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THE BUTLER CITIZEN, BUTLER, PA.

Butler



Citizen

VOL. XVII.

BUTLER, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1880.

NO. 38

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square, one insertion, \$1; each subsequent insertion, 50 cents. Yearly advertisements exceeding one-fourth of column, \$4 per inch.

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

BOOTS and SHOES AT AN. 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.

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. 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, Butler, Pa.

C. WATTLEY & CO. ARE DAILY RECEIVING

Fresh and Seasonable Goods!

Spring Gloves, Cotton and Lisle Thread Hosiery, Fringes, Trimmings, Buttons, Ribbons, Lares, Embroideries, Handkerchiefs, Lace and Embroidered Ties, Summer Underwear, Elegant Neckwear for Men,

AND FULL STOCK OF Ladies and Men's Furnishing Goods.

Our increased Room enables us to give purchasers the very best value for their money.

G. WATTLEY & CO. 109 FEDERAL ST. ALLEGANY CITY, PA. OPPOSITE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

THE PITTSBURGH, CINCINNATI & ST. LOUIS RAILWAY CO.

PAN-HANDLE ROUTE! Offers the best facilities and most comfortable and expeditious mode for families moving to points in

KANSAS, ARKANSAS, TEXAS, COLORADO, NEBRASKA, CALIFORNIA, OR ANY OF THE WESTERN STATES AND TERRITORIES.

THE VERY LOWEST RATES TO ALL POINTS IN THE WEST & SOUTH-WEST CAN ALWAYS BE SECURED VIA THE OLD RELIABLE

PAN-HANDLE ROUTE. Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked THROUGH TO ANY POINT YOU WANT TO GO.

We offer you the Lowest Rates, the Quickest Time, the Best Facilities and the Most Satisfactory Route to all points West and South-west. We run no Express Trains. All classes of Passengers are carried on regular Express Trains.

If you are unable to procure Through Tickets to points in Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Kansas, Colorado, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska or California by the direct "PAN-HANDLE ROUTE," at your nearest Railroad Station, please address

W. T. O'BRIEN, Gen'l Passenger Agent, "Pan-Handle Route," COLUMBUS, OHIO.

HOP BITTERS. (A Medicine, not a Drink.) CONTAINS HOPS, RUCHI, MANDRAKE, DANDELION, AND THE PUREST AND MOST VALUABLE QUALITY OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

THEY CURE All Diseases of the Stomach, Bile, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, etc. They remove biliousness, flatulency, indigestion, sleeplessness, and generally all the ailments of the system.

WILLARD HOUSE, Main street, near Court House, BUTLER, PA. GEO. W. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EITENMILLER HOUSE, On Diamond, near Court House, BUTLER, PA. H. EITENMILLER, Proprietor.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL, On the European Plan, 54 to 66 North Third Street, Philadelphia, - - - Pa. Single Rooms 50c., 75c. and \$1 per day.

O. P. Schneek, Proprietor. Excellent Dining room furnished with the best, and at reasonable rates. Cars for all Railroad Depots within a convenient distance.

National Hotel, CORTLANDT STREET, Near Br. DWAY, NEW YORK. HOTCHKISS & POND, Prop'rs. ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

The restaurant, cafe and lunch room attached are unsurpassed for cheapness and quality of service. Rooms 50c. to \$2 per day. \$3 to \$10 per week. Convenient to all ferries and city railroads. Best furniture, excellent stabling, accommodations for my patrons. L. NICKLAS.

THE SHREIBER HOUSE. L. NICKLAS, Prop'., MAIN STREET, BUTLER, PA. Having taken possession of the above well known Hotel, and it being furnished in the best style for the accommodation of guests, the public are respectfully invited to give me a call. I have also possession of the barn in rear of hotel, which furnishes excellent stabling, accommodations for my patrons.

JAMES J. CAMPBELL, County Coroner, Office in Fairview Borough, in Telegraph Building, Butler, Pa. BELLEW P. O., Butler Co., Pa. FERRIS ARMOR, Justice of the Peace, Main street, opposite Postoffice, ZELLENOSPE, PA.

Union Woolen Mills. I would desire to call the attention of the public to the Union Woolen Mill, Butler, Pa., where I have new and improved machinery for the manufacture of

Barred and Gray Fannels, Knitting and Weaving Yarns, and I can recommend them as being very durable, as they are manufactured of pure Butler county wool. They are beautiful in color, superior in texture, and will be sold at very low prices. For samples and prices, address H. FULLERTON, Butler, Pa.

ORGANS 13 stops, 3 set Reeds, 2 Keyed Swells, 8 Stop Organ, Stool, Book, only \$87.50. 8 Stop Organ, Stool, Book, only \$53.75. Piano, Stool, Cover, \$190 to \$250. Illustrated catalogue free. Address as above. ap14-3m W. C. BUNNELL, Lewistown, Pa.

Public Sale. The undersigned, surviving executor of Jacob Shanon, late of Centre township, Butler county, Pa., do hereby sell at public sale on the premises, at Centre township, on

SATURDAY, SEPT. 18th, 1880, at 1 o'clock p. m. of said day, the following property: Seventy-five acres of land, in Centre township, being that part of the farm of Jacob Shanon, dec'd, lying east of the graded or Franklin road, about forty acres cleared and the rest in good timber, no buildings thereon. DANIEL SHANON, Butler Pa. July 28-31

A COOL FOURTH. Independence Day in the Arctic Circle—Sunshine at Midnight—In the Land of the Laps.

[We find the following letter of our former townsman, Rev. Robert A. Edwards, in the Philadelphia Inquirer, of the 5th inst. It will be read with great interest not only by his many friends here, but also for the information which it gives of life and nature in Norway.—Ed.]

TROMSOE, NORWAY, July 13, 1880. Here I am in the Arctic Circle, and addressing you from a latitude of 69 1/2. This may be called the metropolis of the Arctic region, numbering, as it does, six thousand people. It is beautifully situated on an island some distance north of the Lofoden Islands, and is known as the Paris of the north.

While many of the houses have roofs covered with sod and earth from which grass and wild flowers are springing and waving to the breeze, yet on the outlying heights are handsomer villas and velvet lawns, and from flagstaffs here and there flags are gayly fluttering. It is summer here, but the snow lying on all the surrounding hills and the wood cracking in the five story stove in my room, as I write, would seem to tell a different story. In December they have but one hour of daylight, though just now the sun never sets, and perpetual day reigns absolute.

We left Christiania on last Monday morning, where we spent Sunday, and celebrated the Fourth as best we could with four Americans at dinner. We attended services of the English Church held in a wing of the university, and heard two good sermons. The congregations were small, there being but eight communicants at the morning service, the reason being that so many of the English-speaking residents had removed for the summer to their country seats.

We went to Drouthem, or "Tromsø," as it is called here, by steamer over Lake Mjosen, the largest lake in Norway, and by rail. The journey occupied two whole days. The scenery on the lake was beautiful and grand, on one side well cultivated farms sloping down to the water's edge, while on the other massive hills stood out boldly against the sky. The last day's riding from a place called Koppang, carried us through scenery wild and impressive. Now we wound by the side of mountains, covered with reindeer moss to their summits, which made them white as snow. Then we swept down into a valley of Tyrolian beauty by a piece of railroad engineering.

The main cabin at night was full of curves, recalled, while it excels, that on the Pennsylvania railroad, near Altoona. We reached Drouthem at nine o'clock, with the sun an hour high before setting. We sailed at midnight for this place (500 miles), and arrived here Saturday noon. The time seems long for the distance, but we were constantly stopping at little stations and putting off everything conceivable from stoves up to hogheads of flour. The steamer was very much crowded with passengers. Thanks to the courtesy of Consul Gade, of Christiania, who called on us there, and who telegraphed for us to Tromsø, we were able to secure a little stateroom to ourselves for the night.

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At 12 o'clock the great crowd that beat up against the doors of the ante-room was for an instant still. Breathlessly the seconds were counted, and seconds never seemed so long. The doctor gathered himself up as for an effort. His watchers eyed him with looks of undisguised anxiety.

Suddenly the steam whistle rang out a "Guns fire!" A murmur ran through the crowd, relieved from its suspense, and the doctor, half leaping from his chair, raised the peach to his mouth. Almost, but not quite, it touched his lips; a watcher seized his arm.

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entered one of the "hammers," as the huts are called, and were squatting about as best we could. An old stump was smouldering in the centre, while the smoke escaped partially through an opening in the roof. The rest hung about the hut, drawing forth tearful sympathy from the visitors. By this time a herd of stags had arrived from the mountain pastures—the captain of the steamer having telegraphed to Tromsø, on the previous day, of our expected visit. Altogether there were nine Laps—five men, two women and two boys. Escaping into the open air, they soon besieged us to buy moccasins made from the skins, and spoons, etc., made from the horns of the reindeer. Those of us who got through first amused ourselves with a little game of snobball; then we went to the inclosure and watched the men lasso the does, while the women milked them. The milk, which we tasted with our newly-purchased spoons, was rich and pleasant to the taste. They were all dressed in reindeer skin. The women were quite nice-looking and retiring, and some of the men had attractive faces, but two of the old men were wretched-looking creatures. The oldest of them, after we had paid expenses and were waving our adieux, took off his night cap and, as he swung it round his head and his tattered hair fluttered to the breeze, he looked a perfect personification of Pagan evil. These sea Laps, however, are of a better class than the land Laps who live in the interior. Two of these who had followed their deer to the sea, where they come every summer, got on the steamer on the way up, and were filthy looking, degraded fellows. One of them told a gentleman he understood the English language, that he was not married, because he had not found any one he liked well enough, and then he chuckled over his situation with amusing glee. We all roared.

Yesterday we quietly rested here. There is no English service, but we went to the Lutheran Church, which was full, and though we could not understand the language, yet we got the share of the spirit of the devout worshippers. With kindest regards, Yours truly, R. A. E.

AFTER FORTY DAYS. Dr. Tanner's long fast Accomplished.

NEW YORK, August 8.—"O for 12 o'clock!" How slow the time goes. "Will that whistle never blow?"

Such were the muffled whispers of Dr. Tanner and his watchers between 11 and 12 o'clock yesterday forenoon. The doctor sat by the window in the northeast ante-room in Clarendon Hall dressed in his customary well-worn black suit, which hung in loose folds about his shrunken form. A recent visit of the barber had left the lines of his worn face plainly visible. His hair brushed neatly back showed a high forehead and hollow temples, over which the skin was tightly drawn. His eyes were hollow and deep sunken, but a new light shone from them, replacing the apathy of former days. The deep rigid lines at the corners of his mouth served to set off his still slightly pendulous cheek bones stood out like grim sentinels. His thin lips were tightly compressed save when they quivered with a slight nervous trembling. His heavy chin looked as if it were a burden on the time he sat looking down at the peach in his hand, or apparently not seeing the baggy folds in which his clothing hung. Occasionally his head dropped forward as if with weariness, and a dim film seemed to come over his eyes. Then he would brighten up, rousing himself with a start, and cast almost fierce glance around the room.

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AFTER HIS BLOOD. Suddenly an old man entered the room carrying a huge rosewood box.

The curiosity of the crowd rose to fever heat. Was the doctor to be publicly dissected in the interest of science? But the stranger was Prof. Van der Weyde, and although he came for Dr. Tanner's blood, it was with the innocent intention of subjecting it to microscopical scrutiny. He shook hands with the faster, then opening his box, produced a large microscope that was placed upon the table. Dr. Tanner held out his arm. His wrist was pricked and a tiny drop of blood oozed out. It was carefully collected on a glass slide and placed underneath the lens of the microscope. Prof. Van der Weyde, sitting down, leaned forward and applied one eye to the instrument. His face instantly grew sober. He gazed long and earnestly and then turned away, doubtfully shaking his head.

"What is it? Instantly asked a dozen voices. "The blood cells have lost their shape," replied the microscopist in a low voice; "and this indicates great danger. The white cells have increased in number comparatively—looked squeezed together. The red cells are pentagonal instead of round. His system is very much reduced." And the old man glanced apprehensively at Dr. Tanner as if fearing to see him drop dead from his chair. Others crowded to the instrument. They distorted their features and gazed their eyes full of attempts to read the story of the little cells afloat. One more fruitless effort was made to clear the room. It was all in vain. The crowd was mad with curiosity and excitement.

Dr. Tanner looked at his watch—11:50—only 10 minutes more, and the firm lips quivered a little and the nervous fingers grasped the peach more tightly. Then the doctor leaned back comfortably in his chair and a half smile as of happy anticipation fitted over his face. But again the rattle rushed into the room, and again, as Dr. Tanner felt himself growing sick, Professor Wark implored the mob to have mercy on him. "Eight minutes of twelve," said Dr. Gunn for the last time in the fast began to take the old, monotonous observations. "Temperature 99°," rang out Dr. Gunn's voice, and 20 pencils instantly jotted the words down. "Pulse 92 and respiration 17."

"O I wish that steam whistle would blow," groaned the doctor as he impatiently glanced at the peach so tantalizingly near him. The time crept steadily though slowly on. "Five minutes of 12."

"Have a glass of milk ready," exclaimed the doctor. A new light flashed into his eyes. Eagerly fumbling for his knife he began to peel his peach. The delicate skin dropped off and the mellow, juicy fruit lay before him, the doctor's lips twitched convulsively, and his nostrils began to expand. The temptation was too great. A paper was procured and placed over the doctor's knee, and the peach was hidden from view.

"Two minutes of 12." Everybody was silent. The great crowd that beat up against the doors of the ante-room was for an instant still. Breathlessly the seconds were counted, and seconds never seemed so long. The doctor gathered himself up as for an effort. His watchers eyed him with looks of undisguised anxiety.

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CHASTINE COX.

An elderly woman, married many years to a very weak-minded and most impetuous New Yorker, made her way into the inner circle of a strong minded set of women and adopted the worst ideas of the extremes of them.

They confided themselves to talk, and their elderly friend put their practice into operation. One thing led to another. Poverty overtook her husband, and she, like many another fool of a woman opened a boarding house. Her husband was sent to sleep in a small attic room, but she, for her own purpose and comfort, utilized the extension room on the parlor floor. Beyond the scene of the drama.

Enter now the third of the dramatic personae in the smoky guise of a comely colored waiter, who in a brief period passed through the stages of servant, friend and admirer, until he became a really bluish for the old lady's secret lover. His visits were frequent, and his attentions upon the mistress of the house broke down all social barriers, and so far as she and her were concerned, he became absolute in every wish.

Well? And it wasn't well. Some months ago the favored darkey became insolent and wanted money, more money and then all that the old lady had. With his pass-key he found ways unimpeded access to the house and madam's rooms, and with unparalleled effrontery combined in his individuality the suavity of a lover and the tactics of a black mailer. The inevitable came. After a lover's quarrel resulted in violence, then a faint, then apprehension and anxiety. What should he do? Obviously distrust suspicion. But how? By binding the woman as she lay prone upon her couch, by overturning a chair or two, snatching hastily the few and by no means costly articles of jewelry she had on her hands and person, by throwing open a window and stealing quietly away as he had entered.

In time it was discovered. The old lady was dead. Her husband, known to be on bad terms with her, was arrested and was at the very depot to be railroaded to the gallows.

Accident detected the darkey. And the darkey confessed. Confessed what? Well he confessed that he had committed a condition of affairs as horrid as not over sensitive counsel, and in spite of his earnest protests the switch was used instead of the main road—and the man was hanged.

Now, the police justice, and the counsel for the prisoner and several press men knew all these facts from the first, but a mood so sentimentally induced them one and all, to keep them from the public. The counsel argued that the average person would be so shocked by the idea that his client would suffer more if the truth were known. What nonsense! He couldn't have had anything worse than death, in any event. He didn't commit murder intentionally. The judge gave the jury the law, which is to the effect that a man who accidentally kills a person while in the commission of a felony is guilty of murder. The felony consisted in breaking into the house. But if the fellow was there on invitation and had a pass-key in his pocket he clearly was not a burglar, and therefore not guilty of murder!

But isn't any more queer than a thousand others which lay half concealed in social circles. Now and then some evolution, some outburst, some accident, brings this, that or the other to light. The world's oh's and ah's, laughs or shudders, and rolls on as merrily and busily as ever.

A REMARKABLE TRIAL AND ITS RESULT.

What is probably the last chapter in a tragedy the scene of which was laid in Alexandria, Egypt, exactly twelve months ago, has just come to light. In July, 1879, one Mirzan, who claimed to be an American citizen, shot down in broad daylight, in the most public part of the city, a prominent Egyptian lawyer named Dahan Bey, and immediately surrendered himself to the United States authorities. Under a treaty between this country and the Sublime Porte, made in 1830, it is provided that United States citizens who may be guilty of any offence shall be tried, not by the local authorities, but by their Ministers or Consul.

In accordance with this stipulation and with the laws of Congress framed under it Mirzan was tried by the United States Minister, Mr. Maynard, and sentenced to death. At this point the interesting constitutional question arises, "Can an American citizen, merely because he resides outside the geographical limits of the country, be tried for a capital offence by a purely executive officer, without a jury, and a jury, and sentenced to death?" The constitution and at least one of its amendments declare to the contrary, but Mr. Maynard, falling back upon the wisdom of Congress, held the very reverse and so affixed the limit of Mirzan's right to the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness. In this whole question Mirzan is dead or no account whatever. It may be an American citizen, but it is very certain that he became one not from any love for our institutions, but purely to subvert his purposes, and his foresight, as it turns out, has served him pretty effectually in the position in which he finds himself.

The question in Mirzan's case is whether or not he is an American citizen. It is more or less interested in this.—In such a proceeding as that which has just taken place in Mirzan's case in accordance with the constitution? In other words, are those consular courts which absurd treaties and still more absurd legislation have fastened upon us so far as the treatment of our citizens by the Ottoman Empire, in Persia, China, Japan, Siam and other countries, in accordance with the principles of the supreme law of the land? The President in his disposition of the case in saving Mirzan from the gallows, has not settled or attempted to settle this point.

The brick-thrower is dying out.

PHYSICIANS.

JOHN E. BYERS, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, my21-1y BUTLER, PA.

DENTISTRY. O. K. WALDRON, Graduate of the Philadelphia College of Dentistry, is 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. A handsome six-room frame house, located on bluff street, northwestern part of Butler. All modern. All necessary outbuildings. Terms—One-third cash and balance in four equal annual payments. Inquire at this office. Jan14

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