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THE BUTLER CITIZEN, BUTLER, PA.

Butler Citizen

BUTLER, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1881

NO. 7

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square, one insertion, \$1; each subsequent insertion, 50 cents. Yearly advertisement exceeding one-fourth of a column, \$5 per inch...

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

POWERS OF THE BRITISH KING.

The Queen alone can create a peer, baronet or knight, and confer privileges on private persons. She alone can erect corporations, and raise and regulate fleets and armies, though under such restrictions relating to the appropriation and expenditure of money as make it impossible for her to exercise her power to the detriment of English liberty.

Previous to the Revolution of 1688 the government of England was mainly carried on by virtue of what was called the royal prerogative, that is by the King in person, with the advice of ministers appointed by himself.

As is well known, the Queen appoints her own advisers, irrespective of the wishes or approval of Parliament, and though popularly the Ministry is supposed to possess the whole executive power, no important measure is presented by them to the consideration of Parliament without her sanction and approval.

Which has been but two instances in which the Lords and Commons have met by their own authority, namely, previous to the restoration of Charles II., and at the Revolution in 1688.

This, then, is the power of the Queen. She may, with the advice of her Ministers alone, assemble, prorogue, and dissolve Parliament, declare war, confer of disallow the acts of colonial legislatures, give effect to treaties, extend the term of patents, grant charters of incorporation to companies or municipal bodies, create ecclesiastical districts, regulate the Board of Admiralty, and make appointments to offices in the various departments of the government.

The crown is entirely dependent upon Parliament for its revenues, but, though dependent, it has a direct control over all supplies when raised. The crown, acting with the advice of its responsible ministers, is charged with the management of the public money levied for the use of the crown without grant of Parliament is illegal.

The most noted men of modern times have been chiefly attested to the value of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral as a cure for coughs and colds. The ways of New York justice—or justices—are past finding out, especially those of that noble statesman, his name is Bankston Morgan—his young man charged with the abduction and ruin of a young woman, because we give the justice's own words—"of your family connections, and for that reason only."

The great and wonderful discovery, DAVIS KIDNEY PAIN, is a most fortunate to the poor victim of Kidney Disease.

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, Butler, Pa.

141 Fine Merchant Tailoring 141 JOHN OMMERT'S, 141 Federal St., Allegheny City, Pa. ALSO A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF MEN'S BOYS AND CHILDREN'S READY-MADE CLOTHING, AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, AC.

LARGE STOCK OF FALL AND WINTER GOODS AT A. TROUTMAN'S, Corner Main and Millin Street, Butler, Pa. Dress Goods of all kinds, large assortment colored and black Cashmeres, large assortment Black Silks, Moccie cloths, fancy Brocades, Plaids, Cotton Dress Goods, Calicoes, Chintzes, etc.

Cloaks at Johnsons! Cloaks and Dolmans! SHAWLS! SKIRTS! Flannels, barred and twilled, plain colors and best makes; Canton Flannel; Ladies' Cloth, all colors; Ladies' Sacking; Black Beavers; Cashmeres; Jeans; Tweeds; Ticking; Shirting; Muslins; Table Linens; Toweling Blankets, etc.

JOHN BERG & SON, GROCERS, Cor. Main and Cunningham St., Butler, Pa. One Door South of JOHN BERG & CO'S BANK. Having refitted the large and commodious Store Room, situate in the above stated location, formerly occupied by Martin Reiber Sr., we will in a few days open up a first-class grocery, and will offer to the public at bottom prices, a fine selection of choice.

THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID IN CASH FOR ALL KINDS OF GRAIN AND PRODUCE. John Berg & Son.

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER, A PURELY VEGETABLE REMEDY. It is a safe and quick remedy for COUGHS, SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, COLIC, DIARRHOEA, DYSPEPSIA, and ALL ACUTE AFFECTIONS, due to a cold or indigestion.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Providence, R. I. Proprietors. It is without a rival as a Liniment. It should always be used for Pain in the Back and Side, and for all kinds of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, etc.

Administratrix's Notice. Notice is hereby given that I, Kate R. Butler, have taken out letters of administration on the estate of Lewis Howe, late of Kurus City, Butler county, Pa., dec'd, all persons having claims or demands against the estate of said decedent are requested to present the same to me at once.

FOR SALE. A Fine Single Sleigh, made in the latest style, swell bed. Also a fine two horse sleigh can be bought cheap. Terms easy. Inquire at Office of Office.

Union Woolen Mill, BUTLER, PA. H. FULLERTON, Prop'r. Manufactures of Blankets, Flannels, Yarns, etc. Also cottons, work to order, such as corduroy, flannel, muslin, flannel, flannel, knit-ting and weaving yarns, etc. at very low prices. Wool worked on the premises. It is dec'd.

[From Harper's Monthly for December] MRS. FLINT'S MARRIED EXPERIENCE. Matters went on in this way for five or six every day being a little more weary and dreary than the preceding. The plum colored paduasoy still did duty as the Sunday gown, for none of her own money ever passed into Mrs. Flint's hands.

Mabel Elridge was a capable, spirited, handsome girl, and before she had been taken in the Flint family understood her position, and resolved only to endure it till something better could be found. In her heart she pitied Aunt Eliza, as she called her, as much as she detested the deacon, and her fresh girl's heart fairly ached with compassion and indignation over the poor woman.

'Oh, mother!' she exclaimed, 'I do think grandier is real mean!' 'Edy, Edy, you mustn't talk so about your elders and betters!' 'I can't help it,' chattered on the irrepressible child. 'What did he want to come into the kitchen for when granny was giving us supper, and scold because she made cookies for us? Gaudy must have been telling how he'd said before she shouldn't do it, and he wouldn't have it.'

'Well, Sylvia, dear, it isn't best to talk about a good many things that are true.' 'But for all that, Mindwell did discuss the matter with Sam before she slept, in that 'grand committee of two' which is the strength and comfort of a happy marriage.'

'What ever can we do about it, Sam?' she said with tears in her voice. 'Mother sets by 'em like her life—but if they're going to make trouble between her and Deacon Flint don't you think I had ought to prevent their doing there?' 'Well, it goes seem hard on mother every way, but I can fix it. You know we had a heap of wheat off that mill last year, and I've sent it to East to be ground up for us. I guess I'll take a sack or two to the mill for mother for a present. The deacon won't mistrust nothing, nor he can't say nothing about her usin' on't for the children.'

'That's the very thing,' said Mindwell. 'And so it was, for that small trouble; yet that was only a drop in the bucket. After a few years of real privation, and a worse hunger of spirit, Mrs. Flint's health began to fail. She grew nervous and irritable, and as the deacon brot her more than ever. Her temper had long since failed under the hourly exasperation of her husband's companionship, and she had become as peevish, and as exasperable herself as a feeble nature can become under such a pressure.'

'I never see nobody so changed as Miss Flint is,' said Aunt Polly to old Israel. 'Yer's a good deal, but I think it's just what she ought to be. I don't see nobody so changed as Miss Flint is, but I think it's just what she ought to be. I don't see nobody so changed as Miss Flint is, but I think it's just what she ought to be.'

'Well, Polly, I expect there's a real vital difference in 'flections, jest as there is in folks. She picked her'n up as you may say, when she married him; 'twasn't reely the Lord's sendin'; she no need to let her marry him if she hadn't been a min' to it.'

'I don't know as I'm called to, Polly. I don't believe the Lord's ways is jest like a primer, for everybody to learn right off. I shouldn't have no great respect for a Ruler an' Governor, as the Confession sez; that wa'n't no bigger'n I was. Land! 'f I was to set sail on the sea s' d'vinity, I should be scooped up in the first gale, an' I shouldn't be right any how. If I can't see into some little things like Him, and I don't hold to takin' up the sea in a pint cup; 'twon't carry it no how.' With which utterance old Is-

rael travelled off with his burrow, leaving Polly amazed and shocked; but perhaps a little wiser after all. 'Just as the story is, a cousin of Deacon Flint's died 'over in York State,' as he said, and left him guardian of her only daughter, a girl of eighteen. A couple of thousand dollars was all the property that the widow Elridge had to give her child, for they had both worked hard for their living after the husband and father left. She had no money, and the price of the farm which had been sold at his death. It was something to get so much cash into his own hands, and the deacon accordingly wrote at once to Mabel and offered her a home in his house, intimating that the interest of her money not being enough to board and clothe her, he would, out of family affection, supply these necessities for that inquisitive son, if she was willing to help a little about the house. Mabel was friendless enough to grasp eagerly this hope of a home, and very soon the stage stopped at Deacon Flint's door, and a new inmate entered his house.

This was too much for the weak woman to bear. She fell back and fainted. Her indignation had overborne her weakness for a moment, but exhausted it also. And when she awoke to life, Polly was rubbing her and crying over her, but her husband had gone. Those tears of sympathy were more than she could endure silently. She had to bear her countenance, and sobbing like a child, poured out the long list of her sorrows into that faithful ear.

'Bless your dear old!' said Polly, wiping her eyes, 'you can't tell me nothing new about him. Dind't I summer and winter him, so to speak, after you come here? Don't I know what killed the first woman? 'Twasn't no fever, it was a cold, an' 'twas livin' with him—want of food an' fire an' lovin'-kindness. Don't tell me I pitted ye after ye was married, an' I hadn't stopped yet.'

But Polly's words were not words only, from that day on. Many a cup of broth, vital of curative wine, or bit of hot stewed chicken found its way into Mrs. Flint's stomach, and her strength of mind and body returned, fast, with this sympathy for one and food for the other. She made up her mind at last that he would leave her husband, at least for a time, and in her own house endeavor to find the peace and rest necessary for her entire recovery. If she could have seen Mindwell and Sam, and taken counsel with them, her course might have been different, but the roads were now well-nigh impassable from deep mud, and she could not get to Colebrook, and in sheer desperation she resolved to leave her present home as soon as Hiram Smith moved from the farmhouse. Fortunately for her, the deacon had to attend to a meeting, three miles off on the first Monday of April, and with Polly and Israel to help her, Mrs. Flint was established in the other house before he returned and found her flown. His wrath was great but still; he said and did nothing; never went near her, and for very shame's sake, did not speak to her for what could be said?

'Perhaps in that solitary house, whose silence was like a balm to her weary and fevered soul, she might have starved but for the mercy of her neighbors. Polly Morse had a tale of swiftness, and it never wagged faster than in Mrs. Flint's behalf. Dr. Grant sent her a barrel of flour to that destitute dwelling, and Israel a bushel of apples. Polly, out of her poverty, shared her bit of pork with the poor woman, and Hiram Smith brought her a barrel of potatoes and a bag of meal which he duly charged her account with the farm. But there were many who dared not help her, for the deacon held notes and mortgages on many a house and of many a man in Bassett village who could not afford to offend him. And old Parson Roberts was just then shut up with an attack of the fever, so he knew nothing about the matter. However, the deacon was not long left to be nursing his wrath. Food and fire are not enough for life sometimes. The old house was leaky, damp, comfortless, and in a few weeks Mrs. Flint was taken again with disease of the lungs, and Polly Morse found her in her bed, unable to speak, her fire gone out, and the rain dripping down in the corner of her bedroom. Polly had come to tell her that Israel was going to Colebrook to buy a pig, and would take any message. She did not tell her, but, stepping to the door, called to him across the yard to tell Sam Pratt he must come to see her. Basset directly came, she hunted around for something to make a fire, and then looked for the tea; but there was none. Nothing like food remained but a half a loaf of bread and some cold potatoes, so she had to make the bread up in some hot water, and feed the exhausted woman slowly, while she chafed her icy feet, and covered her closely with her warm shawl. The next day Sam and Mindwell came over, shocked and indignants, their wagon loaded with provisions, and the old house was soon filled with odors of beef broth, milk porridge, fragrant tea and toast, and the sharp crackle of the fire in the two rooms, while that of the truth, hand-fed and soothed by the poor woman, and soft filial kisses comforted her starved soul.

'I know you mean, hateful, crabbed ways, and I don't know how she lived with you so long.' She ought to have hit at you, it's more'n time they did. Christian!—you a Christian! You're a dyed-in-the-wool hypocrite. If you're pious, I hope I shall be a reprobate.'

'I ha'n't no doubt but what you will be, young woman,' answered the deacon, with cold fury. 'You'd ought to provide for her other wants; and making the best of a bad bargain, the poor woman retired to the old house, which Sam had repaired so that most of it was habitable; and Mabel, who had agreed to teach the district school the next year, took up her abode with her.

'I don't see no need on't. Sarcophy and lunger. 'Twasn't no fever, it was a cold, an' 'twas livin' with him—want of food an' fire an' lovin'-kindness. Don't tell me I pitted ye after ye was married, an' I hadn't stopped yet.'

And with this he advanced upon her. But Sam Pratt, lifting the old lady in his arms, carried her away, and gently shoved Mabel, glowing with rage, before them, till they reached the wagon. Then he himself went back and tried to make terms with the deacon. At last, moved by the worldly wisdom of Sam's argument, that it would put him in a bad light before people if he refused to do anything for his wife, he did agree to let her have half of his share of the produce from her farm, if Sam and Mindwell would provide for her other wants; and making the best of a bad bargain, the poor woman retired to the old house, which Sam had repaired so that most of it was habitable; and Mabel, who had agreed to teach the district school the next year, took up her abode with her.