THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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"THE MATCHLESS."

A SPECIAL New York Hat that combines all the good points of several acceptable ones. Designed to suit all faces, it is becoming to everyone.

Comes in all the different Straws and the charming new spring colors, Sage Green, Gobelin, Golden Browns, Boreal and Electric.

It admits of many styles of trimming and each seems an improvement over the last. Our cut shows it trimmed in one of the many ways it comes from our experienced designers.

These hats are going so fast that it would be best to come immediately to see it in its many styles and trimmings. We have a very large stock just now but when a thing catches the eye and fancy of the public as it has, it is bound to go. Remember our bargains cannot be duplicated in two weeks.

We've opened, this week, over a hundred different shapes, with all the new trimmings, direct from the largest house in America. Among them are the "K.M.Q." and the "Bunny."

There seems to be an impression that because we are patronized by the fashionable people, we don't make any effort, to care for those whose pocket books are limited. This is a great mistake. While being obliged, by having the custom of the fashionable women, to make special efforts to provide for them, yet we think we can suit the taste and means of anyone, however odd the taste, or limited the means.

Just a word about "LELIA PITH." To those who have used it we say nothing. Their once using it insures its use always. To those who never tried it we say, "profit by the experience of many and try it."

Miss M. H. Gilkey,

New Building, No. 62 S. Main St. THE LEADING MILLINER

Give us Your Attention

Ye shrewd farmer in search of bargains. You are about to invest in some of the Agricultural Implements. You've found it's cheapest to buy the best. Of course you will; buy where you get that the cheapest. Confess that you've seen things of some dealers and did not like them. Read too much like circus bills.

You've heard of the CHAMPION Mowers, Reapers and Binders? Then you know they're the best in the world. We've got them so cheap that you won't hesitate ten minutes if you come around. You know the merits of the Perry Spring Tooth Harrow and the imitations that are on the market. We have the genuine, and if you need a good harrow, we recommend it.

Suppose you didn't know that we sell more Novelty Pumps, iron force, B. B. B., than all the hardware firms of Butler put together. We do though.

Come around and look at our stock. You'll learn something. We have some other things too: De Haven Stoves and Ranges, Eagle Elastic Paints, ready mixed.

General Hardware, Wire Screens, Patent Churns, etc. Our stock is not excelled in the county and we cannot be undersold.

JACKSON & MITCHELL,

Butler, Pa.

LACES, RIBBONS, BUTTONS, EDGINGS, TRIMMINGS, TINSEL GOODS, BRAID AND BEAD SETS, NIGHT DRESSES, INFANTS WEAR, JACKETS, PARASOLS, WRAPS, SHAWLS.

SILKS, VELVETS, DRESS GOODS, BLACK DRESS GOODS, COLORED DRESS GOODS, DRESS GOODS FOR THE MILLION, WASH DRESS FABRICS, UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, KID GLOVES.

A. Troutman & Son.

Leading Dry Goods and Carpet House.

BUTLER - - - - - PENN'A.

CURTAINS, WINDOW SHADES, CURTAIN POLES AND FIXTURES, TABLE COVERS, SOFA RUGS, LINENS AND NAPKINS, ORNAMENTS.

CARPETS, MATTINGS, ART SQUARES, JAPANESE RUGS, FLOOR LINENS, LINOLEUMS, OIL CLOTHS.

—SPECIAL ATTENTION TO ORDERS BY MAIL—

THIS SPACE IS RESERVED FOR

E. GRIEB, The Jeweler,

No. 19, North Main St., BUTLER, PA.,

Whose advertisement will appear next week.

BARGANS in WATCHES,

Clocks,

Jewelry

And Silverware.

Finest stock of Sterling Silverware in the county, and at prices not to be equalled for cash.

Watches and Clocks repaired and warranted, at

J. R. GRIEB'S

No. 16 South Main St., (Sign of ELECTRIC BELL),

Butler, Pa.

What You Eat!

Is the most important consideration of your life, and much of our good health is due to the careful and conscientious grocer.

We buy the best in the market, select all our goods with the greatest care, and claim to have as good a stock of Groceries as can be found anywhere.

We want your trade and invite you to try our Flours, Sugars, Coffees, Canned Fruits, Dried Fruits, Spices, Hams, Canned Meats, Crackers, Confectioneries, Tropical Fruits, Nuts, or anything in our store room.

Country Produce a specialty, and all new fruits and vegetables in season.

In our China Hall, in the second story of our building, we have the largest stock of Chinaware, Glassware, Crockery, Lamps and Fancy Goods in the town.

Give us a trial, highest market price allowed for produce.

C. KOCH & SONS,

MAIN ST., - - BUTLER, PA.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

G. M. ZIMMERMAN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
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. for. 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.

Dr. N. M. Hoover,
Office over Boyd's Drug Store.
DIAMOND BLOCK, - - - 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, opposite the Vogeley House.

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.

C. F. L. McQUISTION,
ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR,
OFFICE ON DIAMOND, BUTLER, PA.

Stewart & Patterson.
A. M. STEWART and S. A. PATTERSON, Contractors and Builders, are both men of years of experience in fine house building and framing. All persons thinking of building will do well to see them and look over their designs.
Residence on Fairview Ave., Springdale. Postoffice, Butler, Pa.

James McNees,
Manufacturer and dealer in stone pumps and water pipe, wishes the public to remember that he continues that business, at Hallston station, on the P. S. & L. E. R. R.
For particulars address, JAMES McNEES Pump. P. O., Butler county Pa.
Orders can be left with J. Niggle & Bro., Butler, Pa

FOR SALE
A large frame boarding house, good location and doing large business. Terms easy. For further particulars inquire of
L. S. McJUNKIN, 17 E. Jefferson St.,
7-29-tf Butler, Pa.

SALESMEN WANTED
For the HOOKER NURSERIES, established 1835. Steady employment and good pay. Send for terms at once. H. E. HOOKER CO., Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED!
TO CANVASS FOR ONE OF THE LARGEST, OLDEST ESTABLISHED, BEST KNOWN NURSERIES in the country. Most liberal terms. Unequaled facilities. GENEVA NURSERY. Established 1846.
W. & T. SMITH, GENEVA, N. Y.

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 the 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,
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.
SHINGLES & LATH
PLANING MILL AND YARD
Near German Catholic Church

SURVEYING
LAND,
COAL BANKS,
AND LEVELING.
Particular attention given to the Retracing of old lines. Address,
B. F. HILLIARD, Co. Surveyor
North Hope P. O., Butler Co., Pa.
3,5,84.1y

GROVER'S SOLILOQUY.

I'm Grover Cleveland from Buffalo,
I lead the leaders, I boss the show;
There's one of me,
There's thousands of them;
They are the buds,
And I am the stem;
I lop them off
Or I let them stay,
Just as I happen
To feel that day!
I'm Grover Cleveland from Buffalo,
The one big Man in the party, you know.

I'm Grover Cleveland from Buffalo,
I work my thinker, I never blow;
I've got my grip,
And I'll stay right there,
While the leaders cuss
And the leaders swear:
I take it serenely;
I know my chance,
I hold up the party
By the seat of its pants,
I'm Grover Cleveland from Buffalo,
I'm the Unit of Value they can't let go.
They'd knife me, of course;
They've got the gail,
But they'd rather have me
Than nothing at all;
I'm Grover Cleveland from Buffalo,
If I get left, the party must go.

—*Washington Critic.*

THE RIVAL PICNICS.

THURSDAY, JULY 4TH.
GLORIOUS! ANNIVERSARY OF INDEPENDANCE.

The Methodist Congregation of Middleburg will hold a First Class picnic at Clapp's hill. Brass band. ice cream. poem Orration and fireworks. meet at Mason's 2 P.M. Tickets 75 cts.! Children ½ price.

"There!" said Ed. Tully, as he affixed this notice to a post in Mason's store. "I bet that I'll fetch the hull village." Ed. was a muscular young wheelright of lively manners and social instincts.

Reuben Applegate, the best carpenter in Middleburg, stepped back to survey the placard, and remarked, with the shy conceit of the true artist: "It looks well, if I did do it."

"It's splendid," said Ed, "good as print. But mum's the word, for if Holloway's folks know we're expectin' to make anything for our preacher, not one of 'em will buy a ticket, while, as it is, the young fellers might find the picnic a good, cheap treat for their girls. Hello, Mason!"—as the store-keeper looked out through a little window and under the legend Postoffice—"don't let on to Holloway's folks that we're raisin' money for Mr. Dodd. Then the young men went down the village street.

Presently old Mrs. Crawford and her pretty niece Abby dropped into the store.

"Any letters for us, Mr. Mason? No? Why it seems as though scmebody had ought to write. Got any dark blue paper muslin? Why, sakes alive, Abby," (as she spied the placard), "if Dodd's folk's folks ain't going to give a picnic!"

The store-keeper's gossipy soul underwent a moment's struggle; then he compounded with conscience by saying, "Well, Miss Crawford, I'll tell you, as a secret, we're raisin' money to buy Mr. Dodd a horse and buggy."

Miss Crawford, who was a massively built and conscientious old lady, became at once very thoughtful, and in walking home she remarked:

"When we need an organ so bad, it don't seem right to help Dodd's to get a horse and buggy. Don't you go to that picnic, Abby."

"But, aunt," said Abby, "the picnic's no harm."

"Abby," Miss Crawford, turning upon her niece a large, solid countenance that seemed to open up the whole subject of architecture, "ever since a certain person has come to Middleburg I've noticed you don't take serious views of things."

Abby flung her little head away, and indulged in that pain and privilege of youth called blushing. The girl, having soft dark eyes, rich gold brown hair, and dainty skin, blushed uncommonly well, the pale rose on her cheek just deepening to a lovely carnation. "Oh, aunt!" she stammered, "you know I refused Dr. Worth, although I did love"—the aunt turned that study in masonry upon her again—"I did love his little daughter Mabel dearly."

"Abby, said the good woman, passionately dashing a tear from her honest eyes, "I'd rather see you dead and buried than married to a heathen, or, what's worse, an—an Armenian.

Miss Crawford's strange use of this last word was owing to a slight misunderstanding of Mr. Holloway, her pastor, when, in reference to the Methodist Church, he remarked mildly: "Mr. Dodd is rather too Arminian for me; rather—too—Arminian."

Some of the congregation, not vested in thelogical terms, heard this with awe and horror, and easily changing a vowel, the word "Armenian" had become a terrible cabalistic synonym for all heresy and schism. Middleburg possessed but two churches, and the villagers were pretty evenly divided between Mr. Holloway, Presbyterian, and Mr. Dodd, Methodist. The two gentlemen entertained respect for each othor, and although Mr. Holloway being dignified and scholarly and Mr. Dodd being free-spoken and familiar, there was no intimacy between them, neither suspected that their congregations were nourishing a bitter rivalry.

Miss Crawford, on recovering from her outburst against heterdoxy, chanced to meet the Sparks girls, and she told them the news.

"Picnic!" cried Mary Sparks, with proper spirit. "Horse and buggy for Mr. Dodd? Guess not. Lets have a picnic ourselves."

"A grand idea," said Miss Crawford; "but the horn is engaged, so is the drum. Why, what's left for us?"

"I'll call my brothers," said Mary Sparks. She did so promptly, and the whole party proceeded to the schoolhouse to consult Mr. Godfrey, the teacher, a rather weak-eyed and weak-kneed young man, but one who had undoubted erudition.

"We'll turn out with our choir," he at once decided, "and we'll have a barrel of root-beer, and I'll make a speech, and if Dr. Worth will let us have little Mabel, she can recite 'The Drummer Boy."

Miss Crawford, forgetting everything but her eagerness to further the glorious project, ordered her niece sharply, "Now, Abby, fly to Dr. Worth's and engage Mabel Run, child, run!"

Dr. Worth's old housekeeper being away, the lonely widower was discussing such such a cold meal as her bounty allowed him, when he heard a little knock at the front door. On opening it, he said, half sadly, half jocosely, "Well, Abby, have you changed your mind at last?"

"Oh!" answered Abby, her cheeks turning a shade that would bring the prize at a flower show, "aunt sent me."

"Well, come in, anyway," said the doctor.

"Where—where's the housekeeper?" faltered Abby, dismayed, as she found herself alone with her suitor.

"That reliable woman is visiting her cousin's step-father's grandmother in the next town," answered the doctor, gravely; "and this is my dinner"—pointing to the table—"cold pie, cold beans, cold ham, cold tea. Oh, Abby" (and catching both hands he held them tight), "don't you think I need a little wife to look after me?"

"Oh!" ejactulated Abby, "ain't you awful?"

"Yes, awfully in love, my dear," he answered, audaciously.

The doctor was a farmer's son, and a good natural understanding, with a few years of the medical school, had made him a clever man in his calling, without much disturbing the standard of taste that obtained upon the old farm; so a sweet country girl, without the repose of the Vere de Veres, was his ideal of womanhood.

"Abby," he went on, "once for all, will you marry me?"

"No," answered Abby, struggling to be firm; "for I can't be—oh, I can't wicked!"

"Wicked?" repeated Worth.

"You've never been to church but once since you came to Middleburg, and then you went to Dodd's and he's—he's" her voice sunk to a whisper—"he's an Armenian,"

"Nonsense! he's a Yankee," said the doctor, looking puzzled. "But never mind. I'll sit under Holloway's to please you, Abby. What's the difference?"

"That' worst of all," cried the poor girl, in genuine distress. "Aunt says everybody must have convictions."

"Then I'm all right," answered Worth, with the pertinacity of the rural lover, "for I have the conviction that love you." At the word he impulsively stepped toward her, and she, with a scared look, shrank away from him.

The doctor then turned a little pale, and said, coldly: "I shall never trouble you again—never." And when Abby hurriedly explained: "I wanted to ask if Mabel might come to our picnic on the Fourth," he answered civilly; "Certainly; she's playing in the wood-shed," and opening a door, he called: "Mabel!"

"Yes, father," answered a child's voice, and the sweetest, lightest, brightest little maid of seven years old came running in, and with a cry of joy sprang to Abby's arms.

"Oh, Abby!" she said, "have you come to live with us? Do come and live with us. We could send away the house-keeper and have such fun. I love you so much. Abby, having easily won the child over to her plans, timidly asked Worth, "You will come to the picnic, too?" he refused.

"No; I'm not in the mood for such things," and he turned away from her.

* * *

Before night Mason's store saw elaborately lettered in colored inks, this notice:

The Birthday of our Great Nation.
THURSDAY, JULY 4TH.
GRAND PICNIC, AT CLAPP'S HILL,
BY MR. HOLLOWAY'S CONGREGATION.
Glees and Choruses; Root Beer in plenty. Strawberries, Cakes, and Oration, which, though boasting only one *r*, will be excellent
Great Attraction!
Little Mabel Worth will recite "The Drummer Boy."
Object of picnic no secret—to raise funds toward purchasing a Church Organ.
Tickets, 60 Cents. Children, quarter price.

Tully, the wheelwright, Applegate, the carpenter, and a sulky young giant known as Dave Brown stood reading the gorgeous placard in ominous silence.

"Say, Rube," asked Tully, with an expression of wounded confidence, "ain't there but one *r* in oration?"

"Some puts two," answered Applegate diplomatically; "but that ain't the p'int. The p'int is, are Dodd's folks to put up with an insult from Holloway's folks?"

"No," responded Rube. "Naw—not much," growled Dave Brown. And just then Godfrey's pallid, nervous face appeared in the doorway, flanked by the broad, freckled countenances of "the Sparks fellars"

"Hello!" shouted Brown. "I see a sneak."

"Some young man must be looking in the glass," remarked Godfrey, while his supporters raised a guffaw.

"Say!" demandeded Tully, striding up to Godfrey, "did you write that thing?" and he pointed to the offensive paper.

"I did; and I spelled it too."

"Can you spell that?" asked Dave Brown, thrusting a brawny fist right under the schoolmaster's nose.

"Yes, r-o-w-d-y," answered Godfrey; but, thanks to the tardiness of Dave's mental processes, other villagers had interfered before the bitter retort had been fairly felt. The Dodd faction retired, but only to meditate vengeance.

Middleburg on the Fourth of July poured itself out in two streams, one setting toward the store, the other toward the school-house.

The processions—well, they were something to see as by different roads they started for Clapp's Hill. The Dodd party led by the great brass band, i e, one French horn blowing off "Yankee Doodle" in style, while the drum now and then struck in an Obligato. Behind the music rode the orator of the day—Slocum, the shoemaker, mounted on farmer Day's old white mare, which, although a patient creature at the plow, was not friendly to a drum; so Slocum, being a careful man, kept one hand twisted in her mane. The orator wore a cocked hat, which was viciously inclined to settle upon the top of his nose; he wore also an Odd-Fellow's scarf of gorgeous design, and the oration—an enormous roll—stuck out of his breast pocket. Next strode Ed Tully and Rube Applegate, arrayed in the blue badges improvised in paper muslin, but of generous proportions. Then came the ice-cream wagon, and as a guard to it, Dave Brown's slouching strength, made conspicuous by a grand sash of the national colors. Behind him fell in a hundred of the village people two by two, old and young, hallooing boys and toddling babies, pretty girls and stocky, low browed farmers.

At a certain cross-road the Holloway procession came up and struck into the turnpike. As neither party would give way, the two marched along side by side, scarcely a furrow's width between them.

Little Mabel Worth, carrying a blue silk banner, headed the Holloway party. She was dressed in a white frock, and although the wreath in her hair was designed by the village milliner, so stubbornly lovely is childhood that the small creature, wide-eyed and serious with the importance of the occasion, looked like some holy martyr child stepped out from an old picture. Even the Doddites remarked her beauty, and Ed. Tully, in pure jealousy, directed the horn-blower: "Toot up now, first class."

But the Holloway merry-makers had a surprise in reserve. A dozen gaily-dressed goods, and a dozen young fellows with knots of ribbon in their hats, struck up the "Red, White, and Blue." Schoolmaster Godfrey whipped out a flute, a boy wielded an accordion powerfully, and a stalwart youth beat a large tin kettle with superb effect.

Dave Brown, of the opposition, turned purple with rage, and yelled down the line of his command: "Sing, yer fools! why don't yer sing?" But as this had not been laid down in the program, people only looked at each other sheepishly, and nobody liked to begin. The whole Holloway line was now one great choir. Everybody sang at the top of his lungs. Godfrey mounted astride the barrel of root-beer which was made fast upon a buckboard wagon, led off the tunes with his shrill flute, while the colors of freedom streamed from his hat, and his heart rose high in triumph and pride.

On went the rival armies, exactly abreast until, just before reaching Clapp's River, that white mare took a notion to show her mettle. So the Dodd procession was delayed, and fully a dozen yards ahead of its van little Mabel put her foot upon the first plank of Clapp's Bridge. Over this bridge was the only way of reaching Clapp's Hill, and the structure was hardly wide enough to take in the rival columns abreast. Finding his party so far in advance, Godfrey, from his perch on the beer barrel, yelled: "We've got the right of way. Hurrah!"

"No, yer haint," answered Dave Brown, urging his friend forward.

"Say!" shouted Godfrey, as the excited enemy neared him, "keep back, won't you? I don't believe in this bridge much."

"Yah!" howled Brown in a fury. "Yah! No you don't! and encouraged his army with: "Don't let Holloway's folks beat us." "Don't give in, boys," and other battle-cries.

"Keep back!" cried Godfrey again. "The old bridge is rotten."

"Think we're green, don't yer?" Dave flung the defiant answer, and with a spurt the lagging company came alongside. The white mare kicked and trampled bravely, the horn blared, the young men of the opposing factions elbowed each other, the girls exchanged, "Oh you horrid thing!" and such feminine small-shot. The buck-board and the barrel had reached the centre of the bridge; the ice-cream cart struggled along to the same point, and desperately tried to pass; the wheels of the two vehicles became locked. Godfrey shouted, Brown jeered, the people pressed madly forward, and suddenly—hark! a strange, cracking sound, then a sickening, swaying motion, a crash, and—Clappe's Bridge with its burden of humanity has given way.

There are wild cries, vain struggles, selfish graspings that dragged those at the edges into the pit which had opened; another and another support fell in, until both gallant companies lay in the shallow riverbed. Except in the channel, which had a swift current, but was at this season only a few feet wide, the water was hardly knee-deep. Then the bridge was luckily a very low one; so, though bedraggled, scarred and bruised, the people soon stood up in great unmbers, and began running about and calling for their friends and relations. The cheery answers, "Here we are!" and "All right!" came faster and faster, and no one was so efficient in helping as big Dave Brown, who had done most toward causing the disaster. At last he climbed out of the water with Abby, and her first cry was: "Mabel! —where's Mabel?"

Somebody had seen the child go down in the crash, carrying with her the banner; but though men and boys did wander among the timbers, and though every one else was accounted for, there was no trace of little Mabel.

The distracted father came rushing to the spot, and plunged into the narrow channel. He risked his life madly; he raised every fallen beam in the search; and after hours of vain labor he crawled up the bank, so white, so despairingly, that people, in very awe of such grief fell back. Abby alone came to him, saying, between bitter sobs:

"You trusted her to me, Oh! can you ever forgive me?"

"My poor Abby!" said the doctor, tender and kind even in all his great sorrow. And as the mournful train moved away from the fatal spot, Abby clung to his arm.

The two ministers coming to meet their congregations, Mr. Dodd wrung Mr. Holloway's hand and said, "My poor people have not understood me; I never dreamed of this wicked rivalry."

Mr. Holloway returned, earnestly, "Over this innocent child's body: when that cruel river gives it up, we must join hands, and teach plainly that brotherly love stands as the first article in our belief."

But, oh! what was to heal the father's broken heart? With a poor weeping girl clinging to him, the stricken man bent his steps toward the desolate home. With vacant, unseeing eyes he slowly passed by each familiar landmark—the mill, the brook, the apple orchard, the wicker gate that leads to Browns farm-house, then—

But just here a cry was heard of "Doctor! doctor!"

Mrs. Brown came tearing down the garden walk, and dragged him with her to the house, and into the darkened best parlor. From the sofa came a faint voice: "Father!" and lying there, pale but safe and warm, was the small Mabel.

Abby, with one great outburst of joy, clasped the child, and the persevering little maid asked at once: "Won't you come and live at our house, Abby?"

"Dave saved her," Mrs. Brown explained voluably. "He spied a bit of the blue silk banner floatin' a'most out of sight away down the river channel. He made for it, got a holt of the child, just cut across lots and brought here in here. Dear sus! she only just come to. I couldn't leave her alone to come and tell you, and Dave he wouldn't show himself nohow, and—

"Where is Dave?" interrupted the doctor.

"Dear sus! he's in the barn a-cryin', he feels himself such a villian," said the excited mother.

With great rejoicing the company went to hunt up the hero of the hour. He lay in an empty stall, face down, upon a pile of hay, and could just manage to jerk out, "I won't—never put—the fellers up to no more mischief, if—if—them as hurt—can forgive me." Then the village bully shed tears copiously on the barn floor, and bellowed aloud, until by main force he was picked up and comforted; so there have been known to history villians of much deeper dye than Dave Brown.

Though there were several broken bones and a great many bruises, on the whole the experience of the rival picnics was worth a library of sermons, and it led to a famous wedding, at which little Mabel went about proclaiming, "Abby's coming to live at our house."—*Fanny Foster Clark, in Harper's Bazar.*

How He Fixed the Divorce.

A well known lawyer told me a few days ago the following story of a late experience:

I've had a funny case, and I was counsel for the lady. I never heard two people abuse each other so. I never knew two people to make such a bitter, hard fight as those two. The property was considerable, and I had it tied up with an injunction. All efforts to compromise were no good. At last I thought the man was trying to cheat the woman, so I stopped negotiations for a compromise and prepared to put the case into court. The lady came to see me.

"It's no use, madam. I'm going to put the case straight through the court."

"I wish you would; it's what I want. I never will compromise with that man—never, never, never!"

"All right. You will call here at 10 o'clock tomorrow, and we will see about the witnesses."

Next morning at 10 o'clock she was there. She was nattily dressed in great style, and she sat down with a pleased assurance.

"Well, madam, let us proceed."

"I want the case dismissed."

"Dismissed! How is that?"

"Well, we've fixed it."

"You have?"

"Yes. It's all settled."

"May I ask how you settled it!"

"Well, last night he came up to my room. The door was locked, and when he knocked I said: 'Who's that?' 'It's me.' 'You cant come in.' He kept knocking. I told him he couldn't come in, and he knocked harder, and I told him louder he couldn't come in, and he kicked the door down and came in, and we sat down and fixed it all up."

Cases of Absent-Mindedness.

At this very moment a gentleman looking over my shoulder tells me that a few days ago he came to town for the particular purpose of mailing a letter. He did not like to run the risk of having it lie for a day in the post-office in the suburban borough where he resides. He came to Pittsburgh, about fifteen miles, went straight to the post-office, bought six two-cent stamps which he remembered he was in need of, and returned to his home with the important letter resting securely in his breast-pocket.

A story used to be told many years ago of a merchant who was peculiarly subject to fits of absent-mindedness. One day he was writing a letter and thought, absent-mindedly, that he had forgotten his correspondent's first name Turning to one of his clerks he said, "What is John Jackson's first name?"

The clerk, accustomed to his employer's peculiarity, replied, John, sir."

The merchant wrote his letter, put it in an envelope, and was again at a loss, To the same clerk he said: "Excuse me, Charles; I've forgotten John Jackson's last name."

But a better story than the above is told of a gentlemen in this city who was met by a friend one morning recently, hurrying back from the depot towards his home.

"What's the matter?" the friend asked.

"Oh, I've left my watch under my pillow, and I am going to get it."

"You'll miss your train."

"Oh, no," was the absent-minded man's reply. "See, I've got four minutes yet," and he pulled out his watch to enforce the statement. And he did not realize for several seconds what it was that made his friend laugh so heartily.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A Bothered Barber.

The drummers bring in a good story occasionally. Mr. Alexander Subers was in Griffin a few days ago, and while there went into a barber shop to be shaved. The barber wore a worried look, and when he had Mr. Subers lathered he became loquacious.

"Boss, I see in the papers about a dead man's body being taken up, and he was clean shaved when he was buried, but when they took him up he had a full beard. Is there any truth in it?"

"Oh, yes," replied the drummer "I read the account myself."

"Clean shaved when he died?"

"Clean as a baby."

"And when they took him up had a full beard on his face?"

"Certainly."

"Must be so; that other gentleman what I shaved just now said so, too; but it worries me mightily."

"Why should it worry you?"

"Well, they tell me he was a good man, and the only way I can make it out is that he went to heaven, and there ain't no barbers there. I'm going to get out of this business and go into something that I'll stand some chance of getting to heaven in.

Next!"

—Seventeen hundred bales of buffalo robes arrived in New York last Thursday from the West. These are said to be the last robes that will ever be sent East, such being the scarcity of the buffalo at present. At one time skins were sold at $4 a piece. Now they bring $25, few being obtainable even at that price,

—The man who lisps has no faith in girls, He calls every Miss a myth.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

A Sketch of the Life of the Nominee—His Record in the Army and the Senate.

General Harrison comes from a historic family. Major General Harrison, an English ancestor, bore arms with Oliver Cromwell, and rose with him to prominence in the revolution. It fell to his lot to sign the death-warrant of Charles I, and after restoration he paid the penalty for this act, being hanged October 13, 1660. Benjamin Harrison, the first descendant of Cromwell's General who appears in American history, was a member of the Virginia house of burgesses, later a delegate to the Colonial Congress, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, three times elected Governor of Virginia, and a member of the convention that ratified the constitution. His son was General William Henry Harrison, whose honorable career as a soldier and statesman culminated in his election to the presidency in 1840, to be followed by his death in the White House one month after his inauguration. John Scott Harrison, the son of President Harrison, was the father of the subject of this sketch.

Benjamin Harrison was born at North Bend, Ohio, in his grandfather's house, August 20, 1833. Physically and mentally vigorous, he early manifested a desire to begin an active and independent career. At sixteen he entered Miama University at Oxford, O., and two years later he graduated. On leaving college he began in Cincinnati, with the Hon. B. Storer as his preceptor, the study of law, and in 1854 he entered upon the practice of his profession in Indianapolis. He was twenty-one, square-shouldered, fair-haired, rather serious, reserved in manner, with no inheritance except his education and a good name, without acquaintance, but with a wife to provide for. A legislative investigation, in which he secured employment through the Democratic Governor, Joseph A. Wright, brought him into notice. The ability that he displayed won for him the highest praise of lawyers and laymen. From that time his abilities were fully occupied.

It was inevitable that he should drift into politics. With many young men of generous impulses he joined the Republican party; and with superior oratorical ability he soon became known as one of the best and most fearless Republican speakers In 1860 he was candidate for reporter of the Supreme Court and in the Lincoln campaign of that year he was elected. The outbreak of the Rebellion soon dragged him from the life of a citizen to that of a soldier. Governor Morton in July, 1862, asked him to assist in recruiting a regiment under the President's call for 300,000 three-year troops. He received the commission for the Seventh regiment, and as second lieutenant inspired such enthusiasm wherever he went that he soon raised company A, and was made captain, helped to fill up the other companies of the regiment, and in less than a month had completed it and was at its head as colonel, ready to go to the front. Governor Morton signified a willingness to accept his resignation if he chose to remain at home and hold his civil office. Once chosen he devoted himself to that career with all his ability. He served through Kentucky and Tennessee up to January, 1864, when his regiment was assigned to the First Brigade of the the Third division of the Twentieth Army Corps. His services had been highly honorable to him up to this time, but he had not yet reached his highest honors. He was ordered to lead the assault at Resaca on May 15, 1864. The duty was gallantly performed, his command rushing irresistably over the enemy's terrible lines and capturing both lines and guns. At Peachtree creek, while commanding his brigade, his soldierly qualities drew from his commanding officer, General "Joe" Hooker, the most enthusiastic praise. On the battlefield he declared that he would make Colonel Harrison brigadier-general for his part in the fight. In 1876 he was made the candidate for Governor, after he had declined to run, and after another candidate had been nominated and had declined. He accepted the nomination as a public duty. After he had accepted it he devoted himself to work of the campaign with great energy. But there was great activity in both the Republican and Democratic parties in 1876. General Harrison was defeated, but he came out of the fight with extended acquaintances with the people of the State, and with increased national popularity. He was a popular speaker in the campaign of 1880 in the east and west. His friends in Indiana had little difficulty in electing him to the place in the Senate of the United States, about to be vacated by Joseph E. McDonald, and he took his seat in that body on March 4, 1881.

Senator Harrison took his seat in the senate on the day upon which General Garfield was inaugurated. The session was an extra one for executive business only, and he simply attended and voted when occasion required. When the senate reassembled in the following December, at the beginning of the forty-seventh congress, and opportunity offered, he assumed his share of the duties of the body. He did not force himself afterward as a speaker. When he did speak he commanded attention. He was the warm friend of the soldier, and he spoke cordially in his behalf Upon Chinese immigration he argued for a faithful regard of treaty obligations in enforcing exclusion. Service on the Mississippi river commission prepared him to discuss familiarly all propositions brought forward for the improvement of navigation on that stream.

After the inauguration of President Cleveland, and when the Republicans of the senate took issue with the executive about appointments, Senator Harrison was heard on several occasions in speeches of a critical character. He was heard very frequently during the closing months of his term. In 1887 an effort was made by the Republicans of Indiana to control the legislature in order that he might be chosen to succeed himself. Senator Harrison was confident that the state and legislature could be carried. The Republicans won the state, but the Democrats carried the legislature by a small majority, electing David Turpie as senator. Gen. Harrison resumed the practice of his profession at Indianapolis.

Personally, General Harrison is somewhat under the average height, but his straight, strong figure, soldierly bearing and easy dignity of manner make him a noticeable person among men. His hair is very fair, and his face is clothed with a blonde beard in which there are no streaks of gray. One term of service in the Senate did not encrust him with the veneering of senatorial reserve. He was and is one of the most approachable of men, ready to talk upon all public subjects, freely, and having something to say on most subjects that it is worth while to hear. As an orator he was one of the best of the senate, speaking clearly, without fatigue, and with no merely perfunctory zeal, with a voice of silvery resonance and great penetration.

THE VICE PRESIDENT,

Levi Parsons Morton, nominated for Vice President, is a native of Vermont. He was born in the town of Shoreham, May 16, 1824. In early life he became a clerk in a country store, and the aptitude for business which he developed caused him to rise rapidly in business. In 1850 he became a member of the mercantile firm of Beebe, Morton & Co., of Boston. Four years later he removed to New York, where he established the firm of Morton and Grinnell. In 1863 he founded the banking house of Morton, Bliss & Co., of New York, and that of Morton, Rose & Co., in London. The latter acted as the fiscal agents of the United States Government from 1873 to 1884. The two firms were active in the syndicates that negotiated United States bonds and in the payment of the Geneva award of $15,500,000 and the Halifax fishery award of $5,500,000.

In 1878 Mr. Morton was appointed honorary Commissioner to the Paris Exposition. The same year he was elected to Congress, and in 1880 he was re-elected. In the latter year he declined the nomination for Vice President, President Garfield offered to make him either Secretary of the Navy or Minister to France. Mr. Morton accepted the appointment to the latter position, which he filled from 1881 to 1885. He was instrumental in securing the removal of the restrictions upon the importation of American pork and American corporations securred a legal status in France through his intercessions. He was American Commissioner General to the Electrical Exposition held in Paris, represented the United States at the Submarine Cable Convention, and in the name of the United States publicly received the statue of Liberty Enlightening the World from the representatives of the French Government. His home is at Ellerslie, at Rhinebeck on the Hudson, where he has resided since 1887. He received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Dartmouth College in 1881, and Middlebury College awarded him a similar honor in 1882 He was a candidate for United States Senator from New York State in 1887, but was not elected.

To Guess the Speed of Trains.

There is not one person in 100 of the millions who travel on railroads in the course of a year who has any idea of the speed of a train. A large per cent of even the regular trainmen of the country cannot tell with any degree of accuracy how fast a train is running. Frequently engineers are dispatched on a trip over a line of railroad with instructions to run at a speed of a certain number of miles an hour. The engineers do not carry a speed indicator, but have learned by various methods to gauge their engines so as to make only the slightest variation from their orders.

The majority of engineers use their driving wheel as a guage. They know its circumference, and by counting its revolutions within a certain time can tell very accurately the speed at which they are running. Another method is to time the run between mile posts passed in a certain time. These poles, in a level country, and where four or five wires are used, are spaced so that they are thirty to the mile. If only a single wire is used they are spaced from twenty-five to to twenty-eight to the mile.

The most accurate method, and the one most in use by experienced railroad men, is to count the number of rail joints the train passes over in twenty seconds. The rails in nearly all cases are thirty feet in length, and the number passed over in twenty seconds is the speed per hour a train is running. For instance, if a passenger sitting in a sleeper can count thirty clicks of the wheels on a rail joint in twenty seconds the train is running at the speed of thirty miles an hour.—*Kansas City Times.*

The Red Bandanna Flirtation.

From the Oil City Blizzard.]

Folding the handkerchief; lend me a quarter,

Tying a loose knot in it; come over and have something.

Drawing it through the right hand; Nothing new from