THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXV. BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 31, 1888. NO. 43

SOME PEOPLE PREFER CHEAP, SHODDY

BOOTS AND SHOES,

While the Great Majority of the People of Butler Co. Want Solid, Good, Reliable Boots and Shoes Worth the money they pay. The latter go to

HUSELTON'S

For their Boots and Shoes. They do it because he has the largest stock to select from; because they can and do rely on what he tells them about the goods. No two or three prices—same to all. No tricky advertising done, such as goods at 48 cts, 69 cts, etc. No auction, or OLD SAMPLE LOTS, put in as would make believe at 50 cents on the dollar, but fresh new styles made to order by the best manufacturers in the country to-day. You always want to keep an eye open on the fellow that says he is giving his goods away at 50 cts on the dollar. Either he or the goods is considerably off colour.

Our selection is large in Ladies' Shoes of all kinds at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00 and up to $4.50 We don't say they are worth twice the money we ask for them; or to come quick, never get such a chance again; and, at your own price, and all such nonsense; but do say that nowhere can you find their equals, especially our $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00 Kid Button Boots. They are genuine Kid and Dongola warranted, and very handsome styles in all widths and shapes, and we intend to try to supply all customers that want these goods, if we can get them fast enough from the factory. Have had some trouble lately on account of our rapidly increasing trade on these shoes to get them fast enough to meet the demand.

We intend to extend this opportunity to you of getting these goods at any time, as we intend to keep a full stock at all times. (They are not shop worn sample shoes.) Hence, if it don't suit you to come this week, come next, as we intend to get them in quantities to meet the demand. Some say, "Strike while the iron is hot." You can strike any day or hour at Huselton's and find the iron hot.

See our Ladies', Misses' and Children's Slippers. Lace Oxfords, Opera, very fine at 50 cts and up. Wigwam, Lawn Tennis in Ladies', Gents', Misses and Children's.

Our sales are very large in Men's Fine Shoes, in Button Bals and especially in Congress. We have all styles, widths and prices from $1.00 and up. You should stop in and see our new lines in Boys' and Youths' Shoes, the finest we have ever shown. They are sellers. Why, they sell themselves. Don't forget to look at our immense stock of Misses' and Childrens' Spring Heel Shoes, the finest and best fitting goods for the least money of any goods in this country. We warrant every pair.

Men's, Boys' and Youths' Brogans, Plow Shoes, Box-toe Kip Shoes for oil country, at low prices, Please bear in mind that in buying at Huselton's you are protected in prices, styles and wear. Come and see us.

B. C. HUSELTON,

No 4 N. MAIN ST. BUTLER, PA.

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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—

AUGUST 1

AT

RITTER & RALSTON'S.

NEW FALL PRINTS, NEW FALL TRIMMINGS,
NEW FALL GINGHAMS, NEW FALL BUTTONS,
NEW FALL DRESS GOODS, NEW FALL COLLARS,
NEW FALL GLOVES, NEW FALL CUFFS,
NEW FALL HOSIERY, NEW FALL RIBBONS,

NEW FALL CARPETS.

New Goods arriving right along and being marked at the VERY LOWEST PRICES. Our Clearing Out Sale in July was so great a success that we will continue it during August.

EXCURSION.

If you want to excurt, combine business with pleasure and come to Butler and take advantage of the GREAT BARGAINS at

RITTER & RALSTON'S.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

H. H. GOUCHER

Attorney-at-law. Office on second floor of Brady building, Diamond, 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.

C.F. L. McQUISTION,

ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR,

OFFICE ON DIAMOND, BUTLER, PA.

Dr. N. M. Hoover,

Office over Boyd's Drug Store,

DIAMOND BLOCK, - - - BUTLER, PA.

G. M. ZIMMERMAN,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

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

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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

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.

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.

L. S. McJUNKIN,

Insurance and Real Estate Ag't.

17 EAST JEFFERSON ST.

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.

TRY IT YOURSELF.

"It is of no use to argue the question, I am neither stubborn nor opinionated, I have simply had a lesson that will last a lifetime."

"Look here, Jack! you are like some old bachelor who has been jilted by one woman, and goes about declaring all women are false."

"Not at all! my brother Charles died of Bright's disease, brought on by using one of these so-called 'blood purifiers'—the kind you see attractively advertised in every nook and corner. It contained iodide of potassium, a drug useful in extreme cases when cautiously given under a doctor's supervision, but death-dealing to all who take it in quantity. If *your* brother had died under such circumstances, you would hate patent medicines as I do."

"I do dislike the name of that miscalled 'blood purifier,' for I have heard first class physicians say it is the cause of half the cases of Bright's disease in the country, and it is strange the proprietors have not been prosecuted for selling it. But I was recommending Vinegar Bitters and that does not contain any mineral, narcotic or other hurtful drug."

"Oh, nobody supposes that old woman's remedy will hurt anybody; the question is will it cure anything? I'd as soon think of taking some of my grandmother's herb tea."

"You would be better off, Jack, if you had some of that tea to tone up your system now, instead of taking a glass of brandy to make you sleep one night, and perhaps a bottle of beer the next."

"Is this a temperance lecture, Phil?"

"No, it is a Vinegar Bitters lecture. I've taken the medicine more or less for fifteen years, and look the world over, you will not find a healthier man than I am."

"What is all this nonsense about old style and new style Vinegar Bitters; are they different?"

"Yes, the old style looks like coffee with milk in it, the new style like coffee without milk. The man who made the old style for twenty years—a practical chemist—made a milder, pleasanter, preparation, adding to it here, and taking from it there, until he produced, my wife says, the finest medicine ever made. It cured her of constipation, and it cures the children of hives and all the little ailments they ever have. If my wife thinks they have worms, she doses them with old style. We always have both kinds in the house, and together they keep the doctor away."

"And you insist that the proof of the pudding—"

"Is the eating—precisely. Jack, get a bottle of the old style Vinegar Bitters—men I think, prefer old style usually—try it, and you will then be like an old bachelor who, after railing against women for years, falls in love with a good woman at last. You will say there are good and bad patent medicines, but Vinegar Bitters is the best of the lot."

"All right, Phil, to please you, I'll try it and report results."

VINEGAR BITTERS
VEGETABLE PURELY FREE FROM ALCOHOL
DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA EUREKA
VINEGAR BITTERS

The only Temperance Bitters known. It stimulates the Nerves, regulates the Bowels and produces a perfect blood circulation, which is sure to restore perfect health.

GEO. W. DAVIS, of 169 Baronne st., New Orleans, La., writes under date May 26th, 1888, as follows:

"I have been going to the Hot Springs, Ark., for fifteen years for an itching humor in my blood. I have just used three bottles of Vinegar Bitters, and it has done me more good than the springs. It is the best medicine made."

JOSEPH J. EGAN, of No. 75 West st., New York, says: "Have not been without Vinegar Bitters for the past twelve years, and consider it a whole medicine chest in our family."

A beautiful Book free.

Address, R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO., 532 Washington St., New York.

THE HARD WORKING FARMER.

Air: Old Log Cabin in the Lane.

I am a hard working farmer and farming is my trade,
I work upon my farm both day and night,
Feeding pigs and chickens and doing necessary chores
And seeing that my stock is kept right,
I always can be found where my duty bids me go,
Whether in the sunshine or the rain,
Upon the little farm with my wife and children too,
In that rented log cabin in the lane.

CHORUS.

Then here's luck to every farmer that works upon the farm,
May protection for them always remain,
May tariff protect their sheep, when they lay down to sleep
On their pretty little farm in the lane.

The sweat drops from my brow upon each hill of corn,
As the day goes by and night comes stealing on,
The boy who rides the horse to plough keeps tooting of his horn,
By yelling all the time, Go long,
And when I'm near the end I hear that welcome sound
Of our sea shell sounding from the lane,
'Tis my supper call I know as it vibrates through the air,
From that rented log cabin in the lane.

CHORUS.

Then here's luck to every man that works upon the farm,
May Protection for them always remain,
May tariff protect their sheep when they lay down to sleep
On their pretty little farm in the lane.

Now this little tariff cry is more precious and more dear
To myself and my darling Mary Jane,
The reason why I think so is because it protects our home,
Which shelters our babies in the lane.
Although our flocks are small, they're protected all the same,
And we ask for tariff on the grain,
For we would rather pay it on what little we consume,
Than to lose our log cabin in the lane.

CHORUS.

Then here's luck to every laboring man who earns his daily bread,
May Protection for them always remain,
May tariff protect their home and may sorrows never come
Around their happy fireside in the lane.

Our brother working man is now getting good wages
If For every day's work he can do,
If they take his wages from him, to his wife what will they say
When they see her children dying, too.
His wife, his family and himself are trying their best to get along.
Will they stop his work and give his family pain,
For if they remove the tariff just to help that foreign throng,
It's good-by to all laborers in the lane.

CHORUS.

Then here's luck to every laboring man who earns his daily bread,
May Protection for them always remain,
May tariff protect their home and may sorrows never come
Around their happy fireside in the lane.

FARMER.

The Man Who Wasn't Fitten.

M. QUAD IN DETROIT FREE PRESS.

The next afternoon I reached Porter's place, so called, though there was only a single cabin and a rough shed for the mule. I happened in at an unfortunate moment. A girl about 14 years of age saw me coming up the trail, and she came down a bit to meet me. She was a veritable elfin in look, bareheaded, barefooted, ragged and her tangled hair flying around her head. She had a finger in her mouth as she came up, but she took it out to say:

"Cribbins to you, stranger."

"And cribbins to you, my child."

The term "cribbins" is often used in the place of "Hello!" or "How are you?" The meaning is that you have arrived at a crib or feeding-place and are welcome.

"And how are pap and mam?" I asked as we shook hands.

"Mam's dun gone and got mad, and pap's cryin'. Can't you hear her? Mam shouldn't jaw-bone pap all the time. Pap does best he kin."

I could hear the shrill tones of a woman's voice as we drew nearer, and when we reached the door I halted in embarrassment, seeing that the family skeleton was out.

"Oh! mam!" called the girl whose name was Mary.

"You shet!" replied the woman, whose back was toward us.

"Oh! mam, but yere's a goer!" (traveler.)

The mother came to the door, surveyed me for a moment, and then extended her hand and said:

"Cribbins to you, stranger. Jim, yere's a goer: Come here and clutch."

A tall, thin, cadaverous-looking man came forward, wiped his eyes with a rag, blew his nose several times, and held out his hand and said:

"Gripety-to clutch, and cribbins to you, stranger. Pete Farrell was along this morning, and he said you was makin' this way."

"Perhaps I had better go on."

"Oh! shucks!" exclaimed the wife, "you come right in! It's nothin' to speak of, I was dun tellin' Jim what a pore wuthless critter he was."

"Stranger, Jim Porter gins ye cribbins with all his heart," added the man and we went in.

The situation seemed to strike Mary all in a heap and after a hearty laugh she said:

"Pears so titterish that he'un caught mam coon-killin' dad?"

"You shet! called the mother, "if I was coon killin' dad he desarved it!"

"I'll leave it to he'un if I do," put in the husband.

"It's this way," explained the girl as she stood up to motion it off, and her face covered with a laugh. "Mam's a great getter (bustler). Dad's a great sitter. We's pore and that makes mam mad, but dad says we's bound to be pore, and so he don't worry."

"That's it honey," said the woman, "and now, stranger, I want to hev a little buzz (talk) with you. I want to tell you all about Jim."

"And I want to tell you all about her," added the husband.

"And I want to tell ye all about the hull passle of 'em!" chuckled Mary in a high feather.

The mother jumped for her, but the girl skipped out doors with a shout, and then we prepared for the talk. I gave Jim a cigar, the wife lighted her pipe, and when the smoke got to curling up she began.

"Stranger, we ar' the most shucks less passle in these yere hills, an he'un isall to blame fur it"

"Now, Polly!" chided the husband.

"Deed ye ar', Jim. We've bin hitched fifteen years. We cum right yere to this very shake-down fifteen years ago, an' yere we ar' to-day. We did hev a little sunthin' to begin on, but it's all gone now. Stranger, I hevn't got but one towel in this yere cabin, an' that's got a hole into it!"

"Shucks, Polly! Who wants to use towels?"

"We had three new sheets when we cum yere—reg'lar sheets fur the bed," continued the wife, "but whar' ar' they now? We had four pillar-cases, but they's dun gone. We had cups and sassers, but ye can't find 'em now. Stranger, look about ye an' see see how pore an' down-ridden we ar'!"

"An' it's my fault, of course!" said the husband, beginning to cry.

"That's what I'll always grip by (stick to), Jim. If you was a gitter we'd bin rich folks afore this."

"Shucks, Polly!"

"Oh it hain't no use of hetchin' (scoffing), Jim. If it wann't for me an' the gal you'd starve to death. You began to sot almost as soon as we got got spliced, an' you've got wuss every year. I tell ye, stranger, it keeps me clean beat. Other folks git along an' go ahead, but we'uns goes down hill every day. We hain't got nuthin', an' we can't git nuthin', an' the Lord doan' keer no mo about us than so many onery skunks!"

With that she burst out cryin, and Jim wept the harder, and Mary looked in at the door and seriously observed:

"Stranger, ye want to talk to pap powerful sassy. He's tryin' to be fitten, an' everybody knows he never will be fitten."

"That's what ails him," said the wife as she choked back her tears.

"What's he trying to be fitten for?" I asked.

"To spread the Gospil, stranger. He's got his nose in that ar' Bible all day long. He wants to be fitten to preach, but he niver be. If he wouldn't try to fitten he'd go to work and airn sunthin'."

"Why can't I be fitten?" asked Jim. "Wasn't Moses, St. John and Paul fitten?"

"Yes, but they wasn't pore ignorant squatters, an' you know it. They had calls."

"An' haven't I got a call! Didn't I hear a voice in my dreams a-sayin': 'Jim Porter, the Lord calls ye to labor in his tan-yard. Fitten yerselt an' go forth.'"

"Shucks!" called Mary from the door.

"Pore critter!" sighed the wife.

"I'll leave it to the stranger if I kin be fitten," said Jim, and he went over and got his Bible and opened it and began to read:

"O, give t-h-a-n-k-s, thanks, unto Lord, for he-he-is-is- g-o-o-d, good; be—be—because his m-e-r-c-y, mercy——"

He was two minutes getting that far, and he closed the book and said:

"Stranger, be honest an' squar' with me. Am I fitten Will I ever be fitten?"

"You are no more fitten to go out and preach than a coon is to sing pslams," I replied.

"I said so, Jim Porter—tole ye so all the time!" shouted the wife.

"Hooray!" Pap hain't fitten!" cheered Mary.

"Stranger, have I mistook!" asked Jim in a trembling voice. "Didn't I hear no voice a callin' on me to be fitten?"

"No, my friend, you'd simply excite ridicule. You might have done some good five hundred years ago, but you can't now. There are too many preachers Those who spread the gospel are smart and well educated."

"Shucks! An' I ain't got no call?"

"No, my friend."

"An' I won't hev?"

"Never."

"An' you truly say I've mistook?"

"You certainly have. You couldn't help the cause of religion two cents' worth in ten years."

"Glory to jumper, stranger, but I'm so glad!" shouted the wife.

"He hain't fitten, an' he'll never be fitten to be fitten—hoo ray!" added Mary.

"An'—an' what shall I do, stranger?"

"Go to work—clear off more land—raise more corn and potatoes—cut bark and dig roots to sell—haul wood—do anything to earn a better living. That's your call."

"Stranger, I'll do it? Put it thar'! I thought I was fitten, but I wasn't I thought I had a call, but I reckon I was dreamin', Pete Farrell said you was honest an' squar'. You've dun tole me right. Polly cum yere! Mary, cum yere! I've mistook. You said so, but I wouldn't believe it. I know it now, an' to-morrer I'm a new man!"

When I was going away in the morning I left ten yards of calico with the wife for a new dress, some ribbons for Mary and a plug of "navy" for the husband. Mother and daughter fell to crying over it, and Jim had such a lump in his throat that he couldn't speak to me until we had gone half a mile. Then he stopped for the good-bye, and said;

"I see it mighty cl'ar now, stranger. Some folks is fitten an' some hain't. While you is fitten to be toted right into Heaven's gates, I hain't fitten to go in ahead of skunks!"

A Graphic Discription of the Market Street English Editor.

New York Sun.]

It is amusing to hear a Simon-pure free trader when he lets himself loose, takes a running high jump over the facts, and gayly lands on the softest spot he can find, not infrequently in consequence landing on his head. Doubts and Difficulties envelop many subjects to the generality of men, but the free trader is cocksure. Other people may conjecture, suppose, surmise. He knows; in fact he knows it all. Standing on a tripod of superiority, he darts prophetic Greek fire at his life-long foe, protection. But the unappreciative world refuses to be set on fire, and laughs and goes its way. So that the economist prophet usually remains without honor in his own country, and is even compelled to share in the blessings which protection brings upon it.

—Libby prison, Richmond, will not be removed to Chicago, as was proposed.

—A Haley, N. H. firm has an order from New York for 50,000 torch sticks.

VISITING GEN. HARRISON.

Two Strong Speeches Delivered.

INDIANAPOLIS, August 14.—Since 10 o'clock this morning the streets have resounded with the beating of drums and the blaring of the trumpets of the delegations calling upon Gen. Harrison. Hamilton County lies just twenty miles away, and since the organization of the Republican party it has never failed to give a majority against the Democracy, its majority has always been a large one, 1200 for Blaine, and they promise to make it 1800 for Harrison. To-day the Republicans of that county came to pay their respects to the leader of the party. The excursionists filled forty-eight cars to their utmost capacity. It was a fine day—clear and cool. By the time the head of the delegation reached the park thousands of the citizens of Indianapolis were there waiting for them. The procession was led by a banner bearing the inscription: "We are the sons of Benjamin and Levi and will get there, Eli." It was greeted with round after round of applause.

A SPEECH ON CITIZENSHIP.

General Harrison was in excellent trim. His rest had proved beneficial to him and he looked in vigorous health and said he was able to shake hands with any number of thousands. The visitors were introduced by Col. Gray. General Harrison was especially happy in his response touching upon the influence of home on citizenship. A great text can be found in the single sentence: "The home is the best as it is the first school of good citizenship." He said:

Colonel Gray and my Hamilton County friends: The demonstration which you have made this morning is worthy of Hamilton County; it is worthy of the great party to which you have given the consent of your minds and the love of your hearts; it is altogether more than worthy of him whom you have come to greet. You come from a county that, as your spokesman has said, is greatly favored, a county rich in its agricultural capacity; but, as I look into your faces this morning, I turn from the contemplation of material wealth to the thought of those things that are higher and better. [Applause and cries of "Good, good."]

I congratulate you not so much upon the rich farm lands of your county as upon your virtuous and happy homes. [Applause.] The home is the best, as it is the first, school of good citizenship. It is the great conservative and assimilating force. I should despair for my country if American citizens were to be trained only in our schools, valuable as their instruction is. It is in the home that we first learn obedience and respect for law. Parental authority is the type of beneficent government. It is in the home that we learn to love, in the mother that bore us, that which is virtuous, consecrated and pure. [Applause.] I take more pride in the fact that the Republican party has always been the friend and protector of the American home than in aught else. [Applause.] By the beneficent Homestead law it created more than a half million of homes; by the emancipation proclamation it converted a million cattle pens into homes [applause], and it is still true to those principles that will preserve contentment and prosperity in our homes. I greet you as men who have been nurtured in such homes and call your thoughts to the fact that the Republican party has always been and can be trusted to be friendly to all that will promote virtue, intelligence and morality in the homes of our people. [Applause.]

About 1 o'clock a long procession from Douglass County, Ill., came marching up the street. As a delegation from Decatur, in the same state, was expected about 2 p. m., it was thought one reception would do for both. So they were halted in front of the Denison House and dismissed until 2 o'clock. The delegation brought with them the flag of the 21st Illinois, General Grant's old regiment. The old soldiers eagerly gathered around it, and many scenes of 1861-5 were recalled. The nattiest display that has yet been made was that of the Young Men's Republican Club, of Decatur. They numbered about 400 and were dressed in a light suit and high hat. Each man carried a red, white and blue umbrella and as they marched three abreast the sight was unique and attractive. They brought with them a brass band and a magnificent drum corps. In front of the Republican headquarters they were joined by the Douglass County delegation and both marched to the park. General Harrison made them a Protection speech of the kind which strikes home to the people of the great agricultural state of Illinois. A number of the visitors predicted that it will win many vote for the ticket in their state, and they propose to have it printed on cards as a campaign document.

SPEAKING FOR PROTECTION.

After returning his compliments for the demonstration General Harrison said:

Public duties involve grave responsibilities. The conscientious man will not contemplate them without seriousness, but the man who sincerely desires to know and to do his duty may rely upon the favoring help of the good and friendly judgment of his fellow-citizens. [Great applause.] Your coming from another state and from distant homes testifies to the observing interest which you feel in those questions which are to be settled by the ballot in November. [Cries of "We will settle them."] The confessed Free-traders are very few in this country, but English statesmen and English newspapers confidently declare that in fact we have a great many. We are told that it is only an average reduction of 7 per cent that is contemplated. [Laughter.] Well if that were true and not a very deceptive statement, as it really is, you might fairly ask whether this average reduction does not sacrifice some American industry or the wages of our workingmen and working-women. You may also fairly ask to see the free list, which does not figure in this average. [Applause and cries of "That's it."] We would have more confidence in the protest of these reformers that they are not free-traders, if we could occasionally hear one of them say that he was a Protectionist, [applause] or admit that our custom duties should adequately favor our domestic industries. But they seem to be content with a negative statement. Those who would, if they could, eliminate the protective principle from our tariff laws, have, in former moments of candor, described themselves as progressive Free-traders, and it is an apt designation.

The protective system is a barrier against the flood of foreign importations and the competition of the underpaid labor of Europe. [Applause.] Those who want to lower the dyke, owe those who live behind it to make a plain statement of their purposes. Do they want to invite the flood or do they believe in the dyke, but think it will afford adequate Protection at a lower level? [Great applause.] What I say is only suggestive. I can't, in this brief talk, go into details, but this is an appropriate and timely inquiry. With what motive, what ultimate design, what disposition towards the principle of Protection is it that our present tariff schedule is attacked? It may be that reductions should be made, it may be that some duties should be increased, but we want to know whether those who propose the revision believe in taking thought of our American workingmen in fixing the rate or will leave them to the chance effects of a purely revenue tariff? [Applause.] Now, having spoken once already to-day, you will accept this inadequate acknowledgment of this magnificent demonstration. I thank my Illinois friends, not only in my own behalf, but on behalf of the Republicans of Indiana, for the great interest you have manifested.

A Railway Catechism.

How many miles of railway in the United States? One hundred and fifty thousand six hundred miles—about half the mileage of the world. How much have they cost? Nine billion dollars. How many people are employed by them? More than a million. How long does a steel rail last with average wear? About eighteen years. What is the cost of a palace sleeping car. About $15,000, or $17,000 if "vestibuled." What is the cost of a high-class eight-wheel passenger locomotive? About $8,500. What is the longest American railway? Hoosac Tunnel, on the Fitchburg Railway (5¾ miles). What is the highest railroad in the United States? Denver and Rio Grande, Marshall Pass, 10,852 feet. What is the highest railroad bridge in the United States? Kinzua Viaduct, on the Erie road, 305 feet high. What is longest railway bridge span in the United States? Cantilever span in Poughkeepsie Bridge, 548 feet. What is the longest mileage operated by a single system? Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe system, about 8,000 miles. What line of railway extends furthest East and West? Canadian Pacific Railway, running from Quebec to the Pacific Ocean. What road carries the largest number of passengers? Manhattan Elevated Railroad, New York, 525,000 a day, or 191,625,000 yearly. What is the fastest time made by a train? Ninety-two miles in ninety-three minutes, one mile being made in forty-six seconds, on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. What is the fastest time made between Jersey City and San Francisco? Three days, seven hours thirty-nine minutes and sixteen seconds—special theatrical train, 1886. What are the chances of fatal accident in railway travel? One killed in 10,000,000. Statistics show more are killed by falling out of windows than in railway accidents.

The Political First Reader.

"See the big man. He is Grover Cleveland."

"Why does he look so tired?"

"He has had to wait so long."

"What does he wait for?"

"He is waiting for Daniel to write his letter of acceptance for him,"

"Will Daniel write it?"

"Yes; when he can think what to put in it."

"Is it hard to write it?"

"Well, under the circumstances, it is very hard."

"Can not the big man write?"

"He can write some things, my child but not this letter. He can write vetoes."

"What will the big man do while Daniel writes?"

"He will go out and fish, so he will not be in Daniel's way. Learn from this, my child, not to get in the way, or you will be put to one side like this big man, He is in the way. He will be out of the way in less than a year. Folks do not want him in their way. He will play with things that hurt him."

"What does he play with."

"He plays with free wool,' the tariff, and old soldiers' feelings. When he gets hurt with these things he cries. So, folks tire of him, and will ask him to get out of their way. He is hurt now; so, he will go off and fish while Daniel writes. Think well of these things, my child."—Kansas City *Journal*.

He Wrote His Prayer.

From the Toledo Blade.]

There is a story illustrating the Rev. Simon Peter Richardson's brightness of mind. On one occasion the venerable preacher was in company with several other divines, among them the Rev. Sam Jones, Uncle Simon Peter was on the programme for a prayer, and, preparing to leave the group, said:

"You must excuse me, for I have got to go and write my prayer,"

"What, Uncle Rich, you don't mean to say you write your prayers,' exclaimed Mr. Jones.

"Certainly I do," said the good old man. "I write my sermons yet, and you don't think I'd write what I've got to say to men and not write what I've got to say to God Almighty, do you?"

Lots of Cheek.

"See here, Jack. You know Bill Martin, don't you? Used to travel for the Highfigure Insurance Company."

"Yes, what of him?"

"Well, he's got a new job."

"What is it?"

"Working for a lapidary at a big salary. He had only talked to the lapidary a few minutes when he was engaged."

"What for?"

"Why, to grind diamonds on his cheek, don't you know. The lapidary said it was the hardest thing that he had ever come across."

—Three Georgia counties will ship as many as 1,000,000 melons this season.

Working-Men Can Think.

The old-time Southern epithet applied to Northern free working-men was "mudsills." It carried with it a taunt that they were of inferior clay to the haughty slave-driver of the South, and that they were incapable of mastering the details of politics or political economy. Evidently Messrs Mills and Breckenridge have not gotten over the old impression. Otherwise they would not make the absurd mistake of telling the working-man that the best way to better his condition is to remove every obstacle to competition. No working-man gifted with a shred of common sense can be deceived by such ridiculous assertions. There will no doubt be Democratic votes cast on election day by laboring men, but not by the workers who think and observe. The latter class can judge by experience of the effects of competition. The Californian working-man, whose experience dates back to the days before the advent of the railroads, knows that when cheap freight rates did away with the natural protection he had previously enjoyed, his wages came down, and he has sense enough to perceive that if the artificial barrier created by the tariff were removed, and the products of foreign cheap labor were admitted free, the immediate effect would be to reduce his wages to the common level of the competing countries. Messrs Mills, Watterson and Breckinridge might as well tell the working-men that fire will not burn them as to tell them that competition will not injure them. —San Francisco *Chronicle*.

A Flock of Geese in Harness.

A gentleman living in Atlanta tells a wonderful story.

"When I was in Alabama, between Porter's Gap and Millersville," said he, "I came to a country place where a man was driving ten or twelve geese from a branch toward a cotton patch. 'For Heaven's sake,' said I, 'what is it you have on the necks of those geese?"

"Those are gourds, full of water. I prive the geese into that cotton patch and keep them there all day weeding out the cotton. There is no water in the cotton patch and I have to give them water in this way to keep them there.

"Those geese will weed out more cotton in a day than two people would. They will eat the weeds and grass, but they won't touch the cotton.

"But how do they get the water out of those gourds under their necks?

"They drink out of each other's gourds. Each gourd has an opening in the side, so that another goose can put his bill into the gourd and drink. If you will stay here long enough you will see it yourself.

"I waited there half a day to see that performance, and finally I saw it. The geese did just as the man said they would. When a goose got thirsty he walked up to his neighbor and coolly drank out of the gourd on his neck.

"That story is good enough to print?

"Yes, but don't you put my name to it. It is strictly true, and I don't mind telling it to people who know me, but I don't want to risk my reputation on it with a stranger.

The story was repeated to another gentleman, who said:

"That is the trouble with a good many people in this country. They leave the geese to weed out their cotton, so to speak, while they do something else.—Atlanta *Journal*.

Free Trade Wages.

When W. H. Perkins, who has recently returned from a European trip, was asked what he had noticed about free trade in Europe, he said:

"While in Brussels, Belgium, last summer I saw some skilled laborers making spiral steel car springs, such as we use on our freight cars. They received 60 cents per day, while our blacksmiths receive $2 for the same work. I asked the Belgian proprietor why he didn't pay more. He said: 'I am handicapped. When I get $100 worth of car springs into the New York harbor (for I sell my car springs in America) I have to salute your Yankee flag and give up $50."

"Where does that come from?" I asked.

"It comes off my men's wages," he said.

"But suppose America had free trade.

"Free trade!" he exclaimed, "Why I would flood the Yankees with car springs. I would treble my works to-morrow."

"But wouldn't that break our steel car-spring makers up?" I asked.

"Yes, for awhile."

"How long?"

"Why, till your men worded for 60 cents a day, as our men do,"

"But there are politicans in America," I said, "who advise the laboring men to vote for this same free trade."

"And the men listen?"

"Some ignorant ones do."

"Well," said the Belgian manufacturer, "instead of listening to a demagogue who would decrease their high wages down to the wages of our poor people, your American laborers ought to drive such a demagogue out of the country."—San Francisco *Chronicle*.

A Comet in the Sky.

The Brooks comet is in the sky about thirty degrees from the sun, so that it does not remain long above the horizon after sunset, and is quite faint even to observers. It is slowly approaching the earth and receding from the sun. It is now in the lower part of the great bear constellation, and is moving toward Leo. At present it is 42,000,000 miles from the earth and will be 2,000,000 miles nearer on the 25th inst. Then it will recede, and will probably be lost to view about the middle of September. Its path is not similar to that of any recorded comet, and it will probably not again return to the earth for thousands of years, if ever.

—Canoeing is not quite so popular this season as Tippecanoeing.

—One of the latest as well as one of the best things from Spurgeon is his reply to the question whether a man could be a Christian and belong to a brass band. "Yes, I think he might, but it would be a very difficult thing for his next door neighbor to be a Christian."

An Old Puzzle.

[Prefix a letter to the last word of the first line, and you will have the last word of the second line; then prefix a letter to the last word of the second line, and you will have the last word of third line; as old, cold, scold]

WHAT DID HE SELL?

The captain strode from fore to ——
As lordly on his simple ——
As though it were some noble ——.

He shouted, shoved and ordered ——
The floating warehouse brought to ——;
Then, changing tone from blunt to ——

He cried his cargo: "Tons of ——
Coals, linens, jewels, apples, ——!
Who'll buy my wares at any ——?"

And buyers came with eye and ——
Bought large or little, pearl or ——,
From book to barrel, spoon to ——.

He sold by inch and sold by ——;
Sold plow and screw, sold type and ——;
Sold muslin for a lady's ——;

Sold pipes of wine and casks of ——;
Sold drums and fifes the camp to ——;
Sold game from rabbit up to ——;

Sold fish, from salmon down to ——;
Lumber, for pencils and for ——;
Dishes, from silver cup to ——.

He sold to scribes and print ——;
To florists, lily bulbs and ——;
Sold sparrows cages stocked with ——.

He sold to sketchers, Indian ——;
Sold chains of gold and many a ——
That blacksmith's forge and teamster's ——.

He sold to seedsmen hemp and ——;
To milliners sold silk and ——;
To dentists' tools that pull or ——.

He sold to wear, to drink, to ——;
He vended cold and trafficked ——;
The venders voted him a ——.

The sale was out; the tide was ——,
The float, renewed by plank and ——
Again adown the stream did ——.

Biting the Finger Nails.

Dr. Jerome Tuthill, of Chicago, Ill. in the *Medical Record* says: A novel accident, resulting from a habit of very common prevalence among nervous people, was brought to my notice recently. A young lady presented herself at my office complaining of a constant irritation in her throat. Two weeks previously she had been taken with a severe "sore throat," which was treated by a neighboring physician. Under his care, she says, the inflammation quickly subsided, but there still remained a sensation of irritation. Examination revealed a small fleshy-looking object, about the size of a kernel of wheat, adherent to the tissues posterior to the left tonsil, by one end. The other parts of the throat was normal. The little mass could not be detatched by a cotton covered probe, but by the use of forceps it was easily removed, and on examination proved to be a piece of finger nail, which had become covered by a cheesy deposit. A broken piece of the nail was also removed from under the mucous membrane at the same spot by a sharp pointed probe. The patient then confessed to the habit of biting her finger nails, and, moreover, could remember that a day or two previous to the onset of her throat trouble a piece of nail which she had bitten off had become lost in her mouth, but after it had caused a fit of coughing she had forgotten about it until reminded by my discovery.

Curculio and Chinch Bugs.

Bulletin No. 4 of the Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station discusses some elaborate experiments in preventing curculio injury to cherries, and treats in a practical way the best midsummer remedies for the chinch bug, which has lately appeared in destructive numbers in Ohio. In the cherry experiment, which was conducted by the station entomologist, Clarence M. Weed, twenty-two thousand five hundred cherries were individually cut open and examined, and the conclusion reached that three-fourths of the cherries liable to injury by the the curculio can be saved, without danger to the user, by spraying with a solution to London purple soon after the blossoms fall.

The Old Man Ahead.

The old gentleman was entertaining a couple of friends at dinner with some very aged stories, when Bobby ventured to remark, between bites:

"Pa, what is a chestnut?"

"A chestnut, Bobby," explained the old gentleman, with great presence of mind, "is a small nut which grows on chestnut trees. They are very delicious when roasted without worms. I'll buy you some in the fall."

She Was Cold.

They were riding together in the moonlight, and he was trying hard to think of something pleasant to say. All of a sudden she gave a slight shiver.

"Are you cold, Miss Hattie?" he asked, anxiously. "I will put my coat around you if you like."

"Well, yes," said she, shyly, with another little shiver; "I am a little cold, I confess; but you needn't put your coat around me. One of the sleeves will do."

Hot Water for Ivy Poisoning.

A correspondent in *Scientific American* writes as follows:

Let me add my testimony as to the efficacy of hot water in curing the posion by ivy, The best way of applying it is to keep a spirit lamp under the tin containing the water as hot as the skin will bear. The sensation of relief from the intolerable itching is so immediate and so complete that it is almost worth while to be poisoned by ivy to experience it.

LOG CABINS were the most prominent feature of the Presidential Campaign of 1840. At the opening of the campaign, the opposition sneeringly proclaimed "Tippecanoe" Harrison is a low fellow, "born in a log c