THE REPUBLICAN.

CLEARFIELD, PA.

WEDNESDAY MORNING SEPT. 3, 1873.

Letter From Union.

ROCKTON, August 25, 1873.

Editor Republican:

DEAR SIR—I have seen some printed documents, headed "Democratic Convention," calling for a convention of delegates to meet hereafter at the Court House, in Clearfield, for the purpose of nominating a new set of candidates, to be voted for at the October election.

I cannot forbear giving you my opinion on the subject, in a very few words. Is it possible that the Democracy of our county has suffered to such an extent, from the bad influences around us, that we cannot make a satisfactory nomination any more and harmoniously stand by it? If there was unfairness practiced or allowed at our Primary Election in some townships, it cannot be helped now, nor bettered by any such call of Convention. I hope when you see, as I have seen, that some of these calls are headed by the names of men that never cast a vote with the Democrats nor never intend to do so, you will see by the blossom, or even by the bud, when you so well know the root of the tree, what may be expected in the fruit.

Now, fellow citizens, can any man be led to believe that any good can result from such a course, after having been deluded so often by some of the same men? What we can do that will result in any good to the party, at this late period, is to stand shoulder to shoulder, more firmly than ever before, in the election of our candidates now nominated, and try to remedy the evils complained of between this election and next fall, so that we will not be found to err in the same manner again. Unity, my friends, by all means, and let selfish motives and all else that can do our party no good, be cast into the background. Let us all bear in mind that we have almost lost our glorious Government, handed down to us by Washington, Jefferson and others, by being split among ourselves, until the enemies of our country rode triumphantly into power and have nearly devastated a great portion of the same.

Now, sir, you are at liberty either to give this a place in your valuable paper, or otherwise, while I remain your humble servant.

A UNION DEMOCRAT.

A Michigan Lumberman.

A paragraph in a recent Michigan paper has elicited from the Pantiac *Gazette* the following respecting the landed wealth of a citizen of that State: "Dr. David Ward's great wealth rests in his immense amount of cork pine lands in Michigan and Wisconsin, amounting to over 150,000 acres, every forty of which he has been over himself, making a careful estimate of the number and dimensions of the trees, and noting all the characteristics of soil. His land was nearly all selected from close observation years before most people had an idea of their ultimate value, and the very best taken; location upon streams and facilities for running the timber to market were carefully considered, so that to-day he owns the finest tracts of really available and valuable cork pine in the United States, and the most of it. His pine lands may be summarized as follows: On the Saginaw, 30,000 acres; on the Manistee and Au Sauble, 90,000 acres; on the Chippewa, in Wisconsin, 30,000 acres. Total 150,000 acres. In addition he owns 20,000 acres of the very best hardwood timbered lands for farming in the central and northern part of the State, besides all his valuable property in Oakland county, and 13,000,000 feet of logs afloat. Placing the same valuation upon his pine lands alone, as other persons are selling detached tracts in the vicinity of his, and it aggregates the sum of $6,500,000, and we may here say that that amount of greenbacks stacked up would not obtain the deeds of his pine property alone. The difference in pine land is very great, as between cork and other qualities, and acre by acre the cork nets more than three times as much as any other variety." In Wisconsin fully a dozen lumbermen boast that if their pine lands were laid out into strips a mile wide they would reach across the State, or over two hundred miles in length.

A WIFE'S RUSE.—The Maryland *Advocate* says: A Pennsylvania lady has a most romantic and ingenious way of managing the gentleman so happy as to be her husband. Exasperated by her persistent conversation, he ungallantly boxed her ears the other day. The wretched woman cast but one lingering, reproachful glance upon her lord and fled, simply observing as she departed that the briny deep should wash away the insult. Leaving behind her everything most dear and precious to her—the home of her married life full of beautiful and cherised memories—this heart-broken woman rushed frantically to the canal, and, with one parting sigh, threw in a large stone which made a mighty spalsh. Then she went and hid herself in the bushes and giggled, while her husband and twenty other men hurried up, with horror depicted upon their countenances, and wildly dragged the canal for her body. When the injured wife became convinced that the wretch had suffered enough, she appeared from behind the bushes and led him home a resigned and willing victim.

To see how eagerly a human being will catch at a straw, it is not necessary to witness a drowning. The phenomenon is now manifest chiefly within saloons, where one end of the straw is immersed in a tumbler.

"Och!" says a love-sick Hibernian, "what a recreation it is to be dying in love; it sets the heart aching so delicately, there's no taking a wink of sleep for the pleasure of the pain!"

A Cincinnati man is said to be training himself for his approaching marriage by passing several hours a day in a boiler shop.