Butler Citizen.

VOL. XX. BUTLER, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1883 NO. 33

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LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Estate of George S. Jamison.

Letters testamentary on the estate of George S. Jamison, dec'd., late of Venango twp., Butler county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment and any having claims against said estate will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

W. C. JAMISON,
June 19, '83. Executor. Eau Claire P. O., Butler, Co., Pa.

Estate of William Ramsey.

Letters testamentary on the estate of William Ramsey, dec'd, late of Butler township, Butler county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment and any having claims against said estate will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

DAVID F. BORLAND, Executor.
Butler, Pa.

Estate of James H. Mechling.

Whereas letters of administration have this day been issued to me on the estate of James H. Mechling, late of Washington township, dec'd. by the Register of said county of Butler, notice is hereby given to all persons owing said estate to call and settle, and those having claims against the same will please present them for payment duly probated.

S. C. HUTCHISON, Adm'r.
June 5, 1883. North Hope, Butler Co., Pa.

Estate of Ernest Werner.

Letters of administration on the estate of Ernest Werner, dec'd, late of Forward twp., Butler county, Pa., have been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment and any having claims against said estate will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

MARIA WERNER, Administratrix.
Evans City, Butler Co., Pa.
W. H. LUSK, Attorney.

Estate of Edward Campbell.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Edward Campbell, dec'd, late of Worth twp., Butler county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment and any having claims against said estate will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

SAMUEL H. MOORE, Executor,
Grant City, Lawrence Co., Pa.

Administrator's Notice.

Whereas letters of administration on the estate of Andrew J. Moore, late of Centre twp., Butler county, Pa., dec'd, have been duly issued by the Register of wills in and for the county of Butler, Pa., to me Nancy J. Moore, widow of said decedent. Notice is hereby given to all persons knowing themselves indebted to the said estate to call and settle the same, and all persons having claims against the said estate will please present the same duly probated for payment.

NANCY J. MOORE,
Administratrix of A. J. Moore, dec'd,
Butler, Pa.

Estate of Jacob Hunnel.

Letters of administration on the estate of Jacob Hunnel, dec'd, late of Buffalo township, Butler Co., Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment and any having claims against said estate will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

G. C. ROENIGK, Administrator.
Sarvers Station, Butler Co., Pa.

Estate of John Walters.

Letters of administration on the estate of John Walters, dec'd, late of Jackson township, Butler Co., Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment and any having claims against said estate will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN A WALTERS, Administrator.
Evans City, Butler County, Pa.

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The undersigned has about 25 tons of good clear ice on hands, which he will sell in large or small quantities on reasonable terms, and deliver at the houses of his customers during the summer Orders can be left at Wick's meat shop. D. HOWE LYON.

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The subscriber continues the making of bricks common, pavement, bay-window and other qualities at his kiln on the Fair Ground road, half a mile west of Butler He will keep on hand a lot of bricks at all times. He will also make and burn brick in the country for anyone desiring to have them made on their own farm or premises.

As he intends carrying on the brick making business, he invites the custom of all, promising to give entire satisfaction to all who may patronize him.

All orders promptly filled at reasonable rates. Call on or address,

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An order on Hall's Safe and Lock Co., of Cincinnati, and several orders on different Sewing Machine Companies, also a certificate of membership to correspondence class of Pitman's Phonography. Enquire at this office.

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed proposals for the erection of a new church building will be received by the building committee of the English Lutheran congregation of Zelienople, Pa., until 8 P. M. on Thursday, June 28. Plans and specifications can be seen after June 16 at the store of G. D. Swain, Harmony, Pa. The committee reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

V. B. CHRISTY,
G. D. SWAIN, } Committee.
J. L. LYTLE,
june13.

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SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

For Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhœa, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.

Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally costive, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of leaving undone something which ought to have been done; a slight, dry cough and flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weariness and debility; nervous, easily startled; feet cold or burning, sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists; spirits are low and despondent, and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred when but few of them existed; yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.

Persons Traveling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage.

If You have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.

Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator in the House!

For, whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly safe purgative, alterative and tonic can never be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE.

And has all the power and efficacy of Calomel or Quinine, without any of the injurious after effects.

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Simmons Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.

J. GILL SHORTER, Governor of Ala.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga., says: Have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial.

"The only Thing that never fails to Relieve."—I have used many remedies for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, but never have found anything to benefit me to the extent Simmons Liver Regulator has. I sent from Minnesota to Georgia for it, and would send further for such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.

P. M. JANNEY, Minneapolis, Minn.

Dr. T. W. Mason says: From actual experience in the use of Simmons Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine.

Take only the Genuine, which always has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-Mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

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ARE SURE TO BRING ON SUMMER DISEASES

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DRIVES THEM AWAY.
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CURES CHILLS AND FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUS COLIC, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, PILES, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, DIZZINESS, TORPID LIVER, COATED TONGUE, SLEEPLESSNESS, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH. If you do not "feel very well," a single pill at bed-time stimulates the stomach, restores the appetite, imparts vigor to the system.

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ELOCUTION,

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North Washington Academy,

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jne20-1y

Advertise in the CITIZEN.

FOURTH OF JULY.

At the Johnstons'.

'What is that?' exclaimed Mrs. Johnston, nervously starting from her morning slumbers.

'Only the guns—sunrise salute—Fourth of July,' murmured her husband, drowsily.

'Oh, dear! I shall not be able to sleep another wink. This dreadful day! How I wish there were no Fourth of July!'

Mr. Johnston woke up at this, and opened his eyes.

'Why, Maria, I'm surprised at you! The most glorious day of the year to an American. I thought you had more patriotism—more love for your country!'

'One can love one's country without wanting to be a martyr to the noise and discomfort of a Fourth of July celebration!' returned his wife, with some spirit. 'The truth is, I hate and dread the day above all others, though I dare say it does sound unpatriotic to say so.'

'Hate the day which our forefathers made the most g-o-lorious on record in the history of the whole world?' exclaimed Johnston, now fully aroused.

'Then why could not our forefathers have had wisdom and consideration enough to choose some more agreeable time to hand down to us for celebration?' persisted Mrs. Johnston. 'But to select July, of all months in the year, for parades and speech-making and fire-works—it's preposterous!'

'I am glad, at least that the children don't hear you,' remarked Johnston, resignedly. 'Were all American mothers to instill such sentiments into the budding minds of their offspring, this country would speedily witness another revolution—back to the monarchy and tyranny of— Gracious heavens! what is that?'

'C-r-a-c-k!—pop-pop!—bang! Bow-wow-wow! Mew!—m-e-o-w!—t-spit!"

This was the combination of sounds, accompanied by a chorus of frightful shrieks, which caused Mr. and Mrs. Johnston to rush breathlessly into the hall outside their chamber door.

The hall was filled with smoke and the fumes of gunpowder from a huge pack of fire-crackers which hissed and sputtered on the floor. On the window seat stood a small six-inch cannon, apparently just discharged, and beside it the cannoneer, a sturdy urchin of seven, looking half-scared, half-triumphant.

A younger boy lay sprawling on the landing-steps below — fortunately it was only six steps—shrieking at the pitch of his voice, while a little dog barked frantically around the exploding crackers, and the house-tabby, perched on a chair, with arched back and hair on end, glared insanely at the spluttering fire-works.

Mr. Johnston, having hastily picked up his youngest hope, and ascertained that he was more frightened than hurt, turned sternly to the elder.

'Alexander, what is the meaning of this?'

The namesake of the Grecian hero came bravely to the front.

'You see, papa, we were celebratin' Fourth of July—you said we might, papa,—and when I fired Tom's cannon, Freddy he lighted all the whole lot of crackers at once, 'stead of just two or free—'

'I didn't; they lighted theirselves,' screeched Freddy, 'and shooted me righted over down the steps! And mamma, I frought we was all killed and dead!'

And he burst out afresh.

'Oh, dear me,' exclaimed Mrs. Johnston, 'that cannon has broken Mrs. Hicks' window.'

And in truth, a flushed and indignant village, appearing through a broken pane of glass at the opposite side-window of the adjoining house, corroborated her words.

'Those everlasting, mischievous little monkeys!' was her audible remark; until suddenly catching sight of Mr. Johnston in his shirt-sleeves, and she herself being in *dishabille*, she precipitately retreated.

'I am really sorry,' Mrs. Johnston said, regretfully. 'It has taken so long to get on neighborly terms with Mrs. Hicks, and now I fear it is all undone.'

They kept the two children with them until they went down to breakfast.

'Where are Tom and Richard?' inquired Mr. Johnston, as they seated themselves at the table.

'Went out, sir, soon as they got up,' replied Bridget.

'I do wish that the schools could be kept open on the Fourth of July,' said Mrs. Johnston. 'This is the day of all others on which boys get into most mischief. Bridget, you have forgotten the milk and the ice.'

'Plase, mum, that craythur of a cat upset the milk when she come tearin inter the kitchen, and the ice-man hasn't come. He's always late Fourth o' July, bekase he says he's so much extry ice to lave round.'

The child en missed their milk, and Mr. Johnston his glass of iced water. He was sipping his coffee, without the accustomed milk, when his eldest son, Tom, aged twelve, made his appearance, very hot and dusty, with a limp, and the seat of his trowsers in a dilapidated condition.

'Oh, Tom!' exclaimed his mother, 'your new trowsers! And what is the matter with your foot!'

'Couldn't help it, ma,' whined Tom, dolefully. 'We went to see the salute fired, and I climbed, with the other boys, on to a tree, and when a policeman started for us we had to cut, and I got all torn and mussed up. And then I fell over some loose rocks, and sort o' sprained my ankle—not much, though—and—and lost my hat!'

'Lost the nice straw-hat that you got only yesterday?'

'Go up stairs, sir!' said his father, sternly, 'and make yourself presentable before you appear at table.'

'And, Tom,' added his mother, 'place your foot immediately in warm water. I will rub it with some liniment presently. Oh, dear!' she sighed, as Tom disappeared, limping, up stairs; 'the mischief that these boys do get into on the Fourth of July!'

Breakfast over, Mr. Johnston betook himself to his office, while his wife, having seen to Tom's ankle and her usual household duties, repaired to her room and sat down to sewing.

The day was dry and sultry; the streets full of people and equipages; noise and dust everywhere. Several detachments of military passed, with drums and brass instruments, attended by crowds of hurrahing men and boys. Various carriage processions also went past, on their way to celebrate the day in some neighboring country-place, raising clouds of fine, suffocating dust, which penetrated through closed doors and windows, and filled the house with a choking atmosphere.

Guns and pistols were fired, tin-trumpets blown, and the explosion of fire-crackers was heard on every hand.

Sick with the noise and heat, with aching head and eyes, Mrs. Johnston lay on her lounge, from which she was aroused by the following special dispatch from her husband's office:

'Going to bring home Cousin John and his boys, and Judge Tomlin. Have good dinner.'

Mrs. Johnston sank back on the lounge is despair. There was cold meat for the family-dinner, for Bridget had insisted upon a half-holiday, and she now, upon being appealed to, declared that she had 'no notion' of getting up a dinner for company at this hour, which would leave her no time to see the parades, or to take her 'tay' at Cousin Moriarty's, where she was 'promised.'

Finally, she was bribed to go around to the nearest butchers for a porter-house steak, and to call at the confectioner's with an order for cake and ice-cream, and at the baker's for tarts; with which, and the cold veal and plenty of salads, the company must be content.

At any other time, Mrs. Johnston would have been glad to receive them; but now she caught herself wondering why people will come into town from the country on the Fourth of July, of all days in the year!

Bridget returned from her errand, red-hot and out of temper. She declared that she had been to forty butchers and bakers, and none of the former had meat fit to eat, because, it being the Fourth of July, all the choice pieces had been already disposed of. And the confectioners had declared that, owing to its being the Fourth, they were unable to fill all their orders for ice-cream.

In short, nothing was to be had except a couple of greasy-looking pies, with chipped edges, which she had brought home; and she declared that for neither love nor money would she venture out again this hot, dusty day, except to her Cousin Moriarty's.

Mrs. Johnston resigned herself to the situation, and with the cold veal, some nicely made salads, and her own choice preserves, laid the table with what was properly a luncheon, and awaited the arrival of her husband and his guests.

They came in due time, hot and tired, but good-natured, and, with the exception of the host, willing to accept any excuse for the dinner. He was disappointed on his friends' account, and mortified on his own; and this added to the discomfort of his wife.

She had been compelled to doff her cool muslin morning dress; and now, in a stiff and tight dress, and with aching eyes and throbbing head, she sat for a whole hour of that sultry, suffocating day, performing the duties of hostess. To add to her uneasiness, Richard had not returned home, and she feared that he, too, might have got himself into mischief.

What a relief it was when, leaving the gentlemen to their claret, she at length retreated to her room, and lay down for a little rest! Scarcely, however, had she closed her eyes, when she started up with a scream, as a large torpedo exploded against the wall above her head!

'Tom!' she called from the window.

But Tom was too much pre-occupied to hear her. Despite his lameness, he and his young visitors, 'Cousin John's' boys, were engaged in a fierce battle, across the garden-wall, with the juvenile Hicks tribe.

Each party considered that the other had no right to make use of the wall for firework display, and the result had been a mutual defiance, followed by a bombardment of, at first, torpedoes, and then pieces of brickbat, until at length a simultaneous yell of agony from one of the parties on either side, called the elders to the rescue, and put a speedy end to the battle.

The wounded were borne off, and Mrs. Johnston again had her medical talents called into requisition, in bathing and binding up the head of one of Cousin John's boys. While thus engaged, it occurred to her that she had not see the little ones, Aleck and Freddy in the yard, and she inquired where they were.

Tom didn't know; but he went down to look for them, and returned with the information that they were nowhere to be found on the place, and that the side-gate was open. In fact, he confessed to having left it open when he and the boys went to see the 'City Guard' pass, in their new uniform, and with their new drum, and Aleck and Freddy had been standing at the gate then. He didn't remember to have seen them since.

Mr. Johnston, being informed, instantly started in search of the missing children, while their mother, with horrible visions of her darlings being stolen or run over, or knocked down and trampled upon by the crowd, spent an hour of unspeakable agony. The guests had also volunteered in the search, and she was alone in the house—Master Tom, with a serene confidence in his father's abilities, having returned to his amusement in the yard.

Unable longer to bear the suspense alone, Mrs. Johnston started down stairs. As she did so, a faint smell of burning and a light smoke in the hall below attracted her attention. She ran down and opened the door at the head of the basement stair, when a volume of smoke rushed up, while at the same instant a voice on the street shouted 'Fire!'

It was true. The kitchen dresser, under which Bridget had left her basket of split wood and shavings for next morning's fire, and above which hung the match-safe, whence Master Tom had been liberally helping himself, was all on fire, and the flames already communicating to the mantlepiece and furniture.

Before Mrs. Johnston could collect her bewildered senses, or even realize the danger, there was the rush of a crowd into the house, and a tumult in the street, followed by the rattle of fire-engines and a deluge of water flooding the basement. In less than a moment the fire was extinguished, and the house saved. But, oh, the blackened walls, and the broken windows and china, and the ruined carpets!

In the midst of the confusion, Mr. Johnston had rushed in, with wild eyes and hair on end, bearing the two lost children.

They had followed the seductive music of the 'City Guards'' new drum until unable to keep up with the crowd, they had been left behind and taken into custody by a benevolent policeman.

As to Richard, a neighbor had reported having seen him at Hansing's Park, where the German companies were practicing target shooting. And no sooner had Mr. Johnston seen his house and his family again in safety, than, with many cautions and severe admonitions to Tom not to leave his mother's sight until his return, he prepared to go in search of the remaining absentee.

He was spared the trouble. As he opened the hall-door, the street-lamps being by this time lighted, he was confronted with the spectacle of two men carefully lifting his son Richard from a hack in front of the door, while a physician, whom he knew, was in attendance.

Mrs. Johnston had followed her husband to the door. This sight, in addition to the trials which had already unstrung her nerves, was too much for her; she gave one shriek and fell fainting into the arms of her husband.

When, in a few moments, she recovered, the doctor and a kind neighbor were bending over her.

'Don't be alarmed, my dear madam,' the former said cheerfully. 'It is only a slight accident—a mere flesh-wound. master Richard ventured too near the target, and received the ball into his leg—that is all. Will be about again in a week or two. It is really nothing of any consequence."

And then the mother, in her infinite relief and gratitude, nerved herself and turned to minister to her prodigal boy.

'Richard, my son," she said to him, mildly, an hour or two after, 'did you not know you were acting wrong in going so far away from home, and remaining all day, without your parents' permission?'

'Oh, but, ma, it was the Fourth o' July, you know!'

'That does not lessen the fault.'

'Well, I think it does, ma. When a fellow has been waiting a whole year for Fourth o' July, I think he might be let alone to enjoy himself, and not found fault with, as if it was any common day.'

'And you know, ma,' put in Tom, 'it's the grandest day in the whole year, and ought to be celebrated differently from any other day. Why, didn't it make this glorious country of ours? And it would be a shame to grudge anything to it after that. Who minds getting hurt Fourth o' July? Do you, Dick?'

No, indeed! *Hoorah* for Fourth o' July!'

Mr. Johnston, down stairs with his friends, heard the shout of patriotic young America, and tears of emotion sprung to his eyes.

'There's no danger to the country while our boys have such a spirit as that,' he said proudly.

While, at the same instant, his wife, up stairs, sighed:

'I wish there were no Fourth of July!'

Beecher on Insanity and Suicide.

A very interesting case is likely to grow out of the suicide of Robert Cunningham, a prosperous merchant at one time, a jumper from a Fulton Ferry boat recently. It appears he had his life insured in a leading company for $5000. This the company refused to pay, on the ground that it does not insure for the purpose of defrauding its general policy holders. In order to give force to this decision the company inserts in all its policies a distinct clause to that effect. At first blush this seems unfair, and a majority of people will say that "no sane man ever kills himself." In face of facts the assertion is nonsense. I asked Henry Ward Beecher to-day if he believed sane men ever committed suicide. "Certainly," said he, "many men deliberately weigh the certain sorrows and troubles of this life, against the uncertainties of the future and put an end to themselves to be out of annoyance. Many believe this to be the end, and to them the end means relief from pain." He then went on at some length to comment on the Chinese disregard of life and their willingness to sell their lives for money. The notable case of Colonel Dwight, in Binghamton, N. Y., will be recalled. He was in the prime of life and full health. Suddenly he died. He had insured in several New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey companies to the amount of several hundred thousand dollars. Some paid up, but a majority, believing the whole scheme a plan to cheat the companies, refused, and are now defending suits for the cash. If the heirs sue, the companies will contest, and would appear to be in the interest of the general public that jumping from ferry-boats and butting against locomotives be discouraged by a verdict.

Fishing as a Fine Art.

Horace Greeley was always going a fishing, but he never went, and a busy life abruptly terminated. The tensioned cords which received no relaxation, suddenly snapped asunder. There is no other diversion, perhaps, which affords so much relaxation for men of all nations, classes, and ages of people as fishing in all its various ways and methods. Some idea may be derived of the large attention which fishing has received, from the fact that the "Bibliothica Piscatoria," just published, gives the names of 2,496 different volumes on fishing. Perhaps the most interesting of all these, next to Isaac Walton, is the volume soon to be brought out in this country, written by the late David Foster, of Burton-on-Trent, England, who gives vivid descriptions of salmon, trout and pike fishing. The superiority of fly-fishing over all other systems of angling is he claims, universally acknowledged.

The ever-exciting nature of surface fishing adds a zest to the sport, unknown to the other branches of the art piscatorial. The high pitch of expectation experienced as the rising fish daintily "plop" off the insects around, extends a highly exhilarating influence over both mind and body. The whole of the faculties are thus concentrated in one focus, ever stimulating to still greater earnestness and efficiency It is owing to these characteristics, this scope for science and skill, that this sport is and has been the chosen recreation of men of the greatest celebrity and the highest attainments of modern times; Since the time of Walton the anglers' skill has advanced wondrously, while keenness of perception and wariness have developed amongst the denizens of the liquid element in a degree quite proportionate.

The adept at flying for trout, when at work in real earnest upon the banks of a well stocked stream, is a striking figure, exemplary of the true fisherman. The gracefully erect, though expectant attitude, the latter assumed upon the delivery of the fly, the slender, pliable rod, the long floating line and gossamer gut, combine to constitute an ideal rodster.

A thorough command of the rod and line is as essential and important as the wielding of the whip in the case of a tandem or a four-in-hand drive. The most skillful cast known in Europe wielded the whip; we refer to the famous royal coachman, Tom Bosworth. Old Tom had, in the early part of his life, driven three British Sovereigns, viz: the Fourth George, the Fourth William, and finally, for a lengthened period, Her Majesty Queen Victoria. As a successful fisherman, Old Tom was unsurpassed. He would often fish in the wake of several rodsters, whose energy would succeed their skill, and would extract not unfrequently three times their weight of fish, by skillfully and carefully casting over the awkward and most unlikely looking spots, which the majority of anglers would rarely dream of trying. A favorite freak of his with the whip was to take the pipe from the teeth of a passing pedestrian by a carefully calculated whirl of the lash, and this aptitude was as remarkably exemplified, for a limited distance, in his use of the rod. Bosworth originated the Coachman Fly, so much appreciated for night fishing.—*American Agriculturist for May.*

Jeff Davis Tells of His Capture.

In the State Library at Jackson, Miss., is a crayon portrait of Mr. Davis as he appeared when captured. Upon being asked if it was right, he replied: "I will tell you exactly how it all occurred.

I had lain down without removing a garment. I had high cavalry boots, pantaloons tucked into the tops, a gray blouse and a soft hat. Upon the alarm being given I stepped out of the tent and saw a Federal cavalryman 30 or 40 feet away. He ordered me to halt. At the same moment Mrs. Davis threw over my shoulders a folded shawl. I saw that my only chance of escape was to secure the Federal's horse. I advanced straight upon him, feeling that he would fire at me, but believing that he would miss his target. Had this occurred, there would have been a struggle for the possession of the horse. As I approached the soldier he lowered his carbine as if to shoot, and at that moment Mrs. Davis rushed up and put her arms around me. The soldier hesitated a moment, turned his weapon aside and I walked back to the fire and stood there until made a prisoner."

—Faded hair recovers its youthful color and soft, silky texture by the use of Parker's Hair Balsam.

—Of all the cruel and mad miserliness, that of starving the souls of a household is the most brutal and fatal.

—Mr. Wm. H. Fleming, 631 N. 12th street, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for toning the system and for loss of appetite with good results."

—Mrs. Eagles, of Hendersonville, Mercer county, received back pension on account of her son's death in the war, of over $2,000.

—"A specific, and the only one too for all forms and types of skin disease, is known the world over as Dr. Benson's Skin Cure. It is not a patent medicine, but a reliable, certain remedy. Druggists.

—An exhibition of Dudes is being arranged for at a place of amusement in Pittsburgh. It would lack novelty as Dudes are to be seen on most every street corner.

—Why do Wilsonia Magnetic Appliances effect their marvellous cures, where medicine fails?

This is a question frequently asked. The answer is plain. The force supplied by Wilsonia is precisely that which is lacking where disease exists. Magnetism is the force which gives life to the blood. See advertisement on another page.

A Wise Minister.

A postman left two letters at the residence of a Chicago minister, both of which contained an application for his services to perform the marriage ceremony at the same time.

"I hardly know what to do," he remarked to his wife. "I can't accommodate them both. Let me see—Mr. A. has been married before, has he not?"

"Oh, yes," replied the wife, "he lost his first wife six months ago."

"And Mr. B. is a bachelor?"

"Yes."

"That settles it then. I shall marry Mr. B. When a man marries the second time he never pays the minister any more than the law allows, but young bachelors are sometimes very foolish;" and the good man rubbed his hands mildly.

Poisoned Water to drink.

When the fish died in the river, forty miles above the water-works, many people were alarmed less the defilement of the water might extend all the way down. Hapily there was nothing but what could be remedied by the use of something that everybody could procure at a few minutes' notice. This little "something" was Perry Davis's Pain Killer.

—We admire cheek. It is a sort of national attribute, and contributes greatly to native prominence and progress.

50 Fits in 24 Hours!

"I employed some of the best physicians here," wrote W. E. Tanner, of Dayton, Ohio. "They all said my child could not live for 3 weeks. It had 50 fits in 24 hours. We gave it Samaritan Nervine and the medicine effected a permanent cure." Druggists.

—There is such a thing as being funny without saturating literary humor with vulgarity, but the average journalistic clown has not yet discovered it.

Twenty Years a Great Sufferer.

from constipation. Had swallowed a half-bushel of pills, and drank over a barrel of cathartic and laxative slops. Had tried every patent medicine recommended in such cases, and had been treated by all the very best physicians in Philadelphia, and was finally told by her consulting physicians that she was now too weak for cathartic medicine, or injections, and that she must die. She then took Manalin and was cured. See 31st page of the "Ills of Life." Get the book from your druggist, or address Dr. Hartman, Osborn, O., for one.

—On the tombstone of a drowned boy, in Missouri, was inscribed the following accusation against his companions at the time of the accident: "Killed by Philander Finley and Mart Beggs." They brought a libel suit, and got a verdict of $800.

Atwood's Bitters.

This famous old remedy for biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia, and all diseases of the stomach still maintains its supremacy. The genuine is made only by the Manhattan Medicine Co., of New York, who purchased the right from the successors of Moses Atwood, and who make them full strength, and guarantee them to be effectual.

An Old-Time Letter.

Henry Brightman, of Cazenovia, Aug. 18, 1845, says: "A year ago last winter I had a cough, which steadily grew worse; so that at the end of three weeks it was exceedingly violent, and was attended with a fixed pain in the side. After five or six weeks, finding myself no better, I called on Dr. Foord for advice. He gave me a bottle of Pect