THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXIV. BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1887 NO. 22

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

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

Tuesday, April 19,

A. D., 1887, at 10 o'clock. a.m., the following described real estate of said decedent, to-wit: A lot of ground containing 60x120 feet, more or less, in said village and township, bounded on the north by Conrad Nicholas, east by Sylvanus Henshaw (formerly Knox), south by an alley and west by a street.

A FRAME and LOG HOUSE

and out-buildings thereon erected.

TERMS: One-third in hand on confirmation of sale by the Court, balance in two equal annual installments with interest. Deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgages.

EMANUEL RAPP, Executor.

3-25-3t

ESTATE OF JOHN WOLFORD

LATE OF DONEGAL TP.

Letters of administration having been granted 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 estate will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

HARRIETT WOLFORD, Barnharts Mills, P. O.
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 C. A. McKinney, Esq., dec'd, late of Connoquenessing twp., Butler Co., Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will make immediate payment, and any having claims against said estate will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

ROBERT MCKINNEY, } EX'RS.
A. F. MCKINNEY, }
Connoquenessing P. O., Butler Co., Pa.

Estate of David Humell,

LATE OF CHERRY TWP., DEC'D.

Letters testamentary on the estate of David Humell, dec'd, late of Cherry twp., 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.

MARTHA MCGUFFIN, Prospect, Butler Co., Pa.

Lev. McGuffin, Atty.

Administrators' Notice.

ESTATE OF R. M. HARBISON, DEC'D.

Whereas letters of administration have been granted by the Register of Butler county, Pa., to the undersigned on the estate of R. M. Harbison, late of Buffalo twp., Butler county, Pa., dec'd, all persons who know themselves indebted to said estate will make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement to the undersigned.

J. H. HARBISON,
JOHN HARBISON,
Administrators.

FREEPORT, P. O., Pa.

ESTATE OF CHRISTOPHER McMICHAEL,

LATE OF CLAY TOWNSHIP, DEC'D.

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

JAPHIA McMICHAEL, Ex'r.
EUCLID P. O., Butler Co. Pa.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

A FARM of 175 acres near R. R. station. 50 acres improved land, convenient to Pittsburg; barn is 100x60 and cost $2500—is good as new—a good 6 room frame house, good orchard. Price $8000. MIGHT PAY A CASH DIFFERENCE or take on a trade. We have small and large farms for sale or trade. Patent and Pension cases prosecuted. Read the new pension laws and write to us

J. H. SPENCESON'S & CO'S Agency,
100 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, 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 1885		79 58
Exonerations		1 07
Rec'd from J. B. Cunningham		78 51
Bal. due Treasurer		66 43
Bal. in hands of Treasurer		12 08
Rec'd from Jas. M. Riddle, collector		395 00
Am't in hands of Treasurer		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 60	
Andrew Grube, repairing bridge	1 50	
John B. Davis, plank	7 25	
Ekas Brothers, timber for bridge	13 50	
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	
E. E. Mantfort, 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 McElhoen, timber	1 80	
Wm. Harvey, services and scr'y	21 00	
A. Bartley, services and work	14 00	
W. F. Whiskeman, timber & plank	12 15	
A. Montgomery, plank	1 82	
Jos. Roth, lumber	* 2 87	
Wm. Harvey, expenses to Butler	6 00	
R. Norris	88	
Jos. Fleck, timber	2 16	
Wm. Wood, timber	2 64	
H. Sefton, repairing road	30 00	
Wm. Burtner, timber	2 74	
A. F. Stark, 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		57

POOR TAX.

Am't of poor tax in hands of Treas		$227 64
Am't of vouchers redeemed		
John Hastead	$ 2 00	
James Wilson	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, WILLIAM LOVE, } Auditors.

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, Connoquenessing tp N, farmer.
Cranmer James, Clay, farmer.
Cochran R J, Mercer, farmer.
Campbell Wm H, Concord, farmer.
Cranmer A H, Clay, farmer.
Campbell S A, Washington twp S, farmer.
Campbell Josiah, Concord, farmer.
Carothers Jamison, 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 H, Mercer, teamster.
Hardman George, Forward, farmer.
Hindman James, Concord, farmer.
Hazelett Lewis, Winfield, farmer.
Hetzelgesser J J, Winfield, farmer.
Hespenhide Henry, Adams, farmer.
Kooder 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.
McCollough W S, Fairview twp E, farmer.
Mershimer Z R, Clay, farmer.
Martin W T, Penn, farmer.
McKissick James, Parker, farmer.
Morrison James, Lancaster, farmer.
Manny John, Butler twp, farmer.
Mechling W T, Butler boro 2d precinct, clerk.
Meeder P C, Adams, boarding house.
Mayer Mathias, Brady, farmer.
McCollough Michael, Venango, farmer.
Martin Christ, Venango, farmer.
McKay 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.
Todd W H, Winfield, farmer.
Wadsworth Henry, Washington twp S, farmer.
Wilson David, Centreville boro, farmer.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

Trade Mark. QUALITY PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Sold only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

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 marvelous 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.

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE HOP PLASTER

Because possessed of fresh and active medicinal agents for the cure of pain and disease. Prepared from the complete virtues of fresh Hops, Burgundy Pitch and Gums. The greatest strengthening plaster ever invented. Application to Backache, Crick, Rheumatism, Kidney Pains, Stitches, Sciatica, Sore Chest, or pain in any part, local or deep-seated. Cures instantly, soothes and strengthens the tired muscles. All druggists ready to supply. Sold by druggists and country stores, 25 cents, 5 for $1.00. Mailed for price. Proprietors, HOP PLASTER CO., Boston, Mass.

Strongest and Best!

Tutt's Pills

REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Habitual Costiveness

Causes derangement of the entire system, and begets diseases that are hazardous to life. Persons of a costive habit are subject to Headache, Defective Memory, Gloomy Forebodings, Nervousness, Fevers, Drowsiness, Irritable Temper and other symptoms, which unfits the sufferer for business or agreeable associations. Regular habit of bowels alone can correct these evils, and nothing succeeds so well in achieving this condition as Tutt's Pills. By their use not only is the system renovated, but in consequence of the harmonious changes thus created, there pervades a feeling of satisfaction; the mental faculties perform their functions with vivacity, and there is an exhilaration of mind, freedom of thought, and perfect heart's ease that bespeaks the full enjoyment of health.

SECRET OF BEAUTY

is health. The secret of health is the severe or different quantity of food. This can never be done when the liver does not act its part. It is the driving wheel in the mechanism of man, and when it is out of order, the whole system becomes deranged, and Fever, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Jaundice, Bilious Colic and General Debility ensue. To restore the functions of the Liver and impart that beauty which always attends a healthy constitution, Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills are recommended. They are not a cure-all, but are designed solely for the disordered Liver and the diseases which it produces.

Tutt's Liver Pills

STIR UP THE TORPID LIVER.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS, 25c.

CATARRH ELY'S Cream Balm

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD, CATARRH, ROSE-COLD, HAY-FEVER, DEAFNESS, HEADACHE. PRICE 50 CENTS. ELY BRO'S, OWEGO, N.Y. U.S.A.

Cleanses the Head. Allays Inflammation, Heals the sores Restores the Senses of taste Smell, Hearing. A quick Relief.

HAY-FEVER A positive cure

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail registered, 60 cts. Circulars free. ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

Yours for Health

20 Years Record.

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, (6 FOR $5.) EITHER OF THE LATTER SENT BY MAIL, SECURE FROM OBSERVATION, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

MRS. PINKHAM'S "GUIDE TO HEALTH" AND CONFIDENTIAL CIRCULAR MAILED TO ANY LADY SENDING ADDRESS AND STAMP TO LYNN, MASS. *Mention this Paper.*

ITS 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 LEUCORRHŒA, MENSTRUAL PERIODS PASSED *without* PAIN.

Physicians Use It and Prescribe It.

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

WEARY WOMEN PRAISE IT.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and it does all it claims to do. It will cure entirely all ovarian or vaginal troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements; and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

AN ANGEL OF MERCY.

THE *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.

☞ THAT 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.

Particular attention given to the Retracing of old lines. Address,

R. F. HILLIARD, Co. Surveyor

North Hope P. O., Butler Co., Pa.

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AFFLICTED AND UNFORTUNATE

After all others fail consult

Dr. LOBE

329 N. 15th St., below Callowhill, Phila., Pa.

20 years experience in all SPECIAL diseases. Permanently restores 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.

APRIL.

Coy and uncertain in her ways,
She brings to earth pursuasive days.
Alluring us by tears and smiles
That intermingle on her face;
Eluding is her tender grace—
The blithsome maid so full of wiles.

Bright flowers she strews beneath her feet
To make her advent still more sweet;
The voices of the birds attend
Upon her pleasure with their song,
While all fresh things to her belong,
That she may to the season lend.

Give welcome to the early spring,
O hearts! ere she be vanishing;
She is a friend to mirth and song;
Her tears are but the overflow
Of generous love, as we may know
Who seek to hold her treasure long.

Dear April! take this lay as thine
From one who would thy grace ensshrine;
None shall forget thee who are led
In faithfulness along this way
Towards the light of endless day—
Us thou in love hast visited.

—*Household.*

SANTA ANA'S BRIDE.

From Fanny B. Ward's Letters.

Few visitors to the Mexican capital neglect making a visit to the sacred mountain, Tepeyacac (the national Mecca), upon whose summit appeared in person "Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe," the Creole Mother of Christ and especial Patroness of the Indians, universally venerated in Mexico. Her shrines are everywhere, and her image adorns the poorest hut as well as the grandest cathedral. The height upon which her greatest miracle was wrought and where now stands her most venerated shrine is about two miles from the City of Mexico, reached by a tramway running over one of those ancient causeways which Cortez found when he invaded the Aztec Tenochtitlan.

Among many tombs of historic interest on the summit of Tepeyacac is that of Santa Ana, the greatest warrior Mexico ever produced, who is better remembered by Americans for his exploits in Texas during the war of 1846, especially in the taking of the Alamo. Not far from the entrance his grave may be found, inclosed by a row of inverted iron torches linked together with chains. A scraggy cactus bush is growing upon it, and near the foot a tall and sickly cedar struggles for existence, being nearly bare of branches from the constant demands of visitors, who gladly give the sexton a dollar for a bit of living green in which such illustrious dust has found resurrection. At the head a plain granite slab, hung with wreaths of faded immortelles, bears this inscription:

GENERAL
ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANA.
JUNIO 21, DE 1876.
SU ESPOSA LE DEDICA.

The last line—"erected by his wife"—calls attention to a new made mound beside him, wherein lately has come to rest the wife of his declining years, his last and best love, Dolores Tosta de Santa Ana. The romance of her life is so little known, even in Mexico, that when she died, a few weeks ago, at the age of 56, and was burried without pomp or ceremony, the few newspapers which alluded to the event spoke of her as a very aged woman, evidently believing her to be the former wife of the ruler, who, had she lived until now, would have been past eighty.

One day, while riding in his carriage down the calle de San Francisco, the main street of the Mexican capital, Santa Ana observed a beautiful child, barefooted and shabbily dressed, sitting on the ground near the door of a poor shop, playing with a kitten. The little girl—who was then but twelve years old—quite unconscious of the attention she was attracting, displayed the grace of a fawn and the limbs of an incipient Venus in the frolic with her pet, and when she chanced to look up and encountered the intense gaze of the fierce old Dictator she blushed and smiled, showing the most beautiful pearly teeth. But this was no Maud Muller's romance, for, though the great man "rode away," he sent a messenger next day in the person of a middle-aged Captain of the Palace Guards. When this highly-bedizened, belaced and befogged functionary entered the poor little shop the widow Tosta—good soul—believed he had come to purchase some of her incomparable *cigarelois*, and hastened to place the best she had before him; but what was her surprise and consternation when he waved them away with haughty gesture and announced that he came as the bearer of a message from "Su Alteza," the President of the Republic. Well, the message—in reference to the widow's one ewe lamb, accompanied by a liberal offer of money—so aroused the worthy woman's ire that before it the Captain retired on the double-quick, muttering to himself, "Served me right; it was cowardly for a soldier to undertake such a mission."

Not many days lates a palace fop, who had never smelled gunpowder, called on Senora Tosta, and said without circumlocution, "Don't be a fool, my good woman. His Highness desires you to send your daughter to the palace. Accede to his wishes, and you may shut up this miserable little shop and live in splendor the rest of your days." Choking with wrath, the mother could find no words for reply, but seizing a *jarrito* of red beans which were stewing in a brazios, she hurled them red-hot at the head of the messenger. As he beat an inglorious retreat, his yellow-satin vest besmeared with what should have been their dinner, little Dolores laughed merrily at his discomfiture, believing in her simplicity that Su Alteza wanted her for a kitchen-maid to wash dishes at the palace.

Senora Tosta hoped that now she had routed the enemy, and Lola—the child's pet name—appeared to have forgotten the report that the President rode past the shop several times every day, and never failed to look in. A fortnight had passed away when one morning the great Dictator himself walked into the humble room. Lola, now thoroughly frightened, ran into a back room and hid herself under the bed. Brave as a lioness in defense of her young, Senora Tosta did not return the courteous salutation of the President, but with flashing eyes and arms akimbo began lecturing him in this wise:

"You! you who ought to be the father of of the people, to try to rob a widowed mother of her child!"

"Listen to me, my good woman," blandly commenced President Santa Ana.

"I won't listen to you," she retorted.

"Then I will send my private secretary to explain that my intention is to—"

"I'll scald him if he ever enters my door," shrieked the mother, "and I will complain to the Archbishop."

"Then, you old vixen," shouted the Dictator, "Tell his Eminence that I intend to marry Dolores."

"I cannot tell His Grace a lie," responded Senora Tosta.

Santa Ana was never renowned for patience, and now his small stock was quite exhausted. Finding that no solicitations could induce Lola to come out from under the bed, he turned to the mother in a towering rage and cried:

"You —— —— idiot, I will send my private chaplain to propose for Dolores in due form, for I tell you she shall be my wife." Then mounting his horse, which all this time an orderly held at the door, he dashed furiously away.

Senora Tosta sank into a chair, overcome with terror. She had no idea that the ruler meant to marry her daughter' but was certain he would seize poor little Lola; and as to her own fate, to be cast into a dungeon for life or to be raked to death in one of those torture chambers of the Inquisition, of which she had heard such terrible stories, was the mildest punishment her imagination could conceive. The terrified child crept to her mother's side, sobbing bitterly, and expecting every moment that a squad of soldiers would come to shoot her only protector and to drag herself away. After hours of agonizing suspense a priest arrived. At first Lola supposed he had come to prepare the Dictator's victims for execution, but when the padre smiled and patted her on the head she concluded that perhaps they were only to be imprisoned; and what was her profound astonishment when, standing beside her mother, she learned that the ruler of Mexico really desired her to become his wife!

Six months were allowed her in which to prepare for the great change, when a regal trousseau was prepared by the impatient lover, and on her thirteenth birthday Dolores became the Dictator's bride. A Spanish lady, through whose veins coursed the bluest blood of Castile, but who had been impoverished by Mexican revolutions, was appointed "lady of honor" in attendance upon the young wife, to teach her etiquette, etc. Six high born maidens formed her suite, and a military guard was organized for her especial protection, called "Los Mosqueteras de Su Alteza." These musketeers wore a peculiar uniform of light-blue cloth embroidered with silver thread, their sombreros being pale gray, garnished with silver cord, and their whole duty was to escort "Su Alteza's carriage whenever she rode on the Paseo or attended the theatre. The dictator required all persons to treat little Lola with the difference due to a Queen and to address her only as "Su Alteza"—your Highness,

It is said that at first the child was dazed by the change, regarding the palace as a sort of wonderland and her august husband as a good natured gnome, to be feared as much as respected. Her regal state was not less perplexing to this Mexican Cinderella than the mysteries of reading, wrriting and music, in which she was instructed by various professors, who were at once appointed to form part of her household.

Difficult, indeed, to the unsophisticated little maid must have been the *role* of "first lady of the land," even though supported by the Castilian dame and directed by her wise mother, whom Santa Ana now respected for the course she had pursued. In half a year how great a change for the barefooted girl! Now so great was her husband's power that Spanish hidalgos and Mexicans of highest social standing bowed humbly before her when she condescended to attend the opera. Her musketers surrounded her carriage on splendidly caparisoned horses, daco man bearing in his left hand a flaming torch; and when her coach arrived at the entrance lackeys sprang to spread a velvet carpet for her feet to walk upon, while pages bore her train and maids of honor carried her fan, cloak and opera-classes. During the performance her guards waited in the portico or corridors of the theatre and then escorted her back to the palaces. When she attended mass priests left the altar to receive her at the door of the cathedral and conduct her to a seat, and when the services ended the clergy and acolytes, bearing a cross and lighted tapers, accompanied her to the pavement and stood in respectful attitude till her coach drove away. This is not exaggeration, for in those days the ambitious Dictator was dreaming of making himself Emperor, and was paving the way thereto by adopting the regal style.

To her credit be it said that when Santa Ana lost power and prestige and was banished from Mexico his young wife proved a true and devoted woman. In 1874 the exiled hero—old, broken in health and bowed in spirit—received permission from the Mexican Government to return to his native land, and then Dolores Tosta was his only solace, doing everything in her power to alleviate his mental and physical sufferings. All his once colossal fortune having taken wings in the West Indies, they now lived very plainly, sometimes lacking even the comman necessaries of life. Those who had fawned most in other days now utterly ignored them, and the fallen Dictator was not only forgotten by those upon whom he had once conferred immense favors, but his favorite Generals and military chieftains assumed airs of virtuous patriotism and disclaimed intercourse with the man whom it was then the fashion to call a traitor.

After Santa Ana's death his family recovered some of their former possessions, and his widow found herself again in affluence. She owned a handsome residence in the City of Mexico and a pretty villa in the suburban pueblo of Tacubaya. Her wardrobes were crowded with silk, satin and velvet gowns, relics of regal days. Her laces alone constituted no mean fortune, and she still retained costly sets of diamonds, pearls and emeralds. But when the stimulus of the old General's overweening ambition was gone Mrs. Santa Ana became too careless and inane to sustain the social position she might have enjoyed. Her apathy was not due to regret for past splendor—she was simply lazy, as are most Mexican woman. Instead of opening her house to the friends who would have crowded around her, she absolutely refused to see any one but her nearest kindred, and—degenerating more and more during the later years of her life—she lay about the house in attire that would have shamed her lowest servant, eternally smoking or sleeping. The last time I saw her—more than a year ago, having gone with a friend to make a ceremonious call—she appeared in a ragged and dirty calico wrapper, with an old cotton reboso drawn tightly over her uncombed hair and the usual cigarette between her discolored fingers.

Some Statistics.

From Washington, Pa., Observer.

The statistics submitted in the last annual report of the Western Penitentiary, if accurate, present some rather curious facts and also some that are instructive. For instance, of the prisoners received during the past two years, 532 or eighty per cent. were never apprenticed to, or learned a trade; 150, or twenty-eight percent, are entered as illiterate; and out of 262 prisoners received during the year 1886, ten were intemperate and 110 moderate drinkers. This shows that not whisky but idleness is the prolific mother of crime. Not that this fact can in any relieve the liquor traffic of its just responsibility for the manufacture of criminals, but to make a man into a good citizen he must be trained to habits of industry as well as of sobriety. Labor is the condition of honest living and, if a man seeks to avoid this condition, he must either sink his self-respect or join the ranks of the criminal classes.

The respective number of convicts which each of the eight counties in this corner of the State had in this institution during the year 1889, will be a surprise to most persons. During that time, Greene furnished three prisoners; Lawrence, 18, Butler, 21; Washington, 27, Beaver, 29; Fayette, 40; Westmoreland, 53; Allegheny, 296. These figures would seem to show Greene county up as a paradise of order and decency, while Allegheny would be set down as a small corner of hades and Washington a kind of unclassified neutral ground between the two. If we compare the number of convicts from each county with the population as given in the census of 1880, however, the figures tell an altogether different tale. It is true Greene still stands at the head and Allegheny at the tail of the list, but some of the others change places and the disparity in the character of their populations, as indicated by the figures given above, is greatly reduced. By this comparison it appears that Greene county had one convict to every 9,430 of her population; Butler, one in 2,501; Washington, one in 2,053; Lawrence, one in 1,850; Fayette, one in 1,498; Westmoreland, one in 1,574; Beaver, one in 1,350; Allegheny, one in 1,202.

One of the most striking inferences to be drawn from these figures, is the testimony which they bear to the law-abiding character of agricultural communities. Greene county is wholly agricultural and its criminal record is almost nothing. Butler and Washington also make a good showing, but the extensive oil developments and large manufacturing establishments of the former and the oil developments and extended mineral districts of the latter bring in elements that cut down their averages to a very low figure as compared with that of Greene county. The poor showing of Allegheny of course is accounted for by the fact that she has two large cities within her limits.

A Terrible Accident, and Brutal Father.

The following is from the New Brighton *"News:"* "Another horrible accident by fire comes from Clinton. On Sunday last the family of a man named Tate, consisting of a number of little ones, the mother having died some months ago, were left all alone in the house. One of the little girls attempted to put fuel on the fire, and in so doing her clothing, of the flimsiest kind of cotton, caught fire, and for an instant she was a mass of flames. She ran screaming to the door and out on the street, but before assistance could reach her, she was so frightfully burned that the flesh peeled from her in large flakes and but little hopes are entertained of her recovery. The father was away and when found was beastly drunk. It is said that when his son found him and told him what had happened he begged him to come home, the brutal father replied, 'Go home yourself, or I'll throw you into the fire and burn you up too.' The little girl who was burned is about 8 years old. The neighbors are doing all in their power to alleviate her sufferings. Miss Pickering, the young lady who was so severely burned a few weeks ago at the same town, is getting better and will recover. Her mother is taking the best care of her. The little Tate girl has no mother to minister to her, the mother it is said was an excellent woman, but died of a broken heart."

A Slight Compensation.

Mrs. Bolster lost two husbands within a year; the first died a natural death, and the other was killed in a railroad accident six months later, a groom of two weeks. Very naturally the doubly-bereaved woman was prostrated by grief, and her pastor went to see her.

"This is a sad, sad blow, Sister Bolster," he said, tenderly, as he took her hand.

"It's—it's—almost too—too—too much to bear," she sobbed. "Yes, yes, sister; but the Lord tempers the Wind to the shorn lamb, and He sends no affliction for which He does not in some way compensate the sufferer."

"I know, I know," she said brightening a little, "and in my case I find that the morning I bought to wear for George will do for Henry; but I cant help weeping while my sorrow is fresh, for Henry did give promise of being such a comfort," and the stricken woman broke down again.

—It matters not the age of sufferers from colds, coughs, or croup, "Dr. Seller's Cough Syrup" is good for all alike. Price 25 cents.

—A stranger in Wheeling was hunting for a man named Adams. When asked what Adams he wanted he answered: "The one that keeps an express office." He found him.

The Sportsman's Paradise.

[Lieutenant McGiffin, formerly of Washington, Pa., writes from Japan to the *Observer* of that town, an interesting letter about Corea, from which we make the following extracts]:—

Corea is a paradise for sportsmen. Almost in the village streets one may shoot pheasant, quail, etc., for the natives as a rule let them alone, the only hunting they do being of the "still hunt" order, in each others heads. This is almost common sight to witness and I have even seen a whole line of coolies squatting down, one behind the other, the front man being the only one idle, and the rear one the only unharvested one! I once suggested to the brethren at one of these battues that it would increase the efficiency of the combination if they would make "both ends meet," so that Alpha might employ himself upon Omega, but they seemed to resent barbarian interference and only looked at me suspiciously, as if doubting whether I had ever really had any practical experience at all in the matter.

A PARADISE OF GAME

But for the other game. The most magnificently plumed, plump and luscious pheasants, quail, woodcock, turkey bustard, wild swan, etc., abound. The marshes and waters teem with geese and duck, the waters with fish and oysters, the grass with ugly and venomous snakes—[but wear boots]—and hare, wild boar, antelope, etc, are plenty within three hours' walk or so from any of the ports, within the same distance bear and leopards are frequently met with. I once saw in Gensane a leopard that had been killed that morning two miles off. They skinned him and ate the flesh. Leopard, bear and tiger skins, with countless wolf and smaller animals' hides are commonly exposed for sale in the shops. Then there are tigers in plenty, if you wish to go for a three or four days' trip. The Corean tiger is larger than his Indian brother, and, as his hair is some four or five inches long (to suit the cold weather), which bristles up and out straight when aroused, his appearance is not soothing to the nerves as may be imagined.

He is very fierce, and, like his Tammany relative, afflicted with chronic hunger, which leads him often into villages when least expected. About half the year the Corean hunts the tiger, and the other half the tiger hunts the Corean. I was anxious to take part in a tiger hunt, or at least to get a fresh tiger skin, but this season of year seemed to be right in the midst of the tiger's half, so that although I might get a Corean's skin cheap, a tiger's would come rather high so I waited. I do not delight in killing dumb animals, anyhow, and it seemed to me more humane to wait until the tiger, like the water snake, sheds his skin, and then, when he had gone to the mountains for the air, I could annex it quietly. I had also a vivid recollection of an adventure I had a year ago in Formosa with a buffalo, in which the tables were turned and I was most energetically and almost successfully hunted into a dense and prickly jungle of screw pines—and they don't have any screw pines here—I don't relish screw pine jungles as an abiding place, an Osage orange hedge is pleasanter, but then "any port in a storm."

"Well concerning this large game, as I say, it can usually be had within a few miles of any port, and there are always chances of meeting it even within gunshot of the houses, so it is best to be prepared.

THE COREAN HUNTERS.

As for the other game, to use a broad word, but one happily applicable to anything Corean, the country is fairly lousy with it. I said that the Coreans hunt little, so they do, but the few Corean hunters are splendid shots and stalkers. I saw one old shikoree come in one day, he looked for all the world like some uncivilized old Bedouin of Sahara, armed with a great long iron gun of Moorish pattern with a lot of curious characters carved on both wood and metal, a match or fuse lock, for powder a coarse and fine home made mixture, and for shot a handful of small pebbles and bits of iron. I laughed at him and his gun in derision, to "rile" him, and succeeded. Then I flung up a small bottle and he "potted" it without an effort. The gun hung fire a little, bnt he kept it bearing on the mark—he was used to it—and waited. They always shoot "from the hip."

These men go out after all sorts of game with their old blunderbusses, loaded with bad powder and gravel and a coil of slow match on their arm. Up starts the game. Man gives a puff to his match, and, holding the gun at the hip, jabs the match into the pan! Then there is a fizz or a sputter, but our man is calm. He keeps his eye on the mark and guides the gun by his hand until the "fizz" ends in a sluggish "bang," when almost invariably, down comes the target. I asked this particular Nimrod would he sell his gun. He said: Yes, 1,800 cash (about 75 cents.) I carefully examined the weapon, a "curio" it certainly was, but to buy it as a gun at 75 cents was a reckless waste. But I bought a brace of fat woodcock from him for 7 cents.

During the spring in this port we could buy splendid pheasant or wild geese at 70 cents a dozen; swan, turkey bustard or antelope ot 30 cents each, and wild duck, quail, ployer, snipe, woodcock and such game at about 55 or 60 cents a dozen, whilst other varieties and fish were almost nothing. I lived almost entirely on wild game, as you may imagine. All canned and dried provisions are very dear and poor in quality.

WHAT THE PEOPLE EAT.

Plenty of cattle are raised, chiefly for beasts of burden. Cows are never milked and beef is not much consumed. Around Chemulpo, strange to say, there are no sheep. The grazing is excellent for stock in general, but sheep invariably die when imported. They say that this is due to a peculiar weed or plant that abounds. It is harmless to all animals but sheep—goats do very well. The mountain goat has a pelt that makes a fine rug. The cattle are undersized, as are the ponies; the latter are used chiefly for carrying burdens. They never require to be broken. From the time of their birth the colts are accustomed to man and kind treatment. In a few weeks a wisp of straw or something is tied over his back and thus he grows up with a thorough acquaintance with burdens and pack-saddles. As to the other beast of burden, the colie, his wages are from 4 to 10 cents a day. Carpenters, masons and skilled labor sometimes receive as high as thirty cents a day. In this country there are no Goulds, Vanderbilts or bloated monopolists, but I fail to see the benefits derived from their absence. It is a country where the laws against accumulating property and building finely—laws that would delight the Anarchists—and the presence of the to-be supported nobility, have taken away every incentive to labor or to better their condition.

With such an abundance of fish, flesh and fowl, and with such a rich soil, it may be wondered at that the people should so largely depend on the imported food of China and Japan. But the game in general is little used for food. Dried fish, cuttle fish, shrimps, sea weed and cockle are eaten, and also domestic fowls, but in general little benefit is derived from the many natural resources of the country. A peculiar gauzy web like silk is made, but in small quantities. Cotton is grown and cotton cloth manufactured. Formerly all cotton came from China, chiefly brought by traders, who came to the northern barrier. The Chinese jealously guarded against all attempts to obtain seed cotton, but finally, it is said, that one of the annual tribute bearing messengers to Pekin, carried back with him three seed—one concealed in the hollow of his staff, one