The Bradford Reporter.

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The REPORTER having a larger circulation than any other paper in the county, makes it the best advertising medium in Northern Pennsylvania.

JOB PRINTING of every kind, in plain and fancy colors, done with neatness and dispatch. Handbills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, Billheads, Statements, &c., of every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice. The REPORTER office is well supplied with power presses, a good assortment of new type, and everything in the printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates. TERMS INVARIABLY CASH.

Business Cards.

JOHN W. CODDING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA.
Office over Mason's old Bank.

THOMAS E. MYER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office with Patrick and Foyle. Sep.25,'79

PECK & OVERTON
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
D'A. OVERTON. BENJ. M. PECK.

RODNEY A. MERCUR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.,
Solicitor of Patents. Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans Court and to the settlement of estates.
Office in Montanyes Block May 1, '79.

OVERTON & SANDERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
E. OVERTON, JR. JOHN F. SANDERSON

W. H. JESSUP,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
MONTROSE, PA.
Judge Jessup having resumed the practice of the law in Northern Pennsylvania, will attend to any legal business intrusted to him in Bradford county. Persons wishing to consult him, can call on H. Streeter, Esq., Towanda, Pa., when an appointment can be made.

HENRY STREETER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA. Feb 27, '79

H. L. TOWNER, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Residence and Office just North of Dr. Corbin's, on Main Street, Athens, Pa. jun26-6m.

E. L. HILLIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA. [nov11-75.

E. F. GOFF,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
WYALUSING, PA.
Agency for the sale and purchase of all kinds of Securities and for making loans on Real Estate. All business will receive careful and prompt attention. [June 4, 1879.

W. H. THOMPSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WYALUSING, PA. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bradford, Sullivan and Wyoming Counties. Office with Judge Porter. [nov19-74.

E. H. ANGLE, D. D. S.
OPERATIVE AND MECHANICAL DENTIST.
Office on State Street, second floor of Dr. Pratt's Office. apr 3 79.

ELSBREE & SON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
N. C. ELSBREE. L. ELSBREE.

O. D. KINNEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office—Rooms formerly occupied by Y. M. C. A. Reading 15min. [Jan.31'78.

I. McPHERSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Dist Atty Brad. Co. [feb.1'78.

JOHN W. MIX,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND U. S. COMMISSIONER.
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—North Side Public Square. Jan. 1, 1875.

SAM W. BUCK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
TOWANDA, PENNA
Office—South side Poplar street, opposite Ward House. (Nov. 15, 1879.

DAVIES & CARNOCHAN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE.
Dec 23-75. TOWANDA, PA.

J. ANDREW WILT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office over Turner & Gordon's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa. May be consulted in German. (April 12, '78.)

W. J. YOUNG,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—second door south of the First National Bank Main St., up stairs.

WILLIAMS & ANGLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
OFFICE.—Formerly occupied by Wm. Watkins, Esq.
H. N. WILLIAMS. (oct. 17, '77) E. J. ANGLE.

WM. MAXWELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office over Dayton's Store.
April 12, 1876.

MADILL & CALIFF,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office in Wood's Block, first door south of the First National bank, upstairs.
R. G. MADILL. [Jan.7,'79] J. N. CALIFF.

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over O. A. Black's Clothing store, Towanda, May 1, 1877tf*.

W. B. KELLY, DENTIST.—Office over M. E. Rosenfield's, Towanda, Pa. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Rubber, and Aluminum base. Teeth extracted without pain. Oct. 24-72.

F. D. PAYNE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office over Montanyes' store. Office hours from 10 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 4 P. M.
Special attention given to
DISEASES OF THE EYE and DISEASES OF THE EAR

G. W. RYAN,
COUNTY SUPERINTENDT.
Will be in his office the last Saturday of each month, over Turner & Gordon's Drug Store, Towanda, Pa.
Towanda, June 26, 1878.

MRS. H. PEET,
TEACHER OF PIANO MUSIC,
TERMS,—$10 per term.
(Residence Third street, 1st ward.)
Towanda, Jan. 13 '79-1y.

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
May28-76tf. TOWANDA, PA.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
TOWANDA, PA.
CAPITAL PAID IN.....$125,000
SURPLUS FUND.....66,000
This Bank offers unusual facilities for the transaction of a general banking business.
N. N. BETTS, Cashier.
JOS. POWELL, President. April 1, 1879

EDWARD WILLIAMS,
PRACTICAL PLUMBER & GAS FITTER,
Place of business in Mercur Block, next door to *Journal* Office, opposite Public Square.
Plumbing, Gas Fitting, Repairing Pumps of all kinds, and all kinds of Gearing promptly attended to. All wanting work in his line should give him a call. Dec. 4, 1879.

Poetry.

"THINK NOBLE THINGS OF GOD."

If wrong and sorrow compass thee,
Keep step with nature's harmony,
Anon the evil shadows flee.

If sowing full and precious grain,
The harvest yield the bitter pain,
Say not that human love is vain.

If earnest eyes of tender trust
Grow cold (as blind with doubt they must),
See that thou fail not to be just.

There comes an hour to him, to thee,
When all thy true heart's fealty
Shall dower his soul with purity.

If finding some poor lamb astray,
(Even thy foe's) while yet 'tis day,
Bear it to fold by Mercy's way.

If when the twilight comes to weep,
Thy little summer Daisy sleep,
Doubt not that God the germ will keep,

When in the brown and gracious mould
Thy flower lies, from heart of gold
An angel's wings of light unfold,

For "God is God," what e'er betide,
His love and justice will abide,
And find thee through thy mail of pride.

Though creeds conflict, they do not jar
His purpose—not a flower or star
But smiles from out the smoke of war.

Are we not parts of God? And, lo!
Where'er thou goest, He must go,
Even beyond the hills of snow.

From Harebell to Anemone,
That waves in some fair Southern sea,
To worlds that fill immensity.

His universe is not the loom
Where any thread will fail too soon;
The fair design will bud and bloom.

"Think noble things of God," for then
It follows that thy fellow-men
From thee shall suffer wrong nor pain.

—*Mrs. Helen Rich.*

Miscellaneous.

Lawrence-Townley Estate.

Mr. Lawrence's Trip to England. Good Prospects of Success.

[As there are several heirs-expectant in this county to the LAWRENCE-TOWNLEY estate, by request we publish the following from the Bellville (Ontario) *Daily* of January 20th, 1880.]

For a number of years the country at large has heard more or less of the celebrated Lawrence-Townley estate, of England, and the struggles of the heirs in this country to get possession of the estate which is theirs by right.

Mr. Jasiel Lawrence, of Rome, N. Y., is one of the lineal descendants of Mrs. Mary Townley, through whom the estate is derived. Indeed, Mr. Lawrence is the oldest living heir, and has taken the task on his own shoulders, principally, of working up and proving the claim. The estate is situated in Manchester, England, consists of 36 square miles in the wealthy portion of the mother-country, and the retains have amounted to £28,000,000 sterling. There are now fourteen heirs, all residents of America, and the most of them in New York and adjoining States. For years prominent members of the Lawrence family in various parts of the country have expended large amounts in attempting to prove themselves the lawful heirs of this enormous estate, but they fail to establish the fact that the blood of Mary Townley flows in their veins.

The Treasury-Solicitor in 1877 advertised for next of kin to twenty-six deceased persons; his official advertisements signifying that the estates of those persons had been so long unsettled that the annual increase of the same, or dividends upon the legal investments of said increase, were by law paid into the public treasury as "unclaimed dividends." Among those uncalled for were the heirs of a person who migrated to America 1683, and the fortune involved was more than $2,000,000. It is stated in Lloyd's *Weekly*, London, that the annual unclaimed dividends upon the public stocks held in trust by the Bank of England amount to £3,506,956.03 (over $17,000,000) lapses to the State, for the reason that the original holders of these stocks, or their legal representatives, cannot be found. We often hear of such instances of the recovery of great estates in England, as those of the Delancy, Dusenbury, Northage, Leake and other families whose success is of recent date. The estate to which attention has been called by the item referred to is known as the Lawrence-Townley estate, an estate which has been in the custody of the English Government for 100 years, and has accumulated to enormous proportions.

It is not strange that the attention of the Lawrences and the Townleys in America should be awakened to intense interest, or that the general public should be eager to second this family interest, when it is understood that this estate is now estimated at $500,000,000, real and personal.

Fifty years ago the Lawrences of Boston and vicinity were thoroughly aroused to the study of their family history, and to combined effort to bring this estate, in its enormous dimensions, to this country, and a formidable effort was made in the English courts of chancery, which efforts, as will be remembered by many of our citizens still living, failed through inability to establish the fact of descent according to English law. Their suit was denied, as it was found, in the language of the decree, case No. 24,300; "That the said claimants are not the lawful and lineal descendants of John Lawrence and his wife Mary; that they are not in the line of descent." The Hon. Abbott Lawrence and Daniel Webster (the latter in the interest of the Chase family in its early connection with the same estate), have had to do with the inquiries instituted. Many and more recent movements have been noticed by the press in different sections of the country, as for example the large gathering of the Townleys in America at Elizabeth, N. J., held September 21, 1845, at which time a commission was sent to England, which resulted like the Lawrences mentioned above; and the gathering of the possible heirs at Middletown, N. Y., October 1877. Official advertisements, occasionally appear in the New York *Herald* and New York *Times*, calling for the heirs of the estate. We are indebted to a gentleman conversant with the history of this estate and the movements made for its recovery for the following outline of its prominent features: "The family of Lawrence is traced plausibly to a Robert Lawrence, who settled in Lancashire and was knighted in 1191 for valorous deeds at the siege of Acre," yet more positively to a Sir Robert Lawrence, of Ashton Hall, whose marriage to Anne Trofford in 1298 is a matter of public record; and the records of Ashton Hall for a period of 400 years brings us to a son of the house named John, who married Mary Townley of Townley Hall. The descendants of this pair are the heirs officially called for so frequently by the English authorities. Ashton Hall is situated 6 miles west of Manchester; is entitled to one member of Parliament, and is remarkable, among other features, for a large church of the time Henry the Fifth; and the Lawrence family is thus prominent in English history. But the enormous possessions of the Lawrence-Townley family are derived from the wife. Mary Townley was the oldest daughter of Sir Richard Townley and Mary Widdrington, of Widdrington, Northumberland County; of notoriety from his connection with the hero of Chevy Chase, of whom was sung:

My heart is woe for Widdrington,
As one in doleful dumps;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

The Widdrington estates included many mining properties in Durham county, near to Newcastle-upon-Tyne. These, of very great value, were conveyed by will to his daughter, and by marriage settlement secured to her separate right, and were accordingly willed to her two daughters, Mary and Dorothy. The former married, against her father's consent, John Lawrence, who was a Protestant, and socially inferior, doubtless, as he elected to follow the seas. The couple eloped and were married in the English kirk at the Hague, in Holland. As Mary Townley Lawrence was about to become a mother she made application to be received at Townley Hall, but Sir Richard refused to receive her, and she returned to the ship Highflyer which had brought her from Holland, and of which her husband was the second officer; and on board this ship were born twin sons. The ship put into the port upon the solway, which was nearest to Corby Castle, where her sister Dorothy, who had married Henry Howard (Lord Effingham), resided, and there, at the church of the parish, Witheral, to which Corby Castle belonged, the twins were baptised by the names of John and Jonathan. The former died in infancy. Jonathan, together with a sister Mary subsequently born at the Hague, emigrated with their parents to America in the autumn of 1714, and the family were virtually lost to their English relatives, being in constructive disgrace from the powerful effect of the anger of Sir Richard Townley, of Townley Hall, whose high social position and great wealth added force to his displeasure throughout the circle of his kindred. These emigrants, John and Mary Lawrence, with their son and daughter Mary, were with difficulty followed in their wanderings after their arrival in America, for the reason, chiefly, that the father and son followed the seas and the females would have only such temporary abodes on shore as might suit the coasting expeditions of father and son Jonathan. The son, however, eventually found a home at the mature age of 43 in a town not far from Boston, and his marriage is recorded to have taken place November 13, 1738. He became conspicuous as an officer commissioned by Governor Shirley in the French and Indian war, and was rewarded, with others, by his Majesty, King George Third, by a grant of five hundred acres of land in Nova Scotia. Upon this grant he settled, and there died in 1769. The family history has been traced from him with sufficient authenticity, it is supposed, to justify the institution of legal proceedings, and these have quite recently been commenced. In 1743, or five years after the marriage of Jonathan Lawrence, there culminated several large estates into one—the one now called the Lawrence-Townley estate.

THE GENEALOGY.

The following is given as the true line of genealogy: Mary Townley was the daughter of Richard Townley, Esq., Manchester, England, and was married in Hague, in Holland, to John Lawrence (the ancestor of Jasiel Lawrence, of Rome, New York State), who emigrated to this country in 1714. John Lawrence and Mary Townley had only one son, Jonathan, who was the greatgrandfather of the present heirs-at-law. This Jonathan Lawrence married Hannah Robbins, of Walpole, Mass., in 1738, by whom he had two sons, Jonathan, Jr., and William. Jonathan was the eldest son and next heir to the estate, according to the laws of England. He was born in Walpole, Mass., in 1739. He married Rachel Smith, of Easton, Mass., in 1763. This fact is proved by the town records of Easton and other official documents in possession of the heirs Jonathan Lawrence, jr., had two sons, Lebbeus and Jasiel, sr. He died in England in 1816. Lebbeus was born in Nova Scotia in 1765, and died in Lansingburg, N. Y., in 1818, leaving two sons, John A. and Wm. T. Lawrence. John A. Lawrence was born Dec. 29, 1803, and died in Troy, N. Y., June 10, 1857, leaving only one son, Norman J. Lawrence, who died in 1862 without issue. Wm. T. Lawrence, being the next oldest and only surviving son of Lebbeus, was born Sept. 10, 1812. Jasiel Lawrence, sr., only brother of Lebbeus, was born in Easton, Mass., in 1772, and died in Durhamville, Onedia county, N. Y., in 1843, leaving Jasiel Lawrence, jr., who was born Sept. 30, 1807, and is the only surviving son. Thus it appears that Jasiel Lawrence, of Rome, is the oldest male heir to large estate. This estate was given to Richard Townley by Henry the Fifth, King of England, in the fourteenth century for his military valor.

THE PROSPECTS.

"The records and genealogy of the family have been searched out and examined by Mr. Lawrence with great care and perseverance. He has been engaged in the work for about ten years. Having been to England three times, he has searched cemeteries, clerks' offices, church records, and all other imaginable places where he would be likely to gain information regarding the family. Six years ago, after nearly completing all his papers, they were stolen from him, and he was compelled to go all over the ground again. In his labors for the past few years he has been assisted by Col. James F. Jacques, of Washington. Col. Jacques is a man of sound judgment and good address. To his other qualities is added the fact that he is an excellent detective, having been employed as a Union spy during the war, and a member of the United States Secret Service. Col. Jacques is very sanguine of success in this matter, and thinks that the estate will be in the possession of the heirs in a short time. After visiting England once before this year, he has now returned to his task in London, July 12, 1879. Feeling confident that it will be the last trip in this long and tedious case, and also thinks the end is nigh when they shall reap the reward due their perseverance and complete success, and the recovery of the whole estate, which our process show belong to American heirs, and a cause which is just and true in law and equity, the best barristers in the British empire having pronounced the case complete in all its proofs.

The Lawrence-Townley estate went into Court of Chancery in England in 1818, and remained with that court until 1827 before it was decided that there was no lawful claimants of it in England. Numerous efforts made by different Lawrence people to prove their claims appear to have been in vain, as the Court of Chancery of England as late as 1865, ordered by the House of Commons, decided that the Lawrence-Townley estate remains unsettled, and is yet subject to a claimant; and there is marked on Chancery books, heirs gone to America. The court also passed the following decree: That the estate belongs to the heirs of Mary Townley, who married a Lawrence and settled in America; her descendants are the legal heirs to the estate."

This is the decision of the English Court of Chancery, which decides on all unclaimed estates. After the decision of the court the estate is held in trust for the true heirs of the English Government, which collects the revenue. On the occasion of his late visit to England he received assurances to the effect that he and thirteen associated with him are the only heirs to the estate, and that the property would be delivered over to him shortly. Manchester, where the property lies, is a large manufacturing town, and the land is covered with many mills. Many men of high ability have paid much attention to this subject, and are of the opinion that the fourteen heirs are the true and only heirs to this magnificent estate, and they have sufficient faith in it to advance money to assist Mr. Lawrence in pressing his claim. One thing is certain: there is a Lawrence-Townley estate in England, which is worth many million pounds. It is quite apparent that Jasiel Lawrence and the other heirs have proved their claims. It only remains for them to get what is rightfully theirs. It is to be hoped they may be successful.

The following extract is from the Clarkenwell *News* (London) of Feb.

"DEATH OF COL. TOWNLEY.—We have to announce the death of Col. John Townley of Townley Hall, Lancashire, who died unexpectedly at half-past eight last evening, at his residence on Carlton House-terrace. By his death the male line of the ancient county family becomes extinct."

ABSTRACT OF A LETTER RECEIVED FROM COL. JACQUES.

A letter has been received from Col. Jacques, dated London, October 8, 1879, stating that he had just returned to London from a tour of inspection of the estates known as Townley Hall, Howard estate, Widdrington estate, and found over thirty thousand acres of improved lands, and city and village property, therefore yielding all a large revenue That the three estates above named are lying in the counties of Cumberland, Durham, and Lancashire. That no claimant or owner has been on either of them during the knowledge of the oldest inhabitants living near them. And that the best barristers and legal advisers there advise him to enter and take possession of these estates at once, which can be done by the authority of Magna Charta. Once in possession of these lands, which includes the rentals, money, plate and jewels will follow as a matter of course. There is no one to oppose us now, and if any appear on the scene hereafter, they must eject us. To do this they must produce a better claim than we have, which no man on earth can do. This is fully determined; they mean to move on to victory certain. They mean to make no mistake. He also states that the Chancery Docket being clear the first of January, A. D. 1879, it will be again clear on the first of January, A. D. 1880, our case included.—*Daily Ontario, Canada.*

BY-AND-BY.—One day Billy and Sammy were playing in a mud hole, and Billy said: "Now, Sammy, les play we was a barnyard. You be the pig, and lie down and waller, and I'll be a bull and beller like everything." So they got down on their hands and knees, and Sammy he went into the dirt and wallowed, while Billy bellowed like distant thunder. By-and-by Sammy came up muddy—you never saw such a muddy little fellow—and he said: "Now you'll be the pig and let me beller." But Billy said: "I ain't a very good pig, except for dinner, and it'll be time nuff for you to beller when yer mother sees yer close."—*New Haven Journal.*

THE LOVER'S PERIL.

Have I been ever wrecked at sea,
And nigh to being drowned?
More threat'ning storms have compassed me
Than on the deep are found!

What coral reefs her dangerous lip!
My bark was nearly gone;
Hope plunged away in dire eclipse,
And black the night rolled on.

What seas are like her whelming hair,
That swept me o'er and o'er?
I heard the waters of despair
Crash round the distant shore!

"Come, Death!" I murmured in my cries—
For signals none were waved—
When both lighthouses in her eyes
Shone forth, and I was saved!

—*James T. Fields in Harper's Magazine.*

The Brakeman at Church.

On the road once more, with Lebanon fading away in the distance, the fat passenger drumming idly on the window pane, the cross passenger sound asleep and the tall, thin passenger reading "Gen. Grant's Tour Around the World," and wondering why "Green's August Flower" should be printed above the doors of "A Buddhist temple at Benares." To me comes the brakeman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat, says:

"I went to church yesterday."

"Yes?" I said, with that interested inflection that asks for more. "And what church did you attend?"

"Which do you guess?" he asked.

"Some union mission church?" I hazarded.

"Now," he said, "I don't like to run on these branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do, I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular and you go on schedule time, and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on a branch. Good enough, but I don't like it."

"Episcopal?" I guessed.

"Limited express," he said, "all palace cars, and two dollars extra for a seat, fast time, and only stop at the big stations. Nice line, but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All train men in uniform, conductor's punch and lantern silver-plated, and no train boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back to the conductor, and it makes them to free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace cars. Rich road, though. Don't often hear of a receiver being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it, too."

"Universalist?" I suggested.

"Broad guage," said the brakeman; "does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor doesn't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stops at all flag stations, and won't run into anything but a union depot. No smoking-car on the train. Train orders are rather vague, though, and the train men don't get along well with the passengers. No, I don't go the Universalist, though I know some awfully good men who run on that road."

"Presbyterian?" I asked.

"Narrow guage, eh?" said the brakeman, "pretty track, straight as a rule; tunnel right through a mountain rather than go around it; spirit-level grade; passengers have to show their ticket before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little narrow; have to sit one in a seat and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there is no stop over tickets allowed; got to go right straight through to the station you're ticketed for or you can't get on at all. When the car's full no extra coaches; cars built at the shops to hold just so many, and nobody else allowed on But you don't often hear of an accident on that road. It's run right up to the rules."

"May be you joined the Free-Thinkers?" I said.

"Scrub road," said the brakeman, "dirt road-bed and no ballast, no time-card and no train dispatcher. All trains run wild, and every engineer makes his own time, just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to; kind of a go-as-you please road. Too many side tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep and the target-lamp dead out. Get on as you please and off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir, I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a road that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a division superintendent where that road run to, and he said he hoped to die if he knew. I asked him if the general superintendent could tell me, and he said he didn't believe they had a general superintendent, and if they had, he didn't know anything more about the road than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to, and he said, 'Nobody.' I asked a conductor who he got his orders from, and he said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost.' And when I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said, 'he'd like to see anybody give him orders; he'd run that train to suit himself, or he'd run her in the ditch.' Now you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, or makes no connections, runs nowhere, and has no superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to understand it."

"Maybe you went to the Congregational church?" I said.

"Popular Road," said the brakeman, "an old road, too; one of the very oldest in this country. Good road bed and comfortable cars. Well managed road, too; directors don't interfere with division superintendents and train orders. Road's mighty popular, but it's pretty independent, too. Yes, didn't one of the divison superintendents down East discontinue one of the oldest stations on this line two or three years ago? But it's a mighty pleasant road to travel on. Always has such a splendid class of passengers."

"Did you try the Methodist?" I said.

"Now you're shouting," he said with some enthusiasm. "Nice road, eh? Fast time a plenty of passengers. Engines carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it; steam guage shows a hundred and enough all the time. Lively road; when the conductor shouts 'all aboard' you can hear him to the next station. Every train light shines like a head light. Stop over checks are given on all through tickets; passenger can drop off the train often as he likes, do the station two or three times and hop on the next revival train that comes thundering along. Good whole-souled, companionable conductors; ain't a road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes; every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesleyanhouse air brakes on all trains, too; pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptist?" I guessed once more.

"Ah, ah!" said the brakeman, "she's a daisy, isn't she? River road, beautiful curves; sweep around anything to keep close to the river. but it's all steel rail and rock ballast, single track all the way and not a side track from the roundhouse to the terminus. Takes a heap of water to run it though; double tanks at every station, and there isn't an engine in the shops that can pull a pound or run a mile with less than two guages. But it runs through a lovely country; these river roads always do; river on one side and hills on the other, and it's a steady climb up grade all the way till the run ends where the fountainhead of the river begins. Yes, sir, I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip, sure connections and good time, and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday, when the conductor came around for the tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't as him to pass me, but I paid my fare like a little man; twenty-five cents for an hour's run and a little concert by the passengers assembled. I tell you Pilgrim, you take the river and when you want—"

But just here the loud whistle from the engine announced a station and the brakeman hurried to the door shouting:

"Zionville!" This train makes no stops between here and Indianapolis!"

—*Hawkeye.*

Snow Two Hundred Feet Deep.

The following remarkable account, from the London *Times*, of enormous snow falls in Northwestern India, shows what a world of vapor is carried inland on the monsoons from the Indian ocean, to strike against the loftiest mountain chain in the world, and be precipitated in such snows and rains as occur on the middle slopes and foot-hills of the Himalayas. About the sources of some of the great rivers of India occur the heaviest rains ever known; and further east, in Cashmere, it seems the snows are sometimes terrific. The London *Times* says:

Some interesting details of this extraordinary snow-fall in Cashmere in 1877–78 are given in a paper in the just-issued number of the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, by Mr. Lydekker. Early in the month of October, 1877, snow commenced to fall in the valley and mountains of Cashmere, and from that time up to May 1878, there seemed to have been an almost incessant snow-fall in the higher mountains and valleys; indeed, in places it snowed without intermission for upward of ten days at a time. At Dras, which has an elevation of 10,000 feet, Mr. Lydekker estimated the snow-fall, from the native account as having been from thirty to forty feet thick. The effects of this enormous snow-fall were to be seen throughout the country. At Dras, the well-built traveller's bungalow, which has stood some thirty years, was entirely crushed down by the weight of snow which fell upon it. In almost every village of the neighboring mountains more or less of the log houses had fallen, while at Gulmarg and Sonomarg, where no attempt was made to remove the snow, almost all the huts of the European visitors were utterly broken down by it. In the higher mountains whole hillsides have been denuded of vegetation and soil by the enormous avalanches which swept down them, leaving vast gaps in the primeval forests, and closing the valleys below with the debris of rocks and trees. As an instance of the amount of snow which must have fallen in the higher levels, Mr. Lydekker mentions the Zogi pass, leading from Cashmere to Dras, which has an elevation of 11,300 feet. He crossed this early in August last year, and then found that the whole of the ravine leading up to the pass from the Cashmere side was still filled with snow, which he estimated in places to be at least 150 feet thick. In ordinary seasons this road in the Zogi pass is clear from snow some time during the month of June. As another instance of the great snow-fall Mr. Lydekker takes the valley leading from the town of Dras up to the pass separating that place from the valley of the Kishengunga river. About the middle of August almost the whole of the first-mentioned valley, at an elevation of 12,000 feet, was completely chocked with snow, which in places was at least 200 feet deep. In the district all passes over 13,000 feet were still deep in snow at the same season of the year. Mr. Lydekker gives other instances of snow lying in places in September where no snow had ever before been observed after June. As to the destruction of animal life in the Upper Wardwan valley large numbers of ibex were seen imbedded in snow; in one place upward of 60 heads were counted, and in another not less than 100. The most convincing proofs, however, of the havoc caused among the wild animals by the great snow-fall is the fact that scarcely any ibex were seen during last summer in those portions of the Wardwan and Tilail valleys, which are ordinarily considered as sure finds. So, also, the red bear and the marmot were far less numerous than usual. Mr. Lyldekker estimates that the destruction to animal life caused by snow has far exceeded any slaughter which could be inflicted by sportsmen during a period of at least five or six years.

Where Sarah Was.

A Wayne county farmer had some wheat stolen a few nights since, and he was so sure that he knew who the thief was that he came into Detroit and secured a warrant for a certain young man living near him. When the case came up for trial in Justice alley the defendant said he could prove an alibi. In order to do this he had brought in "his girl," a buxom lass of 22. She took the stand swore that he sit up with her foom 7 o'clock in the evening until broad daylight next morning.

"People can very easily be mistaken," observed the plaintiff's lawyer.

"I don't care—I know he was there," she replied.

"What did you talk about?

"Love!" she promptly answered.

"What time did the old folks go to bed?"

"I give 'em the wink about ten."

"Sure he was there at midnight, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, are you sure?"

She blushed, looked over to her lover and laughed and getting a nod to go ahead she said:

"Well, sir, just as the clock struck twelve the old man jumped out of bed, up stairs, and hollered down: "Sarah yer mar wants some o' that catnip tea!" And we got such a start that we broke the back of the rocking-chair and went over backwards kerplunk."

"Then the jury must understand that your were seated on Samuel's knee?"

"I object," put in Samuel's lawyer, and his honor remembered the days of his youth and sustained the objection.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A VALUABLE DEVICE.—The Milwaukee *Sun* says Sam Medill has invented a device to prevent marketmen from palming off old eggs for fresh ones. The invention is thus described: He proposes to arrange a rubber stamp in the nest of every hen, with a movable date. This stamp is arranged with a pad which is saturated with indelible ink. When the hen lays an egg, as is well known, she kicks slightly with her hind leg. An electric disk is arranged so that her foot touches it, when the stamp turns over on to the ink pad, and then revolves, stamping the date on the egg. The hen then goes off about her business, the farmer's hired girl removes the egg, replaces the stamp, which is ready for another. On each evening, after the hens have retired to their downy roost, with the roosters, the date of the stamp is changed to the following day, and the good work goes on. In this way there can be no cheating. You go to the grocery and ask for fresh eggs, and the grocery man says he has some eggs of the vintage of February 26, 1880, for instance. You look at them, and there are the figures, which cannot lie. With this method it is an object for the man to get rid of his eggs, knowing that to-morrow may be too late.

CHANGED HIS MIND.—A few days ago Justice of the Peace John Weber took his little son down to Toledo on an excursion. The lad interviewed the man at the wheel, and gathered much information relative to the business of steamboating. Presently his father joined him on the hurricane deck and asked him how he was enjoying himself. "First rate," was the enthusiastic reply. "I'm going to be a steamboat man, papa." "All right," responded the "Judge," "but you'll have to study navigation, astronomy, and divers other sciences in order to be a good one." The lad said nothing at the time, but appeared to be revolving the difficulties of the case in his mind. Perhaps half an hour later he remarked, with much gravity: "Papa, I guess I won't be a steamboat man; I'd rather be a Justice of the Peace; you don't have to know anything for that."—*Detroit Free Press.*

BORN IN HEAVEN.—A young lady, now of Rye, New York, when three years of age, innocently asked her mother where she came from. Her mother replied: "From heaven, my dear." A year after, when the little one was riding in the street cars with her mother and elder sister, the latter, when passing the street where the younger one first saw the light, incidentally remarked to her: "There is the street in which you were born." The little one, remembering what her mother had told her a year before, said: "No, I was not." The elder sister repeated that she was, when the child turned to her mother and, loud enough for all in the car to hear, said: "Mother, wasn't I born in heaven?" The sweet innocence there displayed, coupled with the pleasant thought connected with it, is remembered still by those who were present, although nearly a score of years have rolled away.—*Philadelphia Record.*

SEASONABLE HINTS.—Give your poultry double rations, in view of Thanksgiving. If intended for market, keep them well supplied with gravel. It helps to digest their food. There is nothing that so liberally repays investment. Gravel can be had for the hauling, and brings a shilling a pound when sold as poultry. The farmer who sells a chicken with empty gizzard has mistaken his calling.—*Boston Transcript.*

WOULDN'T REPEAT ITSELF.—Professor—"You will repeat the lesson on the battle of Bunker Hill." Student (after a long and painful silence)—"Please, sir, I can't." Professor (with a frown)—"Why not?" Student (timidly)—"Because I have been deceived" Professor (astonished)—"In what way?" Student (humbly)—"I have always been told that history repeats itself, and so I don't trouble to study the lesson."

"WHEN I was young," said Mrs. Scoldwell to her little girl, "I used to love my dear mamma too well to act as you do." "And did your mamma," replied Bertha, quickly, "used to be all the time telling you what she did when she was a girl?"

ENDURING LOVE.

Yea I have loved Thee with an everlasting love.
—Jer. xxxvii., 3.

Without, the trees long shadows, fling
Which shroud the yard in early gloom,
And the evening shades begin to cling
Around the corners of the room;
As a woman rises from her seat,
Draws forth the table small and square,
And lays the linen white and neat,
And sets thereon the evening fare.

She spreads the best her shelves afford
Before her loving care attests;
Then sets a chair beside the board,
Resumes her seat, and watching—waits
From out the West the fading light
Falls around the tender aged face,
And nestles in the locks of white,
That crown the face with saintly grace.

For a time her eyes are strangely bright;
Her withered cheeks are faintly flushed;
But hope expires with the light,
And leaves her spirit bowed and crushed.
Thus darkness holds her for awhile,
But soon the tears are wiped away
And with a patient hopeful smile,
She murmurs "He will come some day."

'Twas thirty years ago, and more,
As the glowing sun was near the West,
Her boy went forth, and at the door,
He turned with this, a lad's request;
"Have supper ready when I come."
He has never come; No trace was found;
Some thought he went to sea, and some
That he was stolen, lost or drowned.

But all these years at eventide
The mother gets the evening meal,
And watches by the window side
Till o'er the land the night shades steal.
She ever answers with this plea
To those who call it all a whim;
"He will come some day, and then he'll see
I never have forgotten him."

—*New York Witness.*

Philopena.

There was once a beautiful princess who had a great fondness for almonds, and ate them constantly, but nothing would induce her to marry, and in order to rid herself of her suitors, of whom there was a great number, she invented the following device:

To every prince who sought her hend she presented the half of a double almond, while she ate the other half and said: "If your lordship can succeed in getting me to take anything from your hands before I say the words 'I remember,' then I am ready to become your bride. But if, on the contrary, you receive anything from me, without thinking to speak these words, then you must agree to have your hair shaven entirely off your head, and leave the kingdom."

This, however, was an artful strategem, for, according to the court custom, no one dared to hand anything direct to the princess, but first to the court lady, who then offered it to her. But if, on the other hand the princess should desire to give or take anything—who could refuse her? So it was useless for her suitors to make the trial, for when they seemed likely to be successful, and had diverted the princess so that she was about to take something from them, the court lady always stepped between, and spoiled the best laid plan.

When the princess wished to dispose of them, she would appear so charming and encouraging to him that he would be entirely fascinated, and when he sat at her feet, overcome with joy, and then she would seize upon anything near her, as though by accident—"Take this as remembrance of me!" and when he had it in his hands, before he could think or speak the necessary words, there would spring out at him from it, perhaps a frog, or a hornet, or a bat, and so startle him that he would forget the words. Then, upon the spot, he was shaven, and away with him. This went on for some years; and in all the palaces of the other kingdoms the princes wore wigs. Thus it came to be the custom from that time.

Finally it happened that a foreign prince came upon some peculiar business, and by accident saw the almond princess. He thought her very beautiful, and at once perceived the stratagem. A friendly little gray man had given him an apple that once a year he was privileged to smell, and then there came into his mind a very wise idea, and he had become much renowned on account of his deep wisdom. So with the scent from it came this warning:

"If thou wouldst win in the game of giving and taking, under no circ