The Centre Democrat.

BELLEFONTE, PA

The Largest, Cheapest and Best Paper PUBLISHED IN CENTRE COUNTY.

THE STORY OF A RING.

WHAT TURNED A RICH YOUNG MAN AGAINST

A young man, whose face I recognized as that of a wealthy family up town, rolled up the avenue in a dog cart the other afternoon, with a devilmay-care air about him. A gentleman said, "Poor fellow, he is going to the dogs fast, and do you know that his spirit was broken by a curious circumdogs fast, and do you know that he spirit was broken by a curious circumstance. He was devoted in his attennew Mrs. —, a tions to Miss —, now Mrs. —, a very charming young woman in society here several years ago, but she was piqued by something that he did, and as a result she broke off her engagement with him, which had become well known, and soon put on the ring offered her by another admirer. The discarded lover in the best of taste wore his disappointment lightly, and in order that there might be no break in his relations with the family, which would cause a scandal, he began to devote himself as assiduously to a younger sister. He went to a reception one evening with the sister, and his former fiance with her lover was there. The latter was called away during the evening by a telegram, and he asked the escort of his betrothed's sister, if he would not see both home. He responded pleasantly: 'Yes, but it is hardly fair to revive memories of other days in that way. However, I will be gallant.' As the three entered the carriage to go home the discarded lover began pleasantly to jest with the lady about her new engagement. 'Oh,' he said, 'I believe you will break it. You are famous, you know, for that.' 'But I am now engaged for good, she said. 'See, I have a ring, and you did not give me one.' 'No,' he replied, 'our affair was not quite so serious. But I dare say you are too superstitious to take the ring off and let me see it.' 'Certainly not,' she said, drawing a beautiful ring from her finger. The young man examined it and tried to make out an Italian inscription that was inside. A moment later the carriage jolted so as to divert the thoughts of all for a minute or two, and then the lady interrupted the flow of conversation by saying, 'Where is my ring?' The gentleman said: 'I put it in your lap.' A search was made and it could not be found. girls both shook out their dresses and a patient inspection was made of every cranny in the carriage, but in vain The lady lost her temper, and began to accuse her escort of keeping her ring. He protested upon his honor that he had returned the ring to her by laying it upon her lap. She denied that he had put it back there, and her sister said that the last she saw of it was when the gentleman was examin-ing it. When the carriage arrived at the home of the young woman they got out carefully and examined the sidewalk closely after they passed across it to see if they dropped the ring. They asked their escort to step in and see their father. The old gentleman scolded right and left—the daughter for trifling with her engagement ring, and the gentleman for presuming to pay attention to the daughter after their own engagement was broken. The young man then asserted that he that the loss of the ring was adopted as a pretext to break the friendship. The young lady insisted that he had taken the ring and kept it. He offered to allow the father to search him, but he was requested to end his interview and his relations with the family at once. He soon found that he was branded in society as a thief, and as he was formally cut by some of those he had considered his best friends, he ceased at once to go into society. Soon afterward he became possessed by inheritance of a fortune, and being utterly dishearten-

ed he turned into a melancholy spend-thrift and began to run the road that leads to the dogs."

"But was he guilty?"

"Allow me to finish. The engage-ment ring was replaced by the one who gave it with a new one, and the marriage was duly celebrated. Some months ago the bride was ripping up her old party dress, which was of white tulle, with flounces and flutings, and, as she drew a thread that helps a flounce, the ring, that her quoudam lover and sister's friend was suspected of having stolen, rolled upon the floor. Explanations came too late, and young —— has become so set in his new pursuit that the smiles of society have now, after his bitter experience in un-just persecution, no charm for him."

FIGHT WITH AN OUTLAW.

GRAPPLED BY A WOMAN WHILE SEVENTEEN MEN HUNG BACK-EXPLOITS OF A WEST ERN OUTLAW-ROBBING NINE STA-GERSINGLE HANDED AND ALONE.

DETROIT, Dec. 6.—United States Marshal Wilcox, of Denver Col., has Marshal Wilcox, of Denver Col., has arrived at the house of correction, having in custody Henry W. White, alias Burton, who is under sentence of ninety-nine years for robbing a stage coach near Del Norte, New Mexico. When about three miles east of Pokagon, on the Michigan Central railroad, the convict picked the lock of his handcuffs with a tooth pick, and ferociously attacked the

marshal. He first struck him on the head with the handcuffs, when Wil-cox grappled with him in a dazed way. White struck Wilcox again and brought him on his knees. There were seventeen men in the car who saw the whole affair, but who left the officer to struggle alone with the desperate man fighting for liberty. In the encounter White seized Wilcox's revolver and tried to shoot him.

Mrs. Smithson, wife of a Denver en gineer, on her way to New York, and the only woman in the car, sprang upon the seat behind and caught the convict's arm. The men in the car then seized the convict around the neck, enabling the marshal to once more secure control of him. says if he could have got a bullet through Wilcox, he would have covered the possengers with the revolver in one hand while he untied his ankles with the other, "and then gone through every one of the infernal cowards. The marshal says that Mrs. Smithson declined a reward, but that he is going to send to her New York address draft for \$500 before he is forty-eight hours older.

The crime for which White is now under sentence was perpetrated on the night of June 28 last, between Del Norte and Alamosa, Colorado. White fixed up figures by the roadside representing men, and then, alone, stopped a coach bound for Alamosa with thirteen passengers. Covering them with his revolver, he ordered them to step out and stand up in line. He then pulled caps over their eyes, pinioned their hands behind their backs, and went through them. He next searched the United States mail, and from the whole exploit obtained the sum of \$1,160. Leaving the victims, he mounted his horse and rode to Alamo sa, where he stopped for the night. Before morning the coach and plundered possengers arrived at the same hotel. White ate breakfast with the people he had plundered the night be-fore, but was not recognized. After the meal he went to the depot with the the intention of going to Pueblo. While waiting for the train he was arrested City Marshal of Alamosa on a description telegraphed from Fayette-ville, Ark., where he had committed a similiar robbery. He was taken to Pueblo, tried and sentenced to the penitentiary for life for robbing the Inited states mail. After his conviction he made a desperaie and almost successful attempt to escape from jail, frightening the Sheriff and his Deputy with an imitation pistol, made of wood, leather and tin foil. He was then sent to Laramie, Wyoming, but the prison there was not considered strong lough to hold him, so he was ordered enough to noid him, so he was ordered to Detroit. White is 29 years old, of rather pleasing appearance, and of gentlemanly address when he pleases. The Marshal says that he never uses profane language, and neither drinks whisky nor chews tobocco. He con-fesses to having robbed nine stages alone, and many more in company with others. On June 3 he stopped and rifled a stage near Gainesville, Texes, and on June 15 one near Fayettsville, Ark. White claims to have never shot at or injured any pas engers during all his experience. heavily chained and guarded by men, but is confident of his ultimate escape and return to the mountains.

THE PENNA. R. R'S NEW DEPOT IN PHILADELPHIA.

A new depot for the the Pennsylvanian R. R. has just been finished at the City Hall Square, in Philadelphia, and hereafter cars will run by locomo-tive down into the very heart of the city. The new station is claimed to the most convenient in the world. The following description of the new structure we take from the Philadel-

phia Record: structure is enough to convince the observer that it is a noteworthy addition to the acrchitectural beauties of the city. In appearance it is imposing, without being heavy, and the eastern front is a mass of tasteful ornamenta tion. The lower story of the building is built of massive blocks of rough dressed Fox Island grante, with an open areade upon the Broad street front, supported by columns of polish-rough dressits. The second floor, which ed granite. The second floor, which is in reality the main one, is on a level with the tracks of the elevated extension. Here the walls above the gran-ite base are of clean-pressed brick and terra cotta. At the north east corner is a square clock-tower, surmounted by a pyramidial roof, which rises to a height of 176 feet. The southern corner is terminated by a gable and pinnacles, while the cornice line of the Broad street facade is broken by two smaller gables, which surmount the alternate bays or divisions of the wall, and which are marked on the main story by the lofty windows of a pointtern, with columns and trace ries of terra cotta, elaborately moulded. These large windows light the waiting room and the restaurant upon the front. The facade is further ornamented by a wide oriel window at each end by a great variety of terra cotta ornaments in high relief, including five medallion heads above the large

open on Fifteenth street, under the covered bridge. The space set apart for ways is flanked on the Filbert street side by the main entrance to the depot and on the Market street side the man exit.

In its interior arrangements the sta-tion is a model luxurious convenience. The mouster entrance doors open into an apartment which can comfortably contain 500 people. This is the ticket room, and passengers who arrive in carriages may gain access from the side nearest the drives. Tickets are obtainable at a half-circular shaped office in the centre of the wall, and the travlers may then ascend to the second story by means of two elevators in the west end of the room. This space fronting on Broad street is divided into two magnificent rooms, that on the north being a ladie's waiting room, and that on the south a dining room. Dressing rooms for both sexes, bath rooms, a barber shop and other offices fill up the Corner block of space bounded by the dining room. The means of exit are admirable, as thirty men can walk abreast down the two short and straight flights of stairs. The kitchen, pantries and store room are on the third floor, which, like the fourth, does not extend over the main waiting room. The rooms on the fourth story are occupied entirely by officers of the railroad company. The ventila-tion is all that can be desired, the most approved steam-apparatus used, and the entire building is lighted by electricity. The entire structure covers a space 122 feet 10 inches on Filbert street, and 193 feet 5 inches on Merrick street. The height from ground to eaves is 75 feet, and to the roof top 93 feet. The style of architecture is Italian gothic, and is from designs by Joseph M. Wilson, Chief of the Department of Bridges and Depots, and Chief Engineer W. H. Brown.

Brave.

There is always something great and heroic in the power and will to dicide instantly what to do to save others' lives in sudden peril—and to do it. The Dallas (Texas) Herald records another example of quick and gallant action by a locomotive driver. On the St. Louis & Texas Railway an engine had broken loose, and was run ning at dangerous speed towards Gil mer. The passenger train from the opposite direction had just pulled into the station and was standing still, and and the engineer had descended to the ground. As soon as he saw the loose and wild engine coming towards him he mounted his own engine, and though he had but a moment in which to think and act, ran his train back for a short distance, and, then by a sudden forward movement, cut his engine loose from the coaches, leaving his passengers out of harm's way, and went forward with all his might to

meet the coming engine.

He stood on his engine until the collision occurred, taking all the risk himself. Fortunately, unaccountably, nobody was hurt, and not much dam age was done to the engines, though the loose one was thrown from the track; but that engineer, whose name is George Vansickie, deserves to have name written in the list of heroes.

It was the least recognition that could have been awarded his noble act when a complimentary letter was given him by his superior officers of the road.

Forney's Last Editorial.

IN REPLY TO A REPUBLICAN CRRRESPON

Twenty years of power, of plunder and abundant opportunities; twenty years of civil war, democratic mistake and republican money; twenty years of possession of all sources of national administration; twenty years of active least a million office holders and their dependents have left what ?-the harvest of an election procured by the open and unblushing purchase of the sovereign state of Indiana. This spoliation does not depend upon demo-cratic evidence; it is based first upon a republican brutal boast, and afterward upon a universal republican confession. Even as I write the architects of that dark and damnable fraud are in conflict whether it is their duty to hang Guiteau for the murder of Garfield or to punish Dorsey for the defeat of Hancock. Who doubts that dereat of Hancock. Who doubts that the unexpected democratic victory in Maine in September would have proved a national democratic victory in November if Mr. John Welsh and his confidential confreres had not rushed with their money bags and their volumes of unont greenbacks into the state ames of uncut green backs into the state of Indiana to swing the majority against the democratic candidate for against the democratic candidate for president? I speak not of the transac-tions of 1866. I read from the open book of yesterday's unforgotten histo-ry. It is of such material as this letter from California that republican literature is composed and the organization perfected. Here is fraud almost as naked and as patent as murder in broad day, and with this fact in mind. my correspondent talks of his hostility to sectional bate as he welcomes the rebel repudiator Mahone as the last republican reinforcement! Hatred of the south is the last refuge of the re-

WHAT IS STALWARTISM ?

the Philadelphia Times Three brief month ago, none affected to misunderstand the meaning of Stal

wartism in our political system. It bad reached the fullness of its power under Grant; had perpetrated the appalling electoral fraud of 1876; had made Hayes President in defiance of the popular will and of an elegance of the popular will an elegance of the popular will be provided the popular will be provided the popular will be provided to the popular will be provided the provided the popular will be provided the provided the popular will be provided the prov the popular will and of an honest elecvote; had compelled him to reward Stalwart criminals by scores with important public trusts; had denounced Hayes because he refused abject obedience to the Stalwart mas-ters; had made unsuccessful battle for Grant at Chicago; had sulked in the Stalwart tents until it believed it had terms of surrender from Garfield: had made open war upon Garfield because he dared to recognize others than Stalwarts in his administration; had attempted revolution by the resigna-tion of Conkling and Platt, and an open declaration of war upon the in-dependence of the Executive, and finally it heard the terrible echo of its teachings as Guiteau's pistol was fired in the name of Stalwartism.

Three months ago the people of all parties shuddered at the name of Stalwart and those who worshiped at its execrated altar were awed to silence by the resistless tide of public senti ment that overwhelmed the spoilsmen and their bated trade. Party organs, almost with one accord, denounced Stalwartism as pregnant with demor-alization, profligacy and death, and the people so bravely girded up their loins to battle with the spoils system that party leaders and dependents united to accept its overthrow. The Senate confirmed Judge Robertson without a contest; Conkling and Platt were overthrown as those who had fallen without hope, and the people rejoiced at the promised inauguration of an era of official integrity and respect for the popular will.

Just when the country was settled in the grateful trust that the spoilsmen were overthrown and the spoils system eliminated from the adminis tration of the government, the Stalwart murderer came, fired the fatal shot that plunged the nation into be reavement, and shrieked the horrible words—"I am a Stalwart and Arthur is now President!" How the country mourned and hoped even against hope is known to all; and how the bowed Stalwart leaders revived their confer ences and grew in courage as the life of the stricken President ebbed away, need not be told to intelligent readers. They were not by the bed-side of sor-row and death; but when the sacrifice was complete and the hopes of the people perished with the death of their trusted Chief, the Stalwarts came with unseemly speed to feast on the funeral train. The new Stalwart President hastened to assume the honors gained by the nation's woe, after the midnight our had passed, and when all others, outside of Stalwart expectants, were crushed by consuming grief; and be fore dust to dust had been pronounced over the grave of the murdered ruler the Stalwart revel began and the Stal-wart heroes of crime boldly defied the law as they boldly welcomed the com-

ing guest. Stalwartism is now entrenched in every important department of the government. President, Senate and House are in accord; the flat of Stalwartism flies over all, and the Cabinet will soon have no voice in its councils that jars the Stalwart programme of power and spoils. And with Stalwart supremacy in the national authority comes Stalwart supremacy in the lead ing States. Conkling will again rule New York; Boutwell will be master of Massachusetts; Cameron will reign in Pennsylvania; Keifer will wave the Stalwart banner over the grave of Garfield in Ohio; Logan will be omnipotent in Illinois; Jones will command Nevada, and Mahone will dignify and reward Repudiators in Virginia

as the Stalwart leader. If the people of the nation would earn anew what Stalwartism is, let learn anew them turn to the swift lessons of the last three months and they will understand what it means to public fidelity, to honest government and to the popular will. It rules by might, not by right; its ambition is power and the spoils of power, and only by political revolution can its despotic and proflicate hand he stayed. gate hand be stayed.

A Hat That Won a Husband,

A Rochester girl, of poor but honest parents, went to the theatre Saturday night and walked down the main aisle of the Corinthian Academy of Music wearing upon her head a very Music wearing upon her head a very small and exceedingly pretty hat. She sat down in the seat directly in front of the one occupied by one of the millionaires of the city. His astorishment was profound. He could scarcely comprehend it. He leaned over and asked her if she owned a car-wheeled hat. She replied that she did, but never wore it to the theater. Still more astonished the millionaire leaned back in his seat almost overcome. Afback in his seat almost overcome. Af-ter the the performance he offered her his hand, was accepted and has offered to settle \$250,000 in United States bonds upon her on the morning of her wedding day.

Ananias was struck dead for a single lie. Folks in these times will think that was pretty tough.—Boston Post. Those were days when truth was above par. No Republican party existed then.—Williamsport Banner.

A TEACHER CORNERED.—Professor Joe Logan of the Springfield school was superintending the usual educa-tional business at the school house the other day, and the geographical grind was on. In the class to which Joe was on. In the class to which Joe was putting conundrums was an uncouth boy recently from a rural district who, while tolerably well posted, was not eloquent nor elegant in the matter of answering questions, and he answered in such a slovenly and careless way that Professor Logan became

disgusted and said:
"That is not the way to answer a question. Come up here and take my seat. I will take yours. Then you will ask me a question, and I will show you how to answer it.'

"All right," said the youth, and he climbed into the professor's chair, while the latter took a position in the class, whereupon all the boys were tickled and awaited with great anxiety, and anybody present might have heard a pin drop. "Mr. Logan," remarked the tempo-

rary professor as he put his feet on the desk, "please stand up."

Logan did so. "Mr. Logan I want you to name the principal mountains in Central America.

A confused expression came over Mr. Logan's countenance. He shuffled around uneasily, and scratched his head and admitted that without reading up a little on the subject, he would be unable to answer the question.
"Well, then," said the boy, "come

up here and take my place and I will show you how to answer it."

And again an exchange of places

was made, and the youth answered his own question, since which time Mr. Logan has had a high respect for him and he is considered by the other boys as a sort of adjunct professor.

THE SOCIETY OF WOMEN .- What is it that makes all those men who asciate habitually with women superior to others who do not. What makes that woman who is accustomed to, and at ease in the society of men, superior to her sex in general? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful, continued conversation with the other ex. Women in this way lose their frivolty, their faculties awaken, their delicacies and peculiarities unfold in all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory, or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart changes continually. Their asperities are rubbed off, their better material polished and brightened, and their richness, like gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of women than it ever could be by the fingers of men. The iron and steel of their characters are hidden, like the character and armor of a giant when they are not wanted in actual warfare.

The Power of Nitro-Glycerine.

A dispatch from Bradford, Pa., under date of December 5, says :

At 8.30 o'clock this morning, W. W. Bess and Wm. H. McHenry, shooters in the employ of the Roberts torpedo company, went to a nitro-glycerine magazine near Kinzua Junction, nine miles southeast of Brad-Junction, nine miles southeast of Bradford. Cans of glycerine when in a magazine are left uncorked to avoid any contingency that may arise by generation of gases. Entering the magazine, Bess and McHenry were amazed to find a yellowish warm vapor escaping from orifices in two cans on top of a collection containing in aggregate 1,300 pounds of explosion. in aggregate 1,300 pounds of explo-sives. They hastily took four cans containing 80 pounds, placed them in a wagon and drove rapidly away. When 400 feet from the magazine, their trepidation became so great that they jumped from the wagon and una gallop. After waiting at a conven-ient distance for an hour, and hearing no report of an explosion, they returned to the magazine and saw the vapor had changed to a yellowish flame. They again retired and twice more visited the magazine and withdrew. On the last visit the flame had in-On the last visit the flame had increased in intensity and spread to other cans. An hour after the last visit and three hours following the first discovery, the magazine exploded with a deafening report. The total amount of glycerine in the magazine at the time was 1,213 pounds. This is the largest explosion that ever occurred in the oil country. The magazine was located in heavy timberland. For a radius of two acres, trees were stripped of all their limbs, saplings and small trees were felled like reeds, already up represent 800,000 trees, argument of the consumers 2,000,000 cords of wood, or what would cover with forest about 50,000 acres of land. Telegraph poles already up represent 800,000 trees, argument of the consumers 2,000,000 trees, already up represent 800,000 trees, argument of the consumers 2,000,000 cords of wood, or what would cover with forest about 50,000 acres of land. Telegraph poles already up represent 800,000 trees, argument of the consumers 2,000,000 cords of wood, or what would cover with forest about 50,000 acres of land. Telegraph poles argument of the consumers 2,000,000 cords of wood, or what would cover with forest about 50,000 acres of land. Telegraph poles argument of the consumers 2,000,000 cords of wood, or what would cover with forest about 50,000 acres of land. Telegraph poles argument of the consumers 2,000,000 cords of timber, and to make our lucifer matches 300,000 cords of timber, and to make our lucifer matches 300,000 cords of timber, and to make our lucifer matches 300,000 cords of timber, and to make our lucifer matches 300,000 cords of timber, and to make our lucifer matches 300,000 cords of timber, and to make our lucifer matches 300,000 cords of timber, and to make our lucifer matches 300,000 cords of timber, and to make our lucifer matches 300,000 cords of timber, and to make our lucifer matches 300,000 cords of timber, and to make our lucifer matches 300,000 cords of timber, and to make our lucifer matches 300,000 cords of timber, and to make our lucifer matches 3 and beech trees and several oaks of full growth near the megazine were cut off as with a woodman's axe. The cut off as with a woodman's axe. The earth vibrated under the concussion, and windows were broken in houses a half mile away. A strange fact is that the glycerine in a wagon 400 feet distant was unharmed. The glycerine was made of the purest materials and the temperature of the magazine was not unusual. The cause of combustion is as singular as it is important. It is thought that it was spontaneous or produced by the decomposition of some particular ingredient, a fact heretofore unknown to manufacturers. This discovery is now offered as an explanation of a number of explosions heretofore, for which no reason could be assigned, and adds additional danger to handling and storage. Men were three bours couling through the

The Pitcarian Islands

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

The American ship Harvey Mills, which arrived in this port on Friday last from Liverpool, brought as a passenger Russel Mills, a descendant of one of the original mutineers of the ship Bounty, who, in the year 1790, settled on Pitcairn island. The Pitcairn islanders, Mr. Mc-Coy stated, were comfortable livers. Somewhat more than half the land on the island was under cultivation, and they had was under cultivation, and they had vegetables, grain and semitropical fruits in plenty. The climate much resembled this, but the extremes of heat and cold were somewhat greater. They had a little trade with whalers and passing vessels, selling provisions and buying clothing, etc. They make an article of thin cloth from the bark of trees, but the few sheep they raise are only for the sake of the mutton. are only for the sake of the They have about five hundred goats, get their milk from cocoanuts, and make of it a sort of butter called "ghee." There are no snakes or repitiles of any kind on the island. They have large numbers of fowls. Their bread is made almost exclusively of Indian corn, which, with yams, sweet potatoes and fruit, forms their chief diet. As a rule they enjoy excellent health. No epidemic has visited them except one of a serious character, affecting the eyes chiefly. They are an industrious, frugal and religious people. The Sab-bath is strictly observed, and gambling card playing and dancing are un-known. Their chief recreation is singing.

Salt for the Throat.

In these days when diseases of the throat are so universally prevalent, and in so many cases fatal, our duty to say a word in behalf of a most effectual, if not positive, cure for sore throat. For years past, indeed we may say during the whole of a life of more than forty years, we have been subjected to sore throat, and more particularly to a dry backing cough, which is not only distressing to ourself, but to our friends and those with whom we are brought into busi-ness contact. Last fall we were inness contact. Last fall we were in-duced to try what virtue there was in common salt. We commenced by using it three times a day, morning, noon and night. We dissolved a large table spoonful of pure salt in about half a small tumblerful of water. With this we gargled the throat most thoroughly just before meal time. The result has been that during the entire winter we were not only free from coughs and colds, but the dry hacking cough has entirely disappeared. We attribute these satisfactory results solely to the use of the salt gargle, and most cordially recommend a trial of it to those who are subject to disease of the throat. Many persons who have never tried the salt gargle have the impression that it is unpleasant. Such is not the case. On the contrary, it is pleasant, and after a few days use, no person who loves a nice clean mouth and a first-rate sharpener of the appetite will abandon it.—Ex.

A True Hero.

Norristown has a local hero, for whose family the citizens are trying to raise a small fund. John Walsh was killed on the 28th of October while in charge of his engine on the North Penn'a. Railroad, near Sellersville. He met his death in a successful effort to save the people entrusted to his care. When taken from the wreck and restored to temporary consciousness, it was not of himself he thought. His first inquiry was whether any of the passengers had been hurt. When told that they were safe and that he alone was injured, he seemed satisfied, saying, "I did all I could." When he was conscious that he could not survive until the arrival of his wife, he said to his attendant:
"Tell Mary I had to die," as if excusing himself for leaving her and his
four little children without their protector.

50,000 acres of land. Telegraph poles already up represent 800,000 trees, and their annual repair consumes about 300,000 more. The ties of our about 300,000 more. The ties of our railroads consumes annually thirty years' growth of 75,000 acres, and to fence all our railroads would cost \$45,000,000, with a yearly expenditure of \$15,000,000 for repairs. These are some of the ways in which American forests are going. There are others; packing boxes, tor instance, cost in 1874 \$42,000,000, while the timber used each year in making wagons and agricultural implements is valued at more than \$100,000,000.

The Republican delegation in Congress from this State are dubby "Cameron Cattle," in Washington,