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All communications intended for publication in this paper must be accompanied by the real name of the writer, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Marriage and death notices must be accompanied by a responsible name.

THE BUTLER CITIZEN,
 BUTLER, PA.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

BUTLER, KANS CITY AND PARKER RAILROAD (Butler Time.)
 Trains leave Butler for St. Joe, Millerstown, Kansas City, Parkersburg, etc., at 7:25 a. m., and 5:05 and 7:20 p. m. [See below for connections with A. V. R. R.]
 Trains arrive at Butler from the above named points at 7:15 a. m., and 1:55, and 6:55 p. m. The 1:55 train connects with trains on the West Penn road through to Pittsburgh.

SUNBURY AND ALLEGHENY RAILROAD.
 Trains leave Hilliard's Mill, Butler county, for Harrisburg, Greencastle, etc., at 7:40 a. m. and 12:30 and 2:30 p. m.
 Stages leave Greencastle at 5:30 a. m. for 7:40 train, and at 10:30 a. m. for 12:30 train.
 Return stages leave Hilliard on arrival of trains at 10:27 a. m. and 1:30 p. m.
 Stage leaves Martinsburg at 9:30 for 12:30 train.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
 Trains leave Butler (Butler or Pittsburgh Time.)
 Market at 5:06 a. m., goes through to Allegheny, arriving at 9:01 a. m. This train connects at Freeport with Freeport Accommodation, which arrives at Allegheny at 8:30 a. m., railroad time.
 Express at 7:21 a. m., connecting at Butler Junction, without change of cars, at 8:26 with Express west, arriving in Allegheny at 9:29 a. m., and Express east arriving at Blairsville at 11:00 a. m., railroad time.
 Mail at 2:30 p. m., connecting at Butler Junction, without change of cars, with Express west, arriving in Allegheny at 5:30 p. m., and Express east arriving at Blairsville at 6:59 p. m., railroad time, which connects with Philadelphia Express east, when on time.
 The 7:21 a. m. train connects at Blairsville at 11:05 a. m. with the Mail east, and the 2:30 p. m. train at 6:59 with the Philadelphia Express east.

Trains arrive at Butler on West Penn R. R. at 9:51 a. m., 5:06 and 7:20 p. m., Butler time. The 9:51 and 5:06 trains connect with trains on the Butler & Parkersburg R. R. Sun day train arrives at Butler at 11:11 a. m., connecting with train for Parkersburg.

Main Line.
 Through trains leave Pittsburgh for the East at 8:20 and 8:35 a. m., and 12:34, 4:31 and 8:06 p. m., arriving at Philadelphia at 3:40 and 7:30 p. m., and 8:00, 7:00 and 7:40 a. m.; at Baltimore about the same time; at New York three hours later, and at Washington about one and a half hours later.

PHYSICIANS.
 JOHN E. BYERS,
 PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
 my31-ly] BUTLER, PA.

DENTISTS.
 DENTISTRY.
 O. K. WALDRON, Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College, prepared to do anything in the line of his profession in a satisfactory manner.
 Office on Main street, Butler, Union Block, up stairs. ap11

LAND FOR SALE.
 NOTICE-ASSIGNEE'S SALE.
 BY ORDER OF COURT.
 Notice is hereby given that I, as Assignee of Wm. Schrott, of Saxenburg, Butler county, Pa., make public sale, pursuant to an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Butler county, on

Thursday, May 6, 1880,
 at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the premises, all of the following described property, to wit:

HOUSE AND LOT, situate in the borough of Saxenburg, bounded on the north by Main street, east by lot of Dr. E. Harrison, south by the borough line, and west by Joseph Kolm-felder and lot No. 3, containing two and one-fourth acres, more or less.

Also, HOUSE AND LOT situate in said borough of Saxenburg, bounded on the north by Main street, east by lot No. 1, above described, south by same lot No. 1, and west by J. Wick-enhaugen, containing about one-fourth of an acre, more or less.

Also, TEN ACRES OF LAND, more or less, situate in Jefferson township, Butler county, Pa., bounded on the east by lands of Peasand Yaeger, north by lands of Wm. Schrott, west by State road leading from Saxenburg to Butler, and south by lands of Henry Schrott.

TERMS—One-half of the purchase money of each piece or parcel of above described real estate, to be paid at the confirmation of the sale thereof, and the residue in six months thereafter, payments with interest from said confirmation, and to be secured by judgment or mortgage thereon.

C. HOFFMAN, Assignee.
 Saxenburg, April 12, 1880. ap14-3t

LAND FOR SALE.
 AND—
 EXCHANGE.
 William B. Boyd has 320 acres of No. 1 Prairie Land in Butler county, Kansas, which he will exchange for 100 acres in this county, and pay difference if any.

A large number of CHEAP FARMS for sale in this county, West Virginia, Missouri and Kansas. Apply to WM. S. BOYD, agent, 221 Third street, Pittsburgh, Pa. ap17-ly

FOR SALE.
 A handsome six-room frame house, located on Bluff street, northwestern part of Butler. Lot 25x125. All necessary outbuildings. TERMS—One-third cash and balance in four equal annual payments. Inquire at this office. jan14t

For Sale.
 The well-improved farm of Rev. W. R. Hutcheson, in the northeast corner of Middlesex township, Butler county, Pa., is now offered for sale. Inquire of W. R. FRISBEE, on the premises. ap16t

FOR SALE.
 \$5 will buy a one-half interest in a good business in Pittsburgh. One who knows something about farming preferred. An honest man with the above amount will do well to address by letter, SMITH JOHNSON, care S. M. James, 93 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa. jan27-ly

INSURANCE.
 Incorporated 1819.
 ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY
 OF HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.
 Assets \$7,078,224.49.
 Losses paid in 61 years, \$51,000,000.
 J. T. McJUNKIN & SONS, Agents,
 jan28ly Jefferson street, Butler, Pa.

BUTLER COUNTY
 Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
 Office Cor. Main and Cunningham Sts.
 G. C. ROESSING, PRESIDENT.
 W. CAMPBELL, TREASURER.
 H. C. HEINEMAN, SECRETARY.

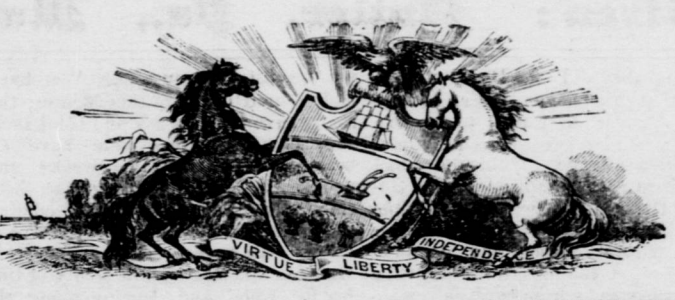
DIRECTORS:
 J. L. Purdie, J. A. H. Haholdt,
 William Campbell, J. W. Burkhardt,
 A. Troutman, Jacob Schoene,
 G. C. Roessing, Dr. John Caldwell,
 Dr. W. Irvine, W. W. Dodds,
 J. W. Christy, H. C. Heineman.

JAS. T. McJUNKIN, Gen. Ag't
 BUTLER, PA.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.
 PHOSPHATE AND FERTILIZERS
 FOR SALE BY
 JAMES ENGLISH,
 mart17-2m PORTERSVILLE, PA.

HENRY G. HALE,
 FINE MERCANTILE TAILOR,
 COR. PENN AND SIXTH STREETS,
 Pittsburgh, Pa.

Butler



VOL. XVII.
 BUTLER, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1880.

NO. 27.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY!

CALL AT THE

Boot and Shoe Store

—OF—

John Bickel,

MAIN STREET, BUTLER, PA.

The largest and most complete stock of Goods ever brought to Butler is now being opened by me at my store. It comprises

Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers,

Misses' & Children's Shoes,

in great variety. All these Goods were purchased for CASH in the Eastern markets, and therefore I can sell them at the

Old Prices, and

NO ADVANCE.

Lines of Philadelphia, New York and Boston Goods embrace my stock, and customers can take their choice.

I Mean What I Say:

NO ADVANCE ON OLD PRICES!

All can call and see for themselves. The best of satisfaction will be given for CASH.

THE MAKE, STYLE AND FINISH

of Goods in my store cannot be excelled by any other house in the county, for proof of which a personal inspection is all that is necessary.

Leather and Findings

at Pittsburgh prices. Shoemakers should come and purchase if they wish to obtain material cheap.

SUPERIOR MILLING!

WALTER & BOOS,

Proprietors of the Well-Known Splendid

FLOURING MILL

BUTLER, PA.

We wish to inform the public that we have remodeled our Mill with the latest improved

Gradual Reduction System Machinery,

which is well known by Millers to be the best in existence. We can say to Farmers and Producers of wheat that it will be profitable to them to give us a trial. We claim that we can make a

BETTER ARTICLE OF FLOUR, AND MORE OF IT,

out of the same number of bushels of wheat than any other Mill in the county, and equal to any first-class Mill in the city, or Western Mills.

The new Under-running Mill, used for Regrinding, bought of Munson & Bro., Utica, N. Y.; the George T. Smith Middlings Purifier, bought at Jackson, Mich., together with Bolting Cloths, Reals, Conveyers, &c., suitable for the Machinery, cannot be

Excelled in the United States

or elsewhere. This may seem an exaggeration to some, but we wish the public to know that we are able to perform all that we publish, as we have given our machinery a thorough test in the presence of several good Millers and Millwrights, and it has proven even better than it was guaranteed to do.

We are also remodeling our Mill for

Grinding Other Kinds of Grain,

which will be entirely satisfactory to our customers. Farmers wishing to have their grain home with them the same day, can do so on short notice. They will thereby save another trip.

WE HAVE ALWAYS ON HAND THE BEST GRADES OF

WHEAT FLOUR, GRAHAM FLOUR, RYE FLOUR,
 Buckwheat Flour, Bolted and Unbolted Corn Meal, different kinds of Chop, Bran and Mill Feed, all of the best quality and at the

LOWEST PRICES.

Parties in town purchasing from us will have their orders promptly attended to and articles delivered at their place of residence.

We Pay the Highest Market Price for all Kinds of Grain.

BOOTS and SHOES

—AT—

AL. RUFF'S

UNION BLOCK,

Main Street, - - - Butler, Pa.

I have just received my entire Spring and Summer stock of BOOTS and SHOES direct from the manufacturer, and am able to sell them at

OLD PRICES,

and a great many lines at LOWER PRICES THAN EVER.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Button, Polish and Side Lace Boots in endless variety, and at bottom prices.

Reynolds Brothers' celebrated fine Shoes always in stock, and is the most complete I have ever offered. The prices are lower than ever, and styles elegant, as I keep none but the best of workmen in my employ.

Parties wanting BOOTS & SHOES made to order can do no better than by me, as I keep none but the best of workmen in my employ.

LEATHER and FINDINGS will be found in my store in superior quality and at lowest market rates.

All goods warranted as represented. AL. RUFF.

OPENING DAILY

—AT—

B. C. HUSELTON'S,

THE LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF

Boots and Shoes

To be found in any House in Western Pennsylvania, embracing all the Newest Spring Styles in the Market.

I am selling all this stock at

OLD PRICES.

Recollect, NO ADVANCE.

Several lines of Boots and Shoes at even lower prices than ever. All my customers have the benefit in buying by getting Boots and Shoes that come direct from the manufacturer to my house.

No middle profits to divide up that parties are compelled to pay that buy from jobbing houses.

This Stock of Boots and Shoes is Very Large in the Following Lines

Ladies' Kid and Pebble Button Boots, - - - \$1.50 and upwards.
 " " " Side Lace Boots, - - - 1.25 " "
 " " " Grain, Pebble and Kid Button and Polish, - 1.25 " "
 " " " Polish, - - - 95 " "
 " " " Standard, very prime, - - - 1.25 " "
 " " " Serges, in Congress and Polish, - - - 75 to \$1.
 " " " Calf Peg Shoes, all warranted.

MY STOCK EMBRACES, IN CONNECTION WITH THE ABOVE, A FULL LINE OF ALL THE FINEST GRADES IN WOMEN'S, MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S.

The Goods Department is very complete in every line in Calf Boots, Don Pedros, Congress and English Walking Shoes, and especially in Calf Boots, at \$2 and upwards.

Brogans and Plover Shoes, at \$1 and upwards, Fine Buff Alex and Congress, at \$1.25 and upwards, Low Strap Shoes, in every style, at \$1.25 and upwards.

Boys' and Youths' Shoes in same styles as Men's, but lower in price.

Infants' and Children's Shoes, in Colors and Black.

Fancy Slippers and Walking Boots, All Colors.

This stock is the most complete I have ever offered, the prices are lower than ever, and the styles are elegant. Ladies' Kid and Pebble Button New-ports, good, \$1 to \$1.25.

LARGE STOCK OF LEATHER AND FINDINGS

Always in stock. None but the best brands of Leather kept, and prices guaranteed at lowest market rates.

Give me a call and I will save you money in your Boots and Shoes. A careful inspection of this stock will convince you that the above is correct. No other house can give you lower prices or better goods.

B. C. HUSELTON.

CARPETS! OIL CLOTHS! MATS! RUGS! STAIR RODS

NEW STOCK! NEW STOCK!

HECK & PATTERSON'S

NEW CARPET ROOM

NOW OPEN!
 One Door South of their Clothing House,
 Duffy's Block, sept20-1f Butler, Pa.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.
 THE HISTORY OF THE WRITING OF T. BUCHANAN READ'S FAMOUS POEM.

A splendid lyric which has been universally pronounced one of the most fervently patriotic that ever enriched any language or land was composed in Cincinnati on the morning of October 31, 1864. A somewhat trifling minor circumstance which cannot be generally known, was the cause of its production at that time. How its author might have sung later its theme of glory, no mortal can tell.

Mr. Cyrus Garrett, brother-in-law of Thos. Buchanan Read, with whom the artist and his family some time resided on West Eighth street, that morning discovered in *Harpers Weekly* a spirited drawing by Thos. Nast, representing Gen. Philip Sheridan mounted and "tearing madly along the road, far ahead of his escort," to join his troops, twenty miles away.

While at his breakfast, "he did not dream of the terrible road and disaster hovering at that moment over his army," but as he rode out of Winchester the vibrations of the ground, under heavy discharges of artillery in the distance, gave him the first intimations of danger. Five anxious hours the desperate struggle went on before Sheridan arrived upon the field. Encountering, as he neared it, some of his retreating soldiers, he swung his cap over his head and shouted: "Face them other way, boys! face the other way!" as he galloped to the front. Under his quick commands the broken ranks were reformed, and for two hours more the tired soldiers who had eaten nothing since the night previous, obeyed the inspiration of his presence and that wonderful victory followed. The first picture illustration of that famous Ride Mr. Garrett held before Mr. Read's eyes.

"Look at this, my boy! Isn't there a poem in it? There's a chance for you—write one."

The poet's dark eyes centered on the picture. There are moments when time itself measures. Perhaps with a swell of enthusiasm, a more than poetic effluence, the blood of a patriot already dashing in his veins "faster and faster," he thus replied to Mr. Garrett: "Ay, but a poem is not to be written in a minute, nor as easily as you can order a new coat at Sprague's!"

George Gillfillan has declared that the secret of Thomas Campbell's success as a poet, was that of enthusiasm, a requirement for such a poem is not often understood, as the critic adds. If in Campbell's case, the same must be true of many personal experiences and exploits.

Notwithstanding his prompt allusion to the tailor, by any other theory than subdued enthusiasm, would be anomalous, Mr. Read was at the moment inspired, and as the dream of Mr. Nast's drawing had been a camera, reflecting the whole twenty miles of that dashing ride in a momentary mystery of the poetry of motion. The witty caricaturist probably has never fancied himself to have been the "medium" of immortal verse which converted the victor's wild olive leaves on Phil. Sheridan's brow to flowers of amaranth.

Mr. Read retired and wrote the poem. Emerging two or three hours later from his laboratory of thought, he read "Sheridan's Ride" to a delighted family circle.

It appears that James E. Murdoch, a frequent guest at Mr. Garrett's house, and Mr. Davis, war correspondent of *Harpers*, both chanced to be present. This to Mr. Read was assigned the pleasant task of copying the poem in large text in order that the tragedian might readily memorize it for that evening's programme at Pike's Opera House, the older structure which a twelvemonth later, like a fairy fabric, disappeared in a shower of burning flakes on the streets of Cincinnati.

Mr. Murdoch vigorously committing the lines with appropriate gesticulation Mr. Read and Mr. Davis sauntered forth to call on various friends. To one of them, as they entered, the poet, with a radiant face exclaimed: "Well, I struck off a new poem this morning! It is fresh from the oven!"

Naturally, from the appreciative and eager inquirers, came congratulations followed, with a confession of pleased curiosity.

A grand ovation to Mr. Murdoch, whose devotion to his country had been evinced by many labors of love, occurred on that very evening. The occasion was illuminated with the intellect of Cincinnati's hero of Lookout Mountain to her fashion. Mayor Len. Harris advanced to the footlights with Mr. Murdoch, and read a tasteful introductory address. Mr. Murdoch's response expressed his deep gratitude for the honor conferred upon himself, and he opened his recitations with Byron's impassioned lament over Greece, following it by Keats's poem, "Drift," thus causing a dreamy and spell-bound spell over the audience. The great tragedian then requested permission to read a poem which on that morning's dawn was uncreated. Then "Sheridan's Ride," in which Mr. Murdoch's grand tones thrilled the vast throng of listeners. The crowning feature of the evening was the presentation of a flag by the hero of Lookout Mountain to the tragedian, who, on receiving it, pressed the margin reverently to his lips, and made a graceful response.

In considering the first meager reports of the victory at Cedar Creek, which it is declared was due to the personal presence of General Sheridan, who by that desperate ride met the billows of war in time to turn them back, we can accord to T. Buchanan Read's genius the power of prophetic light. It has been claimed by a poet that all great poets are prophets. In writing that military if not martial lyric, his soul went reverently forward to the awful scene, beholding the need of the commander's presence, while also beating with "The heart of the steed and the heart of the master," all the way from Winchester town. His mind pictured the horse "A steed as black as the steeds of night," and saw him "pass as with eagle flight." Had this poem been produced months, years

or even weeks later, it might not have concentrated such intensity of national lustre upon the name of its author, or so speedily traced beneath it the indelible ascription of "Genius," simply because the poem is so largely and so unerringly a picture of the imagination.

Although Laurel Hill, instead of Spring Grove, holds the tomb of this poet artist of Cincinnati, may the civic queen fall never perpetually to keep his name entwined with such ivies as Elizabeth Browning gathered into artistic song!

"Not a leaf of which will grow without dreaming of a wreath."

—Cincinnati Gazette.

CURING A COLD.

The first time that I began to sneeze, a friend told me to go and bathe my feet in hot water, and go to bed. I did so. Shortly after, a friend told me to get up and take a cold shower bath. I did that also. Within an hour another friend told me that it was policy to feed a cold and starve a fever. I had both; so I thought it best to fill up the cold and let the fever starve awhile. In a case of this kind I seldom do things by halves; I am pretty hearty. I conferred my custom upon a stranger who had just opened a restaurant on Courtland street, near the hotel that morning, paying him so much for a full meal. He waited near me in respectful silence until he had finished feeding my cold, when he inquired whether people about New York were much afflicted with colds. I told him I thought they were. He then went out and took in his sign. I started up toward the office, and on the walk encountered another business friend who told me that a quart of warm salt water would come as near curing a cold as anything in the world. I hardly thought I had room for it, but I tried it, anyhow. The result was surprising. I believe I threw up my immortal soul. Now, as I give my experience only for the benefit of those of my friends who are troubled with the distemper, I feel that they will see the propriety of my cautioning them against following such portion of it as proved inefficient with me; and acting upon this conviction I warn them against salt water. It may be a good enough remedy, but I think it is rather too severe. If I had another cold in the head and there was no one left me—to take either an earthquake or warm salt water, I would take my chances on the earthquake. After this everybody in the hotel became interested; and I took all sorts of remedies—hot lemonade, cold lemonade, pepper tea, bonnet, stewed quack, hoarsehold syrup, onions and and loaf sugar, lemons and lemon sugar, vinegar and laudanum, five bottles of balsam, eight bottles of cherry pectoral, and ten bottles of Uncle Sam's remedy; but all without effect. One of the prescriptions given by an old lady was—well, it was dreadful. She mixed a decoction composed of molasses, catnip, pepper, aquafortis, turpentine, kerosene and various drugs, and instructed me to take a wingful of it every fifteen minutes. I never took but one dose; that was enough. I had to take to my bed and remain there two entire days. When I felt a little better, more things were recommended. I was desperate, and willing to take anything. Plain gin was recommended, and then gin and molasses, then gin and onions. I took all three. I detected but no particular result, however, except that I had acquired a breath like a turkey buzzard, and had to change my boarding place. I had never refused a remedy yet, and it seemed poor policy to commence then; therefore I determined to take a sheet-bath, though I had no idea what sort of arrangement it was. It was administered at midnight, and the weather was frosty. My back and breast were stripped, and a sheet, (there appeared to be a thousand yards of it,) soaked in ice water was wound around me until I resembled a swab for a columbiad. It is a cruel experiment. When the chilly rag touches one's flesh, it makes him start with a sudden violence, and rasp for breath, just as men do in the death agony. It froze the marrow in my bones, and stopped the beating of my heart. I thought my time had come. When I recovered from this, a friend ordered the application of a mustard plaster to my breast. I believe that would have cured me effectually, if it had not been for young Clemens. When I went to bed, I put the mustard plaster where I could reach it when I should be ready for it. But young Clemens got hungry in the night and ate it up. I never saw any child have such an appetite. I am confident that he would have eaten me if I had been healthy.

HEAVY PATENT DAMAGES.

In the United States Court, Rutland, Vt., Judge Wheeler granted a decree giving judgment for the plaintiff for \$161,011.71, in the suit of Riley and Burdett against J. Estey & Co., organ manufacturers of Brattleboro. This action was originally brought several years ago to recover for the alleged infringement of a patent in the manufacture of organs. It was heard before the late Judge Johnson, but his death occurring before a decision was given, necessitated a reargument. This was had before Judges Blatchford and Wheeler, who found for the plaintiff and referred the case to ex-Governor Stewart, of Middlebury, with directions to compute the amount due. Governor Stewart reported in favor of awarding Mr. Burdett \$149,039, to which Judge Wheeler has added interest from December 4, 1878, making the total judgment over \$160,000. The defendants will appeal to the Supreme Court.—N. Y. Sun.

Edison's invention for getting gold out of tallings may be very useful in its way, but what this country really wants is some kind of an electric spring bonnet that doesn't cost over \$50.

The only men who ever hang to a New Year's diary are the chaps who lend money to their friends. They must have some sort of a book to write down names and amounts in.—Detroit Free Press.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square, one insertion, \$1; each subsequent insertion, 50 cents. Yearly advertisements exceeding one-fourth of a column, \$3 per inch. Figure work double these rates; additional charges for weekly or monthly charges are made. Local advertisements 10 cents per line for first insertion, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion. Marriages (if the publication is free of charge. Ordinary notices charged as advertisements, and payable when handed in. Auditors' Notices, \$4; Executors' and Administrators' Notices, \$3 each; Eulogy, Cancellation and Discontinuation Notices, not exceeding ten lines, each.

From the fact that the CITIZEN is the oldest established and most extensively circulated Republican newspaper in Butler county (a Republican county) it must be apparent to business men that it is the medium they should use in advertising their business.

HUNTING A LOST CHILD.

In the summer of 1874, some time in August, Mrs. Julia Kelly, then residing in Titusville, Crawford county, sent her six year old daughter Mary Ann to a grocery store, not a hundred yards from her home, for a pound of sugar. From the moment the child then looked into her mother's face to hear the direction of what she was to do that mother has not gazed into her child's face. Ten minutes elapsed, but no Mary returned—five minutes more, and the mother impatient went to the door, but could not see her child. Waiting ten minutes more the anxious mother went to the store, but her child was not there. The man in the store knew little Mary. "Where is Mary?" inquired the mother of the shop-keeper. "I don't know—she has not been here this morning." "Why, I sent her only twenty minutes or more ago," nervously said the mother. "That may be," said the man, "but she did not come." Then began the weary search. The neighbors were all inquired of—houses were visited near by—people were interrogated, but no one had seen or heard of little Mary. The shades of night gathered around Mrs. Kelly's home before she returned from her weary afternoon's search for her lost child. It was a sad sight in the widow's little family circle, for there were three other children present. No one slept—all wept and prayed for little Mary. Early next morning Mrs. Kelly was again out in search of her little one—and thus day after day, week after week, month after month and year after year the search has wandered through Crawford, Warren, Mercer and Erie counties, inquiring, watching, and searching for her child. Each night only closed in gloom, and the hopes that rose in the sad mother's heart at the rising of the sun, sank again and was lost in the darkness which surrounded her as its brightness was shaded from her work. Mrs. Kelly has friends in Columbia, Lancaster county, where she has been spending a few months to rest from her weary search, and to try to find consolation for her sad heart. But the mother cannot rest. She was in Harrisburg on Saturday with letters to a *Telegraph* reporter appealing to him for aid, to help get her story before the public, who she passes on to Titusville, whither she is going to resume search for her child. She is convinced that her little one is concealed somewhere in that region, and resolved never to give up her search. A comfortable home has been spent in this effort, and the sad