The Bradford Reporter.

MARSH & HITCHCOCK, Proprietors. REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER. $1.50 per Annum in Advance.

VOLUME XLII. TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 20, 1882. NUMBER 47

Business Cards.

McPHERSON & YOUNG,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
I. McPHERSON, W. J. YOUNG. | Office—Mercur Block, Park street, up stairs.

WILLIAMS & ANGLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
Office—Main street, opposite Post-Office.
H. N. WILLIAMS. 16feb82 E. J. ANGLE.

DAVIES, & HALL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
SOUTH SIDE OF WARD HOUSE.
Dec 25-75. TOWANDA, PA.

SAM W. BUCK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Nov. 18'79. TOWANDA, PENN'A
Office—At Treasurer's Office, in Court House.

MADILL & KINNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
Office—Rooms formerly occupied by Y. M. C. A. Reading Room.
H. J. MADILL. 3,18,80 O. D. KINNEY.

JOHN W. CODDING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TOWANDA, PA.
Office over Kirby's Drug Store.

THOMAS E. MYER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
WYALUSING, PENN'A.
Particular attention paid to business in the Orphans' Court and to the settlement of estates. September 25, 1879.

PECK & OVERTON
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
TOWANDA, PA.
C. 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. Snyder, Esq., Towanda, Pa., when an appointment can be made.

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

HIRAM E. BULL,
SURVEYOR.
ENGINEERING, SURVEYING AND DRAFTING.
Office over C. P. Welles' 99-Cent Store, Main street, Towanda, Pa. 4.15.80.

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

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

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

J. ANDREW WILT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office—Means' Block, Main-st., over J. L. Kent's store, Towanda. May be consulted in German. (April 12, '78.)

DR. S. M. WOODBURN, Physician and Surgeon. Office at residence, on Main street, first door north of M. E. Church. Towanda, April 1, 1881.

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.

E. 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

C. L. LAMB,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
105 North Franklin-st., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Special attention given to collections in Luzerne and Lackawanna counties. References: Hon. P. D. Morrow; First National Bank, Towanda.

C. S. RUSSELL'S
GENERAL
INSURANCE AGENCY
May 25-70tf. TOWANDA, PA.

EDWARD WILLIAMS,
PRACTICAL PLUMBER & GAS FITTER.
Place of business, a few doors north of Post-Office.
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.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
TOWANDA, PA.
CAPITAL PAID IN $125,000
SURPLUS FUND 75,000
This Bank offers unusual facilities for the transaction of a general banking business.
N. N. BETTS, Cashier.
JOS. POWELL, President.

HENRY HOUSE,
CORNER MAIN & WASHINGTON STREETS
FIRST WARD, TOWANDA, PA.
Meals at all hours. Terms to suit the times. Large stable attached.
WM. HENRY, PROPRIETOR.
Towanda, July 2, '79-tf.

MEAT MARKET!
C. M. MYER,
Located in
BEIDLEMAN'S BLOCK, BRIDGE STREET,
Keep on hand,
FRESH AND SALT MEATS, DRIED BEEF, FISH, POULTRY, GARDEN VEGETABLES AND BERRIES IN THEIR SEASON, &c.
All goods delivered free of charge
Towanda, Pa., May 14, 1881 C. M. MYER

INSURANCE!
C. S. RUSSELL, Agent,
TOWANDA, PA.
FIRE, LIFE, AND ACCIDENT POLICIES
Issued on the most reasonable terms.
None but reliable companies represented.
Losses adjusted and paid here.
Towanda, Nov. 18, 1879.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned upon the estate of Rosina Eddy, late of Rome township, deceased, notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payments, and all persons having claims against said estate must present the same duly authenticated to the undersigned for settlement.
LOYAL F. RUSSELL, Administrator.
Rome, Pa., 6apr82-w6.

Miscellaneous.

WANTED!

Hay, Straw and Grain

For which we will pay the HIGHEST MARKET PRICE, delivered here or at points on L. V. R. R.

Having four of Dedrick's Perpetual Presses, with a capacity for baling 50 tons per day, we are enabled to receive large quantities of hay and straw at many of the principal shipping points of this and adjoining counties. We are also agents for the improved Bale Ties.

ACKLEY & DEAN,
MAIN STREET, TOWANDA, PA.
Office over Patch & Tracy's Store. nov18,81.

C. P. Welles Crockery and 99-CENT Store.
OFFERS AT VERY LOW PRICES A GREAT VARIETY OF
TRUNKS
PACKING TRUNKS 24 to 40 inches very cheap. BETTER TRUNKS IN ALL GRADES.

Traveling Bags and Satchels
RUBBER BAGS 10 to 22 inches long. Ladies' and Gents' SPLIT LEATHER, Best Quality.
Bags and Satchels, 10 to 22 inches, cheap. Medium and best grain LEATHER

SATCHELS IN ALL SIZES
Several entirely NEW LINES, and at *prices that defy competition.*

CRATE OF
Decorated Chamber Sets!
Just received. Entirely new patterns, and to be sold at the LOWEST WHOLESALE prices. Job lot of
Buckeye Lanterns,
Large size only 85c each, our former price $1.10 and sold by some at $1.25.

THE ATHENS
5-CENT STORE,
In EASTABROOK BLOCK, has just received the biggest assortment of
Dry and Fancy Goods Crockery, Glass and Tinware.
For the coming season we will REDUCE OUR PRICES in any line of goods. It will be for your benefit to stay and examine prices. Our PRICES ARE THE LOWEST and our GOODS THE BEST.
LOEWUS & FREIMUTH.
Athens, Pa., 12apr82.

GEO. L. ROSS
Now occupies the CORNER STORE opposite DR. H. C. PORTER'S DRUG STORE, Main street, with a large stock of
GROCERIES
OF THE BEST QUALITY.
Mr. Ross has ANOTHER STORE ON BRIDGE STREET, J. L. Schoonover is clerk. The two stores are connected by Telephone. Mr. Ross can now feel satisfied that he can give the
BEST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY.
His experience enables him to select the best goods, which he is bound to sell at a LOW PRICE. You can always get a bargain if you
BUY YOUR GROCERIES AT ROSS'S
All goods delivered in the Borough FREE. FARMERS will do well to call with their Produce and get THE CASH. Towanda, 13apr82.

CLYDESDALE STALLION.—LORD CLYDE will make the season of 1882 at the farm of the subscriber, one mile west of the village of East Smithfield. Both Sire and Dam imported. Bred by Wm. Cozier, Northport, Long Island. As we give the breeder's name and address in full we can assure patrons that we are not offering the services of a *grade* horse. TERMS, $15.
East Smithfield, Pa., April 5, 1882.
W. A. WOOD.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned upon the estate of Elizabeth Sherman, late of Overton township, deceased, notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against said estate must present the same duly authenticated to the undersigned for settlement.
NELSON SHERMAN,
Overton, Pa., 6apr82-w6. Administrators.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned upon the estate of Eliza Henson, late of Albany township, deceased all persons indebted to the estate of said decedent are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and all having claims against said estate must present the same duly authenticated to the undersigned for settlement.
OLIVE ALLEN, Administrator.
Albany, Pa., 6apr82-w6.

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE—Letters of administration *cum testamento annexo* having been granted to the undersigned upon the estate of Theodore Wilder, late of Springfield township, deceased, notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against said estate must present the same duly authenticated to the undersigned for settlement. MRS. E. L. WILDER.
Springfield, Pa., 13apr82. Administratrix.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned upon the estate of Warren Baker, late of Rome township, deceased, notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against said estate must present the same duly authenticated to the undersigned for settlement.
A. L. BAKER, Administrator.
Rome, Pa., 13apr82-w6.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned, upon the estate of Daniel H. Coburn, late of Warren twp., dec'd, notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against said estate must present the same duly authenticated to the undersigned for settlement.
FRANKLIN COBURN,
Warren, Pa., 6apr82-w6. Administrator.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned upon the estate of Flynn Phelps, late of Burlington Boro', deceased, notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against said estate must present the same duly authenticated to the undersigned for settlement.
R. S. PHELPS, Administrator.
Burlington, Pa., 6mar82-w6.

Clothing.

Decker Brothers
NEW STORE,
128 & 130 Means Block
Is one of the prettiest stores in Towanda, and is filled with an ELEGANT ASSORTMENT of
SPRING GOODS
Which will be sold at PRICES LOW AS THE LOWEST.
FULL LINE OF MENS, BOYS AND YOUTHS
CLOTHING AND Under-Clothing
LATEST STYLES OF
HATS AND CAPS
FULL STOCK OF FURNISHING GOODS, VALISES, TRUNKS, CANES, UMBRELLAS, &c,
Celluloid Collars and Cuffs,
And the best line of NECKWEAR in the County always in stock.
Call at our store and examine Goods and Prices, and you will be sure to buy.
Towanda, Pa., 20apr82.

CLOTHING!
Hard Times Scared to Death!
"I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet," when I knocked the covers of my immense cases of LOW PRICED SPRING GOODS, and now
I AM ALL READY
TO GIVE YOU A WELCOME THAT MEANS BUSINESS.
I have laid in a new Spring Stock of Mens', Youths', Boys' and Childrens'
CLOTHING CLOTHING
Which is positively a surprise to all.
I astonish the sightseer with an unrivaled collection of elegant styles and beautiful fabrics.
I delight the purchaser with prices which were never before so low.
I afford all an opportunity to secure the newest and best Spring garments at prices within their means.
THESE PLAIN FACTS demand your attention, and we respectfully advise an early examination, and invite it.
M. E. ROSENFIELD,
TOWANDA, PENNA.

Spring Clothing!
A LARGE STOCK of NEW STYLES just received at
J. K. BUSH'S,
BRIDGE STREET, TOWANDA.

HATS & CAPS
The BEST and FRESHEST stock in town at BUSH'S.
A FULL LINE OF
Gents Furnishing Goods
AT BUSH'S.

TRUNKS
TRAVELING BAGS
A large stock of NEW and DESIRABLE goods at BUSH'S.
If you want a SUIT of CLOTHES or any goods in his line at BOTTOM PRICES, call on J. K. BUSH, Bridge Street, Towanda, Pa. 23mar82.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS' MEETINGS.

For the information of the public the County Commissioners hereby give notice that they will hold a session of the Board every Tuesday at the Commissioners' Office in the Court House at Towanda, and that they will hold a meeting of the Board at the County House, at Burlington, the First and Second Monday of each month. Those having business to bring before the Board will govern themselves accordingly.

DANIEL BRADFORD, MYRON KINGSLEY, M. F. RANSOM, } Co. Coms.
Attest: WM. LEWIS, Clerk.

GET YOUR
JOB PRINTING
Done at the "REPORTER" Office.

APRIL.

Rumbling thunder,
Darting lightning,
Clouds saunter,
Sunbeams brightening;
Showers pouring,
Showers pattering,
Sun ignoring,
Roof-slopes battering.

Rose leaves broadening,
Peach blooms redding,
White moths dawdling,
Clover spreading,
Grass blades lengthening,
Maples starting,
Mayweeds strengthening,
Thistles parting,
Bees in blossoms,
Song-birds twittering,
Spider gossams,
Earth-worms trituring:

This is April,
Busy spring-child,
Laughing, weeping,
Never sleeping,
Milding,
Wilding,
Changing April.

THE GOLDEN SUNSET.

The golden sea its mirror spreads
Beneath the golden skies,
And but a narrow strip between,
Of land and shadow lies.

The cloud-like rocks, the rock-like clouds
Dissolved in glory float,
And midway of the radiant flood,
Hangs silently the boat.

The sea is but another sky,
The sky a sea as well,
And which is earth and which is Heaven,
The eye can scarcely tell.

So when for us life's evening hour,
Soft fading shall descend,
May glory, born of earth and Heaven,
The earth and Heaven blend.

Flooded with peace the spirits float,
With silent rapture glow,
Till where earth ends and Heaven begins,
The soul shall scarcely know.

—*Longfellow.*

EDELWEISS.

"I was born in my little shrouds,
All woolly, warm and white:
I live in the mist and the cloud,
I live for my own delight.

"I see far beneath me crowd
The Alpine roses red,
And the gentian blue, sun-fed,
That makes the valley bright.

"I bloom for the eagle's eye,
I bloom for the daring hand;
I live unto God, and I die
Unto Him and at his command."

Do you know the Edelweirs, the rare and beautiful flower of the Alps? Its home is on the steepest and most inaccessible cliffs, and the daring mountaineer who risks his life to procure it calls it rightly the "royal white" of the mountains.

In one part of the great chain of the Tyrolese Alps a single peak rises conspicuously above its neighbors—a giant among his brothers. A snowy hood envelops his mighty head, and a heavy growth of fir and spruce forms a shaggy beard below which a green robe of beautiful pasture land sweeps down to the valley at his feet, where a rushing mountain stream leaps and tumbles like a child at play.

Under the shelter of the groves of fir and spruce stand a few rudely-built chalets whose roofs are dotted with great stones overgrown with moss. Connected with the chalets are sheds and accommodations for cattle, for this is where the shepherds of the valley pasture their flocks and garner hay and feed for winter use.

A middle-aged man, in the picturesque costume of the Alpine peasant, is busy before one of the sheds, and a young girl, also in peasant garb, stands before the door of the adjoining chalet, and shading her eyes with her hand gazes intently down the path leading to the valley.

"Well, Gretel," says the man, approaching her and speaking in the guttural but not unpleasant German of the Tyrol. "What dost thou seek?"

The girl stated. "I cannot think why Hans is so late to-night, father."

"Never fear for Hans, my girl. He is as sure-footed as the chamois, and knows every pass of the mountain blindfold. But thou art pale, child. Thy mother must see rosier cheeks when we go down to the valley or she will never trust thee to my care again"—

He was interrupted by a loud, clear jodel re-echoing from cliff to cliff through the quiet mountain air. The girl sprang lightly down the path, the elder man following at a more leisurely gait. At the first turn she met the delinquent, a tall a sturdy young peasant, who bent to kiss her after their custom first on one cheek and then on the other.

He was a handsome fellow, this Hans, with his loose green jacket and his black leather breeches, which were short enough to show the bare knee, tanned and ruddy from exposure. He carried an alpenstock in his hand, and a glossy cock's-plume nodded at the back of his pointed hat.

"Welcome, Hans," said his sister, but she started back in surprise when she saw that he was not alone, but followed by a young man of foreign dress and air, who paused panting and flushed from the unusual exertion of the steep ascent.

"Explain it to them, comrade," he said in the broken and hesitating accents of a foreigner.

Thus appealed to, Hans related simply how he had gone into the town of X, to sell his bunches of rare flowers, and had been stopped before the Gasthaus by a group of English tourists. The ladies had bought his flowers at a high price, and with the insatiable curiosity of travelers in foreign parts, as well as to his embarrassment, had besieged him with many eager queries as to his home and manner of life. Finally this young man had touched him on the shoulder and said, "Take me back with you to your mountain, friend. Let me stay through the summer in your chalet, and you shall not lose by it."

"I smiled at the good jest," went on the honest Hans, "and told him our fare was coarse and our shelter comfortless for one of his kind. But he would not take no. He loves our mountains he says, and hopes to get strength and inspiration from them for his pictures, for that is his art. His English name is hard and strange, so he shall be called *Herr Georg*, by us."

This point having been settled by Hans with quiet decision, the artist stranger was received without more formality into the simple hospitalities of the chalet, and soon adapted himself to their primitive ways. What a wonderful life it was! He breathed the exhilarating mountain air and was shut in but not imprisoned by these ancient sentinels. How silent they often were through days of dazzling sunshine and nights of clear, cold frost, and again how many-voiced as they echoed the wind and storm and avalanche, or repeated the wild jodel of the peasants.

He watched Reinhold, the elder peasant, and Hans toiling early and late with simple, faithful hearts at their menial tasks. Perhaps even more, as was natural, he watched Gretel moving with a light step about her little kingdom, lending to each of her household duties an unconscious dignity. The clouds that often lay beneath them, hiding the valley from sight, seemed—and he felt it almost with alarm—to be blotting out his old life with its achievements and interests, till they grew faint as a half-remembered dream. He thought of his mountain life as of a picture done with simple, masterly strokes and rich, pure coloring, and of his own, in comparison, as a piece of delicate *genre* painting, executed with feverish and morbid attention to detail and finish. And he strove to attain to the strength and serenity of those who had lived habitually on the heights.

Yet Gretel was human and companionable too. One day—a month must have passed since his arrival—she said to him with gentle solicitude, "I fear you will not have many sketches to show when you return to your country, my friend. This is a fine, clear day. Let me fetch your pencils and paper and you can get a rare outline of old Dreizacken opposite."

"But, Gretel, what a beautiful day to gather flowers, and you need the air. Let us climb to the point where the Edelweiss grows."

So her mild reproof was as usual unavailing.

"You see I am gathering inspiration, though my pencil and brush are idle," he explained to her as they swung themselves up to a bold promontory where and pink rhododendrons blossomed in brilliant profusion Gretel, always fleeter and surer than her companion, climbed rapidly to a still higher ledge and brought back in triumph a beautiful specimen of the pure and starlike Edelweiss with its strange woolly covering. Her face was flushed with exertion. Ordinarily it was so pale and transparent that he had sometimes compared her to the Edelweiss, though he had never told her so. Sometimes also, though not habitually, he had seen a sunrise in the Alps and his artist soul had thrilled, as even an inartistic soul must, at sight of that marvelous rose tint which touches and glorifies the cold, snowy peaks until they seem to glow with life. Of such a sunrise he thought now as he looked at the flush on Gretel's cheek. He was right. His artistic sense was by no means lying as dormant as she had fancied.

"What a beautiful world this is up here!" she said.

"If only it might remain so! But soon the winter will come and this happy summer be over, and there will be change and parting, Gretel."

"Yes," she said quietly.

The air, the place, the girl and the flowers wrought a sudden mood in him, a mood both daring and unpractical. "Is she formed of the white ice of the glaciers?" he thought; "can nothing thaw her frigid heart?" Then aloud, "But need there be parting, Gretel? When the cruel winter reigns here with its ice and snow, there is another land where a happy home and a bright hearth, and love and good cheer await our coming."

Ah, the sunrise glow was in her face again! He saw it and triumphed

Then she turned her full gaze upon him without a trace of self-consciousness or dissimulation in it.

"Look at this Edelweiss, this child of the mountains, placed here by God to bloom for Him. Do you not know how, when the covetous tourist has torn it from its native soil and transplanted it to his own, in spite of all the care and tenderness bestowed upon it, it droops and dies in the uncongenial soil? Shall we be deaf to the lesson it teaches us, my friend? No, I must live and die here in my mountains. It would wrong us both to do otherwise. Let us go down, for I hear already the tinkle of the cow-bells."

"Neighbor Bachmann has moved to-day to the chalet on the Dreizacken," said Reinhold that evening "It is most unwise. Why, Herr Georg? Because it lies in an unprotected spot, and an avalanche might at any moment sweep down upon it. It has not happened for many years, but the snow is treacherous under this warm sun, and I would not trust my life there."

The next morning the artist sat on the bench before the chalet sketching more busily than he had done before snce his arrival.

Gretel came out with a small basket on her arm. "I am going to carry come curds to Frau Bachmann and will return by noon," she said.

He followed her with his eyes till she d sappeared over the meadow. An hour must have passed and still he sat musing. The morning was still calm and clear and only the distant tinkling of the cow-bells fell upon his ear. Suddenly he was startled by a dull rumbling. It could not be thunder, for the sky above him was cloudless. It grew louder and clearer. "Great God!" he cried aloud, "the avalanche!... And," as old Reinhold's warning flashed upon him with horrible distinctness, "Gretel has gone to the dangerous spot"

With the swiftness of terror and despair he followed in the direction she had taken. Soon he came upon a group of awe-struck peasants, who had gathered at the first signal of the deadly messenger, but too late to warn the threatened family.

Bachmann's cabin with all its inmates had vanished from sight, and in its place spread a vast and pitiless field of ice and snow. Search was unavailing, as they knew by past experience and silently admitted to one another.

Gretel and her friends were laid to rest like the seer of Israel, and no man knew their sepulchre.

Repressing his own grief, the artist endeavored to comfort the unhappy father and brother in their overwhelming affliction.

"Your Gretel was like the pure Edelweiss," he said to them. "It blooms in beauty for a time and when its mission is fulfilled God gathers it painlessly to Himself."

"She is an angel of Paradise," said Reinhold weeping.

Thus her simple life was ended, and with the "royal white" of death on cheek and brow she rested in the shadow of the mountains she had loved.

* * * * * * *

At the winter exhibition in London there was one picture which attracted general attention. It was a crayon head of a pale, girlish face, with just a faint rose flush on the cheeks like the glow of sunrise on the snowy summit of the Alps. Beneath it was written the name—Edelweiss.—*Lillie A. Mercur.*

The Greatest Living Frenchman.

"Mr. Victor Hugo," says Nizard, "has not the kind of figure given in his portraits. The Victor Hugo that is exhibited in the printsellers' shops, is a sort of sombre genius, full of care, rude, absorbed in his thoughts of vengance, like Angelo. His brow, the heighth of which is exaggerated—as are the brows of all our eminent men since Dr. Gall conceived the idea of measuring genius by the size of the head—seems laden with clouds; his black and deep-sunk eye plunges into the bosom or the universe; his mouth, slightly contracted and pouting, seems to display a profound disdain for the public which passes without looking at him. The name of the poet at the foot of the portrait, engraved in Gothic characters, is the emblem of the novelty of his work. The evil thinkers insinuate that it is the criticism of them. Those who have had the honor of seeing Victor Hugo close no more recognize the poet in this portrait than they recognize Mirabeau in the caricature that Victor Hugo has made of him. The poet's face is handsome and open; his broad forehead indicates imagination and memory. His eye is soft and much less cavernous than his portraits represent. All the upper part of the face is that of a man eminent for intellectual qualities. The lower part is less intellectual. The mouth, the cheeks, the chin, and all that part of the profile that goes from the lower extremity of the ear to the tip of the chin, would seem to betray the presence of great physical appetites and an immense love for conversation. The intellect and the sense divide this mask equally between them; the intellect has taken the upperpart, the sense the lower part. It is, moreover, a highly-colored face, radiant with health, and in spite of what the flattery may say, never having that paleness which inspiration leaves on the brow of privileged poets; but rather that color, that firmness of tone, that would lead us to believe that thought, in this illustrious young man, is not of that kind which consumes the thinker, and which Mr. de Chateaubriand has compared to great rivers that devour their banks."—*The Parisian*

Famous Persons

Probably the richest individual in the United States to day, is William H. Vanderbilt. His name is as well known abroad as here. His transactions are felt in the exchanges of the world. He has lived here and hereabouts since his boyhood, when his father was carving his way to a monument fortune, but aside from the regular drivers on the road it is doubtful if there are five hundred men on Mahattan Island who know that they ever saw this possessor of $200,000,000. As the premature early spring air was gradually changing to the normal temperature of a yet developed March, Mr. Vanderbilt slowly left the unique portal of his solid home on Fifth avenue, squinted with one eye at the clouds that threatened wind from the east, buttoned his black coat tight in the neck and leisurely passed toward the great Cathedral, Of the few men, women, children, nurses and coachmen near him, not one recognized or turned to look at him. He is apparently a few inches less than six feet tall, stout and heavy. His features are long and expressive. He wears long side whiskers and black clothes. A stranger would judge him to be fifty-eight years old, not over strong and good natured. The lines of his face are deep, and when in repose he has an expression of "grit" and determination which gives way before a smile that seems based in kindness and a general condition of content.

A RARA AVIS.

But whom have we here? Blithely tripping by the side of a tall and gallant escort appeared at the portal of the hotel a little lady who hesitated a little at the step of a coupe, shrugged her shoulders, said, "Oh, come along let's walk," and suited the action to the word. Far be it for any masculine pen to attempt to describe Adelina Patti's costume. All that can be recalled is a red feather, a dark hat, a sealskin robe with different fur on the border, yellowish gloves and the daintiest boots, with real heels. She was in a happy temper. Her hair was coal black, her eyes shone with health and contentment, and she did not profane the sunshine by wearing diamonds in her ears on the street and in the morning. A walk on Fifth avenue today means something different to Patti, the Diva, from a scamper down Bleeker street thirty years ago to Adelina, the child of poor and struggling parents. Then she had nothing but the germ of her wonderful powers. To-day she has estates, villas, a castle, a half a million dollars in diamonds alone, wealth that is computed in seven figures and a voice matchless this side of the gates of pearl Then calico dresses, jet black braids of hair upon her back, flashing eyes and a gypsy skin were the possessions of one of a "lot of children." To-day she walks or drives, to suit her whim, exacts tributes from kings, and has the world of art and genius at her feet. But however this may be, she walked down the avenue looking at the house, at the people, explaining to her companion and absolutely unknown to any whom she met for blocks and blocks.

A NOTABLE COUPLE.

And as if these were not enough for one day's brief tramp the writer was favored, in a bobtail car, by the companionship of a venerable couple who in their days were better known by name than any pair save George Washington and his wife. The man sat straight as a ramrod, his coal black eyes contrasting strangely with his snow white hair. He wore a derby hat and a dark suit, with neatly fitted boots. The lady, large-faced, big eyed, heavily-built, but graceful and dignified, sat next him, matching him with the silvery sheen of her exquisite hair and perfect repose of her bearing. In 1856 the continent rang with the names of John C. and Jessie Benton Fremont. He was the first candidate of the then newly-born Republican party, as she was one of the brightest and most vigorous inspirers. Then his step was attended by the cheers of thousands, and in countless homes ascended prayers for his success day and night. How times change! Since then came and passed Mariposa and the Field episode, the election and defeat, fresh struggles and the Parisian scandal, the war for the Union, Fremont's emancipation proclamation repudiated and subsequently followed by Abraham Lincoln, years of retiracy and quiet, reappearance as Governor of Wyoming, and now again back in the city of his early manhood. During all these changes and amid all these excitements Mrs. Fremont and her lord were one. To-day they are the handsomest old couple in the city —*N. Y. Herald.*

The Sprague Divorce.

Twenty years ago William Sprague was one of the most conspicuous and respected men of the nation. He was rich; immensely rich; had won the Governorship of his Republican State, as the Democratic candidate, against the sweeping Republican tide of 1860; had pronounced for the Government against armed treason with emphasis and led the troops of his State to the field; was re elected Governor without a serious contest in 1861; was transferred to the Senate of the United States amidst the applaudits of the loyal North, and the future seemed to possess boundless political possibilities for the fragile looking millionaire soldier and statesman of Rhode Island.

The first Republican national administration had for one of its chief Cabinet Ministers Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio, he was a man of established national fame; had served a term in the Senate as one of the pioneer anti-Slavery statesmen; had been twice elected Governor of his State; had been re-elected to the Senate and resigned his full Senatorial term to become Secretary of the treasury when that department demanded the broadest statesmanship. In addition to his distinction as a statesman, this individual purity of character shed the richest lustre upon the government of which he was one of the central figures.

With Mr. Chase came his daughter to preside at the home of the eminent Finance Minister. She was just blooming into womanhood, and in mind and form completed the circle of the graces. She was beautiful, elegant, intellectual, skillful and ambitious. She had not escaped the malignity of scandal that magnifies indiscretions into crimes, but she was accepted as the reigning queen of Washington's beautiful and attractive women. The New England Senator and the young beauty of the west met when both were in the zenith of their supremacy. What affection lacked to mate them ambition and the general fitness of their union supplied, and their wedding is recalled as one of the memorable events in the social history of the National Capitol.

Less than half a score of years after William Sprague and Kate Chase had commanded the homage of all, and the envy of many, they had a divided household; scandal with its thousand tongues was busy with the lives of both; dissipation had stamped its baleful impress upon the husband until reason tottered on its throne, and social dissipation had paled the cheek and dimmed the lustre of the eye of the queen of Washington society. Riches took wings and fled amidst the shadows which darkened the once brilliant home, and the end was multiplied scandals and recrimination in legal proceedings for divorce. The final consummation was reached in the Providence court when Judge Durfee called the case of "Kate Chase Sprague vs. William Sprague," and proposed to proceed to trial. Then it was that both sides recoiled from their own lives, and it was amicably agreed that the divorce should be declared for desertion; that the daughters remain with the mother and the son with the father, and that the question of alimony should be a subject for future consideration.

Wealth, ambition, culture and promise never gave better assurance of happiness, usefulness and honor than in the union of William Sprague and Kate Chase; and in all the social wrecks which have startled the present generation none has been more hopeless.—*Phila. Times.*

The Work of Time.

The most ancient human monuments that now exist cannot, I suppose, be more than a few thousand years old. Five thousand years nearly exhausts all historical time. Ten thousand years certainly does. Though we have no earlier historical record, yet other records are not wanting. Geology tells us that ten thousand years is but a mere moment in the span of the earth's history. We learn from geology that even the career of man himself has lasted far more than ten thousand years. Yet man is but the latest addition to the succession of life on the earth. For the chronology of the earlier epochs of the earth's history we require majestic units to give adequate expression to our dates. Thousands of years are not sufficient, nor tens of thousands, nor hundreds of thousands. The course of geological time is to be reckoned in millions of years.

The corridors of time through which I wish to give you a glimpse are these dignified millions. Yet our retrospect will only extend to a certain definite epoch in the past history of our earth. We speak of nothing anterior to the time when our earth assumed the dignity of maternity, and brought forth its first and only child. We shall trace the development of that child which, though millions of years old, is still in dependence on its parent. We shall describe the influence of the parent over the child, and the not less remarkable reaction of the child upon the parent. We shall foreshadow the destiny which still awaits the mother and child when millions of years shall have elapsed.

At the time of its birth the earth was not as we see it now, clothed with vegetation and teeming with animal life. It was a huge inorganic mass, too hot for life, perhaps hot enough to be soft or viscid, if not actually molten. The offspring was what might be expected from such a parent. It was also a rude inorganic mass. Time has wrought wonderous changes in both parent and child. Time has transformed the earth into an abode of organic life. It has transformed the earth's offspring into our silvery moon.

It will be my duty to sketch for you the manner in which these changes have been brought about. To a great extent we can do this with no hesitating step; we are guided by a light which cannot deceive. It is the light of mathematical reasoning. These discoveries are of an astronomical character, but they have not been made by telescopes. They have been made by diligent labors of the most abstruse kind. The mathematical astronomer sits at his desk, and not in an observatory. He has in his hand a pen, and not a telescope. Before him lies a sheet of paper, and not the starry heavens. He is no doubt furnished with a few facts from observation. It is his province to interpret those facts, to inform them with life and to infer the unkown from the known. It is thus discoveries are made which are the sublimest efforts of human genius.—Prof. Robt. S. Ball, in Popular Science Monthly for February.

A Wonderful Cave.

The great cave lately discovered here has been visited by a multitude of people from various points of the United States. We think that Leitchfield is destined to become the great "Mecca" of the world—for the Masonic fraternity and scientists generally.

For the last two weeks no one has been admitted to the cave except upon presenting a written permit from Mr. Rogers, and those who have been fortunate enough to obtain admission were principally scientists from abroad, who journeyed here to see the great wonder for themselves. It was necessary to take this step, as the cave was being rapidly despoiled of its contents. Indeed some of the mummies and some of the smaller Masonic emblems were carried off before Mr. Rogers—or, in fact, any of our citizens—realized the importance of the discovery and of preserving the contents of the cave intact. The subterranean river has been so swollen from the excessive rains of the last month that no explorations has been made in the avenues beyond it. Excavations have been made however in the chambers or catacombs where the mummies and Masonic emblems were found, and in the vicinity of the pyramid, and several tablets with queer hieroglyphics have been dug up; also some bronze and copper vases and pieces of pottery. A mound was opened and found to contain six well preserved mummies, reposing in regular order, with feet radiating from the center.

In the discovery of the cave the key is undoubtedly found that will unlock the mystery of the prehistoric race of America and also prove their identity with the ancient Egyptian race, who undoubtedly crossed over and peopled this continent, built temples and flourished in a high degree of civilization until wiped out of existence by the ruthless hand of the savage The cave of Kentucky undoubtedly afforded them shelter and protection, and were used as a sort of catacomb for the storage of all that was near and dear to them, including their illustrous dead. Such at least seems to have been the case in this instance, whether this theory will apply to the other caves of Kentucky or not.

Many beautiful formations have been discovered during the last week. The stalacites and stalagmites glisten like so many million diamonds. The pillars and columns of alabaster are beautiful beyond description, and its wonders will have to be seen to be appreciated.—*Grayson Advocate.*

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IMPORTANT NEWS.

Disagreement of Pennsylvania Senators—The Maryland and Delaware Ship Canal—Senator Cameron's Dinner—Fire at Titusville—Storm in Louisiana—Liquor Laws in Ohio and Connecticut.

The members of the Pennsylvania delegation in Congress are taking a lively interest in the recent announcement of Senator Mitchell's determination to hereafter oppose machine nominations in the State. Senator Cameron has had several long conversations with Mr. Mitchell since the latter declared war against the bosses and has endeavored to convince him that the change in the Collector for the Twenty-third Internal Revenue District, and the proposed change in the office of marshal for the Western District of the State were for the best interests of the party. Mr. Mitchell differs radically with the views of the senior Senator, and he can't be induced to consent to the confirmation of Jackson or the nomination of either Rutan or Allen. The stories of a personal difference between the two gentlemen leading to a disturbance of friendly relations are fine gammon. On the matter of the method and object of making Federal appointments in Pennsylvania the two agreed to disagree. Mr. Mitchell frequently differs very decidedly with the senior Senator, but such differences involve no cessation of friendly personal relations. Mr Cameron believes that he is right, and that the policy he is pursuing is the one best calculated to subserve the interests of the Republican party in Pennsylvania. That Senator Mitchell differs with him is no reason why the two gentlemen should cease to be friends. Senator Mitchell has suggested to Mr. Cameron the propriety of recommending the appointment of some well-known Independent, such as Senator Lee, for Marshal of the Western District of Pennsylvania. This suggestion, of course, was not adopted. To-day Mr. Mitchell received a telegram, signed by a number of the most prominent men of Pittsburg, asking that the nomination of Mr. Jackson to be Collector of Internal Revenue in place of Sullivan be held up until a protest against his confirmation could be obtained. The telegram said that within a week the names of almost every prominent business house in the Twenty-third District could be obtained on a protest against the removal of Sullivan.

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