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THE BUTLER CITIZEN, BUTLER, PA.

TRAVELERS GUIDE.

BUTLER, KANSAS CITY AND PARKER RAILROAD (Butler Time)
Trains leave Butler for St. Joe, Millersville, Kansas City, etc.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Pittsburgh Time)
Trains leave Butler for Pittsburgh, etc.

FINANCIAL.
Invested in Wall St. stocks
\$10 to \$1000 makes fortunes every month.

Guaranteed Investments
By our Insurance System of Investments in Stock Operations.

EDUCATIONAL.
Allegheny Collegiate Institute
FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Iron City Colligan
Exclusively devoted to the practical education of young and middle-aged men.

DENTISTS.
O. K. WALDRON, Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College.

INSURANCE.
BUTLER COUNTY Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
Office Cor. Main and Cunningham Sts.

BANKS.
THE BUTLER SAVINGS BANK
BUTLER, PA.

ALL PARTIES
Notice Extraordinary.
Persons desiring to have their Fall and Winter stock...

Butler



VOL. XVI. BUTLER, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1879. NO. 46

NEW BOOT & SHOE STORE, UNION BLOCK, Main Street, - - - Butler, Pa.

A. L. RUFF
Has received his entire stock of FALL AND WINTER BOOTS & SHOES.

DON'T YOU BUY YOUR BOOTS & SHOES
Until You Have First Examined the Styles, Stock and Prices

B. C. HUSELTON'S
His entire Fall and Winter stock is just opening at very low figures.

LEATHER AND FINDINGS.
These goods are all made by the very best manufacturers, and I will guarantee them to give the best of satisfaction.

West Point Boiler Works
No. 13 Water Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
FIRST PREMIUM STEAM BOILERS!

DAVIES & EVANS,
MERCHAND TAILORS,
BUTLER, PA.

SCHOENECK & GLOSE,
FURNITURE!
Are offering this Fall Extraordinary Inducements to Purchasers.

ALL PARTIES
Notice Extraordinary.
Persons desiring to have their Fall and Winter stock...

Union Woolen Mill,
H. FULLERTON, Prop'r.
Manufacturer of Blankets, Flannels, Yarns, etc.

PHYSICIANS.
JOHN E. BYERS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
BUTLER, PA.

LAND FOR SALE.
For Sale.
The well-improved farm of Rev. W. R. Hutchison...

125 Acres of Land for Sale.
A good farm in Clinton township, Butler Co., Pa., containing about 125 acres...

For Sale!
The undersigned, Assignee of A. K. Stoughton, offers for sale

2,500,000 ACRES LAND
Situated in and near the UPPER ARKANSAS VALLEY, IN SOUTH-WESTERN KANSAS.

Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R. R.
11 Years' Credit.
The first payment at date of purchase is one-tenth of the principal...

THE WHITE SEWING MACHINE
THE BEST OF ALL.
Unrivaled in Appearance, Unparalleled in Simplicity, Unsurpassed in Construction...

CHARLES M. COLTON, Married.
MISS MARY E. WALSH, Married.
In Butler, Pa., Oct. 15, 1879.

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PERILS OF THE AIR.
THE DARING WALK. DONALDSON'S LAST VOYAGE—HIS TRAITS OF CHARACTER—SOME INCIDENTS OF LOCAL INTEREST.

From the Pittsburgh Telegraph, Oct. 4.
Appropos of the loss of the "Pathfinder," and the unfortunate occupants, the fate of Donaldson and Grimwood comes to mind.

From the earliest days of childhood I have always had a predilection for some time, sooner or later, I was bound to rise.

There are some people who make sport of predictions, but after a presentation is a matter of time to be made.

In accordance with my presentiment I have risen, as it were, to a "point of order."

I regret the fact that there are only two of us left, and that I would like to be among the "upper ten."

Prof. Donaldson seems to be a very pleasant gentleman although a philosopher and ascetic.

Although it is scarcely an hour since I struggled through the water, I am now in the arms of my friends, and I feel as if I were a new man.

Nothing has been heard of Donaldson, nor have any remains of the balloon been discovered.

THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS.
The British under Cornwallis at Yorktown practically ended the war for American independence, and as there was no event in that war which had a greater influence upon the destinies of this people...

In 1855, Charles Cornwallis, the result of the enormous planting of about three thousand acres of vineyard every year since 1856.

It is also significant that California in 1878 produced, exported, and consumed nearly twice as much wine as the whole United States imported from France.

Two More Stories.—The effects of too much sleep says the Golden Rule are not less signal than those arising from privation.

The delighted Carsonite went away, and next morning was on hand. Chianini took him to a tent where three immense Bengal tigers were caged.

"Your duties will be comparatively light at first. You will go into the cage and carry the tigers down every morning, and about once a week cut their claws; keep 'em down pretty short, so that when they attack the tiger-tamer, Mr. Wilson, they won't lacerate him much.

"Haven't you got a vacancy in the art department?" asked the young man from Carson.

"Is art in your line?" inquired Chianini.

THE VINEYARD STATE.
The first vines planted by the hands of men in the Golden States were set out by the Spanish priests in 1771, at the Mission San Gabriel, in 1771.

Following every Jesuit post in California, the vines were carried from Spain, and the "monks of old" quaffed the sweet wine therefrom and enjoyed the clusters of flaming Tokay among their hands before the province passed into our hands.

It is not as thirty years ago as it has been in younger days, when the records show that as much as two tons of fruit have been gathered in a single season from the wrinkled arms of this grand old Nestor of the Pacific Vineyard.

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CLAWED BY A CENTIPEDE.—Several Mexicans were in camp at the mouth of Memphis creek, U. T., and were lying about the fire when one of them, Telesforo Cruza, saw a large centipede, fully nine inches long, travelling slowly over his leg.

Knowing that the least motion would make it sink its deadly claws into his skin, without moving his leg he got out his revolver and waited until the insect had almost reached his knee, when, slowly pulling the mouth of the pistol to its head, he pulled the trigger, and the centipede was gone.

But a centipede's claws are quicker than gunpowder, and Cruza began to cramp in a few minutes, the track of the snake along his leg turned a brownish yellow and the place where it was killed swelled up frightfully.

Cruza rapidly grew worse, and in a little over four hours afterward he died in great agony.

But the most singular part of the story is that the bullet from Cruza's pistol cut a small nick in the fore leg of a mule that was tethered near by, and at daylight the next morning the mule was also dead, with the leg so swollen that the skin had burst in several places.

"I wish I were you about two hours," she said to her husband, with the great tenderness. "And why, my dear?" he asked.

"Because then I would buy my wife a new bonnet."

"WHAT O'CLOCK IS IT?"
When I was a young lad my father one day called me to him that he might teach me to know what o'clock it was.

He told me the use of the minute finger and the hour hand, and describe to me the figures on the dial plate, until I was perfect in my part.

No sooner was I quite master of this knowledge than I set off on a jaunting to join my companions in a game of marbles, but by father called me back again.

"Stop, Willie," said he, "I have something more to tell you." Back again I went, wondering what else I had got to learn; for I thought I knew all about the clock as well as my father did.

"I have taught you to know the time of day, I must now teach you the time of your life."

I waited rather impatiently to hear how my father would explain this further lesson, for I wished to go to my marbles. "The Bible," said he, describes the ten of a man to be three-score and ten or fourscore years.

Now life is indeed very uncertain, and you may not live a single day longer; but if we divide the forescore years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of a clock, it will give almost seven years for every figure.

"When a boy is seven years old, then it is one o'clock of his life; and this is the case with you. When you reach fourteen years old, it will be two o'clock with you; and when at twenty-one, it will be three o'clock; at twenty-eight, it will be four o'clock; at thirty-five, it will be five o'clock; at forty-two, it will be six o'clock; at forty-nine, it will be seven o'clock, should it please God to spare your life.

In this manner you may always know the time of your life, by looking at the clock which reminds you of it. My great-grandfather, according to this calculation, died at twelve o'clock, my father at ten. At what hour you or I shall die, Willie, is only known to Him who knoweth all things." Scolded since then have I heard the inquiry, "What o'clock is it?" or looked at the face of a clock, without being reminded of the words of my father.

A YOUNG MAN WHO WANTED TO JOIN THE CIRCUS.—The Virginia (Newada) Chronicle says: Last evening, after the performance was over at the circus, a young man called on Chianini and said he wanted to see an art private business. The old veteran took him into the private office and received him with his usual politeness.

"I came up all the way from Carson to see the show, and I'd like to join," said the young man.

"Oh, I see," said the circus man. "You are a well-formed, healthy-looking young fellow, and I like to encourage such."

"The youth's face brightened. "You don't chew, smoke or drink, I hope?"

"Oh! no; honor bright—except soda and beer."

"You must leave off these bad habits. They weaken the muscles and paralyze the nerves. You can soon stop drinking, but your salary will not be until you have overcome these tendencies. A little lemonade—circus lemonade—is all that the performers drink. Call at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning and I will see what I can do. You mustn't expect over \$50 a week, though at first. We never pay high salaries until we know just what a man is worth."

The delighted Carsonite went away, and next morning was on hand. Chianini took him to a tent where three immense Bengal tigers were caged. Handling him a curycumb and a pair of shears he remarked:

"Your duties will be comparatively light at first. You will go into the cage and carry the tigers down every morning, and about once a week cut their claws; keep 'em down pretty short, so that when they attack the tiger-tamer, Mr. Wilson, they won't lacerate him much. Sometimes, but not more than once a month, you may have occasion to file their teeth. You just throw the animal on his back and hold his head between your knees. If he acts rough belt him on the nose a few times. Keep betting him until he quiets down."

"Haven't you got a vacancy in the art department?" asked the young man from Carson.

"Is art in your line?" inquired Chianini.