their finger at him and sneeringly call him "the fool." Vim and energy is a good thing. Ambition and desire to better one's self is an excellent trait in any man's composition, but with these traits a young man is very apt to get "rattled," if he lets his ambition run away with common sense or when he refuses to listen to reason. A young horse generally stands a better chance to win a hurdle race than an old one, but in its eagerness to jump the hurdle it often breaks its neck. Better be a little old and foggy than to let reckless youth run at will unbridled. Let well enough alone, young man, and stick to legitimate business, and you will, under ordinary circumstances, come out the winner. Young man, if you would win a fortune, work and wait, but work a good deal more than you wait.—Peck's Sun.

Young Warriors.

At the first battle of Bull Run John Meigs, a son of General Meigs, and a West Point cadet, seeing no generals about, assumed and for some time directed the movement of the troops, the officers supposed he was aide-de-camp, and that the orders came from the generals. Seeing the Confederates massing in the wood to take Green's Battery, Meigs ordered Colonel Mathewson to move quietly with his regiment to the support of the battery. The movement was promptly executed by the First California, and then two other regiments were brought up. Later in the day the youthful general, seeing the field was lost, said to Colonel Mathewson: "You had better fall back toward Centerville."

"And by whose authority do you give me such orders as that?" inquired the colonel.

"Well, sir," said young Meigs, "the truth is for the last two hours I have been unable to find any generals, and have been commanding myself."

I saw young Meigs on the field, and he was wounded through the knee, but remained on duty, although in terrible pain and faint from the loss of blood. He was afterward killed in the Shenandoah Valley.

In the First Iowa there was a little mite of a drummer boy named Edward, or, as he was more commonly called, Eddie Lee. At Wilson's Creek he had both feet shot off by a cannon ball. A wounded Confederate, who was shot through the bowels and lay near Eddie had taken off his suspenders, and making of them ligatures, tied up Eddie's stumps to stop the flow of blood. During the night the soldier died and Eddie lay on the field all night beside him. In the morning, as soon as it was light, the First Iowa were surprised to hear Eddie's drum beating the reveille down in a ravine. One of the men, following the sound of the drum, went to him and found the little fellow seated on the ground vigorously beating away, his drum fastened to a bush by his side.

"Good morning, corporal," he said; "oh, get me some water, I am so thirsty."

The corporal got the water, and while he was giving the boy a drink, the Confederates came up and captured them both. A horseman took Eddie up tenderly before him and carried him to the Confederate camp, where his stumps were amputated and the wounds carefully dressed, but he died in a few hours after the operation was performed.

BETRAYED BY BAD GRAMMAR.

"Three of these girls say they go to school regularly," remarked Justice Power in the Tombs police court the other day, as four children were about to step down. Agent Chiardi, who had arrested the three as delinquents, and the other for picking up bones, took the fourth girl to one side and said he knew the others did not go to school.

"Aren't they all together?" asked the court.

"No, sir," answered one of the trio. "Us don't belong to she!"

"What? The next girl who goes to school—was that sentence correct?"

"No, sir."

"What should she have said?"

"Her ain't one of we."

"Horrors! The next try it."

"She ben't one of us three."

The justice groaned and asked the fourth girl to repeat the sentence. She had said nothing about school, but she replied, "She is not one of us."

"You are discharged," said the court. "The others will have a chance to study in a reformatory."

Secret of Sheridan's Luck.

How a Little Quaker Schoolm'ar Helped Him to Win Winchester.

I saw by the Philadelphia papers the other day that the Grand Army posts in that city had given a reception to Mrs. R. M. Bousal, and happening to walk down the street with General Sheridan, I asked him if he knew her.

"Do I know her?" he replied with a surprised look on his face. "I should say I did. That woman was worth a whole brigade of soldiers and several batteries of artillery down in the Winchester campaign, and she was one of the genuine heroines of the war."

"Tell me about her?"

"Well, you see I always believe in fighting on information. People said I was reckless and daring, and all that, and when I happened to win a fight they said it was Sheridan's luck. But I tell you there wasn't any luck about it. I never went it blind. I always knew what I was going to hit before I made a strike, and generally tried to strike at the right time."

"And down there in '64," continued the general, "when I lay before Winchester I wanted information of what was going on in the enemy's lines, and I wanted it awful bad. I must have it, don't you see, but how I was going to get it I didn't know. Crook was pretty well acquainted in all that country, and one day I asked him if he didn't know some one in Winchester we could depend on. He said there was a little Quaker girl in the town that he thought was all right, and I concluded to try her. There was an old darkey who had a garden patch about fifteen miles from my headquarters, and he had a pass to go into Winchester three or four times a week with vegetables for the Confederate officers and townspeople. I had him brought to my headquarters one night and asked him if he knew the schoolm'ar. He said he did, and then I asked him if he could get a note to her without giving her a way. He said he could, and then I wrote her a letter on tissue paper, appealing to her loyalty and requesting her to give me some information of what was going on in the rebel camp. I wrapped the note up in the foil, in a little wad, don't you know, and made the old darkey carry it in his mouth. The next day he went into town with a load of vegetables and gave it to her."

"What was her name?"

"Rebecca Wright was her name then, but she is married now and her husband's name is Bousal."

"Did you get an answer?"

"Yes, the darkey brought me back a reply in which she gave me some very important information and promised to send me more from time to time. We kept up a correspondence after that and I knew everything old Early was doing. After a few weeks she sent me word that Kershaw's division of 8,000 or 10,000 had been detached and was going to join Lee's army. As soon as I learned that he was gone and was far enough off to prevent his getting back, I made the attack and captured Winchester."

"Did you find the girl when you got into town?"

"Indeed I did, and my report of that battle was written in her school room."

"Was she ever rewarded?"

"Well, I got her a place in the treasury department, and it was there she got acquainted with her husband, but I think she is entitled to a pension."

A LOVE STORY.

A romance of A. T. Stewart's life is told by the New York correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch. About sixty years ago Cornelia Clinch was one of the prettiest girls of New York. Her father was a rich ship chandler who lived in a big house in a fashionable quarter. He was a self-made man and thought every man ought to be the architect of his own fortune. So he frowned away every wealthy young fellow who came to woo Cornelia, and sent her regularly to school to learn to be a sensible, useful woman. Old Clinch attended St. Mark's Church, and on Sunday young Stewart saw the daughter there. He fell in love with her and became a regular attendant at the church. He got acquainted with Cornelia, and as he was poor but industrious, the old man smiled upon him and invited him to call and take dinner with them. After awhile Stewart asked Cornelia a very interesting question, and she, like a good girl, blushed and said:

"Y-e-e-s—if papa says so."

Then Stewart visited old Clinch, and he said:

"Want to marry Nelly, eh? Think she's got a rich father, eh? And you'd like to come in for a share of his earnings, eh?"

"No, sir, you needn't leave her or me a cent. I'll soon be richer than you anyhow."

"You will, will you? Well, like that. Go ahead and take her then, and Heaven bless you both."

So the young folks, who were tremendously in love with each other, were married and went to live in a modest little cottage on Reade street, and were glad to be able to cover the floor with rag carpet. There, it is said, they lived an ideally happy life.

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ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.
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Good Sample Room on First Floor. Free Buss to and from all trains. Special rates to businesses and jurors.

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W. J. SPRINGER,
Fashionable Barber,
Next Door to JOURNAL Store, Main Street,
MILLHEIM, PA.

HUMOROUS.

"Let me dream again." So you were arrested and fined yesterday for being drunk and disorderly, and here you are again to-day for the same offense! Prisoner (who has been pumped on): Yes, Judge, but can you arrest a man twice on the same charge? Judge: Certainly not. Prisoner: Then lemme go, Judge, this is the same old drunk!

She—"I think it's a sin and a shame to kill the dear little feathered songsters. If I had my way I'd make a law against killing birds. Guess people wouldn't starve if they let the birds alone." He—"But what would the ladies do without hat ornaments?" She—"Oh, that's an entirely different thing. Of course when there's an actual necessity for shooting the dear creatures one must stifle one's feelings, you know."

A crowd of sitters were occupying their usual positions in a grocery store swapping stories, and watching for a chance to "catch" somebody, when one of them carelessly remarked:

"It is a very high-toned affair."

"What is?" quickly interrogated a young man from the suburbs.

"A thunder storm," was the reply.

The man who "was caught merely said: "oh," and congratulated himself on the fact that lightning seldom strikes twice in the same place.

A scientific doughnut maker:

"Bread!" exclaimed a Vassar College girl. "Bread! Well, I should say I can make bread. We studied that in our first year. You see, the yeast ferments, and the gas thus formed permeates everywhere and transforms the plastic material into a clearly obvious atomic structure and then—" "But what is the plastic material you speak of?" "Oh! that is commonly called the sponge." "But how do you make the sponge?" "Why, you don't make it; the cook always attends to that. Then we test the sponge with the thermometer and hydrometer and a lot of other instruments, the names of which I don't remember, and then hand it back to the cook, and I don't know what she does with it then, but when it comes on the table it is just splendid."

Ten Million Car Wheels.

"There are more than 10,000,000 iron car wheels in use on American railroads," said the master mechanic of one of the trunk lines, "and it requires about 525 pounds of pig iron to make one wheel. About 1,250,000 wheels are worn out every year, and the same number of new ones must be made to take their places. The iron men are called upon for only a small proportion of the 312,500 tons of material required for these new wheels, however, for nearly 200,000 tons are supplied by the worn-out wheels themselves. Formerly the life of a car wheel was estimated at eight years, but the reduction of the railroad generally to the standard gauge and the improvements in loading and unloading facilities, have materially decreased the length of service that a wheel may be depended on to perform. The uniformity in gauge keeps cars in more continuous use, while the decrease in time of loading and unloading enables them to be put to more active service even where they are run only on short local routes.

"These figures do not include the wheels on palace coaches and the best class of passenger coaches. The wheels on the grade of rolling stock are now made almost exclusively of paper. They are as serviceable as iron, and combine lightness with strength a great desideratum where speed and economy in motive power are of paramount importance."