FOLLY LAND.

In Folly land what witchery!
What pretty looks, what eyes there be,
What gamesome ways, what dimpled smiles;
What lissome limbs, what frolic wiles;
What easy laughter, fresh and clear;
What pranks to play, what jests to hear;
Old Time forgets to shake his sand,
The days go tripping, hand in hand,
In Folly land, in Folly land.

In Folly land, one idle hour,
The moonlight had a wizard power;
Its fairy glamour turned my brain;
I would that I were there again!
We stood together 'neath the sky;
A bird was chirping drowsily;
He smiled, he sighed, he held my hand,
Ah me! Ah well—we understand.
'Twas Folly land, 'twas Folly land!

My sober friend, how worn your looks!
Your heart is in your moldy books.
Here's half a cobweb on your brow!
I seldom see you jovial now.
Fling down your volumes and be free
To take a pleasure trip with me.
Come, "Here's my heart, and here's my hand!"
We'll launch our skiff, and seek the strand
Of Folly land, of Folly land.

—Danske Dandridge in The Century.

THE MORGAN WILL.

I had been admitted to the bar; but, as I had very little practice and found myself with plenty of time on my hands, I had got into the habit of dropping in to chat with a news dealer who kept a stand not far from my office. Old Bowles, as everybody called him, dealt also in waste paper and rags, which he sold to the paper makers.

One evening he was sorting a lot of this rubbish, when my practiced eye lighted on what appeared to be a legal document, bound with blue tape. I took it up, and saw that it was marked "Last Will and Testament."

I opened and commenced to read:

"In the name of God, Amen. Know all men by these presents, that I, James Morgan, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do make and publish this my last will and testament."

"What's that you say?" demanded Bowles, as he dropped a handful of paper and looked up at me.

I repeated what I had read.

"All right," he said. "Now read on, 'squire."

"I give and bequeath to my adopted daughter Elizabeth Morgan, otherwise known as 'Elizabeth Summers,' all my personal and real property, after the payment of my funeral expenses and my just debts."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Bowles, "that must be the will of old Morgan, who died four years ago—it was said, intestate. He left no less than $100,000, that all went to remote heirs, though everybody expected it would have been left to this very Elizabeth Summers, his adopted daughter."

"What has become of the adopted daughter?" I asked.

"I do not know, but I think I can find out."

"How much of this property is real estate, and where is it situated?"

"Well, there is the Oakdale plantation, which lies about five miles out from here, and is worth at least $50,000. Then there are several houses in town also, besides $25,000 in government securities."

"Who is the relative that got the property?"

"Simon Skaggs. He lives at the Oakdale farm. I think he is a second cousin to Mr. Morgan."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"A mean old skinflint, or he would never have taken the last penny from that poor girl."

"Well," said I, "I propose to take this will home with me to-night and examine it carefully. If I find it all right we'll hunt up that girl and recover the property for her."

To this he assented, and, depositing the document in my pocket, I bade the old man good night and returned to my office, where I slept.

But I was too excited for sleep, and, sitting down, read the instrument over carefully. There was but one legatee mentioned. The will was clear and simple; it bore the appearance of being genuine, and had evidently been drawn by one thoroughly acquainted with the necessary legal forms.

The longer I pondered over it the more I became convinced that I had at last stumbled upon an interesting case—one which, if properly managed, could not fail to bring me reputation and right a great wrong besides.

The next afternoon I went to Bowles' store. He was alone, waiting for me.

"I have found where the girl is," he said as soon as I told him that the will was undoubtedly genuine. "She lives about fifty miles off, in a little place called Friendsville, quite up among the mountains, on a wild hill farm, where things go on in the most primitive manner. A distant relative—an aunt three times removed, very poor, but, it seems, not without a heart—heard of her destitution and sent for her. An old lady, who used to know the girl and had her at her house awhile after old Morgan's death, happened to come in here, and I asked her if she knew where Elizabeth Summers was."

"I will go down and see her to-morrow," I said promptly.

"And bring her back with you," answered Bowles as briskly. "My daughter and I will give her a home. Gad!" he cried, rubbing his hands enthusiastically, "we'll be too much for old Skaggs after all."

It was late the next afternoon when I arrived at my destination, having made the journey partly by rail and partly by stage. The coach put me down at a lonely crossroads, from which I had about two miles to walk.

"Oh, yes—the Widow Benham," said the driver, pointing with his whip, "lives up yonder just around the point of the mountain. You'll see the house in ten minutes or so."

It was a warm, sultry day in August, with not a breath of air stirring. I soon caught sight of the house, a plain, unpretending structure like so many in that region. When it was about 200 yards distant, the sound of falling water attracted me, apparently coming from some precipitous rocks on the left. As I was thirsty I went towards it. As I turned the corner of a cliff a handsome girl, about 20 years of age, emerged from a sort of cave, bearing on her shoulders a large water jar. The lightness with which she stepped from stone to stone across the brook, the poise as of tell you, and I will leave you with him for a moment," she disappeared, returning some quarter of an hour later dressed in a becoming suit of blue muslin and with the daintiest of slippers on her pretty feet. I had meantime produced the will and given details of the manner in which it was found.

Not to dwell too long on this prelude to my story, I will say briefly that my client and I started the next morning for Kent, and were met at the depot by Bowles and his daughter, who relieved me of my charge, while I went to my boarding house for supper and thence to my room.

Next day I filed the document in the office of the county clerk and gave notice to Skaggs that on the following Monday I should move that it be admitted to probate.

But here a new difficulty presented itself. In our anxiety to find the claimant we had utterly overlooked the attesting witnesses.

I immediately went to Bowles and stated the difficulty.

"Ah!" said he, "why have we not thought of this before?"

"Do you know these witnesses?" said I.

"Yes, I know them. Tom Jones lived as a tenant on the old man's farm at the time of his death. He now lives about ten miles out on the Lancaster road. And, as certain as I'm a sinner, 'squire, this other witness is dead. William Jackson? Yes—I remember him. He moved to Texas and died a year ago."

"Then it's all up. We can't get along without both witnesses. Are you sure that Jackson is dead?"

"I am certain sure. He has a brother living in this town who received a letter from the family in Texas at the time of his death. There is no doubt about it."

"Then we may as well drop the matter at once. The law of this state requires the evidence of two witnesses, and makes no provision for the death of one."

"It does look rather ugly, if that's the case," said Bowles. "But let's make a fight of it—something may turn up in our favor."

My fears proved correct, however. We made a gallant struggle, but it was in vain. My speech, I was told afterwards, was applauded privately by the judge, though in his official capacity he felt compelled to decide against me. I remember that I spoke from a full heart of the injustice of refusing to receive a will which everybody knew to be that of Morgan merely because one of the witnesses died.

"It is the law we are called on to administer here," said the judge from the bench, "not what you or I may think, Mr. Attorney, is equity. And you know as well as I do, for you are a good lawyer, that it takes two witnesses to prove a will."

But the case was not without its benefit to me professionally. My speech had made an impression on the public, and business now began to pour in.

My fair client still remained at my friend Bowles'. "My eldest daughter has come to love her as a sister," he said. "Bessie, as you must have seen, is unusually intelligent. She had received quite a good education, too, before old Mr. Morgan died. The cheerful manner in which she bore her subsequent poverty is, as Mr. Benham says, a proof of an unusually noble character. Now, we have invented an excuse that we want a nursery governess, for she is too proud to stay as a mere pensioner, and her aunt has consented to the arrangement, saying that it is a sin to bury Bessie among the hills."

Almost every week I dropped in for an hour or so of an evening at the Bowles', and as I became better acquainted with Bessie I more than endorsed my old friend's encomiums. In short, I was as much charmed with her attractions of mind and manner as I had been at first by her sylvan grace and beauty. Very soon I found myself in love; and when some six months later I told her of it, I was overjoyed to hear her confess that my passion was returned.

I was now the happiest man in the county. Out of my defeat had come the elements of success. By it I had won a reputation and a love—oh, the purest, the sweetest, the best! I pictured to myself a home, humble and poor, but so bright and cozy, the abode of content and happiness.

One day in the following summer I was in the clerk's office searching some old records, when I came upon a page that almost took my breath away. After reading it carefully I closed the book and returned to my office.

The next day Simon Skaggs was served with a summons to answer a suit of ejectment, in the name of Elizabeth Morgan, for all the real property held by him, which he claimed as heir-at-law of the late James Morgan; and great was the excitement in the village when it was known that this suit was begun. "What could it mean?" asked everybody.

I told no one. Even to Bessie I only represented that I thought I saw a chance to recover; but I was careful not to appear too sanguine.

In two months the circuit court came on. Again the court was crowded. The excitement was even greater than it had been before. I had prepared no brief. Not even a memorandum or a book did I carry to court.

"Morgan vs. Skaggs," called the clerk. "Who appears for the plaintiff?" said the judge.

some sylvan goddess with which she bore aloft the jar, made me utter unconsciously an exclamation of surprise. Though she was dressed in the coarsest homespun and wore neither shoes nor stockings, I forgot altogether the homeliness of her apparel in the grace of her movements, the exquisite contour of her figure, and the beauty of her expressive face, which was now mantling with blushes. A small dog, apparently a self constituted protector, barked at me furiously as I advanced, hat in hand; for intuitively I knew this must be my client.

My client it was. I lost no time in explaining the object of my visit. She was very much surprised; but after a moment's hesitation said, with dignity:

"Come up to the house, please. I will consult my aunt. Down, Tip—down, sir."

The dog ceased barking at this command, and trotted quietly ahead. I offered to take the jar, but she declined with the composure of a queen.

When she had introduced me to Mrs. Benham and said, "This gentleman, aunt, has something very strange to —I do, your honor," I answered.

"Who for the defendant?"

"We do, your honor," answered two of the oldest and most talented lawyers from Kent.

"Are you ready for the plaintiff?"

"We are!"

"Are you ready for the defendant?"

"We are, your honor."

"Let a jury be sworn, then," said the judge.

The jury was then impaneled. The twelve men filed in and took their seats amid breathless silence.

"Let the case proceed at once," said the judge.

"Call Mr. Bowles," said I.

The sheriff called him. He came into the court room, took the witness stand and was sworn.

The most intense silence now reigned. My fair client was seated by my side, pale and quiet. The defendant was seated near his counsel, calm, confident and defiant.

"Examine the witness," said the judge.

"Mr. Bowles," I began, "are you acquainted with the plaintiff?"

"I am."

"Do you know where she lived from the time she was 3 years old up to the time she was 16?"

"I do."

"Where?"

"With the late James Morgan."

"Are you certain that this plaintiff is the same person?"

"I am."

"That's all I wish to ask," said I to the court.

"Cross-examine, gentlemen," said the judge.

"We don't wish to ask anything," said the opposing counsel.

"Let the witness stand aside," said the court. "Call your next."

"May it please your Honor, we have no other witnesses that we wish sworn at present," said I, rising to my feet and looking around the room.

A murmur of disappointment ran through the crowd.

"Then you rest your case here?" said the judge, with a smile.

"No, your honor; we have some record evidence that we wish to introduce." And, as I spoke, I drew it from my pocket. "It is an authenticated copy from the records of the county for the year 18—. It proves that this young lady was duly and legally adopted as the daughter of the deceased, and, as such, is entitled, under our law, to his property, as his nearest and only heir-at-law. Shall I read it to the jury?"

"Read it," said the judge.

But Skaggs' lawyers sprang to their feet with a storm of objections. For a full hour they argued, with all the force of their ability, bringing to bear their vast legal knowledge and experience. But they were finally overruled by the court, who directed me to proceed.

The record was conclusive. After reading it I announced I would close the case for the plaintiff. The defendant was so completely taken by storm that he did not introduce a single witness. The charge of the court was lucid and comprehensive. In thirty minutes the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff.

The result was received with loud acclamation by the excited audience. Skaggs took the case to the supreme court, but only for the purpose of gaining time. The judgment below was affirmed.

Three months later the real estate was turned over to my fair client. The securities were given up at the same time without a suit. With a part of the interest which had been accumulating for so many years the old mansion at Oakdale was refitted and furnished.

Six months later there was a quiet wedding at my old friend Bowles's, in which I took a prominent part.

I am getting on toward middle age. I love my profession better than ever, though my time is now necessarily divided, and a portion of it devoted to the farm at Oakdale.

The old farm house is vocal with childish music, and a sunny haired, soft voiced little woman makes it the brightest spot on all the earth for me.—New York Graphic.

About the Jersey Fish Hawk.

Watching the fish hawks is a constant source of delight to the people at the New Jersey coast resorts. From Sandy Hook to Barnegat these birds are as familiar as robins are to inland folk. They are of the eagle family, and though slightly smaller than the national bald head, are very much like him. Though birds of prey, they are far more tame than crows in some respects, notably in the fact that they build their nests in the most conspicuous trees, often those which stand alone in pasture land. Whatever tree they build in is certain to die. The phosphorous or some other p[illegible] in the bits and bones of fish they [illegible] kills the roots of whatever tree they [illegible] it. The birds are fond of the Shrews[illegible] at Red Bank, and there is seldom [a] moment during daylight when they [are n]ot to be seen hovering over the river. They are able to see a fish in the water from a considerable height, and, seeing it, they close their wings and drop like a bullet. They strike the water with a great splash and disappear under it, but only to rise in a second or two grasping a fish in their talons. Just now travelers along the roads of Monmouth county can see the heads of the ospey's babies over the tops of the big nests in the dead trees. The Jerseymen are superstitious about killing them; indeed, no one ever hurts a fish hawk.—New York Sun.

A Turkish Lamplighter.

This functionary is a tall and gaunt old Mussulman, with a fierce mustache, an embroidered scarlet jacket and a huge "fustanelle." He carries a ladder, a box of lucifer matches and a huge green cotton umbrella. He plants his ladder against the wooden post, on the top of which a common tin lamp is insecurely fastened, and taking off the glass chimney opens his umbrella to keep off the wind. The handle of the umbrella is tucked under his arm, and then balancing himself on the rickety ladder he proceeds to strike a light with his lucifers, carefully protecting the sputtering flame with both his hands. Naturally this is a slow process and by the time the dozen lamps are lighted everybody is safe at home, for the citizens do not go out at night, but retire to rest at a very early hour.—All the Year Round.

OLD "MOTHER MOSCOW."

Affection with Which the City is Regarded by the Russian Peasantry.

In the zealous talk and rising enthusiasm of the peasants one may gather a whole philosophy of the affectionate interest with which Moscow is regarded by the people. Russia has a unique literature—partly in prose, partly in rhyme—of the popular sayings about Moscow, and these the traveling agriculturists love to repeat in a sort of patriotic competition, and with a view of determining which can recall the largest number. Some of these sayings relate to Moscow as a city, such as: "Moscow was not built at once; it took ages to build Moscow;" "Moscow was created by the ages; St. Petersburg by millions;" "Moscow with its seven seigniories—seven shepherds to one sheep;" "Moscow, mother of all cities;" "Humpbacked Moscow, built upon hills;" "Who in Moscow ne'er has been, he a beauty ne'er has seen;" and "Moscow, white stoned, golden domed, hospitable, orthodox, loquacious, tsar loving." Others describe Moscow as an ecclesiastical center: "In Moscow there are forty times forty churches;" "In Moscow every day is a holiday;" "Moscow matin chimes may be heard on the Vologda."

Among the general allusions are: "Live, live, children, until you have seen Moscow;" "It is high in the terem, but far to Moscow;" "There is plenty of room in Moscow;" "Moscow is not a suburb;" "It is refreshing to live on the Don; it is gay to live in Moscow;" "Moscow is not obliged to imitate, follow, be led or influenced" by the star, but the tsar must be led by Moscow;" "To taste bread and salt in Moscow is like listening to sweet music;" "Moscow is renowned for its virgins, its bells and its bread rolls;" "There is never a bad harvest of bread in Moscow;" "Moscow mud does not soil;" "In Moscow the bread rolls burn like fire." A pessimistic vein is disclosed by such sayings as: "Moscow loves money;" "To one Moscow is a mother, to another a mother-in-law;" "They calculate to the last copek in Moscow;" "Praise Moscow after you have seen it;" "Moscow [illegible];" "Nothing is to be had as a gift in Moscow." Four rhymes contain some of those touches of nature that make the whole word kin: "Our native village is more beautiful than Moscow;" "Moscow is a kingdom, our village is a paradise;" "It is good to be in Moscow, but not like being at home," and "You will find everything in Moscow except your own father and mother."

The real Moscow, as distinct from the Moscow of the proverb, the guide book and the literary description, stands alone among cities, as Russia stands alone among countries. The ground which it occupies is a vast circular plain, into the southern half of which the river Moskva penetrates like a blunt wedge. The city has a kreml or fortress for its center, facing the watercourse, and around it have been built successive concentric rings of urban growth, representing in their order of recession the business, residential and village portions of the old capital. That is to say, the church lies at the core of life in Moscow; commerce comes next, bound to the ecclesiastical center by the closest ties; third in line stand housekeeping and pleasure; last of all live huddled together the dependent and impoverished classes of one of the richest cities in the world. The parallel between the structural and the sociological character in Moscow is thus complete.—Edmund Noble in Atlantic Monthly.

For Purifying Water.

Among the late English inventions of interest is one by G. Bischoff, of London, called a process and apparatus for purifying water. According to the inventor, water is purified by mixing with it iron in a state of fine division, allowing subsidence of part of the iron and effecting precipitation of a further quantity of the iron by aerating the liquid.—Frank Leslie's.

Polishing Powder.

A very useful polishing powder for metals and glass is made of very finely powdered glass mixed with a small proportion of dried soda ash.

Overworked Dogs in Germany.

Some philanthropist in Germany should send his name reverberating down the ages as the friend and protector of overworked dogs. The condition of these poor animals throughout Germany is a blot upon Nineteenth century civilization. They passed a law in England prohibiting the use of dogs for dragging vehicles, but there is no such law in Germany. A customary sight is a woman 75 years of age harnessed to a cart with two dogs drawing it wearily along country roads or through the streets of the cities. Very often the woman gives it up or is too feeble to bear her share, and then she varies the journey by alternately pushing the cart and whipping the dogs as she walks by their side. A cart about the size of a street cab in New York, and often loaded to the height of five or six feet by merchandise, is the usual load for an old woman and two dogs. A cart of smaller dimensions is often dragged by the dogs alone, and sometimes one poor beast is seen struggling along under a load that an American would consider up to the powers of an average horse.

The dogs are of all sorts of breeds, but invariably large and strong. They are muzzled—for they grow savage under their harsh treatment—and are harnessed a good deal after the fashion of a horse. The faithfulness and industry of the poor creatures are wonderful. They will toil along the dusty roads straining every muscle in their bodies until they drop dead in their tracks, and dead dogs by the roadside in this country are by no means uncommon. At night in the streets of Berlin are countless venders' carts displaying fruit, and to every one is attached a dog or two. As soon as they have dragged the load into Berlin, the woman who is selling the fruit takes a small square of carpet out of the cart and places it on the pavement. The dog then rolls himself up on it and is tenderly covered with another rug to protect him from cold. He sleeps there till it is time for him to begin his journey home. Very often the coats of the animals exhibit big sores where the harness has chafed them.—Blakely Hall in New York Sun.

Out on the Cattle Ranges.

The great cattle kings will soon be a thing of the past. The business formerly known as "cattle ranching on the western plains of America" will only be known in history, or at least the day of large herds upon free ranges is soon to be a thing of the past. Recently, while talking with E. G. Head, ex-president of the International Range association, and one of the best informed men on this subject in the west, he said: "There is a changed condition brought about by the constant tide of home seekers in the new west. The cattle will be divided and subdivided into comparatively small herds for a few years, yet many large herds will continue to be met with upon the open range country. Then, again, where ownership is not exercised over large grazing land holdings, as is the case in Texas, New Mexico and Old Mexico, large herds of cattle will continue there to be grazed until such lands become too valuable for grazing and are rendered adaptable for other uses. The present condition of the cattle interests is quite promising.

"Climatic conditions during the past year, and more especially during the past winter and present spring, have been exceptionally favorable," continued Mr. Head, "and the results have been of the most satisfactory character. While it is true that prices on the beef markets, as a rule, have prevailed low for three years, many reasonable causes exist for it, and not the least of these has been the rapid acquirement, by settlers of the former range country, thus causing hundreds of thousands of cattle to seek markets of slaughter in an immature and wholly unfit condition. Then there have been excessive droughts through the grain growing states, causing a shortage in the grain crops. Consequently a high price for the cereal was also the cause of forcing upon the markets from among the farmers of the other grain growing states large numbers of cattle, which also had an influence on market values."—Denver Cor. Globe-Democrat.

The Impulse to Write.

As to authorship itself, I believe a writer should have a natural impulse to write, just as the bird has a natural desire to sing. This impulse comes from a great variety of motives. If it is a mere sentiment, or a petty ambition to see his name in print, why, he will write his book, the public will give its verdict and there will soon be an end of it. Among all this throng of writers one will be found here and there who will have the power to interest, win and hold an audience. No one can pick out the man or woman who will do that; the writers themselves do not know how it will be; they must make the trial before they can know whether they will succeed or not. Young writers should rely on the literary judgment of honest friends, and not ask busy authors with whom they are not acquainted to criticise their manuscripts, as many of them now do.—E. P. Roe in The Epoch.

One of the last acts of the late Emperor Frederick was to grant a pension of $700 to the widow of Frederick Froebel. Froebel did a vast amount of good for education, not alone in Germany, but all over the globe. He was the founder of the kindergarten system of instruction, the most practical of known systems for the young child. By the Froebel system the child's mind is developed just as its muscles are developed. In fact, the kindergarten plan develops mind and muscle simultaneously. Wherever the value of education is understood there is the name of Froebel held in honored estimation. But like a great many others who gave their lives for the benefit of mankind he died poor.—[illegible]

ERIE RAILWAY.

Route of Travel.—The Erie Railw[ay] … is the direct and popular thoroughfare … New York, Philadelphia and Boston … and Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, Cinc… St. Louis in the West. The road-bed … with rock, insuring the minimum of du[st] … hard coal engines do away with smo[ke and cin]ders. The coaches are lighted with [elec]tricity, and the new system of s… obviates the old-time danger and inco[nvenience] … Through tickets are sold to all points … and South, and connections, which … made in union stations, are direct … Accommodations are superior in eve[ry] … and rates are generally lower than … other first-class line.

Pullman Service.—Pullman's fin[est] cars are run to New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo and … Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. … Pittsburg. The Buffet cars are mod[els of ele]gance, possessing all the luxuries of … sleeping coaches, and furnished in … an elaborate buffet, supplied with ref[reshments] of all kinds, which may be ordered at … With the new vestibuled train, the Erie service will be the finest in the world.

New York City.—New York pass[engers by] the Erie are land[ed] up town or down town, convenient to … hotels, wholesale and retail business houses, and steamship piers. To … coastwise passengers, the Erie offers … tences which cannot be equaled by any … Connections are made with the New … Haven and Hartford Railway, and all … ing from Jersey City, as well as the day … steamers for Albany, and the Sound … Newport, Fall River and Boston, avoid[ing] miles of confusing and expensive city tr[ansfers].

Incoming Steamers.—… friends … unacquainted with this country, and … able to meet them, will be relieved of an[xiety] in this respect, as authorized Erie agen[ts] … liar with the various languages, have … coming steamship from … d r any and every assistance … There is no charge for this se[rvice] … cheerfully arranged upon application … the general or division officers.

Tickets.—The Erie has the most com[plete sys]tem of round-trip tickets to … merous health and pleasure resorts and … lantic to the Pacific, affording the grea[test] … ety of routes and the lowest possi[ble] … No necessity or business can … an advantageous form of transp[ortation] … its requirements. To commuters the … exceptional inducements, and in addi[tion] … ordinary excursion tickets, issues mileage … monthly commutation, and a variety of … at reduced rates, entitling the holder to … ber of trips between commercial centers … standing towns.

Colonists.—The Erie offers low rates … perior accommodations to … tors and settlers in the West. Trustwo[rthy] … disinterested information in regard to … ty desired, will be furnished upon appli[cation] … the nearest ticket or passenger agent … care will be taken of parties and excursi[ons].

Lakes and Parks.—The Erie is fort[unate in] the location … [so]me of the most beautiful and romantic la[kes and] parks in America, and popular excur[sions and] picnic to these charming resorts are … ture of the passenger service. Special … ments are offered to societies, … sunday schools.

TIME TABLE.

Eastward from ANDOVER.

Train No. 6………
" 96………
" 14………

Westward from ANDOVER.

Train No. 95………
" 3………
" 29………
" 1………

Further information may be obtained of W. H. RICHARDSON, agent at Andover.

GEO. E. ALLEN, Gen'l Northern Pass. Agt., Buffalo.

L. P. FARMER, …

W. J. MURPHY, Gen. Sup't.

L. & P. (Lackawana & Pittsburg.)

D. L. AND W. R. R.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT SEPTEMBER 28…

STANDARD GAUGE DIVISION.

Westward			Stations	Eastward
p. m.	p. m.	a. m. ar		lv p. m.
….	….	8 22	OLEAN.	4 15
….	….	7 47	Cuba	4 52
3 15	….	7 13	Belfast Junction	5 20
2 45	8 10	6 43	Angelica	5 [illegible]
[illegible]	7 34	6 23	[illegible]	[illegible]
….	6 47	6 03	Swains	6 24
….	3 44	5 49	Canaseraga	6 35
	3 14	5 31	Stonybrook Glen	6 52
	2 35	5 05	Wayland	7 08
	p. m.	a. m.	(Via D. L. & W.)	
	….	3 12	Elmira	9 2[illegible]
	….	1 45	Binghamton	[illegible]
	….	11 45	Scranton	1 35
	….	7 00	New York	7 10
	….	6 00	Philadelphia	9 50
		p. m.		

Trains leaving Olean at 4.15 p. m. and at 8.22 a. m. having attached Pullman Sleeping Cars running between Olean [and New] York via Delaware, Lackawana & Western … daily.

NARROW GAUGE DIVISION.

Northward			Stations	Southward
p. m.	p. m.	a. m. lv		ar p. m.
3 00	1 30	7 00	ANGELICA	5 30
3 22	2 05	7 22	Belvidere	5 08
3 40	2 36	7 40	Friendship	4 51
[illegible]	3 58	8 35	Olivar	3 51
	5 50	9 45	OLEAN	2 40
	p. m.	ar		p. m.

W. H. ADAMS, Gen…

W. G. OOTH, G. P. A.

Book ✱ Binding AT THE NEWS OFFICE.

Books repaired and re-bound…

THE ANDOVER NEWS.

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THIS SPACE BELONGS TO

[J.] & M. MCTIGHE,

Last week we didn't have time to [w]rite up a new ad. and this week [M]r. T. McTighe has gone to New [Y]ork for new goods.

Look out for a large lot of new [go]ods. They mean business.

Williams & Rogers'

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COUNTY AND STATE NEWS.

MANY ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The Rev. John Moore, D. D., widely known as a Presbyterian preacher and writer in his denomination, is dead.

The Wellsville and Friendship hose companies have been invited to participate in the Firemen's parade at Corning, September 13.

The Rev. John Dennis, D. D., one of the oldest clergymen in the M. E. Church, died at his home in Rochester, Wednesday, the 15th, aged 78 years.

Speaking of weighty considerations, in connection with our 350-pound President, some people think H. I. Tariff is a much bigger American "issue."

Word has been received that Lieut. Gov. Jones will be present at the Wellsville fair on the last day, Sept. 7, and address the crowd. Make your arrangements to go and hear him.

The Democratic State convention will be held at Buffalo, September 12. The vote in committee stood, Buffalo 19, Saratoga 15. Each Assembly district is entitled to three delegates.

A practical philosopher has discovered that if a man only thinks he has another match in his pocket, he can light a cigar in a gale; but if he is dead sure that he hasn't, the one he has lit will go out on him sure as fate.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Ackley and little daughter left Thursday night on train one for Spokane Falls, W. T., where they will make their future home. Mr. Ackley will engage in the real estate business.—*Wellsville Reporter.*

In their State convention at Detroit, last week, the Michigan Union Labor party divided on the question of "fusion"—the antis nominating a full State ticket, while the bolters, or fusionists, endorsed the Democratic-Greenback ticket.

Worn-out brooms may be turned to account in this way: Take an axe and cut the end of the knob square off just outside the building, then fasten it, handle down, with a strap of tin or leather, to the door-step, and you have the best boot-cleaner imaginable.

Alex. M. Lowry, pension agent at Jamestown, was arrested Thursday by Deputy U. S. Marshal Eugene Beck, of Salamanca, charged with receiving larger fees for the securing of pensions than warranted by law. The arrest created somewhat of a sensation, as he is a prominent G. A. R. man and a leading Democrat.

This is the season of the year when regular habits count for more than at any other time. There is more crime in hot weather than in any other season of the year. There is also more sickness and death. But the man who keeps cool, and eats and sleeps at regular hours, can confidently count on his ability to face the thermometer in the nineties without serious consequences to either his physical or moral nature.

The collision of the ocean steamers Geiser and Thingvalla, off Sable Island, on Tuesday, 14th inst., resulted in the loss of 105 lives—79 passengers and 26 of the crew of the Geiser, which sank in a few minutes after being struck by the Thingvalla. The steamship Wieland was fortunately in the vicinity of the disaster and assisted in the rescue by dividing the party with the Thingvalla, which was also badly disabled by the collision, but still in a condition to slowly proceed toward Halifax, while the Wieland continued on to New York and landed the rescued in safety at her docks.

The Olean *Herald* says the Luther Hose company has received an invitation from the managers of the Cuba fair to race with the Central Hose company, of Bradford, Pa., at the Cuba fair, September 11 and 12. The Luthers state that they will race the Centrals three heats in one day for $500 or $1,000, at Cuba or any other place. Should the Jamestown judges decide to give the Centrals first prize, the Luthers are particularly anxious to try issues with that company.

The Hornellsville *Herald* says that on Monday afternoon, of last week, two laborers on the D., L. & W., who were working near Savona, quarreled over the laying of a tie, when Martin Hogan struck his fellow-workman, George Horton, over the head with a shovel, knocking him senseless, and from the effect of which he died. Hogan was arrested and placed in jail at Bath. He claims that he was acting in self-defense when he dealt the fatal blow, Horton having raised a pick-axe to strike him.

A wealthy English bachelor invited a few friends to an evening party just before his departure abroad. As the guests entered the reception room, each received a handsomely engraved card, with the word "Causerie," at the top of the quotation from Paradise Lost: "With thee conversing, I forget all time." It was explained that ten subjects had been selected for discussion and ten couples chosen to do the work. Instead of spending the evening in dancing, each gentleman was expected to fill out his cards with the names of the young ladies to whom he desired to talk. Five minutes were to be devoted to each topic, and a signal from the host, there was to be a general swapping of partners, and a complete change in the subject.

The coroner's jury have rendered a verdict in the case of John Mersereau, the engineer killed at Corning on Sunday, 12th inst., by Erie No. 5 running into an open switch. The jury was in session nearly four hours hearing the testimony of railroad men concerning the accident. The verdict was that the circumstances show and the jury believes the switch was misplaced by the negligence of Geo. H. Keith, of Hornellsville, who was a brakeman on freight 86, which pulled out of the switch just before No. 5 dashed in. Keith was sent down the track to open the east-bound switch to let No 86 out, and in the darkness apparently turned the west-bound switch close by, though he swears he did not. Keith has been bound over to court in the sum of $500.

One of the beauties and charms of an editor's life is in his dead-heading it on all occasions. No one who has never tasted the sweets of that bliss can begin to take in his glory and happiness. He does $100 worth of advertising for a railroad company, gets a "pass" for a year, rides $25; and then is looked upon as a dead-head or a half-blown dead-beat. He "puffs" a concert troupe $10 worth, and gets $1 in "complimentaries," and is thus passed "free." If the hall is crowded he is begrudged the room he occupies, for if his complimentaries were paying tickets the troupe would be so much more in pocket. He blows and puffs a church festival free, to any desired extent, and does the poster-work at half rates, and merely gets a "thank you" for it. It goes as part of his duty as an editor. He does more work graciously for the town and community than all the rest of the town put together, and gets curses for it all; while in many instances, where a man donates a few dollars for the Fourth of July, a base ball club or a church, he is graciously remembered. He passes "free," you know.

For the Andover News.

From Andover to Illinois.

I have been requested by readers of the News to write an account of our journey west from Andover, and furnish the same for publication in its worthy columns, which task I now undertake, but not without some misgivings, from the fact that the journey we made is so often made by persons throughout the east that any minute account would be tedious to many readers and interesting to but few.

On the morning of July 9, we took seats on board train 3, *enroute* for Chicago, and soon left behind us many esteemed friends and familiar scenes, both of which are often called to mind now as we sojourn in this distant land.

At 11:30 a. m. we arrived at Salamanca, where we stopped but a few minutes, changing engines and train men, but we left the place at 10:25 a. m., which was an hour before we arrived. Yet this is all plain enough when you find that at this point the change is made from eastern to central time, central time being one hour behind eastern time. We left Salamanca over the N. Y. P. & O. R'y, but had no change of cars to make as train 3 runs directly through to Chicago.

The country this side of Salamanca is not quite so broken as around Andover, yet it is by no means level, and the prospect for crops looked very fair.

After leaving Jamestown we rode along near the bank of the famous Chautauqua lake, of which we had a fine view for several miles. During the afternoon we passed through Corry, Meadville and Sharpsville, Pa., and for some reason were sent down by way of Youngstown, Ohio, after which we returned to the main line at Warren. Leaving Warren we passed through Ravenna, and toward sunset arrived at Akron, Ohio, which is somewhat noted for its large flouring mills. Soon after leaving Akron, night spread her sable mantle over us and little was to be seen. We rumbled along through woods, across farms and streams with but few stops and very little to break the monotony of riding all night on the train. The train was lightly loaded, so each passenger could have a seat to himself, and this added greatly to our comfort, for as the children grew sleepy we gave each of them a seat for a bed, where they lay quiet till after sunrise the next morning, which found us in Northwest Indiana, nearing Chicago. At 8 o'clock a. m. we steamed into the Dearborn street Union depot of Chicago, from which we departed three years previous when starting east. Having a little business to transact in the city, I left the family in the commodious waiting room and took the street cars to the desired point, and on my return came around by the postoffice and dropped postals to friends in Andover announcing our safe arrival in the city.

At 12:05 p. m. we took the cars over the Chicago, Santa Fe and California R'y, for Chillicothe, Ills., where our parents and friends live.

I cannot tell how good it seemed to get a good view of a broad, level prairie, reaching away as far as the eye could stretch, after being hemmed in by Allegany hills for three years. While hills are romantic and full of beauty, yet to a person raised on the prairies, as I was, nothing can take their place. As I looked on the prairie once more, covered with growing grain waving in the morning breeze, I felt at home, and that tells it all.

Nearly the whole distance between Chicago and Chillicothe, 134 miles, is a rich, level prairie, covered with fertile farms and busy towns, being as good farming country as can be found in the United States. At six o'clock p. m. we came to the Illinois river, which is crossed by a large iron bridge and trestle-work over a mile in length. We crossed the trestle slowly, riding over fields of corn and oats, which lay forty feet below us, for nearly a mile when we came to the river proper, which we crossed on the huge iron drawbridge and stopped at the depot at Chillicothe. As we stepped from the train we found friends awaiting us, who took us in their wagon and began the drive out in the country to our parent's home. The old home land had not changed much during our three years absence, but looked as familiar as could be expected. After a drive of seven miles we were at "father's house," safe at home.

You who have traveled and lived far from friends and the old homestead, and have returned in after years and father and mother, brothers and sisters, all living and in good heath, can form some idea of what it means to get *home* after a long separation from it. That night we slept in the familiar chamber in "father's house." Rare treat.

Here we say "farewell," promising to give you an account of our journey to "beyond the Mississippi," in a future issue. E. H. SOCWELL.

Garwin, Ia., Aug. 14.

Life of a Ranchman.

A ranchman's life is a pleasant and healthy one, although varied with a good deal of hardship and anxiety. To be successful they must be strong, able bodied men, capable of enduring all kinds of hardship and privation, and should also be patient, shrewd and enterprising. The fare is plain and substantial, and where a ranchman keeps pigs and chickens and has a vegetable garden he can have it sufficiently varied. Many of them, however, live on salt pork, canned goods and bread, and do without milk and butter, but this is inexcusable, as out of a herd of cattle they can easily get a few cows for milking. Breakfast is generally taken at half-past 5 a. m., and as soon as this is finished, or sometimes before it is commenced, one or two of the men hunt the band of saddle horses and drive them to corral, when each man whose work will necessitate his riding ropes his horse, saddles him and rides off to his task, whatever it may be, perhaps hunting lost horses, seeing to the fences or driving back any stock that may have got beyond the fences and which it is highly desirable should be kept inside, such, for instance, as thoroughbred bulls.—W. Lynn Wilson in Detroit Free Press.

Probabilities of an Explosion.

In the line of physics or natural philosophy, there are errors in common acceptation to a degree that is truly astonishing. That is, that there is great danger of the world's blowing up from an explosion of natural gas. How could there be an explosion without combustion? How could there be any combustion without oxygen? How could there be any oxygen without air? How could air settle in a deep boring when the pressure of the gas is so much greater than the air itself?

It is well known that fresh powder can be put into a cannon that contains fire with perfect safety, if the "thumber" does his duty—does not let a draft of air pass through the chamber of the gun. The powder cannot explode without air—oxygen. So with natural gas. It cannot explode so long as it is not subjected to both heat and air.—Edwin Watters in St. Louis Republic.

Life of Young Lobsters.

Concerning lobsters, experts say that young crustaceans have to be put in the sea almost as soon as hatched, and they begin to feed voraciously. They are born with sense enough to know that lobsters make delicious food, and they attack one another savagely and hungrily. For a few days they swim on the surface, where they find the food suited to their early requirements. Here their destruction is enormous. In a few days the lobster's walking or crawling members are developed and he sinks to the bottom, where he makes his home.—Chicago Herald.

The Clouds Were Dry.

Jimmie had been promised a trip into the country.

"Mamma, are you going out to auntie's today?"

"No, dear, I'm afraid it will rain. Don't you see how black the clouds are?"

"Yes" (reluctantly), "but I don't think they'll leak!"—Detroit Free Press.