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The BUTLER CITIZEN, BUTLER, PA.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

The undersigned will expose to public sale on or before the 1st day of May, 1882, on the premises, in Buffalo township, Butler county, Pa., certain real estate...

MARSHAL'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Venditio Exposita issued out of the Court of the Western District of Pennsylvania...

THE BUTLER GAS CO.

of, in and to the following described property, to-wit: All that certain piece of land situate in the borough of Butler, Butler county, Pennsylvania...

Estate of Sarah Miller.

Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned on the estate of Sarah Miller, deceased, late of Washington township, Butler county, Pa., all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will please make payment...

Estate of Isaac C. Miller.

Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned on the estate of Isaac C. Miller, deceased, late of Washington township, Butler county, Pa., all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will please make payment...

Estate of Robert Love.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Robert Love, deceased, late of Clinton township, Butler county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned...

Estate of James McDeavitt.

Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned on the estate of James McDeavitt, deceased, late of Brady township, Butler county, Pa., all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will please make payment...

Estate of Wm. G. Shorrs.

Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned on the estate of William G. Shorrs, deceased, late of Connoquessing township, Butler county, Pa., all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will please make payment...

Estate of William Fleming.

Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned on the estate of Wm. Fleming, deceased, late of Butler township, Butler county, Pa., all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will please make payment...

Estate of Philip Melvin.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Philip Melvin, dec'd, late of Madrycey township, Butler county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned...

Estate of Susanah Millison.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Susanah Millison, dec'd, late of Butler township, Butler county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned...

Estate of John K. Hays.

Letters of administration on the estate of John K. Hays, dec'd, late of Franklin township, Butler county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned...

Estate of Alice Dougan.

Letters testamentary with the will annexed, having been granted to the undersigned on the estate of Alice Dougan, dec'd, late of Connoquessing township, Butler county, Pa., all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will please make payment...

FOR SALE.

The following described valuable pieces of property situated in the borough of Butler are offered for sale by the German National Bank of Philadelphia, Pa.

Butler

VOL. XIX.

BUTLER COUNTY Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

Office Cor. Main and Cunningham Sts.

J. C. ROESSING, PRESIDENT.

W. M. CAMPBELL, TREASURER.

H. C. HEINEMAN, SECRETARY.

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AND

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MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

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FRAMES, MOULDINGS, SASH, DOORS,

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Brackets, Gauged Cornice Boards,

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PLANING MILL AND YARD

Next German Catholic Church

Just South of

Union Woolen Mills.

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

Barred and Gray Flannels,

Knitting and Weaving Yarns,

and can recommend them as being very durable, as they are manufactured of pure Butler county wool. They are beautiful in color, superior in texture, and will be sold at very low prices. For samples and prices, address,

H. FULLERTON, Butler, Pa.

1882-78-13

If you wish to grow vegetables for sale, read

FOR PROFIT

Practical Floriculture

For 1882, sent free on application.

PETER HENDERSON & CO

25 Cortlandt St., New York.

WANTED.

Two good agents to solicit orders in Butler county, on an article that all Blacksmiths will buy. A good commission will be paid. No capital required and a steady job if wanted. Address in sealed letters. I will not answer postal cards.

JOHN RAIBLE, Verona, Allegheny county, Pa. April 21st.

EARL OF INGELSTON.

The Earl of Ingelston an Imported Clydesdale Stallion will make his first sale of 1882 at Butler, on the first three days of each week, and at Prospect on the same days of each week, commencing April 17th and ending July 1st. Circulars free. JULIAN A. CLARK, April 17th.

JAS. LOCKHART,

GROCER,

No. 103 Federal St., ALLEGHENY CITY,

Has in stock a full line of

FAMILY GROCERIES.

Consisting of every article in the line, both Foreign and Domestic.

I have been formerly located on South Diamond street, but now can be found at No. 103 FEDERAL STREET, a few doors above Depot, and will be pleased to see any of our old patrons. ap, 1m

REMOVAL!

The undersigned has removed his place of business to his own building on the corner of Court House, Main Street, east side, opposite Donalson House, where he has a full stock of

Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Spectacles, etc., promptly repaired and satisfaction guaranteed.

D. L. CLELAND.

HENRY G. HALE,

FINE MERCHANT TAILOR,

COR. PENN AND SIXTH STREETS, Pittsburgh, Pa.

FOR SALE.

The undersigned has on hands at Prospect, Butler county, Pa., one of the latest improved

WATERMILLS, with a full stock of

all necessary fixtures, Log-turner, board wagon, patent guide, Jacks, 140 feet of pipe, cast iron and everything pertaining to a mill that will make work light, which will sell at a low price and on time. C. M. EDMUNDSON, April 21st. Prospect, Butler county, Pa.

WANTED—WALNUT LOGS—IN SMALL or large lots, medium and large sizes. Go to piles will be offered. W. F. WAGNER, P. O. Box 556, Pittsburgh, Pa., (64 Ninth st.) a, 51m



LIBERTY

SELECT.

Miss Brewster's Green Silk.

Mrs. Deacon Lewis and Mrs. Davis, the postmistress, were conferring together in mysterious whispers as they leaned over their mutual back-yard fence.

"Seein' as believin' or else I should say, just as you do, that it couldn't be true; but I just stepped into Miss Badger's to see what she'd charge to fix over my black alpaca—I wasn't in any hurry for the alpaca, but I kind of got an idea that there was something in the wind, and I thought maybe I could find out what it was there—and there I saw it with my own two eyes all over plainin' and rubbin' that it seemed a burnin' shame to cut good thick silk into, and fixed up in the back so I couldn't have the heart to set down on it. And Miss Badger, for all she's so close-mouthed, she up and told me who it belonged to, and says I, 'You don't say so!' and says she, 'Yes, I do,' and then she pursed her lower lip, and she says, 'You know, if she could tell a great deal more if she was a mind. But I've got wit enough to put two and two together, if folks is close-mouthed, and says I right out—for there ain't nothin' say to me—says I, 'Then Cordilly Brewster is a goin' to get married. And Miss Badger she never denied it.

"Well, it does beat all," said Mrs. Davis. "This has been a sing'lar year, what with the comet and the terrible happenin's all round, and now Cordilly Brewster settin' up to have a green silk dress, when she hasn't worn anythin' but bombazine and alpaca and her one old black silk for nigh upon twenty years. It's enough to upset anybody's ideas at once, and make 'em think the world's comin' to an end. Though I can't say that such extravagance looks much like the millennium.

Mrs. Deacon Lewis shook her head in solemn censure.

"A good black silk would have been much more suitable and becomein' to a woman most forty years old, and say nothin' of her own age, makin' over, and for a minister's wife—"

"You don't say that she is goin' to marry the minister!" exclaimed Mrs. Davis.

"Why, I suppose so, of course. Who can it be, if it isn't the minister?"

"I never saw any sign of their keepin' company. Parson Greely is too spiritual to marry a woman that crimps her front hair with hot slaters pencils; and she never put more than three eggs into those custards that she carried to the donation party. I should think more likely 'twas somebody that she picked up when she was down to Haverhill visitin', or John Parmenter that used to company with her when they was young, and has kind of 'been doin' it, off and on, ever since."

"Oh, she wouldn't! she had spunk enough to ask her, who he ain't. He's a good fellow, John is, but he'll never set the world afire, and he's been runnin' down his terribly late; he had to mortgage his farm, they do say."

"Cordilly's money would come in just right, then; but, as you say, I don't suppose she would have him. It's likely that's what's the matter with her; so poorly she's got her. But I can't really believe in the minister. There's Sammy; let's ask him."

Sammy Greely, the minister's youngest hopeful, who was engaged in 'shippin' up' a neighboring telegraph pole with the ambitious design of attaching his kite to the wire, descended somewhat reluctantly to the earth, and obeyed Mrs. Davis' beckoning finger. Sammy was a freckled-faced urchin, with a turned up nose, the expression of which was contradicted by a pair of preternaturally solemn and innocent looking blue eyes.

In spite of his eyes, Sammy was generally regarded as a 'limb,' and he and his three brothers, Moses, Hosesa and Joseph, caused the old proverb concerning ministers' sons to be often repeated with solemn head-shakings by the towns-people.

"Sammy, is your father goin' to be married?" asked Mrs. Davis, with her hand affectionately placed on Sammy's shoulder.

"The old gal? He couldn't remember to nobody would have him, either. He's as bald as a door-knob, and he asks a blessin' anywhere along between the meat and puddin'. And Joe and me would fix her, anyhow."

"Wouldn't you like to have him marry a nice, kind lady like Miss Cordilly Brewster?" She would teach you how to behave, you good enough now, and I'd bring her old parrot's neck! I don't believe it, anyhow, but I'm goin' to find out."

And off went Sammy, regardless of his kite, and burst, breathless, into his father's study.

"You ain't goin' to marry Miss Brewster and her old green parrot that swears, and have her always chavin' up and dustin' and losin' your papers, are yer?" demanded Sammy.

"The minister turned from his sermon-writing, and regarded Sammy with wild amazement. Gradually his expression changed to one of perplexity. He removed his spectacles from his eyes to the top of his head, and then he tapped his forehead with the tips of his fingers, as if to summon forth some stray recollection.

"That must be the very thing that I was trying to remember! Wait a moment. I must have set it down somewhere."

And Parson Greely drew from one of the pigeon-holes of his desk some loose sheets of foolscap paper which had evidently been used as a diary. Several pages were devoted to memoranda; these the minister read aloud:

"Mem.—To confute the infidel pedler's argument by St. Paul, and—"

"Mem.—To tell Deborah, mildly but firmly, that so much saleratus is not conducive to health."

"Mem.—To punish Joseph and Samuel for unseemly conduct at prayer-time."

"Mem.—To admonish Brother

Bates (gently) that he is becoming unadvised in doctrine.

"Mem.—To endeavor so far as I'm in me to restore peace to the singing seats."

"Mem.—To endeavor to exercise such a measure of wholesome restraint over Moses and Samuel that they may not become a cause of scandal to the neighborhood."

"Mem.—To devote a greater measure of attention to worldly matters, such as applying blacking to my boots, and brushing my raincoat."

"Mem.—To consider prayerfully whether the use of hair-dye is incompatible with the principles of the Christian religion or the duties of the Christian minister."

"Mem.—That the singing seats are in the hand of God, and that He causes even the wrath of man to praise Him."

"Mem.—To consider prayerfully the subject of contracting a matrimonial alliance with Miss Cordelia Brewster."

"That's it! I knew I was not mistaken; and I felt that I had leadings from the Lord in that direction; and yet, in the midst of manifold cares and distractions, it wholly slipped my mind, weak and erring mortal that I am. But may not yet be too late."

And the minister seized his hat, giving it a hasty brush with his sleeve, and hurried to the door, turning, however, to lay his hand with unwonted tenderness upon his son's head, saying, solemnly, "Samuel, I thank you for this suggestion, and I would that I could perceive in you as lively signs of the workings of grace as I do of wisdom and discernment beyond your years."

Samuel, left alone, looked after his father with a most lugubrious face.

"For a feller to go and do it himself, that's the worst of it! I hadn't better let on to Mose and the rest that I did it. No more fun if she comes here, she'll want a feller not to tear his clothes, and have his hair brushed every minute, and no pie or cake between meals. We'll make it lively for her, though—Mose and Hosesa and I."

All unconscious of what was in store for her, Miss Cordelia Brewster was engaged in inspecting and admiring her green silk dress, which had just been sent home from the dress-maker. Miss Cordelia was a plump little woman, with a pinkish bloom still lingering upon her cheeks, and no trace of Time's frosting upon her chestnut locks. Why she had never married her father, the village doctor, had died, leaving her a modest competence, the gossip had been on the lookout for signs of matrimonial intention on her part. When she had passed thirty, and was still Miss Cordelia, people gradually ceased to speculate about her. For some inscrutable reason, they decided that Miss Cordelia meant to be an old maid to the end of the chapter. It was observed that even John Parmenter, who had for some years, kind of 'dropped off,' and only once in the six or seven years, where Miss Cordelia still serenely kept her place, despite the rivalry of younger choristers; so they were not so frequently thrown together, and he was seldom seen to walk home with her from the weekly prayer-meeting; his old sorrel mare was very rarely seen fastened to the hitching-post before Miss Cordelia's door on a Sunday night; and only once or twice had he been seen shyly to offer her a nosegay of southernwood and cinnamon pinks, which grew to great perfection in his garden, and of which, in her girlhood, Miss Cordelia had been very fond.

Many other admirers had Miss Cordelia, but she had turned a cold shoulder upon all, and seemed perfectly content to live on in her comfortable old house, with trim box-bordered flower beds in the front yard, and lilac bushes crowding at the windows with her handmaiden Tryphosa, who was not, as her name suggested, a blooming and romantic young maiden but an ancient splasher, who believed in signs and omens, and always 'felt comin' evants' in her bones.' Tryphosa was now gazing at the green silk with a melancholy expression of countenance.

"Green means forsaken; there ain't no denyin' it. And Seliny Wilson, that was married in green, was laid out a corpse in it before the end of the year; and Merleby's woman, that was married in a white muslin sprinkled with green, and green bunnit strings, she had a drunken husband that fell off the haymow, and dislocated his spinal column, and everybody knew her twins wasn't bright, and—"

"But I am not going to be married in it, you know, Tryphosa," said Miss Cordelia, turning a merry face up to Miss Parson's doubtful one. "Perhaps it is only unlucky as a wedding dress. As for being forsaken, there doesn't seem to be anybody left to forsake me but you, and I am not afraid that all the green dresses in the world could make you do that."

"There ain't no luck about green, anyhow," said Tryphosa. "If 'twas laylock, no, or hantome brown."

"I suppose I really ought to have had black," said Miss Cordelia, meditatively; "but some way at the spring on, with everything so fresh and bright, and I've made believe to myself—I wouldn't own it to anybody but you, Tryphosa, but I've made believe it was a girl again. And that's why I had this green silk."

"And that's why you have been puttin' posies in your hair. Well it beats all, what a difference there is in folks. Now spring puts me in mind of house-cleannin' and soap-bubbins and bitters—Land sakes! if there isn't Parson Greely a comin' up the walk, and notin' but the old cropple-crowns for dinner, and all skin and bones at that, and he a-comin' in the yard this blessed minute!"

Miss Cordelia whisked the green silk demurely down, as she hastened to greet her visitor.

"It happened that Miss Polly Watkins, who went about the village peddling a concoction known as Watkins'

Unapproachable Liniment, was so fortunate as to be passing just as the minister opened Miss Cordelia's front-yard gate.

"There, I knew well enough that there wa'n't never so much smoke without some fire. Miss Badger needn't think that she could make me believe that green silk gown with a train didn't mean somethin'. So it's the minister. Well, men-folks is terrible short-sighted creturs. There is them in Westfield that would make him a good sensible wife."

Miss Polly was so unhappy as to go on for nearly a quarter of a mile before she met anybody to whom she could tell her news, and then it was only Dr. Ramsey, jogging along behind his old white horse, and between him and Miss Polly 'there wa'n't' as she expressed it, 'no great likin' no more'n there was apt to be between two of the trade.' But still news was news, and Miss Polly could not resist the temptation to share it.

"Well, things do turn out queer!" said the doctor to himself, meditatively flicking a fly off his old white horse as he jogged along again. "I wouldn't have thought she would have had anybody, but along the old parson's way, I had thought—Why, I'm ten years younger'n he is, and a sight better calculated to please the fair sex. And that's a snug bit of property of Miss Cordilly's, and she's a wholesome-looking good-natured woman, to say nothin' of being handsome, which don't signify. I believe I can cut out the parson if I try. I always said that I would die a bachelor, but it's a wise man that changes his mind."

And the doctor actually whipped his horse out of his accustomed jog into a lively trot, and everybody ran to the window, for the doctor in a hurry was a sight that the oldest inhabitant had never seen.

In the meantime Miss Polly had met Abner Phillips, one of the 'back folks,' who three miles from the village. But Abner could not have been more interested in Miss Polly's news if he had lived next door to the possessor of the green silk.

His homeward way led him past John Parmenter's house, and John was hoeing in his garden.

"Wal, now, Parson Greely is goin' to do a pretty good thing for himself, ain't he?" drawled Abner, after the usual comments and inquiries concerning crops had been exchanged. "He knows which side of 'is bread is buttered on. Parson's generally does."

"What is he going to do?" inquired John Parmenter.

"He means to say you ain't heard? Wal, I declare, you don't know what's goin' on as well as us back folks does! He's a-goin' to marry Miss Cordilly Brewster. He's triller tejus, the old parson is, and she'll have to step around lively to fetch up them boys. But women-folks always does set lots by a minister."

After Abner had gone, John Parmenter dropped his hoe, and stood wiping his forehead with his handkerchief with a bewildered look.

"I don't know I shouldn't have expected she marry, but somehow I didn't. I never thought of such a thing. I don't know why I should feel so about it. If I hadn't the courage to ask her when I was young and prosperous, surely I couldn't now. I never thought of it a-cowards the minute 'e came in sight of her. I never felt so before any other woman; but then I never cared anything about any other. 'Any way, I can't rest until I find out whether it's true or not. Cordelia can't object to telling an old friend. Madam Rumor rules this village, and she's very apt to be mistaken."

So John set out to call on Miss Cordelia. As he passed the bed of cinnamon pinks, he found that, although it was early in the season, three had blossomed that very morning, and he made them into a little nosegay with some sprays of fragrant southernwood. And he was in such haste that he forgot to pick them from the public gaze by a bit of paper—feeling that it was somewhat ridiculous for a stout old bachelor of forty-five to be carrying about little bouquets—as he had on other occasions.

The doctor was driving away from Miss Cordelia's door as John approached it, the horse going at his old-fashioned jog, as if there was nothing in the world, that was worth hurrying for.

"I hope she isn't ill!" thought John, and then a sudden suspicion seized him. Here might be another rival, and a more formidable one than Parson Greely. Were rivals springing up around him like mushrooms, when he had never thought of the possibility of the existence of one?

Miss Cordelia's cheeks were very much flushed, and they grew redder still at sight of John's nosegay.

"John, strange to say, did not blush or stammer as he presented it. Rivals seemed to be a wonderful stimulus to his courage."

"Cordelia, I heard that you were going to marry Parson Greely. It isn't true, is it?"

"There was something in the tone of his voice that made Miss Cordelia start. Was John going to speak, after being dumb so long?"

"No, it isn't true," said Miss Cordelia, and cast down her eyes.

"No—nor anybody else? John was stammering now. Was his courage going to fail?"

"No, nor anybody else," said Miss Cordelia. "That is—"

Tryphosa, coming into the kitchen from the back-yard at that moment, saw a sight which caused her to drop the cropple-crowns to her, but just as she was about to pick them up, she saw that the minister was standing in the doorway, and she gave general satisfaction.

It is an unrepented success said Mr. C. S. D'Arcy, the well-known Burdick House druggist, when asked for his views in regard to the St. Jacobs Oil; it is highly extolled, and is giving general satisfaction.

Don't Die in the House. Ask druggist for 'Rough on Rats.' It clears out rats, mice, bedbugs, roaches, vermin, flies, ants, insects, 15c. per box.

Disseased kidneys and costive bowels are prevalent ills. Peruna and Manlin's cure.

Terra cotta gloves are among the novelties.

Advertise in the CITIZEN.

Citizen

BUTLER, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1882

NO. 23

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