The Butler Citizen: Butler, Pa., March 2, 1882.

KILL OR CURE.

One evening late in November, an elderly man with beetling brows, thin compressed lips, piercing gray eyes and long bony hands sat in a shabbily furnished room in a splendid old house, casting up accounts by the light of a single candle. The weather being cold, one of those baskets for live coals which are sometimes appropriately called "kill joys," glimmered in the huge grate. The door of the room, which opened into the fine oak panelled hall was ajar, and presently a servant girl bearing a light flitted by from the staircase. Her master called her, saying:

'Hi, Jenny! come here. What makes you look so scared? Is your mistress worse?'

'I'm afraid so, sir Timothy.'

'Eh! what, really bad?'

'Ye-es.'

'Going to die?'

'She says so, Sir Timothy, and oh! she looks it too. Oh, sir,' cried the girl, earnestly blurting out what was on her soul, 'if she should die without a doctor!'

That abnormal possibility shocked Sir Timothy Grabham also, the invalid being in a manner dear to him. It was was a very general notion amongst his neighbors and tenants that the man was incapable of caring for anybody; but this was prejudice; he did care for his wife, after his own fashion. It It was not an enthusiastic attachment, or a deep one; I do not suppose he loved her as well as a good bargain for example; but comparisons are odious. He remained silent for a while, looking downward, and then muttered:

'I declared that I would never send for Dr. Radford again,' which was an error on his part; he had never made that rash observation—it was Dr. Radford, please, Sir Timothy?'

'There is no one else, so I suppose he must.'

Jennie vanished in search of that footman, groom-gardener named Charles and her master tried to get back to his sum, but made a mistake of two pence and a farthing, and relapsed into reverie.

Sir Timothy Grabham was not a nice man, but if he remained indifferent to his wife's condition, he would have been a monster. She had now for thirty years, devoted herself to the difficult task of pleasing him; she had brought him money, and saved him money; born economical, she had developed the faculty into real meanness to gain his approbation. Passion would have been out of place at his age and hers, but he esteemed her.

After a hard day's work, Dr. Radford had turned into bed with the snug conviction that he was going to remain undisturbed up to eight o'clock in the morning. But at half past eleven his sleep was broken by the night bell, and he had to wrench himself from his warm nook in the feathers, feel for his dressing gown and slippers, blunder into his dressing room, which looked out on the front of the house, and open the window.

'What is it?' he shouted, shivering as the frosty night air blew in upon his face and played about his unprotected legs.

'Please, sir, it's me.'

'Idiot!—your name?'

'Charles from the Hall.'

'Then Charles from the Hall, you may go back again, for I am not coming.'

'My lady is very ill, sir.'

'Can't help it. Tell your master that I won't attend him or his family, and he need send no more messages, as I shall muffle the night bell.' And with these words the doctor banged down the window.

'What are you doing John' said a voice from the bed presently.

'Tying a stocking around the clapper of this confounded bell.'

'What for?'

'To get a good sleep, in spite of Sir Timothy Grabham.'

'Why, he has never sent for you.'

'He has though, the insolent screw; his wife is ill.'

'Well, well, don't tie up the bell, John; she may be really bad—dying you know.'

'What is that to me?'

'I know they have treated us badly, a rich man like that to refuse to pay for your attendance; it is unheard of! but other people might want you.'

'Not likely.'

'No, but it is just possible. Don't muffle the bell.'

I need hardly tell the married reader that the doctor got growling to bed, with the clapper free to rouse him out again. In an hour's time the bit of iron availed itself of that liberty, but for some minutes Dr. Radford declined to stir. Consideration of his wife's rest, however, at length induced him to turn out once more, and again go through the process of refrigeration.

'Sir Timothy's messenger again, I suppose!'

'No,' replied a well known voice, 'I'm here myself.'

'For what purpose, Sir Timothy Grabham, do you come and disturb me, when you know very well that I never intend to enter your doors again?'

'Ay, ay,' replied voice from below; 'but this is not the time to bear malice. I tell you that my wife is dangerously ill—dying I believe; and if she dies for want of medical assistance you will be responsible.'

'Not so, the responsibility will all lie on your own shoulders. I am a poor man working hard for my living, but no one ever knew me to neglect a patient because he could not pay me. Two-thirds of my work is done for nothing, or next to nothing, and those who can afford it ought to take some share of the burden, more especially you, the lord of the manor, under whose protection the whole poor are placed by Providence. Instead of which, you refuse to pay me for actual attendance upon yourself and family for upward of a year.'

'Stay, stay!' cried Sir Timothy, 'you mistake; I never refused to do so. You are wrong to look upon it as a personal matter, because I never pay anyone unless I am actually obliged. Why did you not bring action? But come, let us see if we cannot do business together, save my wife and I'll give you a hundred pounds. There!'

'Eh?' said Dr. Radford, rather staggered, 'But you know there is no taking your word for anything.'

'Come down and let me in, and I will put the promise down in black and white,' said Sir Timothy.

'That sounds like business,' replied the doctor not altogether sorry for an excuse to go to the aid of a dying woman. So he shut the window, put on some clothes and admitted Sir Timothy Grabham, taking him into his consulting room and lighting the gas.

'Now, how am I to word it?' inquired the baronet, taking a pen and arranging a sheet of foolscap before him. 'I promise to pay Mr. John Radford the sum of one hundred pounds if he cures—'

'No, no,' interrupted the doctor, 'it is only quacks who make such bargains as that; I must have my pay whether I am successful or not.'

'Very good—surgeon, for 'attendance upon my wife, kill or cure.' Will that do?'

'Yes, that will do, but sign it.'

'Oh, oh! I forgot. How stupid.' And Sir Timothy appended his name to the document, and putting on his great coat and hat, the doctor left his house with his successful visitor.

He found Lady Grabham very bad indeed, quite past human aid in fact; and although he was indefatigable in his attendance, and performed that feat of which is popularly called 'exhausting the resources of his art,' she sank on the third day. The undertaker took some timber that had lately been felled in part payment of expenses; and on the very day of the funeral, Sir Timothy let a farm, the lease of which had expired, for an increased rent, without having to do as much in the way of repairs as he anticipated; so he was enabled to bear the domestic misfortune like a Spartan.

After a decent lapse of time Dr. Radford sent in a note referring to the promise which Sir Timothy Grabham had made him and requesting a check for a hundred pounds; and no answer being vouchsafed to this communication, he presently wrote again in more urgent language; but the second letter was ignored as quietly as the first. Then the good doctor got angry, and meeting his debtor in the course of his rounds, he upbraided him with his conduct, and threatened to take legal proceedings.

'Quite right, doctor—quite right,' said Sir Timothy. 'Force me to pay you and I will do it; but I never pay a farthing except under compulsion, it is against my principles; and I am sorry I cannot make an exception in your favor.'

So Dr. Radford put the matter in the hands of a lawyer, and in due time the case came. It was a gay day in the little country town, for the case excited a great deal of curiosity and amusement. The poor doctor, who was a general favorite, had been pitilessly chaffed, though everybody hoped for and anticipated his success; and the court was crowded with county magnates. It added to the attraction of the affair that Sir Timothy Grabham, with all his faults had the merit of being consistent; he could not employ a lawyer, but conducted his own case. Of course the doctor's solicitor was jubilant, and quoted the proverb which avers that the man who so acts has a fool for his client. 'Not but what the case is clear enough' he added; 'all the lawyers in London could not get him off paying up.'

And indeed it did seem simple. The doctor was put in the witness box, and told his story; and Sir Timothy did not question the correctness of it; on the contrary he openly said that to the best of his remembrance, everything had occurred exactly as described. 'But,' he added, 'I should like to look at the document which has been alluded to, and ask the plaintiff a question or two about it.'

The memorandum was handed to him and he read it aloud:

'I promise to pay the sum of one hundred pounds to Mr. John Radford, surgeon, for attendance upon my wife, kill or cure. Exactly. Well, Dr. Radford, did you cure her?'

'No; that was impossible.'

'Did you kill her?'

[Chillicothe, (Ohio) Ross County Register.]

A Lady in the Matter.

That 'woman's wit is often superior to man's wisdom,' was convincingly proved in a circumstance that occured in this city recently. It appears that Mr. Ludwig Schwarzler, a widely known Grocer on Station Road, suffered with a very painful rheumatic headache to such a degree, that he was obliged to seek the aid of a physician. All medicines he used were of no avail. This induced Mrs. Schwarzler to buy St. Jacobs Oil. She procured a bottle for her husband. With the second application he found relief. The pain left him, and he is as well as ever again. A remedy acting as promptly as this certainly deserves universal patronage.

Pretty Rough on a Bible Scholar.

'Well, what occurred between you and Baker? asked the judge of James Harker

'Wall, I was sittin' on a box down dere talkin' to Abe Graham 'bout de flood an' Noah's ark when 'long cum de old man Baker, an' said dat Noah was a one-eyed man. Jedge, am dat so?'

'I never heard it was so.'

'Nor I, an' doan' believe it; but de old man stuck to it till I felt obliged to call him a liar.'

'Called him a liar, eh? Why didn't you say he was laboring under an error?'

'Why, jedge, dat old man doan' know nuffin 'bout grammar! He wouldn't hav got dat speech frew his head in two weeks!'

'Well, what did he do when you called him a liar?'

'He cum for me an' I tuk him by de neck-tie an' gin him de gravevine twist. 'Bout dat time dis officer cum 'long an' axed me to take a walk wid him fur de goodness of my health. Now, jedge, I didn't mean to make any row, 'cause I allus abides de law, but when de old man drapped dow on me wid dat one-eyed story, it was too much. If Noah was a one-eyed man wouldn't de Bible say so?'

'Perhaps, but that is not the point. He had a right to his belief and you to yours. But for you there would have been no row. I shall be obliged to hold you responsible!'

'Jedge, isn't yer pretty ruff on a Bible scholar.'

Attendants on the Sick

should frequently rub a few drops of Darbys Prophylactic Fluid on their face and hands, especially when nursing those sick with infectious diseases. Articles used on or about the sick should be disenfected and the atmosphere of the sick room purified and vitalized by using the Fluid. Its effect is marvelous in checking the spread of contagious diseases.

A diet of milk, temperance and an air cushion have enabled Uncle Peter Cooper to gain his ninety-first birthday, despite the fact that the Greenbackers once ran him for President.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

At a Ministers' Conference held in the Baptist Publication Building, 1420 Chestnut Street, Phila., Monday Jan. 23d, ult.. N. W. Miner, D. D., of Trenton, N. J., read a paper on "Personal Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln," as follows:

Abraham Lincoln was for many years a near neighbor and a warm personal friend. What I have to say about that great and good man will not be at second-hand, but will be from my own knowledge. And since this lecture was written, Mrs. Lincoln has given it her endorsement.

It was in 1855, just after moving to Springfield, that I first saw Mr. Lincoln. It was in a public meeting in the State House. A friend said to me: 'Do you see that tall, ugly looking man in the corner? That is Abraham Lincoln, who came within one vote of being elected United States Senator.' I was much struck with his honest face and noble bearing; but the thought that he would become the most remarkable man of the age, never occurred to me. In April of the same year, I hired a house just across the street from him. I was drawn toward him, and took special pains to cultivate his acquaintance. We found him a delightful neighbor. At times, people used to come long distances to attend meetings. When my house was full, he would come, or send, to tell me to send part of my guests to his house. I had also the use of his horse, which was a great help in my missionary work. His son (now the Honorable Secretary of War) used to harness it for me. Mr. Lincoln was very fond of children. He loved his own children and his neighbors' children. Often I have seen the children come out to meet him and cling to his hands. He was a great Commoner. He loved the laboring men, and they almost adored him. He had known poverty and toil. He once said to me: 'Mr. Miner, I have seen a great deal of the back side of this world.' I remember once when I was riding with him in Washington, if he met a General or a Senator, he would just bow to them as he passed, and say to me: 'That was Senator, or General, So-and-so;' but if we saw a private soldier, he would partly rise from his seat, and salute him with great heartiness. Toward the close of the war, a poor German woman, a widow, came to ask me to write to Mr. Lincoln to have her only remaining son discharged from the army. Her other sons had fallen for the country. It was just when Mr. Lincoln had gone to Richmond. I wrote him. Two days after his death, I received a letter in his own hand, which was to be presented to the General in command, directing him to discharge the son. It was an act of great condescention for him in that hour of triumph to give time and attention to the request of a German widow woman.

Mr. Lincoln was a temperance man. His father and his mother, worthy members of the Baptist church, had taught him to fear God and not to drink. He never used intoxicating liquor or tobacco. Gen. Mason Brayman, who was a member of my church, said that he had never known him to taste intoxicating liquor. When he gave entertainments to the members of the Legislature, he would provide liberally, but no liquor. When he was notified that the Committee of the Republican Convention which nominated him for President were coming to inform him officially of the fact, and he was urged to provide it, he said: 'You are my old friends and neighbors; you have worked hard to secure me this nomination; I would do anything for you that is right. But this I cannot do, even if it should cost me the election.' He was an anti-slavery man and a temperance man, because it would be wrong for him to be anything else.

He was a very successful lawyer. The jury relied on him; when he made a statement, they knew that it was so. He told me that he would never take a case unless he believed that there was something in in. He frequently advised people not to go to law, but to leave their difficulties to arbitration. A farmer once said to me: 'Do you know why it is that I, who have been a Democrat all my life, am going to vote for Mr. Lincoln? I will tell you. I once had got into difficulty with a neighbor about the line between our farms. I went to Mr. Lincoln to secure him. Mr. L. said: 'Now, if you go on with this, it will cost both of you your farms, and will entail an enmity that will last for generations, and, perhaps, lead to murder. The other man has just been here to engage me. Now, I want you two to sit down in my office while I am gone to dinner, and talk it over and try to settle it. And to secure you from any interruption, I will lock the door.' He did so, and he did not return all the afternoon. We two men, finding ourselves shut up together, began to laugh. This put us in a good humor, and, by the time Mr. L returned, the matter was settled.'

A word as to the relations between Mr. Lincoln and Judge Douglas When Mr. Lincoln reached Washington for the Inauguration, Judge Douglas met him at the station and said: 'Mr. President you are my President; I have come to welcome you and to offer you all my services.'

On the day of the Inauguration. Judge Douglas requested that he might ride in the carriage with Mr. Lincoln, so that, if there was any danger, he might share it. When Fort Sumter was fired on, Mr. Lincoln issued his Proclamation calling for 75,000 men. Judge Douglas read it, and said to the President: 'That is very well for a beginning; but it will take a million men to put down this rebellion.' And he pointed out just what would be the course of events. Mr. Lincoln told me this, and then said: 'Oh, if Douglas had only lived!'

I now come to speak of the moral and religious character of Mr. Lincoln. Mr. W. H. Herndon of Springfield has published a life of Mr. Lincoln, which is untruthful in many respects. He is an infidel; and he aims to show that Mr. Lincoln was an infidel, and that infidelity can produce an elevated character. When Mr. Lincoln was elected, I do not think he was an experimental Christian. But I never heard from him a word looking toward infidel sentiments. He believed in the superintending providence of God and in the divine origin of the Scriptures. He read the Bible, and prayed. In January of '61 a Fast was proclaimed by President Buchanan, in view of the state of the country. A meeting was held in Springfield in the Presbyterian church; all the churches were represented. Mr. Lincoln was present. Much prayer was offered for him. He listened with close attention and tearful interest. At the close of the meeting, he said to me with tears: This has been a good meeting. I am grateful for the prayers that have been offered; and I sincerely hope they may be answered.'

On Feb. 11, '61 Mr. Lincoln left his home in Springfield. Just before the cars started, he uncovered his head and made that short speech which thrilled the hearts of the nation. Standing by his side, I heard him ask for the prayers of the people.

I saw him again in April, '62, in the White House. Willie Lincoln, his son, a fine lad, had just died. At that time, I learned more about his spiritual experience than ever before. He asked me to go to ride with him on Thursday afternoon. We talked about the battle of Shiloh which had just taken place. His wife said that on Sunday night, when the issue was uncertain, he walked his room all night, unable to sleep. I said to him: 'Mr. Lincoln, the Christian people of the land are praying for you, as they never prayed for any one before.' He said: 'That is an encouraging thought; if I were not sustained by the prayers of the people, I could not endure the pressure that is upon me.' I said: 'Do you think we shall succeed?' He said: 'I believe our cause is just; I believe that we shall conquer in the end. I should be very glad to take my neck out of the yoke, and go back to my old home and my old life at Springfield. But it has pleased Almighty God to place me in this position; and looking up to him for support I must discharge my destiny as best I can.'

I was confident that, even if he were not a Christian, he was acting like one, was doing his duty, looking up to God for help, reading his Bible, believing in prayer, and praying.

Mrs. Lincoln said that he finished his inaugural address on the day of the Inauguration, and read it to his family. Then he wished to be left alone. She took the children, and went to an adjoining room; and there, like Daniel, surrounded by enemies, he committed his family, his country, and himself, to the protecting care of God; and he came out from that retirement ready for his duty.

A word as to his going to the theater on the fatal night. It has been said that Mrs. Lincoln urged him to go. This is not true. She urged him not to go. But he said that he must have *rest*. He did not pay attention to the play. He was weary; and he was overjoyed that the war was over, and that the people would stop killing each other. He said to Mrs. Lincoln: 'If I live through this term of office, we will take a journey. We will go to the Holy Land; I want to find some place where Jesus walked; and I will walk in the same pathway; there is no city that I do want to see so much as Jerusalem.' At this point the bullet of the assassin entered his brain.

A word as to Mrs. Lincoln. She was a devoted wife, a loving mother, a sincere friend. After the death of her little boy, she found her only consolation in visiting the Union Hospital and carrying flowers to the wounded soldiers, from the conservatory.

At the close of the address, of which the above is but a fragment, and which was heard with deep and tender interest,

Bro. J. O. Critchlow said that at the time of Mr. Lincoln's going to Richmond, after the capture, I was in one of the hospitals before Richmond. Mr. Lincoln came to the front of the hospital, were we were standing. He said: 'Boys, I want to shake hands with you.' There was one man who had lost his right arm. Mr. Lincoln said to him in a tone that none but a good man could use: 'May God bless you!' There was a colored man, who doubted whether he ought to shake hands with the President of the United States; so he stood a little back. Mr. Lincoln saw him and said: 'I want to shake hands with you, too,' and he took him also by the hand.

On Motion of Bro. R. M. Luther, seconded by William Catheart, D. D. it was unanimously

Resolved, That we have heard, with profound interest, the lecture of our esteemed brother, N. W. Miner, D. D. entitled 'Personal Reminiscences of Aorahaum Lincoln.' The lecture has heightened the estimate (which was already exalted) of the character of the great American Statesman and patriot, who was, we believe, raised up by God for a great crisis, and who met the crisis with unsurpassed wisdom and self-forgetful patriotism. Especially have we been gratified with the view Dr. Miner, as the result of a prolonged personal acquaintance, is able to give of the moral and religious character of the martyred Ptesident. We heartily commend the Lecture to our brethern everywhere.

PAT'S PLEDGE.—Gough tells this story about an Irishman to whom a physician said:

'Tim, this won't do; you must take warning from the fate of your friend, O'Shaughnessy. Only three nights ago he came home much soberer than you are, but in attempting to blow out the candle his breath took fire and he exploded, blew up—so his friends in three days have not been able to scrape enough of him together to hold a wake over.'

'And do you mean to tell me that he bust up,' said Tim.

'Indeed, I do, upon my honor.'

Tim said he would take the pledge at once, and he did so in the following form:

'I swear never to blow out a candle while I am drunk again.'

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We have many times been an unwilling listener to the 'said she' and 'said I' narrations in public conveyances and elsewhere; but never knew an instance where the 'said Is' didn't say all the smart things and the 'said shes' all the stupid and vicious ones, or where the 'said Is' didn't come off victorious in the end.

The virtue of women is held in high esteem by the citizens of Ottawa, Ill. A jury gave a young lady of that place $50,000 domages for an outrage committed upon her by a physician while under professional treatment. There may be some question as to the justice of the verdict, but the result is an indication of the indignation that is felt at the conduct of a physician who will take advantage of the sacred confidence which is imposed in him by a patient to gratify his passions.

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CONSUMPTION

is not incurable, if properly attended to.—Consumption, at its commencement, is but a slight irritation of the membrane which covers the Lungs; then an inflamation, when the cough is more observable, but not very dry; then it becomes local fever and the pulse more frequent, the cheeks flushed and chill sometimes come. This Elixir in curing the above complaints, operates so as to remove all morbid irritations and inflamation from the lungs to the surface, and finally expel them from the system. It facilitates expectoration.

It heals the ulcerated surfaces

and relieves the cough and makes the breathing easy. It supports the strength and at the same time reduces the fever. It is free from strong opiate and astringent articles, which are of so drying a nature as to be in great danger of destroying the patient; whereas this medicine never dries or stops the cough, but, by removing the cause, generally destroys the hectic before the cough is entirely gone. Consequently, when the cough is cured the patient is well. Send address for pamphlet giving full directions for cure of pulmonary diseases. Price 35 cts., 50 cts., and $1.00 per bottle.

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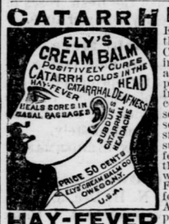

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TRIAL LIST FOR SPECIAL COURT, COMMENCING 20th MARCH, 1882.

No.	Term.	Yr.	Plaintiff's Attorney.	Plaintiffs.	Defendants.	Defendant's Attorney.
A. D.	24 March	1882	Thompson, McC. and M'Q.	L Z Mitchell, ex'r, &c., et al.	A Porter Wilson et al.	Brandon
C. P.	538 Oct.	1876	E G Miller	Dodds Mill Oil Co.	Gabriel Barnhart	A T Black
"	179 Oct.	1877	McC., Mitchell and Greer	Dr S Bredin	Kerr MbBride et al.	Thompson and Fleeger.
"	57 Sept.	1878	Campbell	Alfred Pearce, ex'r, for use,	J W Kirker, adm'r, et al.	McC.
A. D.	37 Dec.	1880	J B Bredin & Thompson.	Augustus McElwain	Jacob Kellerman	McQ. and Vanderlin.

Prothonotary's Office, February 20, 1882. M. N. GREER, Prothonotary.

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Butler twp—Joseph Criswell.
Buffalo twp—Jacob Simmers.
Brady twp—John B. Smith.
Clay twp—R. J. Gold.
Concord twp—Peter Kamerer.
Centre twp—W. A. Christie.
Clinton twp—Isaiah McCall.
Cranberry twp—Lewis Hoffman.
Cherry twp—William McGill.
Clearfield twp—F. P. McBride.
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Donegal twp—Hugh McFadden.
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Jackson twp—Henry Zehner.
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Muddycreek twp—Jonathan W. Jones.
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Parker twp—Thomas Allsworth.
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