THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXIV. BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1887 NO. 21

ORPHANS' COURT SLE.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Butler county, the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of Robert Flemin, dec'd late of said county, will offer at public sale on the premises in the village of Petersvil, Connoquenessing twp., said county, on

Tuesday, April 19

A. D., 1887, at 10 o'clock. a.m., the fo wing described real estaet of said decedent, to-wit: A lot of groune containing 60x120 feet, more or less, in said illage and township, bounded on the north by Murad Nicholas, east by Sylvanus Henshew (fonerly Knox), south by an alley and west by a stet.

A FRAME and LOG HO'SE

and out-buildings thereon erected.

TERMS: One-third in hand on confiration of sale by the Court, balance in two equ annual installments with interest. Deferr payments to be secured by bond and mortgage.

EMANUEL RAPP
Execor.

3-25-3t.

ESTATE OF JOHN WOLFORD

LATE OF DONEGAL TP.

Letters of administration having been gated to the undersigned in the estate of John Wolford, dec'd, late of Donegal tp, Butler county, Pa., all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment and any having claims against said date will present them duly authenticated for ttlement.

HARRIETT WOLFORD
Barnharts Mills, PO.
F. H. MONNIE,
Sonora, P. O.
Administrators,

S. F. Bowser, Att'y.

Estate of C. A. McKinney

LATE OF CONNOQUENESSING TWP., DEC'D

Letters testamentary on the estate of A. McKinney, Esq., dec'd, late of Connoquenessing twp., Butler Co., Pa., having been gratl to the undersigned, all persons knowing emselves indebted to said estate will make imediate payment, and any having claims ainst said estate will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

ROBERT McKINNEY, } Ex'rs.
A. F. McKINNEY, }
Connoquenessing P. O., Butler Co., a.

Estate of David Humell,

LATE OF CHERRY TWP., DEC'D.

Letters testamentary on the estate of vid Humell, dec'd, late of Cherry twp., Butler Co., Pa., having been granted to the undersigne all persons knowing themselves indebted to aid estate will please make immediate payt, and any having claims against said estate will present them duly authenticated for settlent.

THOS. BINGHAM, } Ex'r
L. D. HUMELL, }
Coalville P. O., Butler Co., a.

Estate of David Marshall

LATE OF PROSPECT, DEC'D.

Letters of administration having been grted to the undersigned on the estate of David arshall, Esq., dec'd, late of Prospect, Butler Co., Pa., 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.

MARTHA MARSHALL, Adm'r
Prospect, Butler Co., a.

Lev. McQuistion, Att'y.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANG.

FARM of 175 acres near R. R. station. 90 res improved land, convenient to Pittsburg; arn is 100x60 and cost $4500—is good as new—aood g room frame house, good orchard. Price $90. MIGHT PAY A CASH DIFFERENCE on a tle. We have small and large farms for sale or tde. Patent and Pension cases prosecuted. Iad the new pension laws and write to us

J. H. STEVENSON'S & Co's Agenc
100 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, a.

Stallion For Sale.

I will sell my half blood Percheron stallio now rising three years. He is a dark grey, fis size and style, sired by Chris Heifer, owned b Turner and Moore, dam a prize-winning car riage and roadster mare. For terms or particu lars enquire at my farm or address

ALONZO McCANDLESS,
Prospect, Pa.

Clinton Twp. Auditors' Report.

MARCH 14, 1887.

Am't of duplicate for the year 1886.		
James M. Riddle, collector		$450 75
Exonerations	$ 3 48	
Collectors per cent	22 36	25 84
Net amount due township		424 91
Am't rec'd from Jas. M. Riddle, Col		395 00
Bal. due from James M. Riddle, Col		$29 91
Bal. due twp. from J. B. Cunningham, Collector for 1886		79 58
Exonerations		1 07
		78 51
Rec'd from J. B. Cunningham		66 43
Bal. due Treasurer		12 08
Bal. in hands of Treasurer		12 08
Rec'd from Jas. M. Riddle, collector		395 00
Am't in hands of Treasuer		407 08
Vouchers redeemed		329 93
Bal. in hands of Treasurer		77 15
Am't of vouchers redeemed by Treas		
John Harvey, repairing bridge		3 00
Andrew Grabe, repairing bridge		1 50
John B. Davis, plank		7 25
Ekas Brothers, timber for bridge		13 00
John Glasgow, timber		2 80
Stephen Hemphill		1 44
John M. Greer, attorney fee		10 00
Butler Citizen, advertising Auditors' Report		4 00
R. McElvain, filing Report		1 50
John S. Love, timber for bridge		7 00
James Riddle, services		12 00
Thomas Hay, plank		13 00
R. E. Marriroff, services		12 00
E. B. Chandler		16 67
Edward Hay, timber		1 68
Henry Sefton, services and timber		13 68
Wm. Burtner, services		12 00
James M. Riddle, plank		24 37
Newton Norris, plank		24 37
John B. Davis, plank		16 25
John McElboen, timber		1 89
Wm. Harvey, services and Sec'y		21 00
A. Bartley, services and work		14 00
W. F. Whiskeman, timber & plank		12 15
A. Montgomery, plank		1 82
Jos. Bonn, timber		2 87
Wm. Harvey, expenses to Butler		6 00
R. Norris		88
Jos. Flick, timber		2 16
Wm. Wood, timber		2 64
H. Sefton, repairing road		30 00
Wm. Burtner, timber		2 74
A. F. Stacks, index boards		4 50
T. A. Bartley, putting up finger-boards		1 50
Sarah Love, timber		2 20
Wm. Burtner, expenses to Butler		4 00
Use of house		4 00
Auditors' services		6 00
Treasurer's percent		6 47
		$329 93
Stationery		27
POOR TAX.		
Am't of poor tax in hands of Treas		$227 64
Am't of vouchers redeemed		
John Halstead	$ 2 00	
James Watson	2 00	
		4 00
Am't in hands of Treasurer		$223 64

We, the Auditors of Clinton township, have examined the accounts of John S. Love, Treasurer of Clinton township, road and poor tax and find it as above stated and believe it to be correct, this 4th day of March, 1887.

JAMES SNIDER, }
THOMAS WOOD, } Auditors.
WILLIAM LOVE, }

FARM FOR SALE

A well improved farm of 134 acres situated in Worth tp., Mc ercounty, Pa. Will be sold at a bargain. Any one desiring a good farm cheap will find what they want in this one.

For further information address

L. J. KIMMEL, Henderson,
2-25-4t Mercer Co., Pa.

JURY LIST FOR APRIL.

List of jurors drawn to serve in a special court, commencing the 4th Monday of April, being the 25th day, 1887:

Bolton Samuel, Conoquenessing tp N, farmer.
Crabmer James, Clay, farmer.
Cochran R J, Mercer, farmer.
Campbell Wm H, Concord, farmer.
Crainner A H, Clay, farmer.
Campbell S A, Washington twp S, farmer.
Campbell Josiah, Concord, farmer.
Carothers Jameson, Clay, farmer.
Coulter Thos E, Concord farmer.
Double H P, Cherry twp N, farmer.
Dunbar Samuel, Middlesex, farmer.
Douthett Joseph, Adams, farmer.
Evans T H, Donegal, producer.
Farnsworth Parson, Butler twp, farmer.
Forsythe James, Adams, farmer.
Graham Albert, Cranberry, farmer.
Henderson W B, Mercer, teamster.
Hardman George, Forward, farmer.
Hindman James, Concord, farmer.
Hazelett Lewis, Winfield, farmer.
Hetzelgesser J J, Winfield, farmer.
Hespenaite Henry, Adams, farmer.
Mocher Wm Lancaster, farmer.
Kildoo E S, Muddycreek, farmer.
Kaufman John, Adams, farmer.
Kamerer Wm, Fairview twp E, farmer.
Logan Thomas, Middlesex, farmer.
Lontz Henry, Jefferson, farmer.
Moorhough W S, Fairview twp E, farmer.
Marshinger Z R, Clay, farmer.
Martin W T, Penn, farmer.
McKinsey James, Parker, farmer.
Morrison James, Lancaster, farmer.
Manny John, Butler twp, farmer.
Meehling W T, Butler boro 2d precinct, clerk.
Meeder F C, Adams, boarding house.
Mayer Mathias, Brady, farmer.
Mcdolough Michael, Venango, farmer.
Martin Christ., Venango, farmer.
McCoy Robert, Slipperyrock, farmer.
McNees James, Brady, farmer.
Nebel Bart, Summit, farmer.
Naugle Henry, Muddycreek, farmer.
Porter Joseph T, Marion, farmer.
Painter J M, Clay, teamster.
Pearce David, Baldridge, farmer.
Sutton J H, Butler boro 2d precinct, clerk.
Shearer Andrew, Buffalo, farmer.
Stewart Archey, Connoquenessing twp N, farmer.
Smith Edmond, Slipperyrock, farmer.
Studebaker Wm, Worth, farmer.
Tuttle W B, Winfield, farmer.
Wadsworth Henry, Washington twp S, farmer.
Wilson David, Centreville boro, farmer.

CANN'S KIDNEY CURE.

For Dropsy, Gravel, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure Guaranteed. Office 531 Arch street, Philadelphia, $1, per bottle, 6 for $5. At Druggists. Try it.

A QUESTION ABOUT

Brown's Iron Bitters

ANSWERED.

The question has probably been asked thousands of times, "How can Brown's Iron Bitters cure everything?" Well, it doesn't. But it does cure any disease for which a reputable physician would prescribe IRON Physicians recognize Iron as the best restorative agent known to the profession, and inquiry of any leading chemical firm will substantiate the assertion that there are more preparations of iron than of any other substance used in medicine. This shows conclusively that iron is acknowledged to be the most important factor in successful medical practice. It is, however, a remarkable fact, that prior to the discovery of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS no perfectly satisfactory iron combination had ever been found. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—all other iron medicines do. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Weakness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, Tired Feeling, General Debility, Pain in the Side, Back or Limbs, Headache and Neuralgia—for all these ailments Iron is prescribed daily. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, however, does not cure in a minute. Like all other thorough medicines, it acts slowly. When taken by men the first symptom of benefit is renewed energy. The muscles then become firmer, the digestion improves, the bowels are active. In women the effect is usually more rapid and marked. The eyes begin at once to brighten; the skin clears up; healthy color comes to the cheeks; nervousness disappears; functional derangements become regular, and if a nursing mother, abundant sustenance is supplied for the child. Remember Brown's Iron Bitters is the ONLY iron medicine that is not injurious. *Physicians and druggists recommend it.* The Genuine has Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. TAKE NO OTHER.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL

And Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda

Almost as Palatable as Milk.

The only preparation of COD LIVER OIL that can be taken readily and tolerated for a long time by delicate stomachs.

AND AS A REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, ANÆMIA, GENERAL DEBILITY, COUGHS AND THROAT AFFECTIONS, and all WASTING DISORDERS OF CHILDREN it is marvellous in its results.

Prescribed and endorsed by the best Physicians in the countries of the world.

For Sale by all Druggists.

Send for Pamphlet on Wasting Diseases. Address, SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

Sharp Pains!

Backache, Rheumatism, Crick, Sprains, Neuralgia, Stitches, Sciatica, Lame Side or Hip, Kidney Affections, Sore Chest or pain in any part, local or deep-seated, quickly go when a Hop Plaster is applied. Prepared from Burgundy Pitch, Canada Balsam and the medicinal virtues of fresh Hops. Acts instantly, cures quickly. The greatest strengthening plaster ever known. All ready to apply. Sold by druggist and country stores, 25 cts., 5 for $1.00. Mailed for price. Proprietors, HOP PLASTER CO., Boston, Mass.

Hop Plaster

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied in nostrils is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head. Allays inflammation. Heals the sores. Restores the senses of taste and smell. 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N.Y.

Yours for Health

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND,

Is a Positive Cure

For ALL of those Painful Delicate Complaints and Complicated troubles and Weaknesses so common among our Wives, Mothers, and Daughters.

PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, EFFICACIOUS, IMMEDIATE AND LASTING IN ITS EFFECT, IN LIQUID, PILL OR LOZENGE FORM, ($ FOR $5.) EITHER OF THE LATTER SENT BY MAIL, FREE FROM OBSERVATION, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. MRS. PINKHAM'S "GUIDE TO HEALTH" AND CONFIDENTIAL CIRCULAR MAILED TO ANY LADY SENDING ADDRESS ANSWERING TO LYNN, MASS. *Mention this Paper.*

IT'S MERITS KEEP UP THE SALE.

IT IS A BLESSING TO OVERWORKED WOMEN. IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. CURES LEUCORRŒA, MENSTRUAL PERIODS PASSED without PAIN.

Physicians Use It and Prescribe It.

IT REVIVES THE DROOPING SPIRITS, INVIGORATES AND REGULATES THE ORGANIC FUNCTIONS, GIVES ELASTICITY AND LIGHTNESS TO THE STEP, RESTORES THE NATURAL LUSTRE TO EYE, AND PLANTS ON THE PALE CHEEK OF WOMAN THE ROSES OF LIFE'S SPRING AND EARLY SUMMER TIME.

WEARY WOMEN PRAISE IT.

It purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of diseased the relief of pain, and it does all it claims to do. It cure entirely all ovarian or vaginal troubles, Inflamation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapt to the Change of Life.

AN ANGEL OF MERCY.

This Woman's Sure Friend FOR ALL DELICATE AND COMPLICATED TROUBLES. LADIES IT WILL NOT PERFORM SURGICAL OPERATIONS OR CURE CANCER, BUT IT WILL UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES, ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS OF NATURE. IT'S FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE.

All Sold by Druggists.

MRS. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS AND TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER, 25 CENTS.

SURVEYING

LAND,
COAL BANKS,
AND LEVELING.

Partiular attention given to the Retracing of old lns. Address,

B. I HILLIARD,
Co. Surveyor
North Hope P. O., Butler Co., Pa.
3,5,8,1y

FOR SALE

Farms Hills, Coal Lands, Etc., in Western Pennsylvania by W. J. KISKADDON, Freeport, Pa. Every Monday in Freeport and every Tuesday at Pittsburgh, 129 Fifth Ave., 2d floor. Send for prited list. may 28,84,1y.

AFFICTED AND UNFORTUNATE

After all others fail consult

Dr. LOBB

329 N15th St., below Callowhill, Phila., Pa. 20 years experience in all SPECIAL diseases. Permanently cures those weakened by early indiscretions, &c. Call or write. Advice free and strictly confidential. Hours: 11 a. m. till 2, and 7 to 10 evenings.

SALESMEN WANTED

to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock! Steady employment guaranteed. Salary and EXPENSES PAID. Apply at once, stating age. Chase Brothers, (Refer to this paper.) ROCHESTER, N. Y.

WANTED—LADY Active and intelligent, to represent in her own locality an old firm. References required. Permanent position and good salary. GAY & BROS., 12 Barclay st., N. Y.

THE SADDEST FATE.

To touch a broken lute,
To strike a jangled string,
To strive with tones forever mute
The dear old tune to sing,—
What sadder fate could any hearts befall?
Alas, dear child, never to sing at all!

To sigh on pleasures flown,
To weep for withered flowers,
To count the blessings we have known
And call no longer ours.—
What sadder fate could any heart befall?
Alas, dear child, ne'er to have loved at all!

To dream of peace and rest,
To know the dream is past,
To bear within an aching breast
Only a void at last,—
What sadder fate could any heart befall?
Alas, dear child, ne'er to have dreamed at all

To trust an unknown good,
To hope, but all in vain,
Over a far-off bliss to brood
Only to find it pain,—
What sadder fate could and soul befall?
Alas, dear child, never to hope at all!

Thrown From the Clouds.

From Demorest for April.]

One clear afternoon in the autumn of 1874, a monster balloon could be seen tugging wildly at its anchor ropes just without the city of Chester. The enormous mass of inflated silk looked like some huge bird of prey, as it fitfully obeyed every puff of wind, and seemed to nod a stubborn acquiesce to the will of its owner. The open space of country was crowded with people, who had journeyed many miles from the surrounding villages to witness the ascension of the hot air balloon—a sight which they had never seen, and, probably, would never have have an opportunity of seeing again. The aeronaut, known by the name of Bill Mitchell, stood surveying the creation of his own hand is just pride as it floated above the heads of the dense throng, and each shout of admiration sent a thrill of pleasure through his breast. He had nicknamed his aerial car "Mollie," a name indellibly impressed upon his memory of past bitter associations. It was generally whispered about that in his early life he had loved a young and beautiful girl, whose affection for him was only equaled by her purity and gentleness. The two were engaged to be married; but before their hopes could be consummated the cruel grave claimed the fair-haired girl for its own, and Bill Mitchell was left alone, a broken-hearted, grief-stricken man. He sought relief from his sorrow in various ways, and finally took up the field of science as a penacea for his misery. He was a man capable of strong passions, and, when he devoted his attention to his specialty, he entered into it with his whole heart and soon reaped the just reward of his labors. He became noted as a scientist and a scholar, and when he traveled he found himself the centre of attraction.

But this flattery was not the object after which he was aiming; it was rather galling and disgusting to him, for, having imbibed freely some of the cynic views of the old sages in his line of thought, he was inclined to look upon the world and its inhabitants through the discolored glass of the misanthrope. He loved his books and the memory of the departed one whose affections he had once; but nothmore.

A strange theory regarding the atmosphere surrounding the earth had been gradually forming itself in his mind for years past, and so effectually had he convinced himself that he had the key to a great discovery in his grasp, that he ignored everything else but his pet hobby. Night and day he toiled over his table in his laboratory, drawing, thinking, experimenting, doubting, and rejoicing The theory of the past night was swept away by the theory of the morning; the drawings and sketchings of year were mercilessly consigned to the fire, and a new set laboriously designed. With the patience of a philosopher he toiled at his bench, striving to perfect his scheme. Men whispered about that he was working upon some great discovery that would revolutionize the existing order of things, and make the theories of the past, regarding the earth's structure and its surroundings, appear absurd and ridiculous. But the nature of the discovery none knew. The scientest was careful to avoid all conversation about his pet scheme, and few were brave enough to pry into his laboratory.

But at the expiration of five years, Bill Mitchell announced to his townspeople one day, through the local paper, that his plans were nearly consummated, and that on a certain day he would make the great experiment of his life. He had constructed a balloon of large dimensions, which was capable of carrying several men through the air with ease. In this aerial car he had securely fastened a set of curious instruments, polished brightly, and bearing the familiar name of Mollie upon them. These instruments were the work of five years, and they were to record for the scientist the necessary facts and observations for the perfection of his great discovery. So fine and delicate were the mechanisms of the carefully constucted recorders that the slight-breath would affect them, and the paper-like wheels would rush around with astonishing rapidity. A casual glance would suffice to convince an observing mind of labor and brain power required to invent and perfect them. They were both unique in their design and make, and entirely unlike any similar instruments used for taking atmospheric observations. The inventor alone knew how to use them, and the object for which they were to be employed. The balloon was an ordinary hot-air bag, only of extraordinary size, constructed so for the purpose of carrying the heavy machinery in the small car. It was to be cut loose from its anchorage at an early hour in the day; and before the sun was scarcely an hour high, throngs of people began to assemble on the open field where the monster bird was to start off on its journey.

Bill Mitchell quietly surveyed the floating bag of silk for a full minute before he attempted to get into the small car, dragging within a few feet of the earth. Then, with a smile of satisfaction on his deeply furrowed face, he quickly ascended the rope ladder, and leaped into his narrow quarters. Everything was carefully arranged, and all possible emergencies provided for; and the aeronaut felt confident that his voyage would be a successful one. At the proper moment the signal to let go was given, and the balloon was cut loose from its moorings.

For a moment the huge creature appeared to hesitate about starting; and then with a tremendous bound and jerk it leaped far up into the air, like a bird suddenly set free after a long captivity Straight as a rocket it shot upwards until reaching an altitude of several hundred feet, when it halted and began to drift along with the current of air. The multitude below cheered and shouted until their voices sounded like the distant rumble of thunder. The aeronaut glanced over the side of the car, and gazed at the earth far beneath him. It was the first time he had ever ascended in a balloon, and the sensations were new and startling to him. The country lay spread out before him for miles, and in the distance villages, cities, lakes, rivers and mountains could be seen, forming an endless panorama of unrivalled beauties. The people walking on the ground appeared small and insignificant, and as the balloon gradually rose higher they disappeared into mere specks and blots. Their voices were no longer audible, and only occasionally an indistinct murmer reached his ears from old mother earth. The wind was blowing northwest, and wafting the car inland. The great rolling ocean was visible upon the extreme left, and directly ahead the towering peaks of the mountains rose up like gigantic sentinels. For a moment a sickening sensation came over the solitary traveler, and he wished that he could once more tread the firm earth; but such thoughts were not to be entertained long. The balloon was rising, and it remained with himself to guide it through the air.

The daring scientist now turned his attention to his balloon. The great bag was still rising higher, and drifting slowly along His instruments recorded an altitude of over thousand feet, and the earth's surface was a mere indistinguishable mass. A heavy bag of ballast was thrown out, and the balloon, feeling the sudden relief, leaped higher with tremendous jerks. The complete silence of the atmosphere became painful to the giddy scientist, and he had to use every effort to keep his nerves steady. His nervous hand trembled so that it was with difficulty that he could handle his instruments. Suddenly the balloon drifted into a dense cloud floating across the heavens. A loud clicking noise from the recorders informed the aeronaut of the change in the temperature, and, immediately controlling himself, he took note of the fact, making some dots and figures on his pad of paper. The cloud drifted by, and the sunlight once more streamed down upon the floating car. But the heavens rapidly assumed a threatening look; heavy clouds scurried swiftly through the air, and caused the owner of the Mollie to tremble with fear.

"Now is my time," he shouted to himself, as the balloon drifted into the mountainous regions, and the tall peaks nearly reached up to a level with his car. "Here is the place to take my observations. If all fails, I'm lost. Come, come, one final effort for the mastery of these great elements, and then my scheme is completed."

He removed the glass cover from one of his instruments as he spoke, and began to arrange the fine, delicate needles, loaded with heavy magnets, The mechanism was quickly put together, but the machinery refused to work. The wheels remained immovable, and the needles only trembled from the effects of the jerking of the balloon. The scientist knit his brows in deep thought, and his nervous hands clutched the side of his frail car with a terrible grip. Had he forgotten something, or was the whole thing a complete failure? He shuddered fearfully at the thought, and gnashed his teeth with rage as he glanced defiantly heavenward. The clouds were all about him, and the stillness of the grave had settled over the whole heavens. The atmosphere, too, was becoming oppressive; but he heeded not this now. His mind was absorbed with one thought.

Was he high enough? The question caused a faint gleam of hope to flash across his scared countenance, and quickly seizing another sand-bag he threw it nervously over the side of the balloon The car ascended five hundred feet, and then moved along as before. The instrument now began to show signs of moving. Every passing cloud made it click slightly.

"Higher still," almost shrieked the man, as he cast forth a third bag of sand, and watched the instrument with glaring eyes, while the great balloon rose up in the air.

"It moves! It moves!" he cried in ecstasy.

It was true; the instrument began to vibrate, now moving around with low clicks, and then making long, regular beats. A white sheet of paper was put under the needles, and each time that the wheels revolved a small dot was made on it. What these dots meant none knew better than Bill Mitchell. To him they were magic words that were to reveal the key to the solution of his invention. He watched them, one after another, with feverish anxiety, and took a minute copy of them as quickly as they were made, in order to insure himself against all accident. The sky was invisible to him; the oppressive atmosphere was not felt by the frenzied man; the clouds floated by unobserved. Sheet after sheet of dots was transcribed, and still the man worked on in haste. The distant rumble of thunder did not move him, and a vivid flash of lightning was likewise unheeded. The wind suddenly ceased blowing, and a terrible calm rested over the earth. It was one of those dreaded lulls before the storm.

The balloon was now floating in a dense rain-cloud, and the sudden darkness that fell over the balloon finally attracted the scientist from his work. He looked up and saw his peril. But he did not realize the extent of it until several minutes afterward. A streak of lightning shot through the great mass of clouds, and cut its zigzag course through the air close to the balloon. The instrument had attracted it, and the next moment the electricity was playing with the wheels in a dangerous manner. The glare and flash of the fluid blinded the man, and paralyzed him with fear. From instrument to instrument the electric fluid leaped, sending forth minature crashes of thunder as it did so. The whole car was as bright as if lighted by an electric lamp, and it appeared like a moving ball of fire. The inventor was unable to behold the dazzling spectacle, and he covered his eyes over with his coat. A strange sensation rendered his limbs powerless, and his mind became near-ly a blank. Still the electricity played with the instruments, and kept them clattering in a warning manner.

Finally the terror-stricken aeronaut opened his eyes for a moment, and glanced wildly about him. The dense clouds were almost impenetrable, and from his brilliantly lighted car they appeared as black as night. The heavy thunder was rolling above, below, and on all sides of the balloon, making the very air tremble with its loud reverberations. But high above his head an awful sight met his gaze. The electric fluid had set the fine silk bag on fire, and the long flames were leaping up the silken ropes like so many demons. In another moment the terrible explosion would occur.

There was a brief moment of awful stillness. The storm seemed to abate suddenly to await the coming event. Even the wind stopped its fearful onward flight, and gave the balloon a chance to right itself before it was torn to pieces by the exploding gas. The lull in the storm gave it a chance to descend, and, quickly answering to the force of gravitation, the enormous mass of silk sank rapidly, while the bright flame of fire leaped higher. Mitchell became nearly unconscious under the terrible strain, and he felt a dizzy, unaccountable sensation stealing over his frame. Then a terrible jar seemed to shake him; he felt a severe pain in his head, and sank into unconsciousness.

It was mid day when the unfortunate aeronaut again opened his eyes, and the hot rays of the sun were beating mercilessly down upon his hatless head. As his senses gradually returned to him he stared intently about him. The blue vault of heaven surrounded him on every side, and as far away as he could see the same unchanging view greeted his staring eyes. Not a cloud was visible, nor any signs of a storm. He raised himself on his elbow, and immediately sank back with a groan. A terrible gash ran across his left cheek, from which the blood was trickling freely. His left arm was severely wrenched in its socket, and one hand badly cut. He lay upon his back for a moment, and tried to remember what had happened to him. The terrible scene in the thunder-cloud then rushed across his mind again, and he shuddered with horror.

It was with difficulty that he turned his head to one side and surveyed his surroundings, He was resting upon a narrow surface of rocks, which could not be over twenty square feet in area at the utmost. Beyond the edge he could not see, and his narrow horizon seemed to fade away gradually into vague obscurity. With excruciating pain he worked his way toward the edge of his rocky bed, and peered over. An almost perpendicular descent of a thousand feet was presented to his view, and the earth beneath was shut out by a thick cloud which seemed to rest on the side of the mountain. He grew dizzy with fright at the scene, and rolling himself back, he uttered a groan of despair.

For hours he remained motionless, staring blankly up at the sky; and then a calm and gentle sleep stole over him. The sun sank to rest in the west, and night once more shut in the world.

The morning brought new life and strength to the almost dead explorer and scientist. He succeeded in binding up his painful wounds, and stopped the flow of blood; then he rose unsteadily to his feet, and crawled to the other edge of his rocky bed. Here a different sight met his eyes. The descent was just as steep as on the other side, but fifty feet below was a long even plateau, which appeared to be the summit of a chain of mountains. As far as his vision could extend, nothing but mountains were visible, topped by this narrow plateau. But how to reach the secure landing was a question that the inventor could not solve. As far as he could discover, he had been landed on the summit of one of the highest peaks of a chain of mountains, and was cut off from escape by the perpendicular descent of the sides.

Like a caged animal, he walked around and around his narrow prison, surveying the country on every side, and looking for some means of escape. The thought of remaining on the rocky summit until starvation should come caused his brain to whirl, and in his desperation he shouted loudly for help. But his voice was merely echoed among the mountains, and returned to him as is in derision. A large bird of flight circled in the air just above his head, and seemed to regard the castaway with furious glances, The fierce inhabitant of the mountain summits was looking for its prey, and it appeared to be undecided as to whether it should attack the only human being that ever approached its home. Mitchell could not endure the sight of the ravenous bird, and picking up a small stone, he hurled it with all his might at the large eagle. With a wild scream the bird circled high up in the air, but still watched the man intently with its gleaming eyes Maddened at this, the wounded man attempted to tear up a larger stone from the edge of the cliff, when his attention was attracted by an object hanging over the sides of the peak It was the wrecked balloon.

The thrill of joy that shot through the man's soul, as he beheld the half-burnt aerial car hanging by a single rope within his reach, can be better imagined than described. With nervous haste he seized the silken cords and carefully pulled the wrecked mass up on the summit of the peak. It was in a terrible condition. The flames had either consumed or destroyed the silken bag, so that it was beyong repair, and the costly instruments, the work of five years, were melted into a shapeless mass of brass and steel. The sides of the small car were nothing but pieces of charred wood, and the ropes were hopelessly burnt, and rendered useless. But even in this condition the scientist felt his courage roused again at the discovery, and he eagerly overhauled the old Mollie Some cheese and cake were found in a small locker which had not been entirely destroyed, and these were quickly destroyed by the hungry man. A flask of water was also fished out of the debris, which was soon placed to the man's parched lips, and a long deep draught taken. The happy man shook the flask at the eagle, and cried out derisively. The great bird seemed to comprehend the situation, and replied to the old man's menace by a long, loud scream.

Although the ropes and silk bag of the balloon were broken and badly burnt, Mitchell felt certain that he could construct a rude ladder out of the pieces, long enough to enable him to reach the plateau below. As soon as he had satisfied his hunger and thirst, he began to rip and tear up the old balloon in the most economical manner, and to fasten the pieces together by strong knots. The larger ropes were untwisted, and made into single strands. The bag was cut in strips, and then twisted together in a strong train until he had a rope nearly fifty feet in length. This he threw over the side of the peak, and tried to touch the plateau with the lower end of it, but found that it did not come within ten feet of it. His coat was then taken off, and converted into a rag rope in the same way. This enabled him to come within jumping distance of the landing.

The upper end of the queer rope was then secured to a jutting rock which hung over the ledge of the precipice. His provisions were buckled closely around his waist, and with a shudder the scientist threw himself off into space. The long rope swayed under his heavy weight, and threatened to part at every move. But with admirable coolness the scientist lowered himself down gradually, step by step, until the rocks were within twenty feet of his body. The eagle, that had meanwhile remained on the summit of the mountains, now began to fly close to the man's head, threatening to attack him. But the undaunted man fought desperately with his enemy, and frightened it off with his feet. The bird, finding itself robbed of its prey, screamed louder than ever, and disappeared around the adjoining peak. When the scientist finally let go his hold, he dropped safely upon the plateau, and, after recovering himself, he started off on a quick walk to descend the mountains.

For two days he wandered about the mountain wilds, trying to reach level ground, and find the habitation of man. On the third day his efforts were rewarded; and, worn out with his toil and privations, he gladly accepted the hospitality of a farmer, who offered him bed and lodgings until he recovered his health and strength The idea of renewing his experiment among the clouds never recurred to his mind again without causing a shudder of fear.

"My instruments are on yonder peak," he was in the habit of saying to his friends; and there also perished my wild schemes and inventions."

GEORGE E. WALSH.

Farmer Wade Encounters a Liar.

Farmer Wade, of the Missouri delegation, went into an F street shoe store, and in his cheerful Ozark mountain way, told the dapper young clerk that he had "come to be shod," It wasn't long until the Congressman and the clerk were on sociable terms,

"Now, here," said the latter, as he slipped on a No. 9, "is a pair of shoes we made to order for Dr. Smith, of Washington. You've heard of him.—They didn't quite fit and he wouldn't take 'em. I'll sell 'em to you at the cost of ready-made shoes, and they're a bargain."

Farmer Wade tried the doctor's shoes on and then tried on two or three more pairs, and between times he chattered with the clerk until the latter became so interested in Greene county folks that he forgot about business. Suddenly remembering that he had not yet made a trade, the clerk picked up a pair of number 8's.

"Now, here," said he glibly, as he slid the shoe over Farmer Wade's good yarn sock, "is a pair of shoes we made to order for Dr. Smith, of Washington. You've heard of him—"

"Hold on there," shouted Farmer Wade, indignantly, "what do you take me for, a sucker? This Dr. Smith of yours must be darned hard to please."

The clerk stammered an apology, and Farmer Wade, having had his wrath greatly mollified, proceeded to improve the opportunity for a moral lesson.

"Young man," said he, in his most serious Sunday school manner, "did you ever hear of Annanias?"

"No," was the reply, "I never did. Who was he? Did he live in Missouri?"

When Farmer Wade came down to the Willard a short time after the shoe store episode, he told Col. Hale confidentially that "the dogonedest liar he ever met lived right here in Washington."

A Gray-Headed Old Sinner.

Sometimes an exhorter's zeal gets the better of his or her judgment, as at Connellsville the other evening, when, during the progress of one of Miss Sherman's meetings at the Methodist Episcopal Church the female evangelist, in the course of an impassioned plea for the sinners to come forward and be saved, pointed her finger at an old gray-haired gentleman of modest demeanor, who sat half-way back, leaning his head upon his hand and listening attentively, and cried out: "There's an old, gray-headed sinner back there. Why don't he come up?" But the "old sinner" never budged. The next day, when Miss Sherman took dinner with Pastor Manshell, the latter introduced his father, who was grown gray preaching Methodism to the people of Western Pennsylvania. The recognition wasn't mutual until Mansell explained to Miss Sherman that his father was the same "grey-headed old sinner" who wouldn't come to the front. Apologies were then in order.

Base-ball Umpires.

A sad eyed man stood on the safe side of a fence watching a vicious equine trying to kick a wagon to pieces.

"I wonder what club he's going to play with next season," soliloquized the sad eyed man, in audible tones.

"Shake!" exclaimed a bystander, thrusting out his hand. "I'm a base-ball umpire myself."

—A challenge—The proprietors of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup hereby challenge the Faculty to prescribe a remedy more effective than theirs.

I cordially recommend Salvation Oil to all suffering with rheumatism Jos. S. Fox, Cattle Dealer, 117 N. Broadway, Baltimere, Md.

—Letters of Credit—I. O. U. A, V.

THE OLD LOG CABIN.

The Cradle of a Synod.

BY REV. D. LUTHER ROTH.

From Pittsburg Workman of March 26.

There is something pathetic in the pulling down of an old house. It marks the end of an era. It rings down the curtain on the labors and history of its builders, in so far as they stand with it connected. It recalls the past, and teaches that the works of men's hands are fleeting and evanescent. Passing away, passing away, floating out of sight down the stream of time, with never a check in its ceaseless flow, go we with our works, following the generations gone before.

Out here this balmy spring morning, March the 7th, in this year of grace, one thousand eight hundred and eighty seven, our ears are smitten with the noise and our eyes befogged with the dust arising from the demolition of an old building across the way. Our curiosity leads us to go over and make inquiry concerning the disturbance. Come with us, gentle reader, and we shall see—what? What we shall see.

Here we take our position to watch for developments. The workmen have a heavy chain around a huge round log. Look out! The horse is bending to his work. The chain draws tense, the old beam leaves its position with a groaning and creaking and a final crash. Step