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Address
THE BUTLER CITIZEN,
BUTLER, PA.

Butler Citizen.

VOL. XVIII. BUTLER, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1881. NO. 26

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One square, one insertion, $1; each subsequent insertion, 50 cents. Yearly advertisement exceeding one-fourth of a column, $5 per inch. Figure work double these rates; additions charges where weekly or monthly changes are made. Local advertisements 10 cents per line for first insertion, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion. Marriages and deaths published free of charge. Obituary notices charged as advertisements, and payable when handed in. Auditors' Notices, $4; Executors' and Administrators' Notices, $3 each; Estray, Caution and Dissolution 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.

Planing Mill
—AND—
Lumber Yard.

J. L. PURVIS. L. O. PURVIS

S. G. Purvis & Co.,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
Rough and Planed Lumber
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
FRAMES, MOULDINGS, SASH, DOORS,
FLOORING, SIDING, BATTENS,
Brackets, Gauged Cornice Boards
PORCH POSTS, STAIR RAILS
Newell Posts and Balusters
FENCE PALINGS, &c., &c,
MICHIGAN SHINGLES
Barn Boards; Plastering Lath; Hemlock Bill Stuff, such as Joist Rafters, Scantling, &c., all sizes constantly on hand.
All of which we will sell on reasonable terms and guarantee satisfaction.
PLANING MILL AND YARD
Near German Catholic Church
jan7-80-1y

A. Haffner,
SUCCESSOR TO
H. BAUER & BROS.,
BUTLER, PA.,
PLANING MILL
AND
Lumber Yard,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Rough and Planed Lumber
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, MOULDINGS,
SIDING, FLOORING, BATTENS,
Brackets, Gauged Cornice Boards,
PORCH POSTS, STAIR RAILS,
NEWELL POSTS & BALUSTERS,
FENCE PALINGS, &c., &c.
MICHIGAN SHINGLES
Barn Boards, Plastering Lath, Hemlock Bill Stuff, of all kinds, constantly on hand,
All of which I will sell on reasonable terms and guarantee satisfaction.
Planing Mill and Lumber Yard on Jefferson street, Butler, Pa.
1decly A. HAFFNER.

HOTELS

THE SCHREIBER HOUSE.
L. NICKLAS Prop'r.,
MAIN STREET, BUTLER, PA.
Having taken possession of the above well known Hotel, and it being furnished in the best of style for the accomodation 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, accomodations for my patrons.
L. NICKLAS.

BUTLER COUNTY
Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
Office Cor. Main and Cunningham Sts.
J. C. ROESSING, PRESIDENT.
WM. CAMPBELL, TREASURER
H. C. HEINEMAN, SECRETARY.
DIRECTORS:
J. L. Purvis, William Campbell, A. Troutman, G. C. Roessing, Dr. W. Irvin, J. W. Christy, E. A. Helmboldt, J. W. Burkhart, Jacob Schoene, John Caldwell, J. J. Croll, H. C. Heineman.
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BUTLER PA.

THE RESOURCES OF
KANSAS
ACCOMPANIED BY A COUNTY MAP OF THE STATE AND A FINE MAP OF THE UNITED STATES, WILL BE MAILED FREE.
WRITE FOR A COPY TO
A. S. JOHNSON, LAND COMMISSIONER,
TOPEKA, KANSAS.

H. Bickel,
LIVERY & FEED STABLE
JEFFERSON STREET,
WEST OF LOWRY HOUSE, BUTLER, PA.
Having removed all my stock to the above Stable, the public are respectfully invited to call.
The best Horses, Carriages, Buggies, &c. kept constantly for hire.
Open all hours, day and night.

NOTICE.

In Re the petition of citizens of Butler township, at Q. S., No. 46, Sept., 1880.

Praying the Court to appoint viewers to change and lay out a dividing or boundary line between Butler and Summit townships, as will be in accordance with the draft or lines as made and decreed at Q. S., No. 23, June, 1853, and to make draft and report whether such change as prayed for would be to the benefit of the inhabitants of the respective townships or either of them.

March 7th, 1881, report of viewers filed.
March 10th, 1881, report confirmed nisi.

BY THE COURT.

Now, therefore, all persons interested will take notice that the above report will be presented to the Court of Quarter Sessions for confirmation on Wednesday, the 8th day of June, 1881.

W. A. WRIGHT,
Clerk of Quarter Sessions.

BOOTS & SHOES.
THE OLD AND RELIABLE
BOOT AND SHOE HOUSE
—OF—
B. C. HUSELTON,
Is now Receiving Fresh New Goods in the Latest Styles the Eastern Markets produces. All his
Spring and Summer Stock
—OF—
BOOTS AND SHOES
Are now ready for inspection. These goods are made to his own special order by the largest manufacturers, and coming direct from them to his House there are NO MIDDLE PROFITS TO PAY. He intends to give to the public BOOTS and SHOES at prices that they can find no where else.
It pays to sell goods low and he means to do it.
The attractions which he offers in the assortment, in the quality, and
Above all
in the prices, are such that no one can resist going to the
LARGEST BOOT & SHOE HOUSE IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.
B. C. HUSELTON,
MAIN STREET, BUTLER PENN'A.

Some and only a few of the Bargains Offered:
Gents' Fine Buff Congress and Alexis $1.25 and upwards.
" " Strap Low Shoes, $1.00 and upwards.
" " Calf Boots, warranted $2.15 and upwards.
" Brogans and Plow Shoes, 90c and upwards.
Large line of the very finest Machine and Hand sewed goods in stock.
Ladies Serge Congress and Polish, 75c and upwards.
" " Grain Fox and Polish, elegant goods, $1 00 and upwards.
" Grain Peg Polish, elegant goods, $1 00.
" " Standard Polish, elegant goods, $1 25, all warranted.
" Kid Button Boots, $1.50 and upwards.
" Grain and Peb. Button Boots, $1.40 and upwards.
" " Sewed Polish Boots, good, $1.25 and upwards.
Very large stock of the very finest styles in Kid, St. Goat and Peb. Button Side Lace Shoes.
—Old Ladies Shoes Wide, Low Heels a Specialty.—
In Ladies, Misses and Children, the stock is the largest I have ever offered.
Slippers Low and Button Newports
BOYS AND YOUTHS' SHOES in proportion to Men's. Can't give many prices, space will not permit, suffice to say you find every thing in the Boot & Shoe line and very low figures at
B. C. HUSELTON'S.
LARGE STOCK OF LEATHER & FINDINGS. REPAIRING of all kinds done at Reasonable Prices. Be certain to examine this stock and prices before you buy. Thanking you for past favors I still solicit a continuance of the same.

EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD
SHOULD USE IT.
Herbaline Syrup,
THE GREAT MEXICAN REMEDY.
The only Medicine in the World Compounded from the Natural Roots and Herbs of Mexico.
HERBALINE SYRUP,
(NO ALCOHOLIC DRINK.) The most valuable remedy ever discovered in the Vegetable Kingdom for the speedy and permanent cure of Dyspepsia, Habitual Costiveness, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Piles, Dropsy, Heart Disease, Nervous Affections and Chronic Diseases.
HERBALINE SYRUP,
(NO VINEGAR COMPOUND.) The purest and best Medicine in the world for delicate Females, whether young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or the turn of life, relieving and curing their complaints as if by Magic. For the aged and the feeble this Tonic Syrup has no equal.
HERBALINE SYRUP,
(NO MINERAL POISON.) A swift and sure relief in Mental and Physical Prostration caused by over-taxing the mind and body with business and professional cares.
HERBALINE SYRUP,
(A VITALIZING TONIC.) Unequaled as a medicine for Children, being easy of administration, pleasant and refreshing to take, prompt in its action; certain in its results, and always safe and reliable. No Vermifuge, Lozenges, or other medicines will free the system from Worms like this wonderful Wild Herb Tonic.
HERBALINE SYRUP,
(THE LIFE GIVING PRINCIPLE.) Skin diseases of whatever name or nature, such as Eruptions, Blotches, Pimples, Ringworms, Scrofula, &c., are literally dug up and carried out of the system by this great Tonic and Alternative, while the complexion is rendered clear and beautiful.
HERBALINE SYRUP,
(PURELY HERBAL.) A genuine medicine warranted free from Calomel, Arsenic, Opium, Quinine, and Alcohol in all its forms. The most valuable Family Medicine in the World.
$5,000 REWARD is offered for a case of Chronic Disease that this great Tonic Syrup will fail to cure or greatly benefit, if the directions are strictly followed.
TRY IT, PRICE $1.00 PER BOTTLE.
PREPARED BY THE
STANDARD MEDICINE COMPANY,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

D. L. Cleeland,
(FORMERLY OF HARRISVILLE)
DEALER IN
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY
SPECTACLES & VIOLIN STRINGS,
Fine Watch and Clock repairing a specialty. All work warrented.
Store between Wuller's Drug store and Butler Savings Bank, Main street, Butler, Pa.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Butler county, the undersigned administrator of J H Wimer, late of Worth township, Butler county, Pa., will expose to sale by public vendue or outcry, on

Wednesday, May 25, 1881,

at one o'clock, P. M., on the premises, all the right, title, interest and claim of said decedant, being the undivided one-half of all that certain tract of land situate in Worth township, Butler county, Pa., bounded on the north by lands of Jonathan Wimer, deceased; on the east by lands of Catharine Kaufman; south by lands of J. Wimer, et al., containing about thirty-four acres, all cleared; log house thereon.

TERMS OF PAYMENT:

One-third of purchase money in hand on confirmation of sale, and the balance in two equal annual instalments thereafter with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage, including five per cent. attorney's fee in case the same shall have to be collected by legal process.

JEFFERSON WIMER,
Adm'r of J. H. Wimer, dec'd, Portersville.
Thompson & Scott, Att'ys.

DIRECTIONS.

For Catarrh, hay fever cold in the Head, &c., insert with little finger a particle of the Balm into the nostrils; draw strong breaths through the nose. It will be absorbed, cleansing, and healing the diseased membrane.

For Deafness, apply a particle into the ear.

ELY'S CREAM BALM
HAVING gained an enviable reputation, displacing all other preparations in the vicinity of discovery, is, on its merits alone, recognized as a wonderful remedy wherever known. A fair trial will convince the most skeptical of its curative powers. It effectually cleanses the nasal passages of Catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions, allays inflammation and irritation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment as directed will cure Catarrh. As a household remedy for cold in the head is unequaled. The Balm is easy to use and agreeable. Sold by druggists at 50 cents. On receipt of 50 cents will mail a package. Send for circular with full information.
ELY'S CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.
For sale in Butler by D. H. Wuller, J. C. Redick, Zimmerman & Wuller, Coulter & Linn.

Union Woolen Mill,
BUTLER, PA.
H. FULLERTON, Prop'r.
Manufacturer of BLANKETS, FLANNELS, YARNS, &c. Also custom work done to order, such as carding Rolls, making Blankets, Flannels, Knitting and Weaving Yarns, &c., at very low prices. Wool worked on the shares, if desired. my7-1y

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

St. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,
Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.
No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.
Directions in Eleven Languages.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM.
OF LYNN, MASS.

DISCOVERER OF
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
The Positive Cure
For all Female Complaints.
This preparation, as its name signifies, consists of Vegetable Properties that are harmless to the most delicate invalid. Upon one trial the merits of this Compound will be recognized, as relief is immediate; and when its use is continued, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, a permanent cure is effected, as thousands will testify. On account of its proven merits, it is to-day recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country.
It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequential weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.
In fact it has proved to be the greatest and best remedy that has ever been discovered. It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.
It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.
For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed.
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
Is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1.00. Six bottles for $5.00. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of Lozenges, on receipt of price, $1.00, per box, for either. Mrs. PINKHAM freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this paper.
No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM' LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box
GEO. A. KELLY & CO. General Agents, Pittsburgh Pa.
Sold by D. H. Wuller, - Butler Pa.

HOP BITTERS.
(A Medicine, not a Drink.)
CONTAINS
HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,
AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.
THEY CURE
All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.
$1000 IN GOLD.
Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.
Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.
D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
All above sold by druggists.
Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

WILL IT CURE ME?
Said a man, whose woebegone countenance and broken-down constitution plainly showed traces of disease—a sufferer with Nervous Dyspepsia, in whose stomach the most delicate morsel lay like lead. Refreshing sleep and quiet nerves were strangers to him, and he despaired of ever being well. We advised him to take
SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR,
which he did, and in a short time was not only relieved but cured.
Reader, if you are suffering with Dyspepsia or Liver Disease in any form, do not wait until the disease has taken a fast hold upon you, but use the Regulator when the symptoms first show themselves. SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR is not an alcoholic stimulant, but a PURELY VEGETABLE REMEDY that will cure when everything else fails. It is a faultless family medicine. Does not disarrange the system. Is no violent drastic purge, but nature's own remedy. The friend of everyone, and will not disappoint you. A single trial will convince you that it is the cheapest, purest and best Family Medicine in the world.
ASK the recovered dyspeptics, bilious sufferers, victims of fever and ague, the mercurial diseased patient how they recovered their health, cheerful spirits and good appetite—they will tell you by taking Simmons Liver Regulator.
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR
Simmons
Liver Regulator!
Original and genuine prepared only by
J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Phila.
apr 28-1y

TORPEDO JIM.

The Story of a Moonlighter.

'I am dying; yes, dying.'

Away up on the Bingham lands, in the great northern oil-field of Pennsylvania, a man lay dying. The flare of a huge gas jet came struggling through the wide crack of the rude hemlock board shanty and fell on the form of a man upon whose features the hand of trouble and sorrow had left heavy traces. He was alone, save the writer of this, and as the hours dragged slowly along he grew uneasy, as if he feared and dreaded the end which was inevitable. With an effort he roused himself.

'What time is it?' he asked.

'Nine o'clock.'

'Big Jack won't be home till half-past twelve, and before that time I will be locating 'wildcat' wells in another world.'

'Shall I go for him?'

'No; oh, no! Don't leave me I couldn't watch out the last tour and run the last bit alone. I want to tell Big Jack something, but you will do just as well. Can you keep a secret?'

'Yes.'

'Well, it's a strange story I've got to tell, and I want somebody to know it before—'

He paused a long time for breath. The cabin or 'shanty' in which he lay was situated in a sheltered spot among a cluster of giant pines, and was the only habitation for miles around. It was far beyond the line marking the extreme front of oil operations, and had been hurriedly thrown together as a cabin for the drillers and tool-dressers of a test well since become famous among oil men as 'the duster that sent the market flying into the nineties.' It wasn't much of a shanty even for the oil country; the boards had been nailed together with more than usual carelessness, and the heat from the rough stove inside had warped the boards so that snow and rain sometimes blew in on the 'bunkers' during the night and frosted each man's beard and hair like a net-work of lace. Outside, a few rods from the door, a gas-light flamed and flared across the snow and played ghostly pranks with the giant trees in the darkness of the night. I had sought the shelter of the rude cabin one cold day during the winter just passed, for I had been delayed while 'out in the big woods' prospecting for new territory, and had not set out on the return journey soon enough to reach civilization by night-fall, and had been hospitably invited to stay as long as I pleased, providing I could accommodate myself to the surroundings. Five men occupied the cabin—two drillers, two tool-dressers and a male cook. Two of the men were, at nine o'clock at night, busy at the test well a half-mile away, two others were on a visit to Bradford for provision supplies, and the fifth one lay in a rude bunk above the gas stove, tossing from side to side and waiting for the 'silent summons.' It was Torpedo Jim, the moonlighter. What his real name was no one knew; he went under the dime-novel name of Torpedo Jim. Some men called him Jim Barton, but whether or not that was really his name none of his friends and acquaintances could tell. Jim had been sick for three days, so the head-driller, Big Jack Sanford, said; and as I stood by the side of his bunk and watched the pain-contorted face I wished I might lift the veil hanging over this man's life, and so learn the tragedy and romance lying deeply hidden beneath the blue shirt and heavy coat. As I stood watching and waiting he started up in a fright

'My God, did you hear that?' he almost shrieked.

'No; I heard nothing. What was it?'

'A woman's scream I have heard it before more than once. Go outside and listen.'

Curiously wondering what the man could mean, I opened th door and stepped out into the night. All was still and dark save a low whispering among the pines and the flare of the burning gas. Away off down the valley, at the test well, I could hear the puff, puff of the laboring engine as it swung the ponderous drilling tools up and down and the ring of the heavy hammer as the tool-dresser pounded the bit into proper shape. No other sound broke the stillness of the night, and the little cabin under the pine was as silent as the grave. Into the room again and by the invalid's bunk was but a step, and as his eyes met mine the mute question was quickly answered:

'I could hear nothing except the well; all is still,' was my repiy.

'It must be that I am dying; yes, dying,' the man murmured once more, 'and I cannot go with a secret on my mind. Say, stranger, said he suddenly, 'do you think God forgives the blackest sins and crimes?'

He waited eagerly and with emotion for my answer.

'Yes, if you ask it in the right spirit.'

'Do you think so? Well, I am glad of it, and I have been praying a long time these three days I have been sick for God to wipe out the black spots and stains in my life; and oh, I do hope He has heard what I asked. But I feel that the end is near, and I'll tell you my story.'

After having been propped up with a pillow of old coats and boots he began:

'I s'pose you've heard of Torpedo Jim, the moonlighter? Yes? Well, that's me; and i got the name because I'm the only living man that took an active part in two glycerine explosions and lived I've handled hundreds of tons of the infernal stuff, both in the employ of Roberts, the torpedo monopolist, and working for myself, skulking aroung the woods at night and shooting wells against the law. I've been a pipe-line man, a tool-dresser and a driller, and a heap of other things besides, but the worst business I ever got into was this same moon-lighting. A man will stay out of it so long as he fears God and regards man, and I tell you he gets pretty well hardened before he can sneak around nights with enough frozen hell to blow him into four different townships in the wink of an eye. When a man gets so that he don't care whether he lives or dies the next minute, he goes into moon-lighting and makes a heap of money. Oh, yes, there's lots of money in it, but it is dearly-earned cash. But I wasn't always a moonlighter. Oh, no; I used to be as promising a boy as ever walked, and that was only a short time ago. I am only twenty-six years old now, but I have felt to be nearly fifty for the past two years. What made me a moon-lighter? I'll show you. There—that made me a moon-lighter and—a—murderer!'

It was a picture, a small locket picture of a beautiful young woman with dreamy brown eyes, sweet pouting lips and a wealth of dark-brown hair A most lovable young lady, surely, if the picture might be taken as a basis of calculation. The features were strangely familiar to me, for they resembled the features of the wife of a prominent oil operator whom I had met several times at private receptions and small parties The man continued without interruption:

'Ah, you start,' he said with a fierce luagh. 'You have seen the orignal? Yes? And you will see her again, roo. Four years ago I was engaged to that woman, and I was as happy as the day was long. I had bright prospects in the life then, and my father, who was in business in Philadelphia, where we lived, was supposed to be pretty comfortably fixed in life. But somehow or other, after he died and his affairs were straightened out, my mother and I hadn't a cent to give a beggar. I tried clerking and book-keeping in Philadelphia for awhile, but it was no go; and to cap the climax of my misery the young lady I was engaged to broke off the engagement with the polite excuse that she thought too much of me to hamper me with an engagement, and that I could climb the ladder of fortune much better if I was not bound by ties of any kind. Very tender and considerate, wasn't she? She never cared for me as much as she did for my money, but I just worshiped her, and when she threw me over in that cool way I wilted right down and left the city. I landed in the lower oil country and tried to do something. And then when I saw my mistake it was too late to get good bargains on leases in the northern field, but I came here all the same and tried to make my way. I had my mother to support in Philadelphia all the time, and it was through her that I learned of the marriage of the woman I loved to a wealthy man from the oil regions. I was sick for two weeks after that, stranger, and when I came to my senses I wasn't the same man. I didn't care to live; and if it hadn't been for my poor old mother I should have killed myself. I became rough and reckless and did the roughest work I could find. I drove team awhile, and then built rigs and dressed tools. After awhile I turned driller and tried to save money for my mother, but I did't make it fast enough. The longer I lived in the northern field the more reckless I became, and it wasn't long before I was a moon-lighter. I made topedoes for shooting wells, against the law, and out in the woods in a little log hut and hated the sight of man. I soon became the boldest and most successful moonlighter in the country, and every cent of money I could get above expenses I sent to Philadelphia. I got on the inside of a lot of information some lucky speculators had, and took a flyer on the market with splendid result. I made money hand over fist, but fortune came too late to do me any good, and though I was still a young man I looked forward to nothing this world could give.

'A year ago this winter I took to drinking 'tangle-foot' whisky, and after two or three sprees I got to going it at a terrible rate, and one day in the early spring of 1880, some time in April, I think, I got into a row with a man at the head of Tram Hollow, and we had a red-hot fight. We were both drunk; and when I found I was getting the best of him a wild thrill ran through me, the devil took full possession of my actions, and before I could think twice I had stabbed him to the heart, and my hands were stained with the blood of a fellow creature!'

The dying man shook with agony as the thoughts of that terrible deed came upon him, and his pain-distorted face was lifted in prayer for mercy and forgiveness. It was a solemn hour for a stranger to that country—the death-bed confession under the moaning pines and the long shadows of the giant trees casting their somber forms about in the flickering light of the gas-jet. A silence fell upon us suddenly; the moaning of the pines sank to the faintest of whispers, while from afar down the valley came the whirr and roar of the bull-wheel as the cable of the heavy drill at the well ran with lightning speed over the crown-pulley down into the earth two thousand feet.

'Hark!' said the man whom death was about to claim. 'Big Jack is running the tools and is letting them slide so that I can hear. It is the last time I will ever hear that sound. I have heard it often and handled the bull-wheel brake many times. I never will again; no, never again on this earth.'

He was silent again, and so still was the wintry night that I could hear the thud of the walking-beam and the rattle of the cable against the derrick. The silence became absolutely painful, until at last the melancholy face of the dying man was raised again.

'Stranger, come nearer; I'm going fast, and I must tell you the rest. After I killed that man I hid the body in a clump of brush and searched him to learn who he was. I never found out, for he had on his oily clothes' and there was nothing in his pockets only this, a little piece of paper, and on it is written, 'What is life? 'Tis but a vapor, soon it vanishes away.' True, isn't it? At last I have found it so. Well, after I hid that man in the brush-heap I wandered around the country and couldn,t eat nor sleep. It was glorious weather at that time; everything was as dry as a bone, and the next day I stood before that brush-pile by some power of attraction that made me go there, saw a great column of black smoke rise up near Rew City. I knew it was an oil fire, and I knew it would sweep a large area of country and leave nothing but ashes and the casing in the oil wells. The ground was sprinkled with oil all over the fields and leaves were as inflammable as powder. Well, I watched the Rew City fire grow larger and larger, and all at once I became a fiend incarnate and set the leaves and oil soaked brush on fire around the big tinder pile that hid the body of the unfortunate pauper I had killed. Instantly the whole place was a blazing mass, and the fire spread so fast that I had to run for my life. Did you ever see an oil fire? Yes? And saw the fires in Rew City, Tram Hollow and Foster Brook on that awful day? Is that so? Well, then, you know how fast they run and what a roar they make. It was just awful that day. I never saw anything like it. It was reported that the Tram Hollow fire was accidental and that the fire started from some sparks that had been smouldering in a stump-pile. That is all nonsense, for I started the fire myself and had to run for life to keep out of its way. Like a crazy fool, I ran down the valley with the wind, and the fire followed me like a monster ready to avenge itself. There were some houses down in the valley, and they used to call the place Oil Center, and when I reached the first house the fire had caught up with me, and I jumped into the creek and ran down in safety out of reach of the fire.

'Pretty soon I came to a house that belonged to a woman, and it was all she had between her and poverty, and I saw her trying to carry out some things; but before she could do anything the fire swooped down and caught up that house like whirlwind. That woman turned to me, gave one unearthly, heart-rending scream and fainted away. I took care of her until she was able to walk, and then put her in charge of some of her friends. Oh, that awful scream. I have heard it many times since; I heard it to-night while you were here. It has haunted me day and night; it has given me no rest. I sometimes think that the pauper I killed was some relative of hers, and that her scream comes to me in punishment for the deed.

'You know the result of that Tram Hollow fire? Scores of people thrown on the world homeless and penniless; thousands upon thousands of dollars lost; children crying for bread about the skirts of their heart-broken mothers. I have since done what I could in a feeble way to see that those homeless people did not suffer for the necessaries of life; but, oh, the remorse that has gnawed at my heart since that fatal day! Why, oh why, did I ever touch the accursed whisky that made me a fiend? Why, oh why, did the woman I loved drive me to this? Oh, curse—'

He stopped as if stricken dumb, his eyes glaring wildly from their sockets, his face a picture of horror and fear.

'My God!' he shrieked; 'that scream again! Did you hear it? No; how could you? for it comes only to me. I feel that I'm going very fast now; and oh, I hope God has forgiven me Come closer. Here, take the picture and keep it, and—some—day show it—to the woman it represents—and tell her—and—tell her—I—I loved her—to—the—the—last!'

The gas-light came struggling through the cracks in the rough cabin and fell upon an upturned face, from which had faded sorrow and care and hate and fear and all things earthly, and which, as the Angels of Death released the suffering spirit, reflected from its cold form the look of peace and love of the dead but unfortunate past. Slowly, reverently, I closed the door of the rude building and left the dead alone with the changing shadows under the moaning pines. Out in to the wintry night, down the little valley to the test well I walked as in a dream, and as I opened the door of the derrick and stood before the giant form of Big Jack Sanford that large-hearted man gazed at me in surprised silence.

'The man up at the shanty—' I began, and a lump seemed to come into my throat all at once.

'Yes?' said Jack interrogatively.

'He is—is—dead!' and I sat down on the anvil in sheer despair.

'What! Jim Barton? Torpedo Jim?' I could only nod assent.

'Dead! Torpedo Jim dead! Poor Jim!' And a great sob shook the burly form of the driller as he groped blindly for the throttle-wheel.

With a creaking and jarring, the ponderous machinery came to a standstill, and honest-hearted Jack Sanford leaned against the back brake of the sand-reel and wiped the moisture from his eyes with a kind of a groan. The tool-dresser came rattling into the derrick with a Gem Theater song on his lips, but as he saw his fellow-worker the song died away, and he stood in amazement before his friend nervously wiping his grimy hands with a bit of waste.

'What—what's the matter, Jack? Lost a bit down the hole, or is she stuck fast in the rock?' inquired the tool-dresser.

No reply.

'Ain't broke the temper-screw nor nothin', hev ye?'

With an effort the driller aroused himself and started the heavy tools once more. Then nodding toward the bull-well, and then at the tug-wheel rope-belt, he soon had the tool-dresser busily engaged in preparing to raise the tools from the hole two thousand feet under the snow.

Have you ever stood in an oil derrick and watched a heavy set of drilling tools being raised from the bottom of a hole two thousand feet deep? How the cable springs and stretches; how the timbers creak and groan as if every revolution of the monstrous bull-wheel was attended with pain, and how the engine labors and fiercely coughs forth its discontent at such hard work.

As Big Jack Sanford turned on the steam that cold night and started the drill from its rocky bed every piece of timber and every bit of iron seemed to cry out against the proceeding. Never had the thickly-braided cable shot out from the hole with such lightning speed, and never before had the tool-dresser forgotten to pour water down the hole as the swaying tools came rushing to the surface. How the dirty water and bits of sand did fly about as the cable rattled on the boards of the derrick! But the nerve of Big Jim never faltered, and in the midst of the rush and roar he found time to order the tool-dresser to put out the fire under the boiler and close up for the night. At last the unwieldy drill stood dripping on the derrick floor, and silently the driller led the way through the snow-path up through the wooded valley to the lonely cabin. As we neared the place I gently held the tool-dresser's arm and allowed Big Jack to go on and enter the cabin alone. All this time the tool-dresser was profoundly ignorant of the whole affair, and as I broke the news to him as gently as possible the usually thoughtless-spoken man sobered down and said nothing for a long time. At last with a suspicious huskiness in his voice, he spoke

'Poor old boy!' said he gently and sorrowfully; 'his troubles on this earth are over forever. And poor Jack, he loved him like a brother, although he knew that Jim was once a high-toned cuss from New York or some big city. And doesn't it seem strange to you that a man who had been through two nitro-glycerine explosions should pass in his checks away out here in this God-forsaken country? And all alone, too, that is, I mean, with none of his friends near. It seems hard, doesn't that a fellow like what Jim used to be before he struck this country should die all alone up here away from his mother and friends? They say he had a mother, but he was ashamed to see her as he was, and none of us, not even Big Jack, knows where she is. But I know she has been well provided for, because Jack told me Jim had given her about twenty thousand dollars that he had made up here. She wanted him to come home and live with her; and they say that when he would get a letter from her he would go out into the woods by himself and stay till night, and then he would burn the letter in the fire. Strange, wasn't it? He thought a good deal of his mother; but they say he had some affair of the heart that broke him all up for good. Women are queer things, anyway. I have always tried to keep away from them, for it's like running your hands into a gas-fire to get mixed up with them. Well, well, I'm sorry that poor Jim run his last bit and struck the sand out here, for he was different from any of us, and was made for something better than to die here all alone. Poor Jim, poor Jim!'

Softly we entered the little cabin and stood in the presence of the dead. It seemed so strangely that death should come down and lay his hands on the sick man under the health-giving pines; it didn't seem like other haunts of death, like funerals in churches and grand houses, where sorrowing friends crowd around the silver-trimmed casket and take a last look at the tenement of clay. There it was pomp and worldly sorrow; here it was poor, unfortunate James Barton' Torpedo Jim. lying in his bunk so cold and still and silent. We sat in the little cabin a long while in silence, each man busy with his own thoughts and strangely affected by the presence of death in the lonely forest. The night wore on apace, and after awhile Big Jack Sanford, the driller, arose and went out of the room into the early morning, closing the door carefully, as if afraid he might disturb the corpse of his friend. Hours passed, and as one by one the stars faded away and the sun came gleaming through the tree-tops the tool-dresser and I dropped off to sleep; and when we were awakened by the sounds of footsteps on the frozen snow we saw Big Jack coming toward the cabin with a rough hemlock box shaped like a coffin.

'It isn't so nice as I could wish,' said Big Jack as he deposited his burden on the board table; 'but it is the best we can do.'

With the loving tenderness of a father, Big Jack gathered the inanimate form of Torpedo Jim in his strong arms and laid him gently in the narrow coffin. And then he and the tool-dresser lifted the remains and carried them through the doorway and down the path leading past the well. It was the most sorrowful funeral procession I have ever seen. It wasn't much of a procession, to be sure. Jack and his fellow-worker led the way with the body and I followed. Yet there was sorrow there; sorrow for the dead and aching hearts and broken sighs joined with the moaning pines in chanting a requiem for-one to whom fate had been a bitter enemy. Down past the well to a lightning-blasted giant pine tree, and as its foot was a newly-made grave, the last loving labor that noble-hearted Jack could do for his dead friend. And then, as we lowered the blue-eyed man into his last resting place, the sun burst through a cloud and fell full upon us and cast a halo of golden glory about the scene; and when all was done the driller raised his arms and said slowly and solemnly;

'Peace to his dust and ashes through time and eternity. Amen!'

Poor Jim? Yes, poor Jim; far away out in the Bingham forests, under the world of snow, sleeps the blue-eyed man who will always be in the great army of those who die unknown to home and friends, and who will to the end of time be among the missing. And in her comfortable Philadelphia home the patient, loving mother waits and watches for her boy, the boy who will gladden the old, tried heart and brighten the old home never again on this earth; and by-and-by she will put away the well-worn Bible and gold-bowed spectacles and lie down to sleep the sleep that rights all wrongs, heals all wounds, and gives the beloved eternal peace and rest.

And in a little valley in the great northern oil field there stands a giant blasted pine with these words: 'Sacred to the memory of Torpedo Jim, who died unknown January, 1881.'

From Sassafras, Kent Co., Md.—I find that I sell as much of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup as of all other cough remedies combined. J. E. Hartley, Druggist.