

THE CITIZEN.

W. C. NESELEY - PROPRIETOR

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, 1889.

For each issue of the Citizen some extra copies are printed which are sent to citizens of the county who are not subscribers and their sub-subscribers.

Subscribers will do us a favor by sending in the names of their neighbors, not now having a copy of the Citizen.

Advertising Rates.

One square inch, \$1; each subsequent insertion, 50 cents. Every advertisement exceeding one-fourth of a column, \$2 per inch. Figures well done, rates reduced. Extra columns, weekly or monthly charges are made. Local advertisements 10 cents per line for first insertion, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion. War news and death notices must be accompanied by a responsible name.

All communications intended for publication in this paper must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not for publication but for identification.

Murders and death notices must be accompanied by a responsible name.

Echoes of the Reunion.

The trip of Gen. Rowley, of Pittsburgh to Butler was a particularly unfortunate one. On Thursday morning, by some mistake he went to the P. & W. depot in Allegheny instead of to the West Penn, and when he arrived at the depot, the same old Butler soldiers nobly thought that knew him and had to walk with a crowd of strangers up to the Court House. People who inquired for him at the West Penn depot here were told that he had not come. Then on account of the fatigue of the day he delayed going home till next afternoon, and was one of the worst injured by the accident at Seven Hills.

In their speeches at the Camp Fire, Thursday night almost all the visitors referred to the magnificent banquet and praised the work of both the ladies and decoration committee, and in justice to our fellow-citizens we note a fact that we did not know at the time, and that is that most of the work on the hall was done by Capt. Ayres, who gave three days of his time to its decoration.

THE 102d.

The following Butler Co. men, members of Co., II, were present at the reunion:

Capt. Holt W. Lyon, McKees Rocks.

Lt. A. J. Brinker, Allegheny.

Lt. C. Stewart, Parkersburg.

Sergt. Jno K. Kunkel, Pittsburgh.

Lt. C. Storer, Butler.

Lt. C. White, Washington.

J. A. Evans, Evans City, Pa.

M. J. Davern, Butler.

Capt. F. M. McQuistion, Butler.

S. V. Hutchinson, Aspinwall.

Jas. A. Wilson, Baldwin.

Wm. A. Smith, Butler.

J. F. Licksey, Somera.

Jos. B. Martin, Whitestown.

H. C. Martin, Hornbecker, Pa.

Jno C. Alexander, Baldwin.

Samuel Blaney, Oil City.

D. F. Critchlow, Ohio.

W. H. Morrison, Philadelphia.

J. B. Criswell, Butler.

D. B. Douthett, Brownsdale.

W. H. Duthie, Butler.

J. D. Duthie, Oil City.

Jas. Dods, Greer.

Geo S. Gibson, Somonburg.

J. A. Hawk, Buttercup.

R. H. Hawk, Somonburg.

O. Lewis, North Hope.

B. A. Lavery, Butler.

A. M. Lavery, Butler.

Jno S. Lavery, Butler.

Jno S. Murland, Magic.

J. Miller, Renfrew.

J. S. Martin, Brownsdale.

W. H. McQuistion, Butler.

W. H. McQuistion, Butler.

W. H. McQuistion, Butler.

W. H. McQuistion, New Castle.

Jno M. White, Allegheny.

W. Young, Ohio.

The Executive Committee met at Butler last Friday and passed the following resolutions regarding the reunion:

A CARD.

In behalf of Company H, 13th and Company H, 1924 Regiments, Pa. Volunteers, we publicly express their sincere gratitude to the noble ladies of Butler and vicinity, for their patriotism, their untiring and continued devotion to the soldiers of the blue, ministering to our visiting comrades in the most magnificent banquet in the history of Butler camp, on the occasion of the late reunion of the 13th and 1924 Regiments.

To Col. John M. Sullivan, Henry C. Heineken and the other members of the band that are closely connected in between the two regiments, the following resolution:

He is told that if he does not "squeal" on his accomplices he will surely be hanged.

On the other hand, he is quite certain that if he does "squeal" he will be murdered.

As he thinks it is safer to take his chance with a jury than with late members of the Clan-na-Gael, he will keep his mouth shut.

—See to it that you are registered and assessed on or before Sept. 5th, as that is the last day for registration for the election, Nov. 5th.

A new and distressing phase of the Johnstown disaster is brought to public attention by circulars sent out by the school board of the State. From one of these circulars we learn that Johnstown is unable to continue the education of her children this year without aid. It is impossible to secure the requisite money by means of taxation; the law will not allow the further increase of the school debt; and the money contributed for the flood sufferers cannot be used for school purposes.

The trial of Sullivan for prize fighting began at Purvis, Mississippi last Thursday, and several witnesses were examined who have been seen the fight between Sullivan and Kirkin. Among the witnesses were the Sheriff, who said he had tried to stop the fight, according to orders, but had been prevented by about three thousand people, and one of the Sheriff's deputies, who gave a lively account of the battle and swore to the laying of a wager in the ring. On Friday evening the jury came in with a verdict of guilty, and the next day the Judge sentenced his client to a term of six months in the county prison; but Sullivan's counsel claimed errors, and appealed the case. Sullivan gave bail in \$1,500 for his future appearance.

A Fairy Story.

The Tarentum Sun of last week tells the following story: Two weeks ago, Geo. W. Fulton arrived in Tarentum from Iowa. He had been away for many days on account of his old friend, F. A. Anderson, then left for his former home near Middlesex, Butler county. He was just on his way back from a thirteen years' absence in the West. During all this time, however, his friends had given him up for lost, as they received no word from him, and could learn nothing of his whereabouts. At the time of his disappearance, which bordered largely on the peculiar, he owned and resided upon a farm over in Butler county, and together with a young, hired boy cultivated and kept it well stocked. The only intimation of his intention to go back was given to this boy, whom he told to take care of the stock until his return and he would pay him a dollar and a half a week. And so he has, and the boy is still there, having his wages paid, weeks and years following months, the question of his prolonged absence became a matter of grave import.

In the meantime the boy stuck to the farm, watched over it, took care of the stock, grew up into manhood and doubtless learned to regard the whole outfit in some degree as one of his own possessions. Of late years the oil excitement had been keeping up pretty close to him, which of course had a tendency to greatly increase the value of the land. The young man was not slow to risk a "snap" on the prospects, and when the young man's bright eye turned to the oil fields, he was soon to be made.

This vigorous attack did not continue long until you, sir, with many others, unconsciously passed into the third heaven of delight, where words of emoji or description would be a mere mockery, as the person experiencing the pleasures of this third heaven "is invariably too full for utterance," so here the curtain drops. From this banque hall we are prepared to the Opera house, where an exceedingly interesting and instructive camp-fire was given, which will sit in mid-air, adding a grand source of pleasure and entertainment. This "hunching" of such executions is a good idea, since it emphasizes the fact that hanging is not played out.

Rose Kellerman is about cured of the rheumatism from which she has suffered for some time, by a Pittsburg curate, who, besides being a theologian, is also a physician and sends to France for all his medicine.

Emma Kimes is home from her visit to friends near Mercer.

NEMO.

You that came at your country's calling, And faced that battle line in gray,

With your dear old friends, that's broken,

And meet again our living slain.

Rally again around our banner,

Camp again with the boys in blue,

For them with a phantom manner

The old battle line of Sixty-two.

You that came at your country's calling,

And faced that battle line in gray,

With your dear old friends, that's broken,

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