THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXIV. BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 12, 1887. NO. 38

Administrator's Notice.

Letters of Administration having been granted to the undersigned on the estate of Franklin Fisher, late of Allegheny township, dec'd, notice is hereby given to all parties knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

BARBARA FISHER, } Admr's
W. A. FISHER, }
Sandy Point, Butler Co., Pa.

A. E. Reiber, 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, will please make immediate payment, and any having claims against said estate, will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

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

Executors' Notice.

Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned on the estate of Robert Hesselgesser, deceased, late of Winfield twp., Butler Co., Pa., all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate will present the same properly authenticated for settlement.

JAMES HESSELGESSER, }
DAVID HESSELGESSER, } Ex'r's.
April 18, '87. Leasureville, Butler Co., Pa.

Estate of Zephaniah Snyder,

LATE OF BRADY TOWNSHIP, DEC'D.

Letters of administration C. T. A. on the estate Zephaniah Snyder, late of Brady 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.

J. C. SNYDER, Adm'r.
West Liberty P. O., Butler Co., Pa.

Partition Notice.

In re petition of Henry W. Watson and Sarah J. Watson, for partition of the real estate of Thompson Lewis, dec'd late of Muddycreek, twp.	O. C. No. 48. June Term, 1887.

To the Honorable, the Judges of the Orphans' Court of Butler County, Penn'a.

The petition of Henry W. Watson, of Muddycreek township, Butler county, Pa., and Sarah J. Watson, his wife, in the right of the said Sarah J. Watson, a sister of Thompson Lewis, dec'd, of said township and county, respectfully represents that the said Thompson Lewis, dec'd, died on or about April 10th, 1887, intestate seized in his demesne as of fee, of and in a certain piece of land situate in the township of Muddycreek, county of Butler, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: On the north by lands of Samuel Breneman and J. G. Glenn; on the east by lands of Peter Scheidemantle and Robert Glenn; on the south by lands of Wm. Bauder, Henry Watson and Wm. S. Duncan; on the west by lands of John Forgman and Wm. McClymonds, containing two hundred and fifty acres, more or less, with the appurtenances. Said Thompson Lewis left no widow or issue surviving him, but left two brothers, to wit: Millin Lewis, of Tama county, Iowa, aged over seventy years; John P. Lewis, in the State of Ohio, aged over sixty years; Mrs. Mary Fry, married to Solomon Fry, and living in Perry township, Lawrence county, Pa., and Mrs. Sarah J. Watson, married to Henry W. Watson, living in Muddycreek township, Butler county, Pa., she being the petitioner. Also, Kate Stanton married to — Stanton, and Phoebe McGuffin, widow, living in New Castle, Lawrence county, Pa. Emma Wallace married to — Wallace, living in Colorado; children of R. J. Lewis, dec'd, a brother of Thompson Lewis; Mary Miner, marrried to B. F. Miner, and living in Pittsburgh, Pa.; Wm. C. Sharp, living at New Brighton, Beaver county, Pa.; children of Eliza Sharp, a dec'd sister of the said Thompson Lewis; Orlanda Young and Bell Young, children of Hettie Young, a dec'd sister of the said Thompson Lewis, living in Tama county, Iowa; C. L. Duncan, Alfred B. Duncan, Thompson Duncan and Bell Duncan, living in Perry township, Lawrence county, Pa., Wm. Duncan, living in Osage county, Kansas. All children of Lamsin Duncan, a deceased sister of Thompson Lewis, that the above parties are all over twenty-one years of age, except Thompson and Bell Duncan, who are minors; their father, Wm. S. Duncan, is living in Perry township, Lawrence county, Pa. That no partition of said land has been made, nor can a jury for that purpose be agreed upon for that purpose, owing to the fact that they are living so far apart, and other circumstances surrounding the case.

Your petitioners, therefor, prays the Court to award an inquest to make partition of said estate to and among the aforesaid parties according to their rights and they will ever pray.

HENRY WATSON.
SARAH J. WATSON.

BUTLER COUNTY, SS:

Personally appeared before me Henry W. Watson, who being duly sworn, says that the above petition is true and correct to the best of his knowledge and belief.

HENRY WATSON.

L. P. WALKER, [SEAL.]

BUTLER COUNTY, SS:

Certified from the Record this 28th day of June, A. D. 1887.

REUBEN MCELVAIN, Clerk.

BUTLER COUNTY, SS:

To Peter Kramer, High Sheriff of Butler County, Greeting:

We command you, that you make known to the several heirs of Thompson Lewis, dec'd, named in foregoing petition, the contents of the same and cite them to be and appear before the Judges of an Orphans' Court, to be held at Butler, Penn'a, on Monday the 5th day of September, then and there to show cause, if any they may have, why the prayer of the Petitioners should not be granted, and a writ of Partition awarded.

Witness the Honorable Aaron L. Hazen, President Judge of our said Court, at Butler, this 28th day of June, A. D. 1887.

REUBEN MCELVAIN, Clerk.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Butler County, the undersigned Administratrix of John C. Blair, dec'd., will offer at public sale on the premises in Slipperyrock township, Butler county, Pa., on

SATURDAY, AUG. 20th, 1887,

at 10 o'clock A.M., the following described Real Estate of said decedent:

Ninety Acres of Land,

more or less, situate in the Township, County and State above mentioned. Bounded and described as follows, to-wit: North by land of John Keister, East by Slipperyrock Creek, South by lands of Paul Keister and West by lands of Lewis Patterson.

A Two-story Frame House of eight rooms; Log Barn and numerous outbuildings thereon. About 25 acres in timber, the balance cleared and in a good state of cultivation.

TERMS:—One-third of purchase money 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 mortgage.

MARY A. BLAIR, Adm'rx.,
Brownsdale, Pa.

FARM FOR SALE.

I will seell my farm, located in Franklin township, Butler county, Pa. It contains

220 ACRES

of good, well watered land, both ridge and swamp; good grain land and good grass land, about 30 acres of good chestnut timber, three orchards,

GOOD BANK BARN,

50x60 feet, frame and log dwelling, ood spring and good spring house near house; well in kitchen, good corn crib, pig pen and all necessary improvements.

For terms, etc, inquire of me on the premises. GEORGE C. MCCANDLESS, Prospect, Pa.

FARM FOR SALE

In Sugarcreek township, Armstrong county, near Adams P. O., one and one-fourth mile east of the new oil development in Sugarcreek twp. Farm contains

100 ACRES,

with bank barn, 32x60 feet;

BRICK HOUSE,

18x36 feet, 2 stories, with cellar, frame kitchen, 14x16 feet; good spring of water, farm well watered, good orchard of grafted fruit. Farm in a good state of cultivation. About

75 ACRES CLEARED,

balance in good timber. Will sell extremely low for cash. For particulars inquire of

J. R. WICK,
Rimersburg,
Clarion Co., Pa.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

Two farms, one has 112 acres fine, rich, level land, with house, barn, &c., also 270 acres of good, rich land adapted to dairy, stock or grain, has a good house and three bank barns. Both near a prosperous Pennsylvania city.

Good mortgages wanted on farms.

J. H. STEVENSON'S & Co's Agency,
100 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

A DRAMATIC SENSATION,

The Throbbing, Thrilling Drama, How to Save Money.

By D. A. HECK,

Author of the "The Bride Won; or, What a New Suit of Clothes Did," will be enacted every day and evening during the coming season at D. A. HECK'S

GREAT CLOTHING EMPORIUM,

No. 11, North Main St., Duffy's Block,

BUTLER, - PA.

Until further notice. This powerful work is a wonderful and variegated combination of tragical comedy, and comical tragedy and never fails to bring down the house. The actors are all Stars. The costuming will be a strong feature. The following briefly outlined is the

—PROGRAMME:—

SONG—The happy man no more reflects,
Who buys his clothing at D. A. Heck's

ACT I.—SCENE 1—Time 9 a.m.: Enter young man with friend. Young man explains to his friend that the direct cause of his engagement to the wealthy farmer's daughter was his purchase of an elegant suit at D. A. HECK'S Great Clothing Emporium. Friend tumbles to the idea and is made happy with a new suit, Hat, Shirts, Collars Ties, Underwear, Gloves, Hose, Trunk, Valise, Umbrella, etc. Scene closes with song, joined in by the audience.

SONG—The day will be intensely cold,
When D. A. Heck is undersold, &c.

ACT II.—SCENE 2—Time 11 a.m. Enter throng of people, old men, young men, ladies, children, managing matrons with marriarable daughters, who with one accord fairly shriek with delight at the wonderful bargains shown. The beautiful young lady, Cinderella finds some jewelery, a pair of Corsets, a pair of Kid Gloves, an elegant pair of Hose that set her off so exquisitely that a dude from Unionville and a young man from Greece City both propose, as the Greece City man has on or of D. A. Heck's irresistable suits, Cinderella decides to patronize home industries and accepts him. The Unionville dude talks of duels, suicides, &c., but decides not to leave this world while he can get clothing so cheap at D. A. HECK'S Great Emporium.

Song by company, joined by audience:
'Tis our experience, one and all,
And every one who tries it knows,
That D. A. HECK has got the call,
And takes the town in selling clothes.

ACT III.—SCENE 3.—Time ten years later:
HECK'S LARGEST EMPORIUM.
Ten years are supposed to have elapsed. D. A. HECK'S store quadrupled in size. Butler a metropolis. Arrival of several excursions, electric trains and a number of balloons, with crowds of people to buy

Clothing, Underwear,
Hats, Caps, Collars,
Neck Ties, Hosiery,
Suspenders, Handkerchiefs,
Umbrellas, Trunks
Valises, Satchels,
Bill and Pocketbooks,
Cloth, Hair and Tooth Brushes

and innumerable other articles which space forbids to mention. Scores of prosperous men and plump matrons gather around the proprietor, all agreeing that their rise in the world began from the moment they began to buy their goods from

D A. HECK,

Cinderella and her husband about to depart for Mt. Chestnut (this is no chestnut) The Unionville dude, a dude no longer but a rich business man in the city of Butler. Population 10,000, noted chiefly for being the most enterprising city in the county, and for having the largest and the fact D. A. HECK'S Emporium, Duffy's Block, is the headquarters for good goods, fair dealing and low prices.

All will now join in singing:—
How D. A. Heck is selling clothes,
Way down at bed rock—
Just watch the crowd that daily goes
To D. A. Hack's in Duffy Block.

Curtain falls to slow but sure music.

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 body alone can correct those 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 Temper's ease that bespeaks the full enjoyment of health.

SECRET OF BEAUTY

Is health. The secret of health is the power to digest a proper 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, Billous 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 HAY FEVER.

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. EASY TO USE

Is an inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the nostrils, tear-ducts and throat, affecting the lungs. An acrid mucus is secreted, the discharge is accompanied with a burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of headache, watery and inflamed eyes.

HAY-FEVER

Try the cure Ely's Ceam Balm,

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. Circulars free. ELY BROS, 235 Greenwich St. New York.

Mighty Funny - Agents Wanted

SAMANTHA

—AT—

SARATOGA.

BRIGHT HITS. COMIC CUTS.

—SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION—

See the Splendid Success of Agents: One made a profit first 3 weeks of $138; One first 6 days $94.50; One first 10 days $145; One first 3 days $26.50; One first 3 weeks $163.50; making a clean profit in 7 weeks works of $500. It takes off Saratoga follies, flirtations, low necks, dudes, pug dogs, etc., in the author's inimitable mirth-provoking style. The (60) pictures by "Opper" are "just Killing." People crazy to get it. AGENTS are making $50 to $75 a week. Price $2.50. AGENTS WANTED.

Apply to HUBBARD BROS., 723 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. jy15,4t

EUREKA SPRINGS

SAEGERTOWN, PA.

This already Famous Resort, though but a little over three years old, has met with an unparalleled patronage by the

MERITS OF ITS WATERS—

the cures performed. There is no other Resort on the continent where Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Kidney Disease, Scrofula, Blood and Skin Diseases, Diabetes, Female Troubles, etc., are so successfully treated. A complete cure is the rule, where where a cure is possible. It is a delightfully cool and pleasant Resort for THE PLEASURE SEEKER as well as for the afflicted. Hotel accommodations first class—rates reasonable. Excursions rates on all leading R. R. Illustrated pamphlets containing full information in regard to place and treatment sent free on application. Address

EUREKA MINERAL SPRINGS CO., LIMITED.
8-5-8t SAEGERSTOWN, PA.

RUPTURE

Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 811 Arch St., Ease at once. No operation or business delay. Thousands of cures. At Keystone House, Reading, Pa., 24 Saturday of each month. Send for circulars. Advice free.

A LESSON.

When the weary heart is sad
And the days seem long,
When the eyes are full of tears
And life an empty song,
When the burden of the heart
Grows heavier each day,
Oh! tell me, is there nothing
To help along the way?

Ah, yes, sad heart! there's pleasure,
Not only in the air,
But in the sun and rain drops,
And in the flowers fair;
The kindly words oft spoken
By those we daily meet,
In lingering echoes whispered;
Each hour has pleasures sweet.

'Tis true that hearts have burdens,
With many doubts and fears—
Have dark and lonely vigils,
With many silent tears—
That life, at times, and pleasure
Seem but an empty song,
Where weary hearts are aching,
And days are sad and long.

All hearts must bear their burdens,
Yet will they lighter grow,
If each will but endeavor
To share the other's woe.
So, weary heart, take comfort,
For, if you strive each day
To ease your comrade's burden,
Lo! yours will fall away.

—*Josephine Canning.*

THE NEW UMPIRE.

If you have met Charley Munger lately you must have noticed how old and careworn he is getting to be. He used to be one of the brightest fellows in Trotterville and popular, too, but lately nobody seems to speak to him and there is little left of his old geniality.

"Charley," I said to him the other day, "what is the matter with you?"

"Oh, nothing," answered Charley dejectedly.

"Nonsense," I replied, "there is something wrong. What is it? Anything I can help you about?

"Well, he said with a sigh, "it isn't anything serious. The trouble, if it can be called trouble, dates from the foundation of the Trotterville Base Ball club."

"Why, I thought you were active in getting up the club?"

"So, I was; so I was. It's a good club, too, but you see I don't play and I am the umpire and——"

"I see how it it."

"Yes, that's what's the matter. I don't seem to be able to please anybody. They're all down on me."

"Look here," I said, "I know a fellow in Detroit that used to be a league umpire. Let me bring him over. He is a little fellow, but I don't think they will growl much at his decisions."

Next day I met Bill Higgins and asked him to come over to Trotterville and umpire a game, and I posted him on kind of kickers the Trottervillians were. Higgins is an Englishman, who used to be one of the cowboys in Buffalo Bill's Wild West show, but, for some reason, Higgins did not care to go back to England with the company, and so is out of a job just now. Bill used to do the fancy shooting and some ot the lasso exercises, and is a tough customer.

When we got to the Trotterville grounds the game was in progress and Charley was umpiring.

"One strike!" he cried, as the ball came over the plate.

"What's that you say?" cried the captain of the ins, as he marched up threateningly to the umpire.

"I said a strike,"

"That wasn't no strike; the ball was below the knee." This statement was loudly corroborated by the man at the bat.

"Well, I thought it was a strike," said the umpire.

"It wasn't all the same," the ins were unanimous in saying.

"All right. Call it one ball then."

"What's that! what's that!" yelled the captain of the outs, as he marched from the field.

"Oh, come now, go on with the game," said the bewildered umpire.

"You said a strike," shouted the out captain, "and by George, you've got to stick to it."

"Not if he was wrong, as he admits," said the captain.

"Wrong nothing. It's a strike. He said so. Hang such umpiring."

"See here," said the umpire, anxious for peace, "let's call that off and begin again."

After some grumbling this was agreed to, and the game went on. The man at the bat hit the ball and ran for the first base. The ball was very cleverly stopped by the second baseman and thrown to first. ball and batsman getting there about the same time. The umpire had run down to first and stood there with indecision "Darn if I know which it is," he said helplessly. There was a howl at this remark. "He's out!" yelled the outs. "Safe! safe!" shouted the ins, all gathering around the first base. There was a wild wrangle between the two captains, and when they turned to appeal to the umpire they found that that individual had taken the opportunity to get over the fence and go home.

"This gentleman," I said to the two captains, "was umpire in the league last summer. Perhaps he would see the game through for you." They united in inviting him to take the vacant post and he consented. The new umpire threw off his coat and unwound from his body a long, thin rope which he flung on the ground. Then he tightened his belt and said:

"Toss that ball here."

The pitcher tossed the ball to him.

"That ball's no good," said the new umpire.

"What's the matter with it?" growled one of the captains.

"Well, its no good. That's what's the matter with it."

"Well, we ain't a league club, and we can't afford no dollar an' a half balls on this ground," said the captain, somewhat cowed by the resolute demeanor of the little umpire.

The little umpire flung the ball into the air, then putting his hand to his hip pulled out a big revolver and fired as it came down. The baseball flew into a dozen pieces. There was a cry of amazement and dismay. They had no other ball. The umpire went to where his coat was lying on the ground, brought from the pocket a familiar red labeled box, tore it open, took out a new ball and tossed it to the pitcher.

"There," he said, I'll make you a present of that one. Now, then play ball."

Up came the ball.

"One ball!"

Up it came again.

"Two balls!"

"Three balls!"

The pitcher took a fresh hold on the ball and rubbed it the sand.

"Four balls."

Next time the rattled pitcher flung wide of the plate.

"Five balls. Take your base."

The batsman dropped his club and trotted down to first base. The captain of the outs came marching to the umpire, mad clear through.

The umpire at once put his hand to his hip and cried:

"What are you coming out of the field for sir?"

"I—I—I want to speak to the pitcher," said the captain.

"All right," said the umpire; "be quick about it."

They conversed for a moment, then the captain said: "I suppose I can change pitchers?"

"Yes, if you have another pitcher in the field."

The pitcher was sent to center field and the center man went into the box. He pitched a slow and curveless ball, but it went over the plate every time.

"One strike."

"Two strikes."

"Hit at it," said the in-captain.

"Three strikes."

"Four strikes. Striker's out."

The in-captain strode up to the umpire.

"See here," he began.

"Well, what is it? Nothing against my umpiring, I hope," said the umpire, reaching down and taking a villainous looking scalping knife out of his boot leg.

"Oh, no," faltered the captain, with a wan smile. "I was going to say that he's a daisy pitcher, isn't he?"

The next man was at the bat, and as the pitcher threw the ball the man on first base tried to steal second. It was a close call, but the umpire shouted 'Out!" Meanwhile the man on third got home. Two men were out. The in-captain was boiling with rage, but he thought better not to protest.

Jack Haggerty was at the bat.

Jack was a slugger, and the captain told him to send the ball over the back fence.

"One strike."

"Hit it, Jack; hit at it," cried the in-captain; "he'll call strikes on you, anyhow."

The umpire darted a look at the captain, but said nothing.

Next time the ball came up Jack hit a sounding clip that sent it spinning over the third baseman's head and along the foul line.

"Foul," cried the umpire.

"It's not foul," cried the captain; "run, Jack, run."

Jack dropped the bat and ran like all possessed.

"Come back," yelled the umpire.

"Run," shouted the frantic captain; "make it a home run, Jack; they can't find the ball."

Jack sped along from first to second base. The umpire picked up his coil of rope and went down by the pitcher's box.

"Come back," he said.

"Don't mind him, Jack; it's a home run."

As Jack legged it wildly between second and third bases the umpire flung the lasso and then braced himself back.

The rope tightened. Jack sprang into the air and fell on the turf.

The umpire walked toward the home plate, dragging the struggling player along after him. Jack wildly tried to release himself from the lasso as he rolled over and over in the wake of the umpire. When the latter reached the home plate he pulled in the rope, hand over hand, as easily as if had a small fish at the end of the line instead of the slugger of the Trotterville nine.

"There," he said, as he landed him covered with dust on the home plate, "when I tell you to come back, you come back."

The umpire put the knife between his teeth as he loosened the lasso from Jack. Jack dusted himself off and said nothing. The knife was slipped in the boot again. The umpire held the coils of the rope and turned to the captain;

"Apologize," he said, swinging the noose.

"I do," briefly replied the captain.

"Play ball," said the umpire.—Luke Sharp in Detroit *Free Press.*

A Chinese Mother.

Advertisement in North China Herald.

"Avoid incurring death by thunder!—Your mother is weeping bitterly as she writes this for her boy Jay to see. When you ran away on the 30th of the 8th moon the people of the shop came and inquired for you, and that was the first news we had. I nearly died of fear at the time, and since then sleep and food have been in vain, and I am weeping and sobbing still. The letter that came from beyond the horizon I have, but it gives no place or abode where I might seek you. I am even now at my last gasp, and the family has suffered for many days from grievous insults of others.

"If you delay longer and do not return, I cannot, cannot bear it, and shall surely seek an end to my life, and then you will stand in peril of death by thunder. If you come, no matter how, everything is sure to be arranged. I have thought of a plan, and your father may still be kept in ignorance. My life or death hangs on the issue of these few days. Only I pray that all kindhearted people everywhere will spread this abroad, so that the right man may hear of it. So they will lay up themselves a boundless store of secret merit.—Written by one in Soochow city.

She Was Sure There Was One.

On a crowded East Boston horse car the other evening the seats of which were nearly all occupied by men, a cutting rebuke answered by a neat complement was overheard Shortly after the car left the ferry there got aboard a young lady, whose palid and care worn face marked her as an invalid. None of those having a seat at their disposal deigned to offer a seat to the one who seemed most in need of the resting place till at the further end of the car a roughly dressed workingman, seeing her plight, beckoned to her, and resigning his seat in her behalf, said: "There don't seem, Miss, to be any gentlemen on this car." "I beg your pardon, sir; I am sure there is one," she replied, gratefully, as she accepted the seat.

Justice Not Law.

Staid old England, that has often raised its hands in horror at the methods pursued in America, has itself sometimes broken the cold forms of law and given true justice a chance. Some thirty years ago the case of George Hammond came to trial at the Old Bailey in London, before Lord Chief Justice Tindal. The prisoner, who was a portrait painter, was brought to the bar to answer to the charge of wilful murder which had been found against him by the grand jury. With malice aforethought he had slain a rope-dancer and mountebank. The prisoner was a man of middle height and slender form; his eyes were blue and mild. His whole being gave evidence of subdued sadness and melancholy resignation. He was 41 years of age. His soft voice, his manner, and appearance were testimony of his being a man of feeling and refinement in spite of the poverty of his dress.

On being called to plead, the prisoner admitted that he killed Baldwin and he deplored the act; but, he added, however, on his soul and conscience that he did not believe himself to be guilty, Thereupon a jury was impaneled to try the prisoner. The indictment was read to the jury, and, as the act of killing was admitted, the Government rested their case and the prisoner was called upon for his defense.

The prisoner then addressed himself to the Court and jury. "My lord, my justification is to be found in a recital of the facts. Three years ago I lost a daughter, then 4 years ofage, the sole memorial of a beloved wife, whom it pleased God to recall to himself. I lost my child; but I did not see her die. She was an angel, and beside her I had nobody in the world to love. Gentlemen, what I have suffered can not be described; you can not comprehend it. I expended in advertising and fruitless search evening I possessed, furniture pictures and even my clothes. All have been sold. For three years, on foot, I have sought my child in all the cities and all the villages of the three kingdoms As soon as by painting portraits I have succeeded in gaining a little money, I returned to re-commence my advertising in the newspapers. At length on Friday, the 14th of April last, I crossed the Smithfield cattle market. In the center of the market a troupe of mountebanks were performing their feats. Among them a child was turning on its head, its legs in the air and its head supported by a halbert. A ray from the soul of its mother must have penetrated my own for me to have recognized my child in that condition. It was, indeed, my poor child. Her mother would have clasped her to her heart had she been there. As for me a veil passed over my eyes. I threw myself upon the chief of the rope-dancers. I knew not how it was; I, habitually gentle even to weakness, seized him by the clothes; I raised him in the air and dashed him to the ground. Then again. He was dead. Afterwards I repented what I had done. At that moment I regretted that I was only able to kill but one."

"These are not Christian sentiments," replied the Chief Justice; "how can you expect the court and jury to look with favor upon your defense, or God to pardon you, if you can not forgive?"

"I know, my lord," continued the prisoner, "what will be your judgment and that of the jury, but God has already pardoned me, I feel it in my heart. You know not, I knew not then the full extent of the evil that man had done. When some compassionate people brought me my daughter in my prison she was no longer my child; she was corrupted, body and soul; her manner, her language, infamous like those of the people with whom she had been living. She did not recognize me, and I no longer recognized her myself. Do you comprehend me now? That man had robbed me of the love and soul of my child, and I have killed him but once."

The foreman now spoke: "My lord, we have agreed on our verdict."

"I understand you, gentlemen," answered the chief justice, "but the law must take its course; I must sum up the case, and then you will retire to deliberate. The chief justice summed up the case and the jury retired. In a moment they returned into court with the verdict of "Not guilty."

On the discharge of Hammond the sheriff was obliged to surround him with an escort. The crowd of women and men was immense. The women werd determined to carry him off in triumph. The crowd followed all the way to his lodgings with deafening shouts and huzzas.

A Clergyman Who Has a Penchant for Inventing Neat Little Machines.

W. W. Wythe, of Parker, a Methodist preacher, but who has considerable mechanical ingenuity, while on his way to Chautauqua last night in the Union Depot said: There is nothing new in the theological world, but I have invented a novel little counting machine, a description of which might be interesting to the readers of THE DISPATCH. The machine is not more than 8 inches long by $4\frac{1}{2}$ wide and 1 inch thick. It is so arranged that by turning a crank you can add, subtract, multiply or divide any set of figures. I have tested the machine and find that it works satisfactorily. It will multiply a number of 6 digits by a similar number in 43 seconds and divide the same numbers in 24 seconds. I have made it during my spare moments."

Mr. Wythe is also the inventor of a speed recorder that is used very extensively on Western and Southern roads. About 8,000 are in use. They are not seen by the public generally, as they are put only on freights It records the number of miles made, gives the rate of speed and notes the condition of the track, so that Western conductors and engineers who are liable to stop and rob a hen roost or get a drink of whisky and then run 60 miles an hour to make up lost time, usually have the little trick exposed. —*Dispatch.*

—Fifteen ostriches were sold in California recently, and brought $1,000 per pair.

—An Austrian has invented a machine for automatically lowering coffins into graves.

—The total receipts from General Grant's memoirs are said to have reached the sum of $3,000,000.

Attacked by Wolves.

From the Pitts. Chronicle-Telegraph, Aug. 4.

Many of the local sportsmen who have been camping out for weeks past in the wilds of the West are now getting ready to return home. But the stories of thrilling adventures in flood and forest are preceding them.

The members of the Summit Fishing Club, of Mt. Washington, in camp at Mackinac, seem to be having a world of trouble mixed up with the enjoyable features of camp life.

One day recently Frank Stone and Hood Brokaw strolled into the interior of the neighboring forests, and before they noticed how swiftly time was flying they had wandered 20 miles. Not noticing any particular object during their stroll, they became bewildered when they started back to camp. In vain an effort was made to locate the direction of the camp. Night was coming on and their rations were exhausted. To add still more to their discomfort, neither had a match by which a fire could be started. A few berries and a limited quantity of game was all that could be obtained to stay their ravenous appetites. As darkness settled down upon the lost sportsmen, they concluded to camp for the night where they were.

Having closely examined the shotguns, and finding them all right, it was agreed that one should stand guard alternately for two hours, while the other slept. It fell to Frank's lot to stand watch for the first two hours, during which time Hood lay upon the ground sleeping soundly. When the two hours had expired, Frank was relieved by Hood, and he lay down upon his stoney (no pun) couch. He closed his eyes in sleep, such as is experienced only by those who have been fatigued by traveling over rough ground in a bracing atmosphere. Nothing occurred to disturb his slumbers for some time. He was dreaming of the loved ones at home, with special reference to what Mrs. Stone would say to him when he got back to Pittsburgh about getting lost in the woods.

In the midst of his dream he was startled by a noise that sounded like a roaring cyclone. He sprang to his feet. There stood Hood, his hair actually resembling the back of a "fretted porcupine."

"Listen!" he said.

Frank listened, and sure enough there was room for the fright shown Hood. In the distance could be heard the low growls of wolves. It was a terrible moment for the two men. On came the wolves, seemingly in a pack of countless numbers. No time could be lost, so Frank and Hood placed all their cartridges in their belts and holding their guns in their hands each climbed a tree. Hardly had they reached a point of safety when the ferocious animals were under the trees. The men then opened fire upon the savage beasts, and although every shot told with good effect, it seemed that no difference was being made upon their numbers. The firing was continued until only a few cartridges remained, but they were not without hope. Day would soon dawn, and they knew that at the approach of light the wolves would take their departure. Even then streaks of dawning light could be seen in the east, gradually the wolves left them. When the last one had gone, Stone and Brokaw descended from their uncomfortable situation. Upon reaching the ground, or as near to the ground as they could get, they were astonished at the sight before them. Piled up under each tree was a stack of dead wolves fully eight feet in height, and covering a space of twenty feet in circumference.

As they were too tired and hungry to speculate further on the possibilities of the forest, they made as much speed as possible back to the camp, where they arrived without further difficulty and related the forgoing thrilling experience.

Germany and France.

BERLIN, August 5.—The *Deutsches Tagesblatt*, in an article headed "German Baiting in France," says:

"If these persecutions continue and the French Government adopt corresponding measures, we should simply regard France as a barbarous, uncivilized nation, and should break off diplomatic relations, discontinue railway and postal intercourse and throw out a line of military outposts. If the French play at war against us in time of peace let us do the same thing."

Thirty-eight French employes residing at Avricourt, near the frontier of Germany, have been expelled from the country.

KEEPING THE PRINCE OUT OF FRANCE

PARIS, August 5,—It is stated that the German Crown Prince has been advised by medical men to try the waters of Cauterets, in France, but that Prince Bismarck and Prince William oppose the suggestion.

A Remarkable Escape.

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 2.—During yesterday's storm lightning struck a large tree near Elias Mathias' farmhouse at Clarksville, in this county, splintering it to the roots. The fluid then deflected to the doorway on the east of the house. In this the Mathias family were sitting. Miss Emma Mathias stood in the doorway. The lightning struck her on the right side of her head, burning off the hair, and then coursed down the body. Her clothing was torn and loosened so that it hung simply from the shoulders, Her shoes were torn into threads, also burning both her legs, from the knee to the foot, to a blister. The shock threw the young woman to the floor.

The fluid tore one of the shoes off Mrs. Mrs Mathias' foot and prostrated her. The other members of the family suffered temporary insensibility from the shock. Miss Mathias, when picked up, was like a piece of marble statuary. She complains today of her right arm feeling paralyzed. Otherwise she has not suffered injury more than would necessarily follow a severe nervous shock.

—It is estimated that there are sixty thousand colored Knights of Labor in the south.

—The whole length of mail routes in the United States amounts to 375,000 miles.

—The Boston *Globe* speaks of "a lady equestrienne." A lady equestrienne is a female woman who take equestrian exercise on horseback.

Caressed by a Tiger.

From the Indian Mirror.]

I had left camp at an early hour in the morning to fish. While I carried my rifle with me, I had no intention of going out of my way to find game. On the previous afternoon I had observed what seemed to be a capital fishing spot in a bend of the river, and it was to this place I hastened as I left camp. Some of the native servants were astir and saw me set out, but I did not want their services. It was pretty thick jungle between the camp and the bend, but at the bend there was a clear spot an acre in extent, with a heavy forest growth and a ledge of rocks for a background. As I took a look around before sitting down on the bank to my sport I remarked that it was good spot for wild beasts, but as there was nothing moving I went right to work with my fishing tackle. Catching a frog for bait, I flung in the hook, and it wasn't five minutes before I was meeting with such luck that all thoughts of tigers, snakes and hyenas were driven out of my mind.

I had landed half a dozen good sized fish, and was just then playing a larger one, when a slight noise startled me, and I looked around to see such a sight as has seldom come to the eyes of a sportsman. A full grown tiger was within five feet of me, playing with one of the fish. It was the last fish pulled out, and in its dying agonies it was jumping about on the grass. Everytime it moved the tiger would reach out a paw in a playful way, and once or twice he struck hard enough to move the fish three or four feet. I tell you I was a badly frightened man, and all I could do was to sit there with mouth and eyes open. The tiger had crept down from the bluffs, and why he hadn't attacked me was a mystery. He went from fish to fish, turning them over with his paw, and time and again brushing me with his tail as he moved about. My rifle was ten feet away, leaning against a bush, and I might have been idiot enough to try to reach it but for a warning. My personal servant had followed me, to see what luck I had. He came into the neighborhood while the tiger was playing with the fish, and softly climbing a tree, he uttered the call of a bird that attracted my attention, and then sang out:

"Do nothing to provoke the tiger, master. He is a *hiloweele* and if you do not cross him he will go away."

He meant that the spirit of a good native had been transformed and it was clearly the common sense way to follow his advice. As the beast gave me no attention I turned to the fish tugging at my line and landed him. He was of good size and full of vitality and the the tiger waited in a playful way until I removed the hook and threw the fish on the grass. Then he sprang for it as a kitten would for a ball of yarn and he played with it in the same way. It was laughable, in spite of the circumstances, to witness his actions. He would run around in circles, as you have seen a young dog do, sometimes almost leaping over me, and then again he would become the cat creep softly forward to pounce upon one of the fish. Each as caught was flung to him and it was full a half hour before he grew tired of the sport. I expected he would turn to me sooner or later, but the native saw the change first and called:

"Master, the *hiloweele* is going to play with you! Be as clay in his power."

The tiger suddenly left the last fish landed and came stalking up to me, purring like a cat and acting very playful. His first move was to worm his head under my left arm, and I am telling you the solemn truth when I say that I smoothed down his fur as if he had been a favorite dog. I had on a big straw hat, and this he got hold of in his teeth, and played with for ten minutes, or until he had torn it all to pieces. I had no more bait to fish with, and drew in the line, and sat there waiting for the tiger's next move. When he had finished the hat, he came over and rubbed against me, and purred in a pleased way, and I rubbed him with my hand from nose to tail. I gradually got over my scare, but yet very anxious to know how the affair would end. The sun was getting well up and very hot, and the beast would son be seeking his lair. In about thirty minutes from the time he appeared the tiger began to show a change of demeanor. He acted nervous and uneasy, and the hair on back stood up at intervals. I judged that he had got the scent of my servant, and such proved to be the case.

I dared not rise to my feet, but I made up my mind that if the tiger attacked me I should make a spring off the bank into the river. It was infested with crocodiles, but there was not much choice between being eaten by beast or saurian. Once the tiger glared at me and growled, but next moment whined as if afraid, and edged up toward me as if for protection. The servant had been keeping a watchful eye on my strange playmate, and he now believed the time had come for decisive action. He therefore fired his pistol and shouted at the top of his voice. The effect was immediate. The beast dropped his tail, uttered a long-drawn whine, and with a sort of farewell glance at me he bolted for the forest and disappeared.

The "Sun Do Move."

The Rev. John Jasper says he has preached his famous "Sun do move" sermon about 100 times. "I preached it first,"