THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXV. BUTLER, PA. FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1888. NO. 22

GREAT BARGAINS

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Fifteen Pair of Bradley's Blankets, at $4.

Five Fine Plush Dolmans, at $15.00, were $30.00
Three Plush Coats, at $20.00, former prices, $4.000
Two Plush Coats, at $17.50, former prices, $35.00

20 Good Newmarkets, at $5.

16 Childrens' Wraps from One Dollar to Four Dollars.

REMNANTS IN SILK, WOOLEN and COTTON GOODS OF ALL KINDS.

A Full Line of Spring Buttons and Trimmings

New Spring Goods Arriving.

CALL IN AND SEE THE GREAT BARGAINS.

RITTER & RALSTON'S.

JUST ARRIVED

a large line of

Spring and Summer Goods,

consisting of Fine Woolens and Suitings which I am ready to make up in Garments at as reasonable prices as you will find anywhere and

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Also a full line of MENS', BOYS' and CHILDRENS' ready made Clothing at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

All the latest novelties for Spring and Summer in

Gents' Furnishings, Goods,

Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises; latest patterns in

Shirts and Neckwear.

MY MERCHANT TAILORING

Department is Booming. Call and make your selection for your Spring Suit from those handsome patterns I have just got in. Prices reasonable and fit guaranteed.

Thanking my patrons for past favors, I solicit a continuance of the same.

I. ROSENBERG.

64 South Main street, opposite the Postoffice, Butler, Pa.

A. Troutman & Son.

Leading Dry Goods House.

BUTLER - - - - - PENN'A.

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A Troutman & Son.

The leading Dry Goods and Carpet House, Butler, Pa.

New Fall Dress Goods at prices which will make them move very fast.

We have the largest stock ever shown in Butler county, comprising all the new goods in Checks, Stripes and Plain Weaves in Foreign and Domestic

Black and Colored Silks,

Special Values

IN TRIMMINGS,

we have never had such a nice assortment and so many of them.

BARGAINS

In Flannels, Blankets, Tickings, Ginghams, White Quilts, Shawls Table Linens, Lace Curtains, in fact everything which can be found in a

First-Class Dry Goods Store.

Cloaks and Wraps,

for Children and Ladies.

We carry the greatest variety of styles, our stock never was as large, prices never so low, goods never so nice.

If you want to see the nice goods, please call and examine our stock.

Ladies', Gents', and Children's Underwear, every grade, all sizes, best goods.

Gloves, Corsets, Hosiery, Velvets, Plushes, Yarns, etc.

—OUR—

Carpets and Oil Cloths,

never had so many—never were carpets so cheap.

Our stock is complete Don't buy a Carpet until you have seen our stock. Body Brussels, Velvets, Tapestry, 3-Ply Extra Super, Hemp, Cotton and Rag Rugs.

Window Shades, largest assortment, lowest prices.

CURTAIN POLES

You will find on examination our stock of goods to be the Lowest Priced in Butler county.

A. TROUTMAN & SON'S,

Butler, Pa.

Paul Cronenwett & Co,

BUTLER, PA.,

Breeders and Dealers in High-class Poultry: Langshans, Houdans, Light Brahmas, S. C. Brown Leghorns, R. & S. C. White Leghorns, Plymouth Rocks, Toulouse Geese, Pekin and Missoury Ducks.

Crushed oyster shells for poultry for sale at all times.

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Breeders —OF— High-class Poultry

LIGHT BRAHMAS, PLYMOUTH ROCKS and WHITE LEGHORNS.

Eggs $2 per 13; $3 for 26.

For Sale.

The undersigned Administrator of Ebenezer Christy, dec'd, late of Parker twp., offers at private sale a farm of 117 acres, situate in Washington twp., near Hilliard's Station. It is all cleared and in good state of cultivation, well watered, and has a two-story frame house, and log barn, large orchard, and good out buildings

ALSO, a 75 acre piece in Washington twp., near the Allegheny slope coal mine, with railroad running through it, two-story frame house, partly cleared and balance good timber.

ALSO, a farm of 80 acres in Parker twp., between Annisville and Eldorado, one-half cleared and other half well timbered with chestnut timber, good land, but no buildings.

All the above pieces are underlaid with coal, and will be sold either for cash or on time.

For further particulars enquire of

G. W. CHRISTY,

32-3m North Hope P. O., Butler Co., Pa

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Pittsburgh Nurseries.

(ESTABLISHED 1840.)

We again offer everything choice in reliable Fruit Trees, Small Fruits, Grape Vines, Best Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Hardy Roses, Clematis, Flowering Plants, New Cherries, New Apples, New Pears, New Ornamentals, New Chestnuts, New Quinces, Murdoch's Superior Lawn Grass, &c.

Send three cents postage for our New Illustrated Catalogue for 1888.

Out of town orders for flowers and floral emblems promptly executed.

JOHN R. & A. MURDOCH,

508 Smithfield St, Pittsburg, Pa

CHOICE FRUIT.

Having taken the agency for the Choice Fruit Trees,

Beautiful Shrubbery,

Ornamental Trees,

Are 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.

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Butler - - - Pa.

MR R. J. LAMB.

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ORGAN, PIANOFORTE, VIOLIN, SINGING AND HARMONY.

Pianofortes and Organs Tuned and Regulated. Terms on application. 50 West Jefferson street.

ADVERTISERS or others, who wish to examine this paper, or obtain estimates on advertising space when in Chicago, will find it on file at 45 to 49 Randolph St. The Advertising Agency of **LORD & THOMAS.**

LOOK! READ!

I have enlarged my store-room, in fact, made it almost twice as large as it was before, and have also increased my stock. I have, by far, the largest and best selected stock of

Fine Drugs and Chemicals

in Butler county, and am now in position to supply the wants of the people of this county—even better than in the past.

You will do well to call on me when in need of anything in the line of

Fine Drugs and Medicines.

My stock is very complete and PRICES VERY LOW. In medicine quality is of the first importance, so we give particular attention to filling Prescriptions.

Our Dispensing Department is complete. We dispense only Pure Drugs of the

Finest Quality,

and our patrons may bring us their prescriptions, feeling certain that they will be carefully and accurately filled.

Thanking the public for the very generous patronage they have accorded me in the past, I hope to be able to serve them more acceptably in the future, at the old stand.

No. 5, North Main St.,

BUTLER, PA.

J. C. REDICK,

Wm. F. Miller.

Manufacturer of

Stair Rails, Balusters and Newel-posts.

All kinds of wood-turning done to order, also Decorated and Carved wood-work, such as Casing, Corner blocks, Panels and all kinds of fancy wood-work for inside decoration of houses.

CALL AND SEE SAMPLES.

Something new and attractive. Also

FURNITURE

at lowest cash prices.

Store at No. 40, N. Main street.

Factory at No. 59, N. Washington street.

BUTLER, - - - - - - - - - PENNA.

Solid Truth!

THERE IS NO BETTER CATHARTIC NO BETTER LIVER-MEDICINE THAN THE WORLD-RENOWNED

DR. SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS

For Sale by all Druggists. Price 25 cts. per box; 3 boxes for 65 cts.; or sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price. Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philad'a.

IF YOU Suffer any Pain, Have Any Soreness, Feel Any Weakness, Have a Lame Back,

Go or send straight as you can to the drug store and insist on having the Famous

Hop Plaster

It will Cure; never fails to give instant relief. Virtues of fresh hops, hemlock and pine balsam united. The perfection of plasters, clean and sweet. 25c., five for $1.00, or mailed for price.

HOP PLASTER CO., Proprietors, Boston.

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Office at No. 45, S. Main street, over Frank & Co's Drug Store, Butler, Pa.

J. F. BRITTAIN,

Att'y at Law—Office at S. E. Cor. Main St, and Diamond, Butler, Pa.

NEWTON BLACK

Att'y at Law—Office on South side of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

IRA McJUNKIN,

Attorney at Law, Office at No. 17, East Jefferson St., Butler, Pa.

W. R. TITZEL,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

N. E. Corner Main and Wayne Sts.

BUTLER, PENN'A

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

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.

L. S. McJUNKIN,

Insurance and Real Estate Ag't.

17 EAST JEFFERSON ST.

BUTLER, - PA.

A J FRANK & CO.

—DEALERS IN—

DRUGS, MEDICINES, AND CHEMICALS

FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES, SPONGES, BRUSHES, PERFUMERY, &c.

☞ Physicians' Prescriptions carefully compounded.

45 S. Main Street, Butler, Pa.

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HOME.

The following sweet poem is from the pen of Shillaber—"Mrs. Partington"—and is a perfect picture of his childhood home.

There's a little low hut by the river's side,
Within the sound of its rippling tide;
Its walls are gray with the mosses of years,
And its roof all crumbled and old appears;
But fairer to me than castle's pride
Is the little low hut by the river's side.

The little low hut was my natal nest,
Where my child hood passed—Life's Spring time blest,
Where the hopes of ardent youth were formed,
And the sun of promise my young heart warmed,
Ere I threw myself on life's swift tide,
And I left the dear hut by the river's side,

That little low hut, in lowly guise,
Was soft and grand to my youthful eyes,
And fairer trees were ne'er known before
Than the apple trees by the humble door,
That my father loved for their thrifty pride,
Which shadowed the hut by the river's side.

That little low hut had a glad hearthstone,
That echoed of old with a pleasant tone,
And brothers and sisters a merry crew,
Filled the hours with pleasure as on they flew;
But one by one the loved ones died,
That dwelt in the hut by the river's side.

The father revered and the children gay
The graves of the world have called away;
But quietly all alone there sits
By the pleasant window in summer and knits,
An old woman, long years allied
With the little low hut by the river's side.

That little low hut to the lonely wife
Is the cherished stage of her active life;
Each scene is realized in memory's beam
As she sits by the window in pensive dream;
And joys and woes roll back like a tide
In that little low hut by the river's side.

My mother—alone by the river's side
She waits for the flood of the heavenly tide,
And the voice that thrills her heart by its call,
To meet once more the dear ones all,
And form in a region beautified,
That band that ones met by the river's side.

That dear old hut by the river's side.
With the warmest pulse of heart allied,
And a glory is over the dark wall thrown,
That statelier fabrics have never known,
And I shall love with a fonder pride
The little low hut by the river's side.

The Startling Experiences of Hiram Porker, C. H. K.

Hiram Porker was an American. He was also a monomoniac, a scoundrel, and a crank. He was a monomaniac because his narrow, contracted mind, and all the shallow ideas that emanated from his dried up brain, were wholly given over to the wonderful pork packing manufactory that bore his name and covered a goodly number of acres in that semi-cultured capital of the West, Chicago. From sunrise to sunset he thought of nothing but pigs. It was his greatest delight to watch all day long the movement of the clever machines that so neatly and quickly dissected the live, squealing hogs and converted them into marketable produce. At night he dreamed of them, and as with the passing years his bank account swelled larger and larger, his passion for blood and slaughter, fostered by the every day sights at his establishment, waxed strong and fierce, until, like one of the characters in Eugene Sue's great romance, he fairly saw red.

For many and divers reasons he was a scoundrel. A very few words will suffice to give the reader an insight into his character. His clerks and assistants were oppressed, despised, ill paid, and treated like brutes. As mere machines they were regarded, to be moved and controlled at the owner's will. Will of their own they had none. They were bought and owned like so many goods and chattels.

In ways that are dark Hiram Porker was no novice. A pig was a pig to him, and if a pig was afflicted with all the porcine ailments in the calendar, he went under the knife just the same. Nevertheless, Mr. Porker never partook of his own meat.

Again, honesty was not one of his cardinal virtues, and to all the principles of upright, legitimate business he was a stranger.

In his impersonation of a crank Mr. Porker is invested with much that is interesting and worthy of close observation. The very incarnation of combined ignorance and egotism, he poses as a fitting representative of that class class of "Americans" who, by their absurdities, have throughout the civilized world invoked odium and ridicule upon the country that unfortunately acknowledge their paternity. Mr. Porker's mental status is on a level with that of the man, a native of Chicago, or Kansas City, I believe, who, when he received from New York a statute of "Venus of Milo" with the arms off, straighway went and sued the express company for damages inflicted while enroute.

Doubtless he is near relative of the "Billionare" American mentioned in William Black's last novel, who, on being taken into Westminster Abbey, threw a careless glance around the place and then unwittingly displayed his brutish ignorance by remarking with cool sarcasm to his guide, "that Sqatterville, Nebraska, was a darned sight better place than this, because it was full of live men, and Westminster Abbey was only full of dead ones."

To Hiram Porker Chicago was the world. The column of the daily paper that contained the rise and fall of live stock and beef was his Bible, his sole and only guide to life. Beyond this he knew nothing, desired nothing. He never knew there was a German empire until Bismarck aired his views on American pork, and then he was filled with wrath and indignation at this hardy Teuton, who dared to entertain views hostile to the welfare of him, Hiram Porker. For aught he knew, Victoria Regina was the queen of the Cannibal Islands, and the Czar of the Russias held high revelry with his court at North Pole. One brief sentence will concisely sum up the character of my "hero," and just as correctly as pages of biographical data. He was hog by name and hog by nature.

At this stage when he appears to the reader, we find him a successful man, a moneyed man therfore a fitting claimant to the shrine that receives the homage and devotion of the lucre-loving West. The hours of daylight still found him at his post of duty counting the hogs as they rolled in their life blood down the greasy inclined planes, and shouting hoarsely to his men in phrases of Western slang that would have turned an East London dialect green with envy. But at night the silken chains of society laid hold on him, and decked him out in all their paraphernalia of form and custom, a swallow-tail coat, low vest, diamond and white tie, patent leather shoes, and then led him away captive to the gay, alluring haunts of fashion, where he was fondled openly for his riches, and secretly despised and mocked for his mental failings. His supreme arrogance, of course, buoyed him up and closed his eyes tightly to all defects.

"Mr. Porker," said a fair hostess one night, as she pointed to a painting that represented a bit of smiling meadow land and forest, "is not that a charming water-color?"

"Madam," said Mr. Porker, with an air of well-assumed criticism, as he tugged nervously at his terra cotta colored beard, and glared at the painting through a pair of gold eyes glasses; "Madam, it's a pretty neat picture, but I really fail to see whar the water comes in."

But of a sudden a new idea, strange to say, forced itself with some difficulty into the brain of Hiram Porker. O'er the spirit of his dreams there came a change, and he straightway announced to his friends that in the early spring he would take a jaunt over the European Continent and leave his hogs to be guillotined by strange hands. The fact was that, having now become a full-fledged society man, he felt it incumbent upon him to go in search of that added luster and polish that a continental sojourn alone can impart. He was beginning to wake up and to see that other men who made money had delightful ways of spending it, too. Life was not intended to be passed in the company of pigs. So, filled with all the ardor of this new-born resolution, Hiram Porker prepared prepared for his trip.

Spring was approaching, or rather summer, for it was near the end of April, and in May Mr, Porker was to sail. He had found a suitable man, from his standpoint, to conduct the business, and this important affair settled, his mind was somewhat at ease In the meantime some of Mr. Porker's numerous friends, who I am inclined to imagine cherished deep down in their hearts a hidden animosity against the rich pork packer, were preparing a pleasant little surprise for him in the way of a practical joke, and from the long hours spent at the club in concocting their scheme, it was evidently unusually brilliant.

The first of May was close at hand, and on the evening prior to his departure for New York, Hiram Parker was sitting in his library puffing at a five-cent cigar, and trying to ascertain from a map spread out before him whether there were any pork packing establishments is the city of London. He was deeply engrossed in this important problem when three visitors were ushered into the room.

"Ah, gentlemen," said Hiram, rising briskly, "good evening. Take a seat. Come to say good bye, did you? Waal, you are just in time. I pull out early tomorrow, and I hope to be on the briny in three days."

"Yes," responded Jack Martin, "we knew you sailed tomorrow. Mr. Porker, and came to wish you 'bon voyage' in behalf of your numerous friends. And knowing your kindness of heart and genial good nature, I have also made up my mind to ask a favor of you. You are, perhaps, not aware that my family are English, and in fact, to be brief with you, I am related to Lord Casperdown, of Eaton Square, London. I have several packages containing presents to my relatives, and also a bundle of letters of much importance that I should dislike to trust to the mails. It is presumption to ask it, Mr. Porker, but you would be conferring a priceless favor upon me if you would deliver these in person at Eaton Square. And any small returns that Lord Casperdown can make for your kindness I know he will do gladly. As a friend of mine you will be thrice welcome, and as Lord Casperdown's guest the portals of the London upper ten thousand will be thrown open to you. Here are the packages," and, stepping to the table, he laid down a small packet of letters and two square, flat bundles of considerable weight, and probably six by eight inches in size.

"Certainly, certainly," said Hiram; "of course I'll deliver that fur you. It won't be no trouble at all. Just as soon as I get to London I'll run up and see Lord Gasserdown, and tell him how you are and give him your presents Wouldn't be a bad idea now, would it, to take him along a little box of my specially prepared slices of bacon, them in greased papers, and tin boxes, you know, just to let him see what kind of stuff we put up here in Chicago?"

"That's a splendid idea," said Jack Martin; "but I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Porker, you ought to have a title of some kind. Every one across the ocean of any account has a lot of letters tacked on the end of his name."

"Yes; I've been thinking about that," said Hiram, "and I've picked out a title for myself already. 'Mr. Hiram Porker, C. H. K.' how does that sound, anyhow? Purty fine, ain't it? It's a good one too, Champion Hog Killer. I reckon I won't find any one over thar to dispute that title with me. Think so?"

"Drop the last word and you'll be safe on that score," murmured Jack Martin under his breath.

"And as for these bundles," continued Hiram, as he pulled a gripsack from under the table, "I'll just stow them away in this, and then I'll have them safe with me all the time. And now, gentlemen, have a cigar and glass of cham——, I mean sherry with me before you go.

Two days later Mr. Hiram Porker sailed from New York to Liverpool, and about the time that steamer was ploughing her first ocean waves beyond Sandy Hook, the following cablegram was flashed over the wires:

"Police Headquarters at Scotland Yard, London.—A suspect sailed on the Aurania today. Reddish beard, soft light hat, and a small black valise. Needs watching.

II.

When the Aurania steamed into the dock at Liverpool, Hiram Porker was among the first to step on terra firma, and an exceedingly satisfactory step it was to him. But the ocean journey, in spite of his sea sickness, had not been unproductive of good. He had made the acquaintance of a captain in the army, a retired barrister, and a swell young lord who wore Scotch tweeds and displayed with great hauteur a single glass in the corner of his eye, Such was the accounts they modestly gave of themselves, at all events, and Hiram implicitly believed them, though the captain's bearing was anything but military, the barrister wore a horse shoe pin and a crimson striped shirt, and his lordship had a habit of continually dropping his h's As this illustrious quartette walked up the pier and hailed a cab, none of them noticed the quiet, genteel little man in dark brown suit and slouch hat who scrutinized them closely as they passed, and got into a cab at the same they did. Nor did they see him at the Lime street station that evening, though he was there all the same, and occupied a seat in the same carriage and busied himself by making jottings in a little memorandum book.

Hiram Porker's first view of London was at night, and to his unsophisticated eyes it was a second edition of New York or Chicago, only the buildings were more subdued and less fanciful, and the streets were not lit up so brightly. But the familiar roar and bustle and turmoil was there; crowds surged restlessly up and down; the streets were jammed with vehicles and lines of tram cars, and Hiram began to realize that London was a bigger place than either New York or Chicago, and as for the English people, he began to regard them as superior to Americans already, for the captain, the barrister and the lord had decided out of pure disinterested friendship to absent themselves from their respective posts of duty long enough to initiate Hiram into the sights and mysteries of London.

At the suggestion of Lord Valentine, as he styled himself, they went to the Hotel Bertolini, in Leicester Square, which he assured Hiram was much frequented by the nobility. Shortly after they had registered and had been assigned to appartments, a little man in a brown suit stepped up to the desk, ran his eye quickly over the freshly-inscribed signatures, and then turned away and walked out of the door.

"Ah!" he softly remarked to himself, as he lit a cigar, and strolled toward the blazing Alhambra, "he's game for sharpers tonight; tomorrow he'll be game for the police."

That was a memorable night to Hiram Porker. The innermost secrets of the fast side of London life were laid open before him with unblushing candor. He was introduced freely to English ales, English champagne, and English gin, and under the undue exhilaration produced by this unfraternal mixture he so far forgot himself as to loan a hundred pounds apiece to his three new friends and finally sat down, or rather laid down, to a game of American poker with them at 3 o'clock in the morning.

The inevitable awakening came at noon the next day, when he came to his senses, and, having made a hasty inventory, found himself short just nine hundred pounds, while his friends had been called away on sudden business, and in their haste accidentally omitted to pay their board bill, which sundry quarts of champagne had swelled to quite a figure.

Stupid and dull-headed as he was Hiram began to see that he had fallen into a trap, and in the first attacks of rage and anger that came over him he stamped savagely around the hotel, chewing one cigar after another to fragments between his teeth, and muttering audible remarks that were anything but flattering to the English people. Fortunately the persons who were near him were mostly French, and would not have resented it if they had understood him. In fact Bertolini's is frequented almost entirely by Frenchmen, and it was no doubt in full view of this fact that Hiram's friends had brought him here.

The next morning Hiram had cooled off, and stepped into the breakfast room with his usual swaggering air of self importance. In regard to his loss, he had determined to keep silence, not wishing his American friends to know how easily he had fallen a victim. After smoking a good cigar, and strolling once around the square, he concluded that he had better deliver the packages entrusted to his care. He reflected with a serene satisfaction that no doubt this lord would insist on his stopping with him while in London, and thus he would be brought among people who would appreciate his worth. He went back to the hotel, and after brushing off his clothes carefully, and parting his red beard in the middle, with the air of mustach wax, as he had seen the "Barrister" wear his, he grasped the valise and hurried out into the street. With a vague instinct he turned down Coventry steet, and hurried along through the crowd until he reached Piccadilly Circus, and became hopelessly entangled in the seething mass of people and vehicles that came together here at right angles from Regent street and Piccadilly. He floundered along for a few yards and then made a desperate dash for a cab that was standing near the curb a little in front of him. He shoved people to right and left in his reckless haste, and only stopped when he ran into a blue coated, helmeted policeman. He made a breathless explanation, and then reached the sidewalk and hailed the cab. The driver had the door open, and he was just stepping in when a little man in a brown suit touched him on the shoulder.

"Mr. Porker, I believe," he said.

"Yes, that's my name," said Hiram, "but I don't—"

"It's all right," interrupted the man; "I have a little business with you." He gently pushed Hiram into the cab. A man in a light overcoat and high hat followed him, and the door was slammed shut. The little man called out some indistinct order to the driver and off they went, rattling and bumping over the stones.

Hiram was too startled at first to utter a word. How did that man know his name, he wondered and why had they gotten into the cab with him? Perhaps he was being abducted, and would be held for a ransom. He had heard of such things somewhere, he vaguely remembered. Suddenly he turned around fiercely and demanded to know what this meant. The man in the light coat only shook his head, and the other man was too much occupied with Hiram's valise, which he was holding in a very gingerly manner and contemplating with a look of intense curiosity. Hiram was just about collecting all the energy and language at his command to assure his captors that it was the great Mr. Porker, of Chicago, whom they were subjecting these indignities, when the cab suddenly stapped, the door was dashed open, and Hiram was quickly led across the pavement and into a dark, gloomy building with huge windows and a massive door way. Men in dark uniforms were standing around, and stared at him curiously as he passed along He was quickly led into a small enclosure and the door closed on him. Near him men were writing busily at a desk, and the little man in brown was whispering to them quietly, while the valise was laid carefully on a small table. While Hiram was puzzling his brain to know what all this meant, he heard his name called and and was told to stand up in front of the railing.

"Your name, sir," said a man with a heavy gray beard.

"Hiram Porker."

"From where?"

"From Chicago, United States."

"What business have you in London?"

"What business! And what devil does that matter to you," shouted Hiram angrily, "haven't I a right to come over to this blarsted country if I like. I demand to know what all this means, anyhow?"

The official gazed at him sternly, "You will learn all that in good time. Sit down."

Hiram sank back on the benches and looked on with a great deal of interest as his valise was brought forward and opened carefully in the presence of half a dozen men. The packet of letters was lifted out and the wrapping torn off. The first letter was opened and read 'mid breathless and oppressive silence. "It is marked Michael Sullivan," said the official, and then he read on in a low voice:

NEW YORK, April 20, 1887.

The bearer of this will give you minute instructions, and will hand over to you the cash that has just been collected for the cause. The time for further action has arrived, and we shall anxiously await developments. The bearer will give you the plan of the cellars under the Houses of Parliaments.

DONOVAN O'LAVERTY.

As he finished a low murmur of surprise and anger ran through the assemblage, while many threatening glances were directed to Hiram, who was too paralyzed with astonishment to utter a word.

"What have we here," said an officer, lifting one of the packages. "Lord Casperdown, Eaton Square, W."

I don't believe there is any such name in the Peerage,"

He removed the wrapper and out fell a small revolver and a wicked-looking dirk knife in a case. This discovery was received in silence, and the other package was at once taken up. Every eye was directed to it as the yellow wrapper was carefully removed, and disclosed to view a small wooden box on the top of which was marked in black letters, "Handle with Care." Softly the lid was lifted and the contents were seen. It was full to the brim with what looked like yellow sand or dirt. The officer turned ghastly pale and fell back in the chair, while every one stepped quickly away, and one excited individual shouted loudly, "Dynamite!" Dynamite!"

Dull-witted as he was, Hiram had suddenly understood the whole matter. It was all a practical joke, of course, perpetrated by his friends in Chicago, but nevertheless he was far from appreciating the gravity of the situation.

He rose up to explain, but had hardly opened his mouth when a pair of hand-cuffs were clapped on his wrists, two sturdy officers seized him and he was speedily led out of the room and thrust into a close cab. He raved and stormed and battered the sides of the cab with his feet, but his captors paid no attention to him, and in a very short time he, the Hiram Porker, the millionare of Chicago, was occupying a solitary cell in Newgate Prison.

We will touch lightly on the subsequent events. Hiram procured counsel, who went diligently to work, and many cablegrams and letters crossed the world between Chicago and London, for not a man could be found in England or on the Continent who knew Hiram. Six long weeks he languished in Newgate while all the great world of London surged around him, and at last one lovely summer morning he was brought to court in a close van accompanied by mounted guards. Letters and affidavits were produced from many people in Chicago, including a signed confession from Jack Martin. The supposed dynamite was shown to have been only common yellow sand, and finally Hiram Porker was a free man again.

"Mr. Porker," said the Justice, as he discharged him, "what does C. H. K. stand for, which you placed behind your name on the register of the Hotel Bertolini?" A burst of laughter arose as Hiram sullenly replied, and the justice remarked with a semblance of a smile, "Mr. Porker, you had better stay at home here after and attend to your hogs. You are discharged."

Hirm's face was purple with rage as he hurried away and drove off in a cab. Two days later he sailed for home. When he arrived at Chicago, thirsty for revenge, it was only to find that Jack Martin had left for parts unknown. Some day perhaps he will come back, hoping that time will have worn off the passion of Mr. Porker. In that he errs. Mr. Porker the dynamiter, as he is known among his friends, still cherishes the memory of that sojourn in a London prison, and the desire of his life is to come face to face with Jack Martin.

WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

—Senator Ingalls, in answer to a letter complimenting him on his speech in favor of the pension bill, in which the administration of Mr. Cleveland was severely handled says:

"When I recall the course of the Democratic party towards Mr. Lincoln, whom they habitually characterized as a baboon and a clown; toward Grant, whom they styled a butcher and drunkard; Hayes, whom they described as a fraud and thief, and thief, and Garfield as a public plunderer, and Arthur as a wine-bibber and glutton, it is interesting to inquire upon what theory Mr. Cleveland is entitled to absolute immunity from anything but praise and eulogy. I adhere to my definition of Mr. Cleveland and shall never besitate to say that when he was elected to the presidency the public service reached low-water mark, both morally and intellectually."

—South Australia's wheat crop will be about 20,000,000 bushels,

Tariff Universal.

The agent for a large paper manufacturing company, who has just made an exhaustive investigation of the subject, says in his report.

"I find England to be the only 'free trade' country in the world, and even there this is not strictly observed, as custom duties are collected on various chemicals, gold, silver, fruits, jewelry, malt, liquors, spirits, tobacco playing cards, chicory, coffee, tea and wine. The duties on American paper and kindred goods into European countries are an interesting study, as, for instance, Portugal, $1.75 per 100 kilos on paper, but $10.75 on same weight in books printed in Portuguese. Italy, Russia, Spain and Turkey also show this peculiarity in a marked degree and in strong contrast with Germany, France and Austria, where books are entered free, thus, countries having the lowest educational status impose the strongest restrictions on the means of improving the condition of their people. Another curious feature is the duty on printing paper exacted by three countries which touch each other, viz: Switzerland, .58; Germany, $2.38; Italy, $11.58.

"Before I began looking into these matters, I had the the impression, in common, I guess, with many others, that the United States was the only country where a tariff was strictly imposed; but such is not the case, as besides the European countries named above, all the South and Central American countries have their custom duties. The basis for collecting duties in these various countries is quite different. Our near neighbor, Canada, collects custom duties as follows. Printed books seven years old, also books for use in schools for deaf dumb, free; other printed books, 15 per cent.: religious books, 5 per cent. We hear a great deal about the trade awaiting the United States in foreign countries, but, as stated recently in a leading 'free trade' paper, 'the railroad or the steamship line must always be the pioneer in building up trade and commerce.' In my opinion this country is making many lines of goods cheaper than any country in the world, but when the government refuses to assist shipping, and our carrying must be done in English ships, subsidized and protected by the home government to compete for foreign trade, we should adopt the plan set forth in the following able words, written by one of my customers in reply to a February letter.

"'If the United States at this day, and with her capacity, is not able to assert, maintain and hold her proper position and importance in the world's family, there is something wrong, and that wrong should be corrected. If I were the autocrat of the United States, I should continue the tariff on its basis for five years, and have it distinctly understood that such was the case. I should then take one-half the amount or surplus, (at least, if not more) subsidize steamship lines connecting with all parts of the world; would encourage, aid and assist the citizens of the United States in making market abroad, and in other words do for the United States and its manufacturers just what a business man with a broad business horizon would do in his own particular line of trade. That is to say, first, see how well I could make goods, how cheap I could make them, and then give my undivided attention to making a market for the same.'

"'There is to my mind no greater probability and possibility of success, development and great commercial gain for the United States than the carrying out of this idea, that is to say, the trading with the whole world as a market, the United States as a producer, and what raw materials are not found in the United States could be brought back in on our own steamships, after delivering our own manufactures, and this way make profitable on both trips and make money on both deals.'"

Getting Things Mixed.

From the Omaha Bee.]

A newly elected Justice of the Peace, who had been used to drawing up deeds and wills and little else, was called up to marry a couple in haste. Removing his hat he remarked: "Hats off in the presence of the Court!" All being uncovered he proceeded: "Hold up yer right hand. You, John Mankin, do yer solemnly swear, to the best of yer knowledge an' belief, that yer take this woman to have an' to hold fer yerself, yer heirs, execyrters, administraters and assigns, for yer an' thir use an' behoof forever?"

"I do," answered the groom, promptly.

"You, Alice Evans, take this yer man for yer husband, ter have an' ter hold forever; an' you do solemnly swear that yer lawfully seized in fee-simple and an' free from all encumbrance, an' have good right to sell, bargain and convey to said grantee, yerself, yer heirs, administraters and assigns?"

"I—I do," said the bride, doubtfully.

"Well, that er's wuth a dollar 'n fifty cents."

"Are we married?" asked the bride.

"Yes. Know all men by these presents that I, being in good health and of sound mind and disposition, in consideration of a dollar 'n fifty cents, to me in hand well an' truly paid, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, do an' by the presents have declared you man an' wife durin' good behavior an' until otherwise ordered by the Court."

A Novel Postage Stamp.

The very latest thing out in the way of stationery is an envelope of leather, which can be locked and sent through the mails without being tampered with. Upon the back of the envelope is a tiny staple of gold or silver, over which fits snugly a link of similar material attached to the flap, and this is secured by a dainty little padlock with a Yale lock. Upon the face is an open pocket for the insertion of a card bearing the address and the necessary postage stamp.

—The shortest complete poem in the English language was published last week:

"This bliz
Knocks biz."

This masterpiece is both concise and wonderfully true.

—C. G. Harris, of Niles, O., has invented an automatic feeder that will cut 300 nails a minute.

She Wanted Cold Facts.

"Yes," said the young man, as he threw himself at the feet of the pretty school teacher, "I love you and would go to the world's end for you."

"You could not go to the end of the world for me, James. The world, as it is called, is round like a ball, slightly flattened at the poles One of the first lessons in the elementary geography is devoted to the shape of the globe. You must have studied it when you were a boy"

"Of course I did, but—"

"And it is no longer theory. Circumnavigators have established the fact."

"I know, but what I meant was that I would do anything to please you. Ah! Minerva, if you knew the aching void—"

"There is no such thing as a void, James. Nature abhors a vacuum; but admitting there could be such a thing, how could the void you speak of be a void if there was an ache in it?"

"I meant to say that my life would be lonely without you; that you are my daily thought and my nightly dream. I would go anywhere to be with you. If you were in Australia or at the north pole I would fly to you. I—"

"Fly! It will be another century before men can fly. Even when the laws of gravitation are successfully overcome there will still remain, says a late scientific authority, the difficulty of maintaining a balance—"

Well, at all events," exclaimed the youth, "I've got a pretty fair balance in the savings bank and I want you to be my wife. There!"

"Well, James, since you put it in that light, I—"

Let the curtain fall,

Wonderful Faith Cure.

Conneautville is not a little excited over a home faith cure, About five years ago, Chauncey, a son of Mr. G. F. Hague, who resides near Conneautville, injured the socket joint of one of his hips while jumping on the hay mow in his father's barn. The little fellow was about six years old at this time. His parents did not realize that his injury was a serious one until it was too late to remedy it by surgical treatment. For six months the boy was confined to a bed. 3 years after the accident he managed to walk some but was still badly crippled. A fall compelled him to return to crutches and he has been using them ever since. The injured leg was withered and quite a bit shorter than the other. About four weeks ago the lad went to Pierpont to visit his grandparents. Mrs. Ralyea, of Jamestown, was holding faith cure meetings in the place at the time and the boy's case was made the subjects of prayers. The little fellow says that all of a sudden he felt that the prayers were answered and that he would have no use for his crutches in the future—nor has he. Last week he was walking about and handling his injured limb quite readily. He suffers no pains and is gaining in flesh. The *Courier* in bringing this case to public notice, says: No attempt is made to enlarge upon any of the statements, and we give them to our readers as strictly reliable, the standing of Mr. Hague in this community being such as to make them beyond question.

Medicinal Qualities of Onions.

The free use of onions for the table has always been considered by most people a healthy and desirable vegetable, and but for their odor, which is objectionable to many, they would be found more generally on our dining tables.

For a cold on the chest there is no better specific, for most persons, than well boiled or roasted onions. They may not agree with every one, but to persons with good digestion they will not only be found to be a most excellent remedy for a cough, and the clogging of the bronchial tubes which is usually the cause of the cough, but if eaten freely at the outset of a cold, they will usually break up what promised, from the severity of the attack, to have been a serious one.

A writer in one of our medical journals recommended the giving of young raw onions to the children three or four times a week, and when they get too large and strong to be eaten raw, then boil and roast them, but not abandon their free use.

Another writer, advocating their use, says: During unhealthy seasons, when diphtheria and like contagious diseases prevail, onions ought to be eaten in the spring of the year at least once a week. Onions are invigorating and prophylactic beyond description. Further, I challenge the medical fraternity or any mother to point out a place where children have died from diphtheria or scarlatina anginosa, etc., where onions were freely used.

A Millionaires Tribulations.

Jay Gould, who with Russel Sage is charged with grand larceny in connection with the Kansas Pacific consolidation, says the motive of the indictment is revenge, and that a