THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXV | BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1887 | NO.2

BOOTS SHOES and RUBBERS,

Have You Bought Them Yet. If Not

This message is in Time

It Is To You IndividuallY.

BUTLER, November, 10th, 1887.

Visit my store any time during this month and I will sell you Boots, Shoes and Rubbers 20 per cent. cheaper than any other House in Butler county. I will give you first-class goods and a guarantee with every pair and in case I fail to fulfill any part of the above contract I will pay all your expenses for coming and your lost time. JOHN BICKEL.

Why Will You Not Come ?

Where you have offers like the above which is a guarantee to you if you want any Boots, Shoes or Rubbers, you can't possibly make a mistake by coming to my house this Fall for I am offering splendid inducements in every department, guaranteeing the goods to be the best in the market and guaranteeing the price to be 20 per cent. lower than any other house in Butler county.

What More Can You Ask

The goods are of the best, all marked away down. You can all be suited. I have a line of Childrens' School Shoes that can't be beat, they are made extra high cut and warranted waterproof Prices very reasonable. Bring your children and have them properly fitted with good serviceable shoes that will wear them until Spring.

IT WILL DO YOU GOOD

To see the elegant line of Mens' and Boys' Boots I am offering. You can get them at any price you want from 75 cents up. Drop in and see them. My stock of every day Boots are all cut from first-class Kip and will turn water, keep soft and pliable and give the wearer perfect satisfaction. Every pair warranted.

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I have the largest and finest line of Ladies' shoes ever shown in Butler and they are marked at prices to suit the times. Ladies' good Grain Buttons $1.00 to $1.50. Ladies' Kid Button $1.25 to $2.00. A Fine Hand-Turned Kid Button Shoe for $2.25. Ladies' Waukenphast and Common Sense Shoes and many other styles to select from.

Mens' and Boys' Fine Shoes.

I can sell you a Gent's Fine Seamless Shoe for $1.50 in Button, lace or Congress. I am having a large sale on this shoe. They are fully equal to any $2.00 shoe sold in Butler. Boys' fine Button or Lace shoe $1.00 to $1.25.

AN ELEGANT LINE OF FINE SLIPPERS

In Mens', Ladies', Misses' and Childrens'. I took special care in selecting this line, and I am prepared to show you a very large and attractive line of fine Slippers.

Specialties! Specialties!

Ladies' Spring Heel Shoes and Slippers, Ladies' Felt Sole Shoes and Slippers, Ladies' Warm Shoes and Slippers, Ladies' High Button Over-shoes, Mens' Low Instep Boots in Kip and Calf, mens' Felt Boots, Old Mens' Boots and Shoes, etc., etc.

BOOTS and SHOES MADE to ORDER

I have a large stock of Kip Boots of my own make on hands, long leg, heavy sole, box toe, which I will sell cheap. All orders by mail promptly attended to.

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WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.

☞Leather and Findings, Blacksmiths' Aprons, &c., at Rock Bottom prices.

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Competition is knocked silly when they try to compete with me in Rubbers. I handle and guarantee the Boston Rubber Co's goods believing them to be the best rubber goods made. I handle the Candee but will recommend the Boston above all others. I will sell

THE MENS' BOSTON RUBBER BOOTS AT $2.25,

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Would be glad to see you when in Butler.

Yours, &c.,

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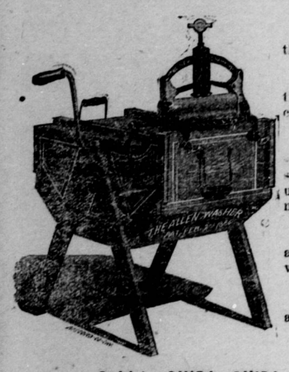

Why it is superior to all others in the market.

1st, It is easily worked and does the work faster than any other machine.

2d, Being inclosed prevents all plashing of water and inhaling of steam, so injurious to health and unavoidable in the use of all open machines or on the wash-board.

3d, It does the washing complete and without friction or perceptible wear on the clothes.

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Best 5 and 10 cent Cigars in town.

Prescriptions carefully compounded by an experienced Pharmacist.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

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BAKER'S COD LIVER OIL AND MALT

An Aproved 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
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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

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 Calnpanzie, 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 coutinuous performance being enacted in each ring.

NEW AND NOVEL

attractions. 3 Jolly Clowns. The greatest living, walking, breathing, talking curiosities of the age. Hunny Fhellows—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 untiring zeal in the search for the rare and curious, astonishing results have always followed and we open for your inspection a colossal 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 So'id, 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.

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

BUTLER, - PA.

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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.

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Physician and Surgeon,
No. 10 West Cunningham St.,
BUTLER, PENN'A

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

J. S. LUSK, M.D.,

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DR. R. C. McCURDY,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office on M in St., over Kemper's store.
Butler, - Penn'a.

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Near New Court House—formerly Donaldson House—good accommodations for travelers. Good stabling connected.
[4-9-'86-1y] H EITENMULLER, Prop'r.

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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

☞Advertise in the CITIZEN.

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1831 THE CULTIVATOR 1888

—AND—

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

Wishing.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Of all amusements of the mind,
From logic down to fishing,
There isn't one that you can find
So very cheap as "wishing!"
A very choice diversion, too,
If we but rightly use it,
And not, as we are apt to do
Pervert it and abuse it.

I wish—a common wish indeed—
My purse was somewhat fatter,
That I might cheer the child of need,
And not my pride to flatter;
That I might make oppression reel,
As only gold can make it,
And break the tyrant's rod of steel,
As only gold can break it!

I wish that sympathy and love,
And every human passion
That has its origin above,
Would come and keep in fashion—
That scorn, and jealously, and hate,
And every base emotion,
Were buried fifty fathoms deep
Beneath the waves of ocean.

I wish that friends were always true,
And motives always pure;
I wish the good were not so few,
I wish the bad were fewer;
I wish that persons ne'er forgot
To heed their pious teachings;
I wish that practising was not
So different than preaching.

I wish that modern worth might be
Appraised with truth and candor;
I wish that innocence were free
From treachery and slander.
I wish that men their vows would mind,
That women ne'er were rovers;
I wish that wives were always kind,
And husbands always lovers.

I wish—in fine—that joy and mirth,
And every good ideal,
May come erewhile throughout the earth,
To be the glorious real;
Till God shall every creature bless
With his supremest blessing.
And hope be lost in happiness,
And wishing be possessing.

The Last Of The Anarchists.

One Kills himself, two are reprieved, and four are Hung.

On Thursday morning of last week, Louis Lingg, one of the condemned Anarchists in the Chicago jail, committed suicide by exploding a small bomb in his mouth.

A few minutes before 9 o'clock he put a candle loaded with dynamite in his mouth and calmly lighted it with a match. It blew the lower part of his face away and mangled him so terribly that he had little life left in him when his jailers got to his cell. His great bodily strength kept him alive until 3 o'clock, but he was a ghastly spectacle to look upon. Another candle, full of dynamite, was found in Lingg's cell after he was taken out. The jail officials have no idea how the dynamite was smuggled into the prison. They attempt no explanation, for they have kept the closest possible watch on the movements of the Anarchists, and especially on Lingg. His cell was so situated that at least half a dozen deputies were always in full view of it, and the death watch has been stationed outside his door ever since last Sunday, when he was thoroughly searched.

Thursday evening Governor Oglesby's communication commuting the the sentence of Fielden and Schwab to imprisonment for life, was received, as follows:

STATE OF ILLINOIS,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

Richard J Oglesby, Governor of Illinois, to the Sheriff of Cook county, greeting:

WHEREAS, Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab were convicted at the June term A. D. 1886, of Criminal Court of Cook county, of the crime of murder, and were sentenced therefor to be hanged, and

Whereas, It has been presented by divers good citizens of said county that said Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab are fit and proper subjects for executive clemency:

Now, know ye, that I, Richard J. Oglesby, Governor of Illinois, by authority in me vested by the constitution of this State, do by these presents commute the sentence of the said Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab to imprisonment in the penitentiary for life.

In testimony whereof I hereto set my hand and cause to be affixed the great seal of State.

Done at the city of Springfield, this 10th day of November, in the year of our Lord 1887, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twelith,

R. J. OGLESBY, Governor.

HENRY DEMENT,
Secretary of State.

THE EXECUTION.

Following close upon the telegraphic report from Springfield that Gov. Oglesby had decided once for all the deputies commenced, at 10:27 A.M., distributing tickets to reporters who were to watch the march to the gallows.

The greatest bustle and excitement prevailed in the office, but Schwab continued writing uninterrupted; the others remained equally nonchalent notwithstanding the confusion that marked the beginning of the end.

The representatives of the press were conducted to the north corridor and seated within a few feet of the scaffold. At 10:55 fully 250 newspaper men, local politicians and others, among them the twelve jurors who were to view the bodies after the execution, had passed through the dark under the gallows and began seating themselves. The bailiff said a few words to the journalists, begging them to make no rush when the drop fell, but to wait decently and in order. Parsons was given a cup of coffee a few minutes before the march to the scaffold was begun.

The rattling of chairs, tables and benches continued for several minutes, but by 11:05 there began to fall a hush and conversation among the crowd sunk almost to a whisper. The bare, whitewashed walls made a painful contrast with the dark brown gallows with its four noosed ropes dropping ominously near the floor. A gleam of sunshine shooting through the window at this instant fell on a corner of the death machine and in a slight degree relieved its sombre hue.

Through the window could be seen a number of policemen, armed with rifles, looking down from the roof of the Dearborn street wing on the proceedings. The chief bailiff began at 11:10 calling out the names of the persons summoned as jurors and bringing them forward to the row of little stools directly in front of the gallows. No other sounds were heard in the long, high corridor but the solemn, monotonous voice of the bailiff and the rustling of the jurors as they tiptoed forward through the crowd.

At 11:23 the Sheriff commenced reading the death warrant to Spies, who listened without saying a word. Three minutes later the Sheriff shook hands with him and bade him good-bye. Spies was strapped while the warrant was being read to Fischer. While the shroud was being put on Spies he looked pale and haggard, and asked to have the strap loosened which was done.

The warrant was then read to Engel and Parsons, and in a few moments all were in their shrouds, standing at the grated door, and saying adieux to friends in the visitors' cage.

The eyes of the crowd began to center on the dark box upon the scaffold of the dangling ropes. This box seemed to possess a fearful fascination, and was absorbing the attention of every person in the corridor, when a frightful wail startled the crowd. Some who had heard the horrible groaning of Lingg yesterday, just before his death, declared it sounded as if he was still in agony. But this was mere fancy. The black jail cat was the cause of the commotion, and at intervals continued to emit her her ghost-like mewing.

A command to the crowd fronting the gallows that all must stop smoking was given at 11:35. The dozen or two who were using the weed quenched the fire, some rather reluctantly, and the ashes were slowly strewn on the pavement. Whether this command was given out of humanity to the doomed men, or a precaution against the appalling possibility of any treacherous bomb lighting in the corridor when the fatal moment came, no person seemed aware, but more than one said a silent prayer down in their inmost hearts.

It was now 11:45, and the suspense of the crowd near the gallows was like a slow torture. There was no relief, and the newspaper men gazed at the gallows and noted the four ropes swaying slightly to and fro.

At twelve minutes after eleven o'clock the condemned partook of a final lunch. At this point a report gained currency that the Sheriff was holding off until the last moment in expectation that something would be heard from Springfield. Suddenly the face of Deputy Gleason was seen at the entrance of the corridor leading to the scaffold. His face was white and he was trembling in every limb. He raised his hand in token that the moment had arrived. The shuffling of feet was heard in the corridor. It was 11:49 to the minute. Sheriff Matson appeared, his back to the gathering, facing the procession. Spies next came into view, a broad shouldered bailiff on his right side; then came Fischer, and last, Engel.

As the three stepped from the second tier of cells to the scaffold, the spectators drew a long breath. "Parsons is saved" was the word that went around, but it was not to be. A second later and Parsons appeared, and the four men were placed upon the trap. All were ghastly pale. After the cap was placed over Parson's head, he said: "May I be allowed to speak? Oh, the shamefulness of strangling free speech."

The trap was sprung at 11:54, Fischer's last works being, 'Hurrah for Anarchy!" Fischer died very hard, as did also Spies. Parsons struggled and kicked fearfully.

At 12:03 there was no pulse perceptible in any of the men, and in thirteen and one-half minutes the Anarchists' hearts were forever stilled. All of the men died of strangulation, none of their necks being broken.

At 12:22 the plain black coffins, with but the silver screws for ornaments, were carried to the gallows. Sheriff Matson says the bodies will be delivered to the relatives when application is made.

WHAT THEY WERE HUNG FOR.

Since the lapse of time has wrought such a wondrous change in sentiment toward the convicted Anarchists, and the breasts of a number of citizens seem surcharged with pity, it might not be out of place to reproduce some stern truths regarding the market place butchery. All the commiseration is expended on the men who ruthlessly shot down and butchered a whole column of policemen, causing unutterable woe in family circles where misery was an unknown quantity, but the victims—are they forgotten? Let the reader recall the murder of the seven officers. Let those whose power of retention are dimmed revert to the evening of May 4, 1886. A meeting of armed Anarchists and agitated laborers was in progress. Turbulence, envenomed oratory and heated passions were markedly apparent. Spies and Parsons had just descended from the wagon where, in gory speeches, they had advocated the use of arms and violence as the sole ways by which the "wage slaves" could procure emancipation from their present "bondage." But four-and-twenty hours before, instigated by similar oratory, the mob had assaulted the non-union men at McCormick's reaper works, and in a subsequent encounter with the police one of their number was killed and several wounded. They were not in a mood for interference. Consequently, when 180 men from the Desplaines street station marched into the Haymarket square and Capt. Ward ordered the meeting to disperse in the name of the law, it needed little more than Fielden's remark, "Here come the bloodhounds; you do your duty, and I'll do mine," to urge the malcontents and Anarchists to open hostilities.

A bomb was thrown and falling between two columns of policemen, mowed them down like a cyclone. Not one of the front rank was left standing. This was followed in rapid succession by a volley of fire arms, and more policemen bit the dust. Up to this time not a shot had been fired by the officers, not a club drawn. They were appalled by the suddenness of the attack and were on the verge of disorder and flight, when Capt. Bonfield stepped into the breach and loudly called on his men to rally. What was left of them responded, and grasping their revolvers they advanced steadily, firing as they went. When their ammunition gave out they drew their batons and vigorously clubbed all within their reach. In the face of such determined bravery the cowardly curs who composed the mob could not stand, and after hauting for but an instant, they turned and fled precipitately from the scene of danger. One of their number was left dead on the square, while eager hands set to work in caring for the dying and wounded. From every foot of ground in the vicinity came moans of anguish. Here a policeman cried in tortured voice for help, and there a wounded Anarchist gasped out his life in framing some malediction on the police.

It was horrible; blood, death, and all the horrors of a carnage were everywhere manifested. One policeman was killed outright, Matthias J Degan, while scores of others were wounded, and several died at a later period from their injuries. No authentic estimate of the number of anarchists killed can be arrived at, but their death loss was heavy, and the care of the wounded gave their friends work for many a long day. The wounded officers were removed with care and gentleness to the County Hospital and the Desplaines street station where skillful surgeons soon were in attendance. At the station and hospitals the scenes of woe and suffering were of the most harrowing description. Mangled limbs, torn and blood-stained tunics, agonized writhings and shrieks of pain told but too plainly of the deadly nature of the wholesale destruction. The presence of the physicians was hailed with unmistakable delight by the wounded men, and for long hours after the policemen and the anarchists were treated side by side in the station house. Here, stretched on a wooden table, lay Officer Tim Flavin, above his heart a dark red stain that told the cause of his deathly stillness. His life was rapidly oozing away, and by his side stood a black-robed prelate. His gallant comrades lay all around him gritting their teeth in silent pain, and heroically endeavoring to bear up under their excruciating agonies as the surgeons probed their wounds and dressed them. Death would have been a merciful relief to many, but it did not come, and many were doomed to drag out their burdensome lives mained, crippled, disfigured, a prey to weakness and disease.

The Lady Retired.

Anent the visit of Chief Justice Waite to St. Paul some years ago and a stag party which was given for his benefit by a prominent citizen I am reminded of a little incident in connection with the party which is very good in its way. The host whose wife was in the East thought it becoming to invite, to sit at the end of the dining-table, a well-known society lady of those days, now deceased. She came and did the honors gracefully, but when she should have retired and left the gentlemen to their wine she manifested an intention to stay. The host was perplexed, the guests annoyed and an awkward scene was promised, when one of the gentlemen—a dignified judge in demeanor and position—furnished the key to the situation. He saw the dilemma, cleared his throat and announced the antidote: "Years ago" said he, "I was waylaid with a party of friends one stormy night in a country town. It was hot, our rooms disagreeable and the mosquitoes vexatious. At midnight we all arose and in our nightshirts went to the barroom. There we shook dice, matched dollars, cut matches and did everything else possible to pass away the time. Finally we hit on a new scheme. All of us stood up against the bar with our backs to it. The bartender took the tail of each man's shirt and tacked it to the top of the bar. To each tail there was the same number of tacks and each tack in the same position. The idea then was for all to pull away, and the man who got loose last was to pay for the drinks. We started. My shirt——" It was growing too hot in that room for the lady. She fled without an adieu—St. Paul *Globe*.

Dishonesty Begins at Home.

The crying sin of the day is dishonesty. One hears so much of it in public life; but as we have said before, there is too much of it altogether in private life. And its cause is to be found in the want of self control in the indulgence of tastes and appetites. Reckless, extravagant living is at the bottom of it all.—If this living had any true foundation in any hearty desire for any desirable things, there would be more hope of amendment. But when one comes to see what things ill gotten gains are spent upon, the outlook is a sad one.—Dress, display, amusement, costly things bought just because they are costly; wealth won evilly merely that it may be wasted foolishly; these are signs of a time which is not a pleasant thing to contemplate. If a man loves any one thing, say rare books, or pictures, or objects of art of any kind, or music, or science, so well that for the sake of one thing in which he would be rich, he is willing to be poor in everything else, no matter though his choice be an unwise one according to the best standards of choice, he will yet have a motive which will help to keep him upright. But for those who love none of these things, but simply desire them because it is the habit of the time; because like pampered children they must needs cry for whatsoever they see just out of their reach, for them is needed the wholesome self-discipline which shall teach them to let alone whatever is not theirs.

And in the beginning of this self-discipline is the home. Parents must teach their boys and girls the great lesson of doing without whatever cannot be fitly theirs. There need be no niggardly restraint, but in some way the first lesson for childhood should be that of earning its pleasures. To get whatever it craves as soon as it asks for it, is the worst training a child can have.—*Churchman.*

Society in the Proud West.

The fire in Colonel Doggerty's wagon factory, Wednesday evening," says a Colorado paper, "was largely attended. Among the prominent society people present we noted Judge and Mrs. Witherspoon, Senator and Mrs Poindexter and daughter, Governor Standish and Miss Van Der Horck. Mrs. Senator Poindexter administered a neat and deserved rebuke to one of the firemen early in the proceedings. Stepping up to the boseman she touched his shoulder and said sharply: 'Play it down, you redheaded chump—get it down where the fire is! You fellers ain't expected to put out the North star.—Chicago *Tribune.*

Freeport Distillery.

Monday, Oct. 24, 1887, we visited the large and expensive brick distillery of Guckenheimer & Bros. of Freeport, Armstrong Co., Pa. In doing so we were shown through the premises by Mr. Robert Donaldson, an ex-soldier of the Union army, who has held that position for the last twenty years. This establishment is devoted to the manufacture of rye whiskey. In another part of Freeport, Messrs Guckenheimer have another establishment for making corn whiskey. Our time was spent in the first named distillery, and as the question of "whisky or no whisky" is before the people it will interest our readers to relate some things we noticed and were told by those employed there. It is said the proprietors are Jews, rest their works on the Sabbath and will employ no person of intemperate habits. About sixty men find employment with them and receive their pay regularly and promptly each Saturday night. We saw no sign of intemperance among those we conversed with. An argument for total abstinence even among those who make and live by the sale of "the vile stuff." Everything in and about the premises is systematized and they are kept quite neat and clean. The distillery is heated and its machinery run by steam, the boilers being immense affairs in size.

The rye is bought in and shipped from the West, though we were told that Butler Co. Pa. furnished the best rye they used. In the distillery a roller-process mill grinds all the grain that is consumed. The very costly property is protected from fire by apparatus that, on five minutes notice, can be made to drench any part thereof with abundance of water.

The proprietors feed and fatten a large number of beef cattle from the the grain after it has gone through the fermenting process and the juice is extracted. It is remarkable how "fat and well favored" their cattle look, after a few months feeding on the still slop. Is it not probable that there is more bloat than fat beef on such beasts, and that such beef cannot be as wholesome as that made from grain and grass as nature made them, before man's art marred them by distillation? We cannot wait to to tell of the number of things that took our attention. The most amusing was the manner in which a little silver tube bobbed up and reeled like a drunken man in the air-excluded glass jar into which the vapor from the liquor was condensed about once an hour to test its quality. The tube stands upright and still in the vacuum, but as the liquor vapor ascends and fills the vacuum and becomes more dense, the tube commences to swing from side to side and gradually descends, till pop it goes out of sight in the dark fluid boiling and bubbling at the bottom of the jar.

High and low wines take their names, we understand, from the density of the vapor from them, indicated by a graded scale on the air jar referred to. In the ware house of the Freeport distillery, perhaps the largest in Western Pennsylvania, there are stored no less than 60,000 barrels of this rye whisky, which will average near 50 gallons each. On this whisky the U. S. government collects a revenue of 90 cents a gallon not one drop of which may leave the premises till this revenue is paid. Guckenheimer & Bros. are now manufacturing from 48 to 50 barrels of it daily. So this great government, whose starry flag protects our people, receives a daily revenue from this liquor manufacturing firm of nearly $2,250, or $704,250 per annum. Six revenue inspectors, or employes of the government, were present attending to their duties of gauging the barrels, affixing the U. S. stamp, and collecting the revenue on the rye and corn whisky manufactured, which finds a market in all parts of the country and even across the seas. It is said the manufacture of liquor at Freeport has fallen from 120 to 50 barrels per day, doubtless owing largely to the diminishing demand for this dangerous foe to our nations peace and prosperity. As we stood in the bonded ware house filled in three stories to the ceiling with these 60,000 barrels of old rye, we could not help thinking what a wicked perversion of grain from its legitimate use of feeding man and beast, to its manufacture into that which dethrones reason, destroys the body, and sends souls to destruction. As the chief engineer said to us, "if men would only use it in the medicinal and mechanical arts and let it alone as a drink it would all be well." But alas! men do not thus use it, and what are we going to do about it? Shall men and women and little children continue to suffer for their daily bread, while that which God designed to feed them is perverted into that which is so generally used as the deadly and dangerous poison, which is cutting off near a hundred thousand lives every year in this country?—*Sandy Lake (Mercer Co.) News* of Nov. 4, 1887.

How to Destroy Enemies.

To march through an enemy's country, burning and destroying, is not always the mark of a great general. He is truly great who knows how to obey Christ's command regarding our enemies and those that persecute us.

Nangfee, Emperor of China, being told that his enemies had raised an insurrection in one of the distant provinces, said, "Come, then, my friends, follow me, and I promise you that we shall quickly destroy them." He marched forward, and the rebels submitted upon his approach. All now thought that he would take the most signal revenge, but were surprised to see the captive treated with humanity.

"How!" cries his first minister, "is this the manner in which you fulfil your promise? Your royal word was given that your enemies should be destroyed, and behold, you have pardoned all, and have caressed some!"

"I did promise," replied the Emperor, with a generous air, "to destroy my enemies. I have fulfilled my word; for, see, they are enemies no longer, I have made friends of them.

—There are eighteen natural gas companies at Pittsburg, with 200 wells, 900 miles of gas pipe, supplying 30,000 consumers in Pittsburg and Allegheny. The daily production is 600,000,000 cubic feet.

Mice in his Pocket.

Everybody has heard Daniel Webster's story of the New Hampshire parson who put on a pair of pants in which the wasps had built a nest and did not make the discovery until he was in the pulpit. He had just announced the text, "The spirit of the Lord is in my mouth," when the pesky little fellows got in their work, and the sentence was concluded with the exclamation, "and the devil is in my breeches!"

A St Paul clergyman found himself in nearly as embarrassing a position as the New Hampshire clergyman, when, last Sunday, he appeared in the pulpit wearing a pair of fall trousers which had been hanging in the wardrobe during the long summer vacation. The wasps had not found them out, but a motherly old mouse had. She had spread a nice warm couch of seal-skin pluckings in the right-hand pocket of the trousers, into which an even half-dozen of one day old micelets, had been tucked away. It is a favorite gesture of the clergyman in question, when about to approach a climax in the sermon, to thrust his right hand in his trouser pocket and elevate the left hand with the forefinger extended. It so happened on this particular day that Elijah's translation was the theme. The good prophet had been followed: by the eloquent preacher until the climax of the ascension in a chariot of fire was reached, when the clergyman thrust his right hand into his trouser pocket. The audience who had been hanging on the burning words of the orator, were no little startled by the sudden collapse of the uplifted left hand, the index finger of which was in the act of pointing to the gates that were being lifted up to let the prophet in. The expression of a momentary pang shot across the preacher's face and with a convulsive jerk the other hand was brought up from the pocket. A glance at its contents, a quick squeezing together of the hand, thud of something dropping behind the pulpit, an amused smile on the face for a second, and then the glowing theme was resumed. Only those who sat on the front row in the amen corner heard what the preacher said when he discovered the mice in his hand. "Well, I'll be doggoned!" was sufficient.

A Great Wonder.

There lived near Alexandria, in Virginia, an old colored man and woman, whom their acquaintances called