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All communications intended for publication in this paper must be accompanied by the real name of the writer, not for publication but as a guarantee of good faith.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

THE BUTLER CITIZEN,
BUTLER, PA.

BUTLER COUNTY
Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

Office Cor. Main and Cunningham Sts.
J. C. ROSS, PRESIDENT.
W. M. CAMPBELL, TREASURER.
H. C. HEINEMAN, SECRETARY.
DIRECTORS:
J. L. Purvis, W. A. Helmbold,
W. M. Campbell, J. W. Burkhardt,
A. Tronim, Jacob Schoen,
G. C. Rossing, John Caldwell,
Dr. W. Irwin, J. J. Crowl,
A. H. Hoopes, J. H. Keenan.

JAS. T. M'JUNKIN, Gen. Ag't
BUTLER, PA.

Planing Mill

Lumber Yard.

S. G. Purvis & Co.,

Rough and Planed Lumber

FRAMES,

FLOORING, SIDING,

Brackets, Gauged Cornice Boards,

SHINGLES & LATH.

PLANING MILL AND YARD
Near German Catholic Church
Jas 7-10-17

Webb's Electric Medicine.
A positive and effective remedy for all Nervous Diseases in every stage of life—youth or old, male or female. Sufferers with such ailments as Headache, Dizziness, Defective Memory, Impaired Brain Power, and diseases from which cannot find relief in any other way, will find relief in this medicine. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and many forms of disease are generally which, if not checked, pay the way to an early death. It not only cures, but prevents the return of the disease. Each package contains sufficient for two weeks treatment. Write for pamphlet, which will be sent free, with full particulars.
Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents a package, or twelve packages for \$2.00. Will be sent free by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Write to
WEBB'S ELECTRIC MEDICINE CO.,
Buffalo, N. Y.
Solely by B. H. Walter, Butler, Pa. Jan 21

Chicago & North-Western
RAILWAY

LEADING RAILWAY

WEST AND NORTHWEST.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, OMAHA

DENVER, LEADVILLE,

SALT LAKE, SAN FRANCISCO

DEADWOOD, SIOUX CITY,

Pullman Hotel Dining Cars

Chicago and Council Bluffs.

Dr. Freese's Water Cure.

Justice of the Peace

MY FRIENDS:

I am a rambling wreck of nudity, B. Frogg, Esq., at your service, advertising agent for the best Jewelry house in this section. I wish to inform the public that a full line of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, PLATED AND SILVERWARE, is now being offered at astonishingly low prices at the popular and reliable store of

E. GRIEB,
Butler, Pa.

Note What an old and Reliable House can do Regarding Prices.

Round Nickel Clocks at..... \$1.00
A Good Striking Clock, walnut case..... 3.00
A Good Striking Clock..... 2.00
2 Oz. Silver Case, with Amer's movement 10.00
Ladies Gold Watches at..... \$12.75

All kinds of Sewing Machine Needles at 35 cents per dozen, and No. 1 Sperm Oil at 10 cents per bottle.

The only place in Butler where you can find a full and complete stock of KNIVES, FORKS, SPOONS, &c. 1847—Rogers Bros.—A. L.—none genuine unless stamped ("1847—Rogers Bros.—A. L.") I also carry a full line of Eye Glasses and Spectacles, suitable for all eyes and mounted in the most elegant and substantial manner, and am offering very superior goods at the most reasonable rates. Repairing of Watches and Clocks receives our very strict attention, and is done promptly and warranted.

E. GRIEB, Main Street, Butler, Pa.

Butler Citizen

VOL. XIX.



BUTLER, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 1882.

Citizen

NO. 19

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square, one insertion, \$1; each subsequent insertion, 50 cents. Yearly advertisements exceeding one-fourth of a column, \$3 per inch. Square work done at special rates. Additional 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. Literary notices charged as advertisements, and payable when handed to Advertisers Notices, \$4; Executing and Administration Notices, \$3 each; Return Notice as a Dissolution Notice, 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, and that it is the medium they should use in advertising their business.

MUSIC.

100 Popular Songs, words and music, 30 cts. 100 Comic Songs, words and music, 30 cts. 100 Sentimental Songs, words and music, 30 cts. 100 Old Favored Songs, words and music, 30 cts. 100 Opera Songs, words and music, 30 cts. 100 Home Songs, words and music, 30 cts. 100 Irish Songs, words and music, 30 cts. 100 Scottish Songs, words and music, 30 cts. 100 Scotch Songs, words and music, 30 cts. Any four of the above for the Dollar. All of the above for two Dollars. The above comprises nearly all of the most popular music ever published and is the best bargain ever offered. Order your copy today. Postage stamps in payment of all orders. Catalogues and Musical Instruments at low prices.

World Manuf. Co. 120 Nassau St. New York.

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 Flannels,
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 full address, write to
H. FULLERTON,
Butler, Pa.
July 24, 78-79

REMOVAL!

The undersigned has removed his place of business to his own building one square south of Court House, Main Street, east side, opposite Donaldson House, where he has a full stock of

Watches,
Clocks,
Jewelry,
Spectacles, etc.
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Spectacles, etc., promptly repaired and satisfaction guaranteed.
D. L. CLELAND.

Webb's Electric Medicine.

A positive and effective remedy for all Nervous Diseases in every stage of life—youth or old, male or female. Sufferers with such ailments as Headache, Dizziness, Defective Memory, Impaired Brain Power, and diseases from which cannot find relief in any other way, will find relief in this medicine. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and many forms of disease are generally which, if not checked, pay the way to an early death. It not only cures, but prevents the return of the disease. Each package contains sufficient for two weeks treatment. Write for pamphlet, which will be sent free, with full particulars.
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GREAT GERM DESTROYER

PROPHYLACTIC FLUID.

SMALL POX ERADICATED.
Pitting of SMALL POX prevented. Clears purified and healed. Glanders prevented and cured. Dysentery cured. Wounds healed rapidly. Scurvy cured in short time. Tetters dried up. It is perfectly harmless. For Sore Throat it is a sure cure.

DIPHTHERIA PREVENTED.
Cholera dispersed. Small Pox prevented by its use. In cases of death in the house, it should always be used about the corpse. It prevents any unpleasant smell. An Antidote to all Epidemics. Kills all Epidemics. Dangerous effluvia of sick rooms and hospitals removed by its use.

SCARLET FEVER CURED.
In fact it is the great Disinfectant and Purifier.

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
Manufacturing Chemists, SOLE PROPRIETORS

DR. HALL'S GALVANIC BATTERY

AGENTS WANTED.

ATTENTION!

SHIPPERS and FARMERS.

LIVE POULTRY,

BUTTER, EGGS,

WOOL, GRAIN,

HIDES, FURS,

PELTS, LAMBS, ETC.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

REFERENCES:

H. GASTON & CO.,

Estate of Isaac C. Miller.

Estate of Sarah Miller.

Estate of Hans Baker.

SELECT.

ALMOST BURIED ALIVE.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., March 13.—Joseph Ryan, a fair-haired, blue-eyed young man, is just recovering from a remarkable illness at the home of her sister, Mrs. Brown, in this place. Her parents died some years ago, and Joseph went to work in St. James, a little village near here. One Saturday night last winter she went to singing school. She had not been in her seat long when she felt a very strange sensation about the head, accompanied by pains in the back. She arose to her feet, as if to start out of church, when she fell in a dead faint, and was carried home. Her friends at first thought that she was merely fainting, and the usual restoratives were applied, but the girl continued to lie as if dead. Sunday came and went and still there was no change. The body became colder and colder, the eyes were open and staring, the lips were apart, there was no perceptible pulse, and every indication pointed to death. Physicians pronounced life extinct. The priest was sent for to administer the last rites, and the weeping sisters and friends of the family prepared to bury the last farewell. The coffin was ordered, busy fingers began to prepare the white clothes in which to bury the corpse, and in fact, every preparation was made for the final scene.

Thus passed Monday. On the evening of that day there was a slight change in the appearance of the body, which gave the startled watchers a faint hope that the girl lay in a trance, and that this was but death's counterfeit. The body lay on its back, with arms folded, just as the attendants had placed it. There was not the least perceptible breathing; the eyes still had that stony unmeaning gaze; the face was pallid as white marble; but the fingers and limbs were not warm, but they did not have that chilly touch that is a sure accompaniment of actual dissolution. There was sufficient doubt in the minds of those in attendance to warrant caution, and so another day and night passed. On Tuesday, or the fourth day after the girl was first stricken down, the priest was again sent for. After critical examining the case and consulting with the physician he said: "It is a trance. She may come to herself, but it will be but momentary. When she relapses all will be over. She can't live!" Accordingly the funeral was set for the next day. Imagine the feelings of horror which possessed the girl when it is known that she was cognizant of every word that was spoken in that room, and could see the forms of her friends and watchers about her couch. Her terrible situation is best told by herself. She said to me yesterday:

"Oh, sir, it was horrible. As I lay here on my back, stretched out on the boards, with my arms crossed and feet tied together, with lighted candles about my head, and could see my sisters and neighbors come and peer into my face, it was awful. I heard every word spoken. My body, limbs, and arms were as cold as ice. I thought of the agony of being buried alive, of being nailed in a coffin and lowered into the ground, I tried to make some noise, or move just a little, it was impossible. I saw my sisters come in one by one and look into my face. 'Poor Josie, she's gone!' Their tears dripped on my hair, and their kisses were warm to my lips. As they turned to leave to attend to the funeral, it seemed as if I must make an effort to attract their attention, if only by moving my eyelids. But I couldn't move a muscle. The priest came in, and felt my arms and wrists. He shook his head. Then he placed his hand on my heart. It was no use. He could not hear it beat. After saying a short prayer for the repose of my soul he turned and left me, and my agony and horror were redoubled. 'Will no one find out that I live?' I said to myself. 'Must I be buried only to wake when it is late?' Must I come back to life when they put me in the vault, and all of the people have gone away, only to die of fright and horror and suffocation?' The thought was madness! Why doesn't the doctor do something to bring me to myself? I am not dead! It was no use. There I lay thinking and listening in the coffin. The woman began to wail, and a woman giving directions as to the making of the shroud. I heard the time set for the funeral and all. I could see every one who came to look at me. I tried to look conscious and let them know that I understood it all, but it was impossible. It was a week that I did not die of fright and agony. I often think that I would sooner die, a thousand times sooner, than go through that experience again.

"Finally, when all was ready, when the shroud was finished, and all had left the room but two or three, some one said: 'Ain't you going to cut her hair off?' My hair was done up in long braids and fell down my back. 'Yes,' said my sister, 'we'll cut it off now.' Then they got the scissors and came up to me. While one of them took hold of my head and turned it to one side, the one with the scissors began cutting. I could feel the cold steel on my neck. I realized that this was about the last thing they'd do before putting me in the coffin. The woman began to clip, and in a second or two one long braid was taken off and laid aside. My head was then turned the other way to allow them to get at the other braid but this was not touched. Thank God! something in my condition or some movement, I don't know what it was, caused my sister to scream, and it was saved. The scissors dropped to the floor with a loud noise, the woman jumped back nearly scared to death, and I sat up. You should have seen that house a little while after that. I thought every body had gone crazy. 'Venie's alive!' 'Venie's alive!' The whole neighborhood came rushing in as soon as they heard of it, and for several days there was nothing talked about but me. My folks thought I

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I don't think it will be many years before coal ashes will cease to be a nuisance by being thrown out in back yards and alleys and in the streets, and the annoyance of all citizens who delight in seeing their surroundings neat and tidy; but, on the contrary, it will be sought after by farmers and gardeners, so much so that I wouldn't wonder if people would even be offered a few cents per bushel for saving it.

There is one thing certain; it is a benefit to clayed or heavy land which is tried round the trees, about bushes, quince, plums, &c. It has proved to be of considerable value—some claiming that since they have used it around the roots and close up to the bodies of such trees as are subject to the attacks of borers and other pests, they have had but little trouble in that respect, and think it will pay to fetch it from the towns within the range of five or six miles.

Again, it will pay on grass land if spread broadcast, far more than what it will cost to drain it, and I am of the opinion that it will pay largely if sited and spread among the strawberry plants, as the white ashes found among it has something of the same power to retain moisture as plaster and plaster, or the fourth day after the girl was first stricken down, the priest was again sent for. After critical examining the case and consulting with the physician he said: "It is a trance. She may come to herself, but it will be but momentary. When she relapses all will be over. She can't live!" Accordingly the funeral was set for the next day. Imagine the feelings of horror which possessed the girl when it is known that she was cognizant of every word that was spoken in that room, and could see the forms of her friends and watchers about her couch. Her terrible situation is best told by herself. She said to me yesterday:

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Again, it will pay on grass land if spread broadcast, far more than what it will cost to drain it, and I am of the opinion that it will pay largely if sited and spread among the strawberry plants, as the white ashes found among it has something of the same power to retain moisture as plaster and plaster, or the fourth day after the girl was first stricken down, the priest was again sent for. After critical examining the case and consulting with the physician he said: "It is a trance. She may come to herself, but it will be but momentary. When she relapses all will be over. She can't live!" Accordingly the funeral was set for the next day. Imagine the feelings of horror which possessed the girl when it is known that she was cognizant of every word that was spoken in that room, and could see the forms of her friends and watchers about her couch. Her terrible situation is best told by herself. She said to me yesterday:

"Oh, sir, it was horrible. As I lay here on my back, stretched out on the boards, with my arms crossed and feet tied together, with lighted candles about my head, and could see my sisters and neighbors come and peer into my face, it was awful. I heard every word spoken. My body, limbs, and arms were as cold as ice. I thought of the agony of being buried alive, of being nailed in a coffin and lowered into the ground, I tried to make some noise, or move just a little, it was impossible. I saw my sisters come in one by one and look into my face. 'Poor Josie, she's gone!' Their tears dripped on my hair, and their kisses were warm to my lips. As they turned to leave to attend to the funeral, it seemed as if I must make an effort to attract their attention, if only by moving my eyelids. But I couldn't move a muscle. The priest came in, and felt my arms and wrists. He shook his head. Then he placed his hand on my heart. It was no use. He could not hear it beat. After saying a short prayer for the repose of my soul he turned and left me, and my agony and horror were redoubled. 'Will no one find out that I live?' I said to myself. 'Must I be buried only to wake when it is late?' Must I come back to life when they put me in the vault, and all of the people have gone away, only to die of fright and horror and suffocation?' The thought was madness! Why doesn't the doctor do something to bring me to myself? I am not dead! It was no use. There I lay thinking and listening in the coffin. The woman began to wail, and a woman giving directions as to the making of the shroud. I heard the time set for the funeral and all. I could see every one who came to look at me. I tried to look conscious and let them know that I understood it all, but it was impossible. It was a week that I did not die of fright and agony. I often think that I would sooner die, a thousand times sooner, than go through that experience again.

"Finally, when all was ready, when the shroud was finished, and all had left the room but two or three, some one said: 'Ain't you going to cut her hair off?' My hair was done up in long braids and fell down my back. 'Yes,' said my sister, 'we'll cut it off now.' Then they got the scissors and came up to me. While one of them took hold of my head and turned it to one side, the one with the scissors began cutting. I could feel the cold steel on my neck. I realized that this was about the last thing they'd do before putting me in the coffin. The woman began to clip, and in a second or two one long braid was taken off and laid aside. My head was then turned the other way to allow them to get at the other braid but this was not touched. Thank God! something in my condition or some movement, I don't know what it was, caused my sister to scream, and it was saved. The scissors dropped to the floor with a loud noise, the woman jumped back nearly scared to death, and I sat up. You should have seen that house a little while after that. I thought every body had gone crazy. 'Venie's alive!' 'Venie's alive!' The whole neighborhood came rushing in as soon as they heard of it, and for several days there was nothing talked about but me. My folks thought I