THE BUT

VOL. XXIV.

BU

KIRK'S WHITE RUSSIAN

The only brand of Laundry Soap awarded a first class medal at the New Orleans Exposition. Guaranteed absolutely pure, and for general household purposes is the very best

SOAP.

THE CHEAPEST GROCERY

STORE in Butler, three doors west of West Penn Depot.

Having opened a fresh stock of GROCERIES consisting of Coffee, Teas, Sugar, Syrup, Spices, Canned Goods of all kinds. Hams, Bacon, Lard, &c., &c.,

Tobacco and Cigars,

FLOUR of best brands and low prices; also, full line of Klingler's popular brands of family flour constantly on hands.

HAY, OATS, CORN and FEED of all kinds at lowest figures.

No. 1. Salt, Lower any other House in Butler,

Country Produce wanted for which the highest price will be paid. Call and examine our stock and prices.

Goods delivered free to all parts of town.

J. J. KEARNS & CO.,

76 East Jefferson St., - - Butler Pa

WEST PENN HOUSE.

This hotel, just across the street from the depot, has been refitted in the new, and I am again prepared to accommodate the travelling public.

BOARDING BY THE MEAL,

DAY OR WEEK.

Good Rooms, good attention, good stabling rates moderate.

For further information enquire on the premises of

R. B. GILCHRIST, Proprietor

The People's Great

EXPOSITION!

4, GREAT SHOWS IN ONE, 4,

We announce to the people far and wide that we will exhibit our collossal aggregation of startling wonders, to secure which all parts of the earth—Europe, Asia, and portions of the U. S. have been searched, and such an aggregation as has never been seen since the day Noah entered the Ark. The mighty Elephant, the great Rhinoceros, the Hippopottomas, the Chimpanzie, the Ou-rang-outang or run-out-and-stick-out-your tongue-out, the greatest living wonders of the age will excite no wonder when compared with the multitude of monster attractions on exhibition at our great moral Circus and Menagerie. The roars and howls of the would-be competitor who Apes the methods, but cries down the attractions of our own and only Greatest Show on earth will be drowned in the joyful acclamations of a delighted populace. Remember this great show possesses no objectionable features and is the delight of the cultured and refined. We show under one canopy four great shows, the Largest Stock—Greatest variety—Best Goods and styles—Lowest Prices. We have secured a magnificent Brass Band which will be a prominent feature of our great show. 3 rings with a seperate and continuous performance being enacted in each ring.

NEW AND NOVEL

attractions. 3 Jolly Clowns. The greatest living, walking, breathing, talking curiosities of the age. Phunny Fellows—sure to sell you and all the people laugh when they see the bargains they offer. Other and greater attractions greet the delighted eye on every side—the Proprietor and Managers swinging in the flying trapeze attached to the highest pinacle of success, give such exhibitions of nerve and daring in sweeping reductions, gorgeous displays and wonderful bargains as to call forth the plaudits of the most prudent and economical. The management beg leave to announce that in their unting zeal in the search for the rare and curious, astonishing results have always followed and we open for your inspection a collossal collection of bright and new Fall Styles in Mens' Boys' and Childrens' Clothing, Hats, Caps Underwear, Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Mufflers, Gloves, Mittens, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Satchels, Straps, Brushes, Combs, Jewelry, Corsets, Jerseys, Stockings with a full line of Notions, &c, Big bargains all through the show,

Song by the Clown: –

Men and youth and boys and all,
Short and Solid, lean and tall,
Who need a suit of clothes this fall,
We do invite you now to call
For we are rolling on the ball,
And you are sure to make a haul,
Whatever you purchase, great or small.

Song 2:—"What are the wild waves saying." Buy your Clothing and Furnishing goods of D. A. HECK.

Song 3:—"Her bright smile haunts me still," The smile of satisfaction that beamed from the face of the lady who dressed her little boy in one of Heck's irresistable suits.

If you want to save money and increase your pile droppin and C HECK, and he'll make you all smile.

He possesses the power to spread happiness around,
And his store is the place where bargains are found.

Doors open at 7 A. M. Close at 8 P. M. Admittance, Gents Free, Ladies and Children half price. Remember the place.

D. A. HECK'S,

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

BUTLER, - PA.

A J FRANK & CO.

—DEALERS IN—

DRUGS,
MEDICINES,
AND CHEMICALS,

FANCY AND TOILET ARTICES,

SPONGES, BRUSHES, PERFUMERY, &c.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully compounded, and orders answered with care and dispatch. Our stock of medicines is complete warranted genuine, and of the best quality.

45 South Main Street,

BUTLER, · PA.

BAKER'S COD LIVER OIL AND MALT.

Ae proved remedy for Consumption and diseases of Throat and Lungs.
New Life and Vigor follows its use.
Ask for Baker's Oil and Malt, or write to

JNO C. BAKER & CO.,
Philadelphia.

DENTISTRY.

O. K. WALDRON, Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College, is prepared to do anything in the line of his profession in a satisfactory manner.

Office on Main street, Butler, Union Block up stairs.

J. S. LUSK, M.D.,

Has removed from Harmony to Butler and has his office at No. 9, Main St., three doors below Lowry House. apr-30-tf.

Dr. S. A. JOHNSTON,

DENTIST, – – BUTLER, PA.

All work pertaining to the profession executed in the neatest manner.

Specialties:—Gold Fillings, and Painless Extraction of Teeth. Vitalized Air administered.

Office on Jefferson Street, one door East of Lowry House, Up Stairs.

Office open daily, except Wednesdays and Thursdays. Communications by mail receive prompt attention.

N. B.—The only Dentist in Butler using the best makes of teeth.

JOHN E. BYERS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office No. 65 South Main Street,

BUTLER, - PA.

SAMUEL M. BIPPUS,

Physician and Surgeon,

No. 10 West Cunningham St.,

BUTLER, PENN'A

DR. R. C. McCURDY,

Physician and Surgeon,

Office on Main St., over Kemper's store.

Butler, - Penn'a.

EITENMULLER HOTEL,

No. 88 and 90, S. Main St.,

BUTLER, - - PA.

Near New Court House—formerly Donaldson House—good accommodations for travelers. Good stabling connected.

[4-9-'86-1y] H EITENMULLER, Prop'r.

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,

THE ALLEN PATENT WASHER

Why it is Superior to all Others.

1st. ITS being enclosed it retains the high temperature so necessary in removing the dirt from the goods.

2nd. THERE being no Friction on the clothing to wear it.

3rd. THE peculiar action of the water in the Machine (which cannot be understood unless one sees it) forcing a strong current of water through the clothing at every virbration of the Agitator, (which is caused by the peculiar construction of the top of the Machine.

4th. AND best of all is that a child of four years can do the work it being so light that the operator sits down while doing it. Machines and County and Township Rights throughout the State of Pennsylvania. Sold by

SHIRAS & HAYS,

Butler, Pa

8-19-1y

SMALL FARM FOR SALE.

In Franklin twp., half way between Prospect and Whitestown, on the Pittsburg and Franklin road, contains fourteen and a quarter acres, has good buildings—

A New Frame House,

Good barn and all other necessary outbuildings. Land all level, and in good state of cultivation, good well water, both hard and soft, and good orchard of all kinds of fruit. For price and terms apply to me at my furniture store in Prospect.

C. M. EDMUNDSON.

9-2-3m

Wanted.

We want a few live men to take orders for a full line of choice nursery stock. Our stock is all selected and guaranteed first class. We furnish a handsome Outfit FREE, also fruit SAMPLES in SEASON. A WORKER never fails with us. Don't delay but write at once for terms, &c. to

EDW. O. GRAHAM,
NURSERYMAN,
Rochester, N. Y.

CHOICE FRUIT.

Having taken the agency for the Choice Fruit Trees,

Beautiful Shrubbery,

Ornamental Trees,

Ane everything else in the Nursery line, of the New England Nurseries, Chase Bros. & Co., N. Y., I will call upon you in the near future and solicit your orders for Spring delivery.

A. H, FALLER, Agent,

Butler, - - - Pa.

J. H. DOUGLASS,

—DEALER IN—

STATIONERY

OF ALL KINDS,

Books and Periodicals,

CHEAP TABLETS,

—AND—

Wall Paper,

Eagle Building, Main St.,

BUTLER, - - PA,

9-1-87-1y

M. F. & M. Marks

Invite your inspection of their stock of FALL and WINTER

Millinery Goods.

Receiving goods every week their stock is always

FRESH AND COMPLETE.

THE PEABODY LETTER.

The publication a few days since of the fac-simile of President Peabody's letter is still the subject of much comment.

It used to be considered a question of propriety to say a kind word of the result of a treatment other than that prescribed by a regular practitioner; and the time was when a man using an advertised remedy did so more or less surreptitiously. However, this has happily given away to a broader and more liberal view of things, typified in Mr. Peabody's frank expression that he knows of no valid reason why commendation should not be equally as hearty in one instance as in the other.

Certainly this would appear fair in the face of the facts. He was assured that the injury would confine him to the house for three weeks or more, yet in three days' use of the Oil he was out and about his duties as if nothing had happened. Surely a remedy that will so practically demonstrate its efficacy and that has stood foremost, as has St. Jacobs Oil, upward of ten years as unapproachable for the eradication of pain, is justly entitled to rank as a standard.

That many physicians prescribe it is as true as that many physicians use it, and it is only those of the very old school who, true to ancient doctrines, can see no good in it, because it is made known to the world. Not long since one of these dropped a confidential note to a friend requesting three bottles be sent for his personal use immediately, as without it his hands were "simply no hands at all, but," continued he, "for Heaven's sake don't say I said so." This is literally true.

CATARRH

ELY'S

Cream Balm Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays pain and Inflammation. Heals the sores, restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

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.

BUTLER COUNTY

Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

Office Cor. Main & Cunningham Sts.

G. C. ROESSING, PRESIDENT.
WM. CAMPBELL, TREASURER
H. C. HEINEMAN, SECRETARY

DIRECTORS:

J. L Purvis,
William Campbell
A. Troutman,
G. C. Roessing,
Dr. W. Irvin,
J. F. Taylor.
Samuel Anderson,
J. W. Burkhart,
Henderson Oliver,
James Stephenson,
N. Weitzel,
H. C. Heineman,

LOYAL M'JUNKIN, Gen. Ag't.
BUTLER, PA.

Planing Mill

—AND—

Lumber Yard

J. L. PURVIS. L. O. PURVIS,

S. G. Purvis & Co.

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Rough and Planed Lumber

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

FRAMES,
MOULDINGS,
SASH,
DOORS
FLOORING,
SIDING
BATTENS,

Brackets, Guaged Cornice Boards.

SHINGLES & LATH

PLANING MILL AND YARD

Near German Catholic Church

1831 THE CULTIVATOR 1888

—AND—

Country Gentelman

THE BEST OF THE

AGRICULTURAL WEEKLIES.

DEVOTED TO

FARM CROPS AND PROCESSES.
HORTICULTURE & FRUIT GROWING.
LIVE STOCK and DAIRYING.

While it also includes all minor departments of Rural interest, such as the Poultry Yard, Entomology, Bee-Keeping Greenhouse and Grapery, Veterinary Replies, Farm Questions and Answers, Fireside Reading, Domestic Economy, and a summary of the News of the Week. Its MARKET REPORTS are unusually complete, and much attention is paid to the Prospects of the Crops, as throwing light upon one of the most important of all questions—When to Buy and When to Sell. It is liberally illustrated, and by RECENT ENLARGEMENT, contains more reading matter than ever before. The Subscription Price is $2.50 per year, but we now offer a SPECIAL REDUCTION in our

NEW CLUB RATES FOR 1888!

TWO SUBCRIPTIONS,	in one	remittance	....$ 4
SIX SUBSCRIPTIONS,	do.	do.	 10
TWELVE SUBSCRIPTIONS,		do.	 18

☞To all NEW Subscribers for 1888, paying in advance now, WE WILL SEND THE PAPER WEEKLY, from OUR RECEIPT of the remittance, to January 1st, 1888, WITHOUT CHARGE.

☞SPECIMEN COPIES FREE. Address,

LUTHER TUCKER & SON, Publishers,
ALBANY, N. Y.

TWO GOOD PAPERS

THE WEEKLY

CHRONICLE TELEGRAPH,

$1.00 A YEAR.

and the

BUTLER CITIZEN,

$1.50 A YEAR.

Both Papers $2 for one Year.

The Weekly Chronicle Telegraph is an 8-page, 56-column paper, and contains choice Original Stories by best American authors; Fashion notes and suggestions for the Household, by leading writers; Amusements for the Family Circle, Agricultural notes, Latest Financial and Market Reports, General News and a choice selection of interesting reading for everybody.

Send a postal card to the Weekly Chronicle Telegraph, Pittsburg, Pa. for a sample copy.

We will send the CITIZEN and the Weekly Chronicle Telegraph, to any address in the United States or Canada, for one year for $2·00

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St. Ease at Once. No operation or business delay. Thousands of cures. At Keystone House, Reading, Pa., 2nd Saturday of each month. Send for circulars. Advice free.

THIS PAPER is on file in Philadelphia at the Newspaper Advertising Agency of Messrs. N. W. AYER & SON, our authorized agents.

Getting Cold.

Put away the ice-cream freezer,
Closet now the gowns of tulle;
Shelve the straw and lemon-squeezer
For the weather's getting cool.
Soda fountains are deserted,
Tennis now gives place to pool;
And the iceman's disconcerted
Since the weather got so cool.

From the seashore hies the plumber,
Sad converse the oysters hold,
Seeing signs of shrinking summer,
Now the weather's growing cold,
Adieu, dog days (water spaniels),
Lucky he whose bin is coaled!
Welcome now, back-number flannels,
Hang it ain't the weather cold?

Seth's Elephant.

How He Found it—A Sketch With a Moral.

Seth Applebee was one of the smartest young men in Pumpton. At the age of eight-and-twenty he had established himself in business. Before that he had been clerk and salesman in the principal store of the town—a common country store keeping for sale about everything the housekeeper or farmer can need to purchase; and the store which he had opened, on his own hook, was of the same character. An aged aunt had done much toward helping him in the outset so that he might begin business with his head above board.

"There, Seth; take that, and make the very best use of it you can," the good old lady said, at the same time giving to her nephew a check for a large amount—large for her; and large for him—a check for him—a check of four figures, and the first figure was not a one. "You are going to New York to purchase goods?"

"Yes, aunt, I wish to make my own selection. And, further, to tell the truth, I want to see the elephant. Don't be alarmed He's a very innocent animal, I assure you. I use the term figuratively, simply meaning that I will see a few of the sights as my own master, with nobody at my elbow to tell me what I must do, or where I must go. I fancy it will be rather pleasant."

"Seth, you will take care of yourself. You will not allow your feet to stray into any of the snares and pitfalls which evil-minded men are ever ready to dig for the unwary. You will be careful."

"You bet? Aunt Patience, you're a trump; and I know you mean well. You would do anything for me, I do believe; and I can't wonder that you should feel a bit anxious; but don't you worry—not one bit. Dear aunty, let me tell you I have cut my eye-teeth. The man that can raise a raise a hand on me isn't up and about, not quite yet.

"What d'ye mean, Seth, by 'raisin' a hand' on you?"

"O, that is a technical term, aunt, signifying to take one in—to pull wool over one's eyes; but do be perfectly easy."

From this it will be seen that Seth had traveled somewhat outside the boundary of his Sabbath-school; and, whether he had associated with sporting characters, or not, their language had become familar to him. One other thing will be seen: If Seth was smart, nobody had a firmer faith in the fact than he had himself.

On a Monday morning, bright and early, Seth looked to be sure that his check was safe in his pocket-book; then he took out the bank-notes that lay in another pocket and ran them over, to make sure that all was right. Eight hundred dollars. That was the sum he had put in there on Saturday, and he found it intact. The book was put away in a deep breast-pocket of his vest, and buttoned snugly up. His money for current expenses he carried in a small wallet, in a pocket of his pants. He was too old a bird—had cut too much eye-tooth—to expose a large amount of money in public or on the road.

Seth Applebee landed in New York, on the North river side, just at close of day, and taking his light grip-sack in his hand, he shouldered and elbowed the swarming Jehus out of his path, and made his way on foot to the hotel where he had stopped two years before, while on a visit to the city with his employer.

His memory was good, and he had no trouble. The house was just as he had last seen it, and the genial landlord received him most kindly. In fact, Seth fancied the man was specially glad to see him. He evidently remembered him, and was proud of his patronage. If he was not, then his every word and act belied him.

Seth took the key of his room, and went up with a porter to the fifth floor. It was very high up; but what a view he would have in the morning!

After supper Seth sat down and took up an evening paper. He thought he would look for the places of amusement within easy reach. He was thus engaged when he became aware that somebody had come up and stopped directly in front of him. He looked up, and saw a neatly dressed, business-looking man, of middle age, with a face winsome and handsome. The two eyes, from behind a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, looked at him sweetly, with a warm, kindly smile playing around them.

"Am I addressing Mr. Applebee, of Pumpton?"

Seth did not intend to be imposed upon. Not he. He would have no sharpers picking him up.

"That's my name, sir," he replied, crisply, giving the man a cool, almost a contemptuous look.

"I was sure of it," the gentlemen went on, taking no notice of the intended repulse. "And I am sure of another thing: I saw you here two years ago. Am I not right?

Seth was really surprised. He did not know the man had been near enough to overhear him when he mentioned to the host the circumstance of his former visit.

"Certainly, sir. I was here two years ago."

"So was I. At that I was living in Albany; but a year ago I removed to this city, where I have estabiished a good business. If you are thinking of purchasing goods, you might find it to your advantage to give me a call. At all events, you can look in and see me. Will you take my card?"

Seth took the bit of pasteboard, and read thereon:

CUSTIS, HAMILTON & CO.,
IMPORTERS.
DEALERS IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
DRY GOODS.

"My name is Hamilton, sir—George Mr. Custis, I know you would like. Say you will call."

LER CIT

TLFR. PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1887

When our hero had promised that he would call if he could make it in his way, the gentleman started as though to turn away; but he thought better of it, and sat down. He commenced coversation by asking Mr. Applebee how business was in his section; and, gradually. he led the young countryman on to talk of himself, of his business at home, his social opportunities, his friends, and, finally. of the business that hed bro't him to the great city.

Then Mr. Hamilton opened his budget. He told of his own business. What a business it was! Millions of dollars a year.

"Ah! but it reqires labor, my dear Applebee. I promise myself this summer a trip to Enropo. Thus far Mr Custis has done our foreign purchasing; but I tell him he must let me take my turn.

"But bless me! I had thought of the opera this evening. What will you do with yourself?"

Seth said he had thought of some place of amusement.

Good! Let's go together. We'll decide where it shall be on the way."

By this time our young coutryman had fallen in love with his new-found friend. He not only gave him his confidence entirely, but he had taken him to his heart. He embraced Hamilton's proposition eagerly. It was just the thing. And pretty soon they were in the street, walking up Broadway.

"By the way, Applebee, I'll tell you the truth. It is very seldom that I drink anything stronger than tea in the evening; but I am at this moment just in the mood for one of Slovinski's punches. What say you? Now, mark me. On no account let me—"

But Seth stopped him in full career.

"Hamilton, not another word. I'm for a punch. I never felt more like it in my life."

And he spoke truly. He was already exhilirating. He was in just the mood for fun. He felt like enjoying himself. They went into the saloon—a place which reminded Seth at once of Aladdin's palace—a scene of splendor, of which he had never seen the like before—where they sat down at a marble table and drank a punch. Then they chatted a while. By and by said Hamilton:

"I declare—before we go—"

"Another punch!" filled out Seth with flushed face and sparkling eyes. He was not used to mixed drinks, nor, for that matter, to much alcoholic drink of any kind- and the large goblet of punch already had produced a decided effect.

They had just drank the second punch, and Seth was smacking his lips, when a fine looking gentleman, of about his own age, approached them, whom Hamilton hailed with

"Ho, Walter! This is a surprise. Where did you drop from?"

"I'm just from Uncle Tom's"

"Mr Curtis, let me present to you Mr. Seth Applebee, of Pumpton. Applebee, this is a nephew of the senior partner, and the junior—the Co.—of our firm."

After a little pleasant chat, the junior partner believed he'd have one of Slovinski's incomparable punches, and, of course, he could not drink alone.

"We'll keep you company, Walter, but it must be very lightly. My head won't bear much more of that stuff," said Hamilton.

Seth could not refuse. While they sipped the third punch Hamilton asked Custis if the old man had secured certain cargoes, and invoices of silks and velvets, and so on, just arrived. Custis replied that they had been secured to the last bale.

"Who, d'you suppose, the old man got to do it for him?"

"Who was it?"

"Alec Astor. Stewart was there, but when he saw Alec. bidding for the goods—supposing, of course. he was doing it for himself—he wouldn't go against him. Aha! pretty neatly done. By the way, he promised to meet us here this evening."

"Who?—Alec?"

"Yes. And i'faith! here he is!"

As Custis thus spoke a second man approached them—a splendid-looking young fellow—"An Astor all through!" Seth said to himself.

More effusive greeting, and the newcomer was introduced.

"Mr. Applebee—Alexander Astor. Alec., this is Seth Applebee, of Pumpton—and one of Ours"

Naturally, another punch—very light for the three who had already drank. Then a few minutes of sparkling, witty chat, without an oath or a vulgar word of any kind. Seth could not have found three clergymen more free from vulgarity and profanity. By and by said Custis, regretfully:

"Hamilton, I'm sorry to leave you, but Alec and I have agreed to enjoy a game of whist this evening, and it is time we were at it."

Hamilton allowed the two friends to arise and start away, when, suddenly, he called them back, and then turned to his companion.

"Applebee, I want you to do in this just as you wish. If you say the theater, why, the theater it is. Though, I confess, it's rather late."

"Perhaps," suggested Seth, with a yearning look toward Custis, "the gentlemen might not like the company of a stranger."

"Look here, my dear boy!" cried Custis, indignantly, "don't you go to calling yourself a stranger. Why, bless you! you and George will just fill the bill—make a square game of it. Will you go with us?

He went gladly. He went with all his heart never felt so large, nor so full of eager desire for enjoyment, as it felt at that moment. They went out—the four of them—and ere long thereafter were in a moderate-sized, very tastefully and artistically furnished clubroom, with a large, elegant side-board at one end, on which were bottles, decanters, and glasses, innumerable; with two waiters in attendance.

There were a dozen gentlemen in the room when our party entered, sitting at different tables, engaged at cardplaying; and Seth saw gold and silver, and bank notes on the tables. Custis led the way to a far corner, where the glare of the innumerable gas-jets was somewhat subdued, and where there was an empty table.

"Ben!" to one of the waiters, who had answered the call of an electric bell—"a pack of cards, and—Gentlemen, you'll leave this to me—and four rum-and-brandy punches.

The cards and the punches were brought The punches were drank, with sparkling wit and sentiment; and then Alee. Astor took the cards.

Say! Upon my word, I'd like, just for the fun of it, to try a few rounds of poker."

"No, no," said Hamilton promptly. "I should be agreeable—in fact I should enjoy it—but Mr. Applebee is is under my friendly guidance, and I feel that I have no—

"Hol' on, ole fellow!" interrupted Seth. almost indignantly. D'you s'pose I can't play poker? Ho! shove along the buck (hick), an' Ill show you!"

"Good! That's glorious!" said Custis, happily. "We'll have a nice little time all to ourselves. And, say, Applebee, old fellow, don't go to playing any of your Pumpton tricks on us."

"Oh! I'll play square, don't you fear."

And they went at it. Seth had found the elephant, but he did not know it. He knew it not then, though he had a reminder of the tact latter.

He had fallen in with three confederates, whose business it was to entrap and fleece whomsoever they could—three blaok-legs of the most unscrupulous yet accomplished character. Perhaps a sharp-eyed newspaper man, or a keen policeman of experience, might have detected something of their character in their faces and general appearance, but the casual observer could not have seen it.

The man called Hamilton had spotted the victim when he landed on the pier, and had not again lost sight of him. In his conversation with him in the office of the hotel he had learned that he—Seth—had come to the city to purchase a large quantity of goods; and, furthermore, that he would pay cash for them. That was enough. The man who had the cash for such goods as the Pumpton merchant contemplated purchasing was the man wanted.

The man called Custis had been on the sidewalk, and Hamilton had brushed against him, as they left the public house. Then Custis had gone and notified the man called Alec Astor. And so, in the end, the elephant had been brought forth.

At first Seth won small sums. Then he drank another rum and brandy pucch. By and by the stakes increased; and at length came the grand turning point.

A hand—five cards—had been dealt to Seth which was wonderful. Four jacks. He couldn't let it pass. He bet the last dollar he had. Custis "saw him," and "raised him" a hundred dollars, that is—bet a hundred more. Seth must cover it, or lose all he had put on the board, and give up that magnificent hand. It was by far the best hand that had appeared during the evening.

".What do you do, Applebee?"

"Say—I've got a check—I'll put that down for a hundred dollars, and call."

"Then you won't go a hundred better?"

"Yes, by thunder! I will! I see that hundred, and I'll—go—I'll—go—you five hundred better!"

"What's the amount of the check?"

"Three thousand dollars! I rather—(hic)—think that's good."

"All right. Suppose I cash it."

"That'll do."

The check was cashed.

The five hundred dollars which Seth had bet was covered by an equal amount. and Custis raised it a thousand more Seth looked at his hand. Could he let it go? No. He "saw" the thousand—covered it with a thousand dollars of his own, and called.

"What you got?"

Custis threw down four queens. Alas! for Seth's poor jacks. But he would not give it up so. His friend Hamilton, who sympathized with him deeply, and promised to see him safe through it, advised him to have his revenge—to go at Custis and Astor with all the pluck he could muster. And he took the advice.

He drank more rum-and-brandy punch, and played on—played until his friend Hamilton took him by the arm and led him to bed, promising to call in the morning and "fix matters.'

The morning came, finding Seth about as miserable and unhappy as it is possible for a man to be. He soaked his head in cold water, and sat down and thought. After a time he remembered the scene—remembered enough to tell him what the whole had been. It was ten o'clock before he gave up the friendship of Hamilton entirely. By that time the truth was known to him He possessed of his three thousand eight hundred dollars, just a fifty-dollar bank noto, which Hamilton had put into his hand the last thing before leaving him

Ha! thought, at length, of the check. Could he stop its payment? Alas! he was too late. It had been cashed not ten minutes before his arrival the bank..

So he went home, and after spending a week in bed, really and truly sick, he told to his old aunt the whole terrible story. Perhaps the old lady did wrong, but she felt in her heart that her dear boy had been punished sufficiently, and she did not believe that he could ever again be led into error through the sin of gambling. After a time she gave him another check, of which he made such good and profitable use that, at the end of three years, he was able to pay back to her the full amount of that which he had expended in Seeing the Elephant.

We trust this simple sketch may be of use to some who read it. May it lead the stranger in the great city to be on his guard continually, and never accept the guidance of a man whom he does not thoroughly understand.—*Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., in New York Ledger*

The Use of a Pig's Tail.

From the Omaha World.]

Philosopher—Yes, there are many useless things in nature. A pig's tail, for instance, is of no use at all.

Patrick—No use is it, you say. Did yez iver say a pig?

"Oh, yes."

"Did yez ever thry to drive a pig into a new pen?"

"No."

"Yez thry it some day. The tail was made to take hold of an' pull. Thin the baste thinks yez is thrying to pull him out ov the pen an' in he lapes."

—Manchester-by-the-Sea has a handsome new library building, but we doubt if it is any more serviceable than the one which we have here in Somersville - about- three- and-a-half-miles-from-the-water.

TIZEN.

NO. 49

Vacation Is Over.

"Vacation is over," the small boy cried,
And the tears from his eyes did wipe;
"The hateful old school begins," he sighed,
"Just as apples and pears are ripe,
And a fellow must lose all the fruit and fun,
'Cause vacation's over, and school's begun,

"Vacation is over," the farmer said,
As he rubbed his hands in glee,
'And a man can enjoy his own fruit, instead
Of having boys skin each tree;
And the dog will have something better to eat
Than a thievish urchin's trouser seat."

A Story of Fortune in the Oil Regions--It is Recalled by the Death of a Horse Which was 28 Years Old.

Bradford, Pa., Oct. 18.—There died on a farm near Bear Lake, Crawford county, a few days, a horse that in January, 1865, figured prominently in one of the most important operations in the history of oil development in Venango county—an operation by which the owner of the horse and his two brothers, without a dollar of capital, made a million dollars apiece. The horse was known as "the Prather horse," and was formerly the property of the late George Prather, of Meadville. It was nearly 28 years old.

George Prather was one of three brothers—John, George and Abraham—who started a country store in the village of Plumer, Venango county, in 1864. John Prather was married to the daughter of an old farmer named Holmden, who lived on Pithole creek, seven miles beyond petroleum developments in 1864. In the fall of that year representatives of a new corporation, known as the United States Oil Company, leased a part of old man Holmden's farm and began putting down a well on it. The era of bogus oil companies, which subsequently swindled the public out of millions of dollars in a few months' time, was then beginning. No one in the neighborhood of Holmden's had any faith in the existence of oil thereabouts, but the Prather brothers thought that on the strength of the United States Company's having begun actual operations on the farm, they might utilize the fact in a little speculation of their own. They had no money, but John Prather, the son-in-law of the owner of the farm, made the latter an offer of $25,000 for the refusal of the remainder of his farm for sixty days. As $25,000 was more than ten times the value of his property, Holmden took the chances of the boys being able to raise the money, and readily signed the papers.

By the middle of November the drill on the United States lease had reached third sand, the sand in which oil had invariably been found along Oil creek, but no oil was found. The drill was continued, however, to delay the day of failure and to give opportunity for the placing of more of the company's stock with credulous speculators. Cold weather came on and compelled operations to cease for the time, just as the drill reached a fourth sand, something till then unknown.

The Prather boys had not done anything with the Holmden farm as late as January, 1865. Then they concluded to push it in the market, as they believed a few weeks more would see the failure of the United States Company's scheme. George Prather was sent East to find a customer for the farm. At Pittsburgh he interested C. B. Duncan, of the firm of Duncan & Kent, in the matter, and the two went on to Philadelphia to dispose of the property. Toward the middle of January the weather grew mild, and there came a break-up. The superintendent of the United States Company paid a visit the well, with the intention of drawing the tools and abandoning the work. His curiosity prevailed upon him to see what the character of the fourth sand was, and he fired up and started the drill. It had taken but a few turns when it dropped eight feet in the rock and tapped the oil vein. The well was tubed, and it suddenly began flowing, spouting oil at a 300-barrel rate.

That was before the days of oil-well "mysteries," and the news of the strike on the Holmden farm soon spread through the region. The farm at once jumped among the millions in value. John and Abraham Prather were wild. Their brother George was in the East trying to sell the farm, and, ignorant of the oil-strike, might even then have disposed of it for a song. Telegrams were sent to him at Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, but he could not be found. There was as yet no railroad communication between Oil City and Pittsburgh. George Prather owned a very fleet and strong young horse, and John mounted that horse, and started for Pittsburgh. He did not leave the saddle until he had made the entire distance, nearly 100 miles, over the crooked and hilly roads along the Allegheny river. At Pittsburgh he took the cars for Philadelphia. If the train had been one minute late the Prather boys would have lost $5,000,000, for John met his brother George and Duncan on the Girard House steps, as they were on their way to close out the sale of the farm for $1,000,000. The three took the next train for Pittsburgh, and reached the Holmden farm the day before the sixty-days' refusal expired. Pithole creek was then overrun with excited oil-speculators, and almost any price was offered for land. The rise of Pithole city had begun. Mrs. Holmden, the old farmer's wife, refused to sign the deed to the farm unless the price was put at $125,000 and a present $5.000 in gold was given her. The $125,000 was quickly raised by selling a very small interest in the farm, but the whole property came near being forfeited in the search for the $5.000 in gold. It was obtained through the banker Culver, of Rouseville, just in time to save the property. The Prather boys and Duncan made $4.000,000 on the property, and all left Pithole before the bottom dropped out. All three of the boys lost their fortunes afterward in speculation. George died in Meadville. The horse that had carried his brother to Pittsburgh on that eventful January day with the news of the oil strike at Pithole was used by him for several years, and after his death was sold to the farmer who owned it until its death last week.

Long before the crash came at Pithole it was known that the capital of the United States Oil Company was fictitious, and that its venture on the Holmden farm was entirely of the wildcat order, made for the purpose of selling its stock. That it became suddenly one of the wealthiest companies ever organized in the oil regions and was enabled to pay enormous dividends was to none so much of a surprise as to its projectors themselves. It made the fortune of every one connected with it, and is referred to still as the most successful wildcat venture in the history of any speculation.

A Growl at the Postal Card.

The postal card is a device concocted by very small men to save a few cents of postage per annum at the expense of hundreds of dollars lost through unbusiness-like methods. It is the instrument of the coward and the refuge of dead-beats. Good men use it while they despise it, and mean men naturally take to it and perpetuate it. For two cents any ordinary business matter, intelligently elaborated and concealed from the impertinent gaze of post-officials and office subordinates, can be carried from one side of the continent to the other; yet to save one small copper cent, alleged business men continue to write cramped and unintelligable messages on postal cards that either contains requests for which, in all good conscience, a postal stamp should be enclosed, or are so unsatisfactory or unfilable that they inevitably find their way to that convenient receptacle of all nuisances, the office waste basket.

A , B. & Co. advertise a specialty in a trade paper. The next mail that sweeps from the north, east, south or west brings them a flood of postal cards, asking prices, discounts, etc. Not a word or indication on the postal card as to the business standing of the inquirer. Not a postage stamp attached or enclosed for a reply. No room for a courteous or business-like request. Simply a dirty little postal card and a thoughtless or impertinent demand.

The postal card in business is a tattling interloper. It is a traveling nuisance, It has a seedy and sneaking appearance. It has the look of the man that asks the loan of ten cents until to-morrow. Its breath is bad Kick it out.—*Iron Trade Review.*

When a Congressman Dies.

When a congressman dies his associates always set apart a few hours of the session to deliver eulogies upon the greatness and goodness of their departed associate. In the majority of instances the proceedings are a mere farce. Unless it be some national character like the late General Logan, the members outside of the delegation from the State of the deceased do not pay the slightest attention to what is going on. They either leave the hall or occupy the time in answering their correspondence.

Address after address is delivered and then comes the customary resolution to print them in book form No less than 12,000 volumes are issued in each case, all neatly bound, and containing a handsome steel engraving of the deceased statesman. Each of these engravings cost the neat little sum of $500. Lately it has been a very difficult matter to get the work done at even that figure. The number of portrait engravers competent to do the work is limited, and in several instances it has been necessary to send it out of the country. Of this number it is customary to allow the widow and family 500 copies. Sometimes there is considerable difficulty experienced in making up the book—*Boston Traveller*.

Wanted Their Money Back.

Charles C. Cooley, a former hotel proprietor in a small town in Adams Co., O., was in Cleveland last week seeking the aid of the police to bring to justice a gang of alleged swindlers who have brought sorrow on his gray head and depleted his purse. Last May he was induced by one J. F. Brown of Kentucky, to purchase a royalty for a newly invented churn. Brown operated extensively in Adams, and so impressed the good people of that section of the country that were were millions in his scheme, that he had no trouble in disposing of royalties right and left. His method was to sell the exclusive royalty for any county in the State for $200. The Sheriff of the county purchased five of these, and Cooley, a hotel keeper, paid Brown $300 for three counties in Northern Ohio.

He came up here and started out to sell the patent churn. He met with poor success, and upon taking the churn to an expert the latter pronounced it worthless and a fraud. Cooley then started to square things with young Brown, He found him at Jackson, W. Va., and there would have been a sanguinary meeting between the pair had not spectators interfered. Cooley then came back to Cleveland to secure a warrant for Brown's arrest. The prosecutor informed him that he had no jurisdiction in the matter and that an affidavit would have to be secured in Adams. This Cooley will do. This same Brown has operated extensively in Indiana, Ohio and West Virginia.

A Woman's Nerve.

The Albuquerque (N. M.) *Citizen* records the courage and presence of mind of a lady of that place. While in her garden picking berries she felt something bite her on the neck just below the ear. She quickly put her hand to the place when a centipede curled itself around her forefinger. She immediately brushed it off with her other hand, and, strange to relate, did not faint or scream, but ran into the house, and finding the ammonia bottle empty, took a big knife and stuck the blade into the fire in the stove until it got hot, when she applied it to the wound. Next she took some soda and applied that, fastening it by wrapping a cloth around her neck. By this time her neck began to swell, and she says she felt as though the top of her head was about to secede, and closed her teeth tightly to make sure that her head was not gone. In a short time she felt relieved, and then informed her daughter. She did not even call for a doctor, but she has procured another supply of ammonia.

—The weary and woe-begone expression of the dyspeptic is soon changed into one of health and hilarity by using Laxador. It only costs 25 cents.

When your child is suffering, give it Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, which will at once relieve and permanently cure by its soothing action. Price 25 cts.

Grace and The Moon.

Dear little Grace at the window stood,
Watching, that winter night,
The great round moon in the far blue sky,
Where it shone so big and bright.

Till a cloud swept over its shining face,
Then she turned with a little pout;
"I wanted to look at the moon," she said
"But somebody's blowed it out!"

Agricultural.

The corn that will keep best for seed is that which has cured well on the stalk and been hung in a dry place.

Where the dry weather has injured the pastures keep the sheep off, as they graze very close, the effect of which would be felt by the pasture crop next season.

The turkeys should be given full range now, as there are no crops they can harm. They will find a large portion of their food, and a large flock can be raised at a very small cost if given plenty of room.

After gathering the nuts, in a week or ten days after, pick them over, using only the sound ones, and destroy all wormy one by burning them, as the destruction of the nuts will be the means of destroying insects that may do damage another season.

If the steers be poor and refuse to eat, or do not thrive, look for lice. If lice be present sponge them with a solution of insect powder, and give each steer half a pint of linseed meal daily in the food Many of the ills of cattle may be attributed to lice.

A Kentucky farmer recommends that the best way to kill out willows is to peel them three or feet feet from the ground down to the earth, severing the bark from the tree, which should be done the latter part of spring, leaving the trees to stand, which die and make excellent stove wood.

A correspondent of the *Farmers' Review* thus gives a method for keeping cabbage: "Take firm heads, cut off the corner leaves and the stem to about one inch of the head, then wrap two thicknesses of paper snugly around the heads and hang them in a cool well-ventilated cellar. Only a few leaves near the paper will become dry. Put them away in the fall before the snow comes."

How Cleveland Gets Up His Speeches.

From the New York Sun (Dem.)]

What sort of preparation has been bestowed by Mr. Cleveland upon his series of Western speeches? The question leads to a matter of some delicacy, which it is not altogether pleasant to discuss.

Respect for the office of the Chief Magistrate deters us from subjecting Mr. Cleveland to the indignity of the parallel column; nevertheless, literary conscience requires that the source of his eloquence should be plainly indicated. We print below one continuous passage from the Indianapolis speech, broken at intervals by the fragments of another continuous passage from the article on Indianapolis in a certain well-known repository of general information:

"Indianapolis was first settled in 1819."

"Indianapolis was first settled by John Pogue in March, 1819."—The American Cyclopedia.

"One year thereafter its population numbered fifteen families."

"In about a year from that time it numbered fifteen families."—The American Cyclopedia.

"Chosen as the seat of the State Government in 1821.

"It was chosen as the seat of the State Government in January, 1821."—The American Cyclopedia.

"It was about that time laid out as a town and given its present name."

"At the same time the Legislature gave it its present name and appointed commissioners to lay it off as a town."—The American, Cyclopedia.

"It had no corporation until 1836."

"It was incorporated in 1836."—The American Cyclopedia.

"And did not receive a city charter till 1847."

"And received a city charter in 1847."—The American Cyclopedia.

This passage in Mr. Cleveland's speech is lifted bodily from the American Cyclopedia. The slight changes in language—changes of the verb's mood, or of the construction from the affirmative to the negative expression of the same idea—are such as in the ordinary cases of plagiarism serve to establish the intent of the literary pilferer.

We shall not attempt to characterize Mr. Cleveland's appropriation of the Cyclopedia's facts and phrases. We are quite sure Mrs. Cleveland is not a party to the proceeding. Up to the present time she has undoubtedly listened to the well-rounded periods of the President's speeches without a suspicion that the language was not original with him, or that the facts and ideas were drawn from any other source than his own private stock of geographical and historical knowledge.

Blaine's Happy Retort.

John G. A Leishman," of Pittsburg, who was in London at the same time that James G. Blaine was there, tells the following story as one which particularly delighted the American colony:

At a dinner party Blaine was mildly accused by an English politician of discourtesy in changing one of the customary forms of address in diplomatic documents when he was Secretary of State. Up to that time it had always been customary for English diplomats in making proposals to use the phrase "Her Majesty expects," while the corresponding term in American documents was "The President begs to hope," When Blaine took office he changed this, and wrote, "The President expects," and thereby offended English ideas of diplomatic etiquette. Mr. Blaine did not avoid the point when called in question on the occasion named. He said: It may have been quite right for us to only "beg to hope" when we were only a little nation of five or six millions. But now that we are 50 millions to your 35 millions, I think we have as much right to 'expect' as you have."

The Englishman mournfully acknowledged the corn!

—A violin made for Louis XIV by Arnati has just been sold for $3,500 at Buda Pesth.

—The railway companies in Russia are obliged by edict to use electric lights.

—Thirty-three thousand gas wells have been drilled in Pennsylvania and New York.

—A 10,000-pound plate was recently rolled near Pittsburg for a Government cruiser. It was 19 feet long, 6 feet wide and 2 inches thick, and the heaviest ever rolled.