THE FOREST REPUBLICAN

Is published every Wednesday, by

Office in Smearbaugh & Co.'s Building ELM STREET, TIONESTA, Pa.

Terms, - - - \$1.50 per Year.

No aniscriptions received for a shorter period than three months.

Our especience solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous sommunications.

Che Forest Republican.

VOL. XIX. NO. 48.

TIONESTA. PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1887.

\$1 50 PER ANNUM

The Swiss are a nation of hotel keepers There are in Switzerland a thousand hotels, containing 58,000 beds, and employing 16,000 servants. The gross income from these hotels is considerably more than the annual budget of the confederation.

The development of bituminous coal lands in Virginia within the past few years has been very rapid. Up to within a few years the coal production of Virginia was comparatively limited, but estimates are from 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 tons for this year.

The War Department has been looking up the militia force on account of the recent war talk, and it is ascertained that the nation has 7,000,000 men available for military duty, of whom 94,000 are well drilled and armed. Excited neighbors p'ease take the hint.

The artificial honey now made in New York is so close to the genuine that only the experts can detect the difference. It is in racks, the same as the natural product, and now and then the wings and legs of a few dead bees are to be found to further the deception. It can be sold at a profit for ten cents per

Manufacturers are favoring the establishment of relief associations. Several New Fugland employers have started them. One in Portland, Me., has a membership of 129. All persons whose wages are over \$5 a week pay \$1 fee and ten cents per week, which entitles a member in case of sickness to \$5 per week until \$200 has been drawn out, and to \$25 in case of death.

Nearly four thousand retail butchers cater to the demands of New York City and Brooklyn. The average number of journeymen employed in each retail house is three, making a total of twelve thousand. One hundred and fifty wholesale beef butchers, the same number of wholesale dealers in mutton, lamb and veal, and about twenty-five hog slaughterers are also adjuncts of the trade. A capital of nearly fifty millions is invested by butchers in the two cities. Some of the wholesale men are triple millionaires. Many of the retail shop butchers are worth all the way from ten tolifty thousand dollars. The weekly pay of the journeymen ranges from \$12

Quail have multiplied so in California that they are a nuisance. When the game law was being discussed in the Assembly the other day Assemblyman

Young w. lives, and has just be control on Mand extended one hand appealingly. had read a great a rough of the country (Sap Diago) arrived to the country (S in his county (San Diego) against quail, which come down in swarms upon vineyards and destroy them. Owners of vinevards have persons employed to do nothing else than kill these birds, which he declared have become an intolerable nuisance in this county. He recited an instance where a swarm of these quails ate up the pasturage that cattle fed pon. His con-tituents demanded that a remedy be previded. The bill was so amended that quair by be killed between March 1 and September 10, while during the grape season they may be also trapped.

The Japanese are undoubtedly the most progressive people of Asia. The position of this country, lying off the coast of the continent, is very much the same as that of the British Isles as regards Europe. They are adopting European ideas and methods as no other people in Asia have ever done. But they ere now proposing to adopt European dress, and the London Times strongly, yet somewhat comically, protests against this, as their own dress is so much more convenient and becoming. This, says the Cultivator, is a poor showing for Europeans if the Times is correct. It remains for our civilization to overcome some of the absurdities of fashionable costume, or a semi-civilized and even barbagian people will lose confidence in our bousted superiority.

Mrs. T. J. Hammond, of Brunswick, Mo., owns what she is please I to term a very knowing cat and the feline certainly exhibits very rare intelligence. It is a large and beautiful Maltese, less than a year old, and has been taught to per- you?" form a number of tricks very unusual for a cat, one of which is to ring a chestnut bell, and it frequently turns the laugh on Mrs. Hammond by making the bell t nkle while she is recounting some freak of its intelligence. When the cat feels that a mouse would be an addition to its bill of fare it brings the trap to Mrs. Hammond to be set and then goes frequently to see if the desired mouse has been ca ght. When such is the case the trap is again taken to some one by Puss, who will remove the mouse from it. It makes no effort to catch mice in the or dinary way, preferring, apparently, the invention of man as an easier way to obtain a sweet morsel,

OLD AND YOUNG.

They soon grow old who grope for gold In marts where all is bought and sold; Who live for self, and on some shelf In darkened vaults board up their pelf, Cankered and crusted o'er with mould,

For them their youth itself is old.

They ne'er grow old who gather gold Where spring awakes and flowers unfold; Where suns arise in joyous skies, And fill the soul within their eyes. For them the immortal bards have sung, For them old age itself is young. -C. P. Cranch.

"OUT OF THE COMMON."

And the sunlight danced in at the window and turned her hair to shining gold; touched the crisp gray locks of John Roge's, and made a friendly circle of light and warmth about the pair. "I could not go against mamma's wishes, you know," the young lady said, gently, playing with the ring on her left hand, "She has had a long talk with hand, "She has had a long talk with ally." Yes, it was, Mr. Rogers," taking up she disapproved of our engagement, I never realized before how her heart was

set against it." "And you do not think by patient waiting-by proving how earnest we

"No, John. Mother cannot look on if as we do; she realizes all the disadvantages and none of the topes that we have built on; and then—"the young lady glanced down once at her delicate hands before she continued-"would it be quite fair, John, for me to wait, and and let all other opportunities glide by,

and grow old and sad while I waited? John started. There was so much caution suggested in the words. No doubt ahe was but repeating them after her mother, but they fell chillingly on his

ears from those young lips.
"It is true, Maud," he answered, while a look of pain lingered on his face. "You shall not let other chances of happiness slip by because you are bound to me. It is not the love I thought you gave me-a love which trusts and hopes in patient faithfulness. I am no longer young, dear, but I have risked much on this dream of love, coming late in life, but coming for the first time, Maud, and"-his voice broke-"staying with

me-always." He rose and turned partly away from her, quite still, leaning Hs arms on the mantel-piece. Maud Branson rose too, and came toward him, her delicate, beautiful face full of concern. There was nothing about John Rogers to attract notice. He was a very plain man, no longer young; but he had at least some charm of mind or soul which had won the love of a very beautiful woman. Her dress clung in gra eful folds to her slender figure, a fillet of blue bound the was, but he was different. He didn't against the pillow. It was slightly damp, golden hair, which was coiled in classic tell me he was changed, but he was rest. He sank down in a chair and covered his and looked at her, taking in all the details of the picture; then he put his head

"John, you will take it?" "Yes, Maud," he answered, drawing his breath hard, "I take it—and re-nounce it." He patted the soft surface once or twice, thoughtfully. "All that came with it, and all that goes with it. Maud, good-by."

There was such a noble sadness in his face that it touched her. The proud head bent lower, until it rested on John Rogers's shoulder. She raised herself with eyes still wet.

had placed on her hand one day with only half-realized rapture and slipped it in his vest pocket. It was worthless

And so John Rogers left the house and threaded his way down the busy streets. The sunlight still danced over him warm and beautiful, kissing his grave face, his hair, his hands.

And let all other opportunities glide by; "he repeated the words to himself, ruefully. "It's not the old-fashioned love; not the love I used to dream of when I was a boy. Perhaps there isn't any nowadays."

He looked very tired as he ran up the steps and rang at the door of his boardin z-house. Clarice noticed it, his land. lady's daughter.

"You look tired, Mr. Rogers," looking up from her work and speaking through the open door. He smiled, wearily.

"Do 17 And what are you doing, Clarice! Still sowing for these hardened little wretches!" "Yes; isn't this a big hole I am darn-

ing? Boys do wear out their clothes so You are home early from the office,

"Yes, I had an engagement at three o'clock and did not care to go back, said: May I come in and have a chat with

"Oh, yes, if you care to," with her quick smile, a smile which her eyes befied, and which always seemed to John "made to order." She pulled forward a chair without rising, and went on with her darning again. "I sit in here be-cause it's cool, and I always do my sewing afternoons; in the mornings there is

It was a shabby little parlor, seldom used by the boarders, who were principally gentlemen, and spent their evenings out, if not in their own rooms. A few tawdry decorations only cubacced the shabbiness of the threadbare carpet, dirty walls, and ancient lace curtains.

'Do you never have any amusements, Claricel' asked John, trying to forget his own wretchedness by interesting

way. "O, yes; there is a Mr. Jones; he who prided herself on her former digall the boarders came in."

John smiled, eyeing the little maiden pityingly as she stitched away. She looked up suddenly and caught his

"We did not always keep boarders," she said, proudly, reading something there she did not like. "When I was at school we were well off and had a nice house; but mamma is a widow with

at little (larice with so much sympathy that she quite warmed toward him, and continued confidentially:

"Once I had a beautiful time-that was a good while ago-a girl I knew at school hunted me up, wrote to me, and invited me to visit her. It was in Phila-"And did you go?"

"Ah, yes, and it was a beautiful time!"

another jacket and beginning on a new hole. For they were rich, you know, and it was quite like old times—their nice house and all-and then to come back here—the noise and the children, and clearing up the rooms—it seemed worse after that. But perhaps I shouldn't

so much older than you.'

this unexpected sympathy. Fannie, that he thought I was pretty, and told me so, and said that he loved a pretty white dress, you know," timidly, and glaucing blushing y down at her present faded calico, "and wore flowers—and—you can scarcely under-

"Yes, I can understand it," said John. noting the light in the brown eyes and response I am a happier and more hon-the newly-acquired color. "Tell me the ored man than I had believed."

rest, Chrice. man, too, and so aristocratic, and I did somewhat humiliated. not mind the boarders, or anything, we are poor now, and I broke it all up. it was a through or novels, and I had read a great of dlove was

had read a great thought life was a fairy tale and beautiful. I always used to think, 'Wn...

some one comes to love me I'll never be said or vexed any more;' and Harris seemed to me all I had wished for until I. seemed to me all I had wished for until I saw the house and the boarders fretted him. For I had dreamed of a love that would be out of the common, and that when I went away with my lover I thought I, too, would be better, just as calico gown, and putting his arm around he wished me to be. So I told him, Mr. Rogers, it was all over, and he said per-"Good-by, John. The world can't haps we were not fitted to make each give just what we want." "Your ring."

and the work and the noise and the grave, fond face of John Fogers. And boarders fretted me as they had never it folded them in its embrace, warm the took the pretty sapphire ring he done before. For somehow, although I and beautiful, bright and golden, and it could not love him as much for treating glorified even the shabby little boardingme so, the thoughts about him and the

> missed them so." Poor child!" said John, tenderly. "But it's my own fault. Mr. Rogers. I expected too much. There is no such love as I have dreamed about, and mother says I did very wreng to break it off. She was very angry with me; but I knew the e things would always fret him, and I could not bear it."

> Clarice, would it help you any to knew that I, too, have suffered as you have suffered?" asked John, for two shining tears had dropped on the boy's jacket. I, too, dreamed of love, and I given me that love; but because her parents found in me only a plain, poor man, no longer young, she gave me up. She gave up faith, and trust, and hope, because she had not that real love which you describe."

He stopped speaking. He had forgotten the little girl in her culico gown, and was gazing abstractedly out of the window, hard lines of regret and passionate despair written on his face.

Suddenly he felt a little, warm, soft hand laid gently on his, and Clarice "Mr. Rogers, I am so sorry."

He wrung the little working hand, and then he rose and went to his room and gave way to his new sorrow.

Clarice folded her sewing and put it away; but it comforted her as she went about her evening duties that Mr. Rogers had listened to her story, and to know that he, too, had missd the love he dreamed of.

Several months had passed away.

John Rogers had often found his way

into the shabby little parlor, and chatted with Clarice. Once he had found a bunch of flowers on his bureau, and no room in the house was such a model of order. One day, as he sauntered into the paror, toward dusk, hoping that his little friend would come there with her basket of mending and sit awhile, he heard himself in some one class. the rustle of femining paraments, and,
"Amusements?" she repeated, pushing looking up, saw that his landlady stood
the curls off her forehead in a puzzled before him. Mrs. Dean was a woman

plays the piano; and once Mr. Aikens. nity. She were a very long and dusty the elocution teacher, read a piece, and alpaca. It being no longer within her alpaca. It being no longer within her limits to trail silk, she trailed alpaca. Some persons are of this mold. Her hands, which she folded majestically, were very grimy. Rogers remembered with pleasure that Clarice was always neat.

"Mr. Rogers," began the lady with unusual dignity "pray be scated. I have noticed for some time past that you have frequently of evenings found eight children, you know, and I have to help her about the work."

"I know," said John, kindly, looking Clarice. I should not speak of this circumstance had not events, which have already come to pass, taught me to be guarded. Clarice is no longer a child, she is a woman, with all a woman's read-iness to love pathetically. You, though not a young man, are a bachelor, and I ask you, as a mother, to spare my daughter's feelings. As I said before, I should not have spoken of this had not a circumstance which transpired this morn-Then, her face falling, "but I had to ing led me to believe it was my duty, come home. It was all over in three months."

"Ah, that was hard," sympatheticing led me to believe it was my duty, my most urgent duty. My daughter is in the habit of assisting with the housework, in clearing and putting in order the rooms of my gentlemen boarders. This morning I entered your room expecting to find Clarice dustingdusting with all the light-heartedness inspired by a well-fulfilled duty," con-tinued Mrs. Dean, waxing eloquent. "Imagine my consternation when I found her kneeling by the bedside, her face worse after that. But perhaps I shouldn't have minded if it hadn't been for—there was something worse than all that," continued Clarice, working hard at the jacket, with crimson cheeks.

"Will you tell me about it?" asked John Rogers, very kindly, his honest gray eyes softening. "It does one good sometimes to tell one's troubles, and I am so much older than you."

ometimes to tell one's troubles, and I am o much older than you."

Clarice looked up, quite gratified at his unexpected sympathy.

"I will tell you. Mr. Hogers. It was "Madam," said John Rogers, with

"I will tell you. Mr. Hogers. It was when I was in Philadelphia that I met Harris—Harris Bell—and I was—so diften the chair, "if I had not already learned ferent there, at the parties I went to with to love your daughter this tale might work upon my sympathies and appeal to my honor, but it could never make words me, and wanted me to be his wife. I had of love pass from my lips that my heart a pretty white dress, you know," timcourse in revealing your daughter's emo-tion, and which she would no doubt bitterly regret. I love Clarice; she stole into my heart when it was sore and bleeding; and if I have awakened any

He bowed with the gentle courtesy "And we were engaged—and I could scarcely believe it—but I was very happy. He was such a handsome gentle-ing Mrs. Dean very much relieved, but ing Mrs. Dean very much relieved, but

John entered his room and shut the when I thought about Harris. So at last door. He struck a light and turned on he came here to see me; and he saw the gas, pulled down the shade, and mamma and the children, the house and stood irresolute. Like one in a dream he the boarders, and I can't tell you how it went to the bedside and laid his hand simplicity about her head. He turned less, and it worried him, and I saw he face with his hands. For a long time he cared. I am proud Mr. Rogers, though sat there motionless; then he arose, took out his evening newspaper, and lighted his cigar as usual.

It was a June afternoon.

"John," said Clarice, touching his is beautiful, only it comes in a different Wav

'And this is the love we have dreamed And John Rogers looked into the dewy brown eyes of the little girl in the her waist pressed her close to his heart. And the sunlight danced in at the window and touched the sweet lips learnother happy. And then he went away, ing to smile with heart content, and the and the work and the noise and the grave, fond face of John Hogers. And house parlor, and lifted it "out of the dreams about him were all gone-and I common."

Scott in the Mexican War.

His victories have never received the credit justly due them on account of the apparent ease with which they were gained. The student of military history will rarely meet with accounts of battles in any age where the actual operations coincide so exactly with the orders is-sued upon the eve of conflict as in the official reports of the wonderfully energetic and successful campaign in which General Scott, with a handful of men, found a woman whom I believed had renewed the memory of the conquest of Cortes, in his triumphant march from Vera Cruz to the Capital. The plan of the battle of Cerro Gordo was so fully carried out in action that the official report is hardly more than the general orders translated from the future tense to the past. The story of Chapultepec has the same element of the marvelous in it. The General commands apparent impossibilities in the closest detail on one day, and the next day reports that they have been accomplished. These successes were not cheaply attained. The Mexicans, though deficient in science and military intelligence, fought with bravery and sometimes with desperation. The enormous percentage of loss in his army proves that Scott was engaged in no light work .- Century.

"Whose I"

well as a long argument. There are some things not easy to explain, and no better answer, says Youth's Companion, could have been made to the Engl shman criticising our social customs than that made by Mr. Lincoln:

"You see, sir, there is a tremendous difference between the English customs and the American. For example, no gentleman in England," remarked the Londoner, "would ever think of blacking his own boots, don't you know." "Wouldn't he!" inquired Mr. Lincoln, thoughtfully. "Why, whose would he

PECULIAR AFFLICTION.

A CASE THAT NO DOCTOR SEEMS TO UNDERSTAND.

A Man who is Apparently Healthy, but has Peculiar Mental Sensa tions-Suffering Fifteen Years.

"I wish you would make an inquiry for me through the columns of the Sun, said a stout, healthy-looking man to a reporter. The inquirer was about 5 feet

6 inches high, weighed probably 170 pounds, and looked the picture of physical and mental comfort.

"Yes, I look healthy enough," said he, "but the truth is that I have not felt well a mouent for fifteen years. The worst of it is that no doctor seems to understand the case. There was an article in the Sun sometime ago about strange mental disease, and one of them, called neurophobia, where the victim had a horror of going past certain places, seemed to be the nearest to my case I ever heard of, but it did not fit me exactly. I have tried allopathy, home opathy, water cure, mind cure, faith cure, dieting, recreation, and no doctoring at all, but the result is always the same. It started with a general breakdown from intellectual overwork, with all its accompaniments of dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and the like. now I sleep well, eat like a pig, have no dyspepsia, and can stand a good deal of mental and physical work, loss of sleep, etc., without inconvenience. At the same time I am in a continual state of

"I will be feeling good for a while, when all of a sudden there is a sensation that something is going to happen. Then I grow restless, frightened, and finally fall into a regular panic, just as one would if he were in a front seat in a theatre and somebody should cry fire and the audience start to rush out. This merges into a sort of spasm of the stomach, accompanied by a dimness of vision, a quaking of the knees, complete physical prostration, trembling, palpitation of the heart, deafness, and a complete collapse. The only thing that will stop it is a tremendous effort of the will to throw it off, but in many cases the will itself appears to be weak and sick, and not within my control. Opium, cocaine, bromide of potassium, valerian, ignatia, and liquors have been tried for relief. The quickest is liquor, the stimulus of which overcomes temporarily the attack, but in an hour there is a reacting depression that can only be overcome by leep. Oplum seems to be a specific also, but its action is less rapid, and for fear of the habit growing I do not like to take

"Another peculiar phase of the trouble is a monomania against going far away from home and in certain places, wherein it is like the disease called neurophobia by the one who wrote up the Sun article some time ago. I cannot go to New York without some strong person with me to take care of me. I never want any care, but it appears as if I had not the confidence in my ability to take care of myself. I cannot walk through the streets of a city alone on flag stones or brick pavements. The symptoms are the same day or night. But, strange to say, as soon as I reach the country,

there are broad fields and no sidewhere arrand -ave as any one and have walks, I am as ... In the and have equal no unpleasant symptomsph.day or night. self-reliance and confidence warning If I persist, making up my mindio, ght the feeling down, as soon as get a few blocks distant from house or office, the panics come on and I seek to fly anywhere, anywhere out of myself for relief. Another singular feature of the disease is that while I cannot go away anywhere alone where I have to walk, I can go on wheels. If I have a back to the cars and step from the cars to another back, I have none of these unpleasant symptoms. This feature is of recent crigin. For merly I could not go away alone even on wheels. Riding on the cars is restful to my nerves. A ride of fifty miles will make me quite myself again, but a sail on a steamboat has a contrary effect. One of the most horrible experiences is to go out in a small boat fishing, for fear of obeying an impulse to jump overboard. This is not from fear, through unfamilinrity, for I was almost brought up in a

"The inability to walk around town interferes greatly with business, it being sometimes necessary to get a back to go distance of two blocks. On some days the nervousness is worse than on others. At times I am afraid to get into a barber's chair. I do not know what I am afraid of. I cannot fathom it, but I am terror-stricken. I am not physically a coward. I could look into the muzzle of a cocked pistol without flinching (and I have often felt tempted to look into one with my own tinger on the trigger), but I am afraid of some intangible thing or state of things that I cannot describe, because I do not know what they are.

"I have, as I said before, tried all sorts of doctors and all sorts of remedies in vain. I have spent a fortune to recover my health, and am still almost where I started. In the course of my experience I have met several persons somewhat similarly afflicted.

The sufferer added that he was regu-A witty retort semetimes answers as lar in his habits, did not smoke or chew, used no coffee, ate only plain, substantial foods, and only touched liquor as a remedial agent to relieve the horrible atta-k. - New York Sun.

> The elder duck, like most arctic species, is common to both hemispheres. It breeds in great numbers in Labrador, In Ice and the down of the elder duck is so valuable that the resting places L. e refully guarded and the eggs and docks are not destroyed. An ounce of down from a nest is considered a good produc-

One Square, one inch, one insertion 1 06

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Marriage and death notices gratis. All bills for yearly advertisements collected quar-terly. Temporary advertisements must be paid is advance.

Job work-cash on delivery.

A MIRROR

Life's pretty much what we make ft, It's only a looking glass true, And reflects back shadow for shadow, The very image of you.

The good deeds will always be smiling, The bad will look vicious and vile, The face you behold in the mirror Is only yourself all the while.

And the longer the shadow's reflected, The deeper the impress will be. It shows for good or for evil, As it sends back the features you see.

You're only to take the world easy, Mingle alone with the good to be had, And the face you see in the mirror Will always be bappy and glad. -Nora F. Higginson.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The ragman's business is picking up. It only takes half a hog to make its forequarters .- Goodall's Sun.

If the barber stands at the head of his profession, the chiropodist stands at the foot of his profession .- Carl Pretzel.

"Where is the ideal wife?" asks a prominent lecturer. In the cellar split-ting kindling, most likely.—Philadelphia The man who was born with a silver

spoon in his mouth is now looking about for something to eat with the spoon .-Lowell Citizen. If any dime museum wants to coin

money it should exhibit a wife who can make as good pies as mother used to .-New Haven News. Only one thing is needed to make the

toboggan an enormous success, and that is, a patent arrangement that will cause it to gravitate up hill. - Life. Sam Jones refused to address a gather-

ing of newspaper men at Boston. His work appears to be exclusively among the sinners .- Pittsburg Chronicle. Why women kiss each other is An undetermined question, Unless the darlings would by this

Give man a sweet suggestion.

—Siftings. There are two things in the world that I can't understand; one is, that you catch a cold without trying; that if you let it run on, it stays with you, and if you stop it, it goes away. — Burdete.

Henry Ward Beecher says money is not necessary to happiness. Of course not. Neither is lemon juice necessary to a raw oyster, but it adds mightily to its succulence. - Baltimore American.

As life is full of ups and downs, this thought
Must comfort all:
Who're on the ladder's lowest rung: they've

Got far to fall.

-Boston Courier. "There is no business in the world," says the Bulletin, "which can be carried on successfully in the face of a loss of 50 per cent." How about driving a watercart, old man! -- San Francisco News Let-

In the opinion of scientists there will come a period when the earth will cease to revolve on its axis. To the man, however, who, on going home at night, has to wait for an opportunity to eatch his bed as it passes him, it will continue to go round. - New York News.

Canvasback Ducks.

Though many persons annually enjoy the sp. Maryland sportsmen and the the sport and sportsmen and the pride of Baltimore de mare have probably thought of the summer houses of the ducks, where the vacancies in their numbers caused by the industry of winter fowlers are filled by young birds, The ducks are found along the Atlantic coast as far north as Canada, but they migrate in the greatest numbers in the fall to the Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries, where they find their favorite food, the valunena or wild celery, a freshwater plant, whose roots they feed u on, and which gives them the juiciness and peculiar flavor which distinguishes them rom other ducks and atones for their comparative lack of bright plumage.

They follow winter down the Atlantic coast and remain in the Chesapeake waters during the winter months. When the spring opening occurs they wing their way across the country in a northwestward direction and spend the summer months breeding and raising their young in the neighborhood of the cool waters of the Upper Rocky Mountain system and in the far north of the liftieth degree north latitude. There alone can their eggs be obtained. A well known restaurateur of this city conceived the idea of raising canvasback ducks in Baltimore. He procured two crippled birds -a male and female-but his experiments were unsuccessful, as the birdpined for the cool air of the British American forests. - Ealtimore San.

Gunning for Sea Lions.

William Arnord has been gunning for sea lions of late at Tillamook, and with good success, having already 216. The odies of these huge beasts blown ashere lined the beach for miles. While others have been writing letters about fishwheels, traps, and pound-nets, Mr. Ar-nold has taken his little gun and done good, practical work for the preservation of our salmom interests and salmon nets. The sea lion was doubtless created for some useful purpose, probably to prevent salmon from becoming too numerous. Vast numbers of them congregate at Tillamook rock and at Scal rocks, a few miles south and near the shore, where they live at their case and prey upon the hoals of salmon entering the Columbia. It is estimated that half the salmon Thich come into the Columbia in the early part of the season are captured by sea lions, which also damages nots to the amount of ten thousands of dollars -Portland Gregorian: