## THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

## BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1889

## PUMPER JIM. Tuna Valley. They had collected at vaith the intention of march

Sheboygan, Wis., Nov. 12, ng to the head office of the Combined Pipe Lines Company in a body that repre sented the oil producers of the entire Har-ford region, and demanding that their oil anks be relieved. Failing to obtain this oncession the producers meant to take s. Every fowl fected with ossession of the lines, and run them for heir self-protection or destroy them. It was a beautiful May day, soft and

cured by it and a sure cure. It has saved H. A. KUENNE, Breeder of Fine Fowls. warm, and Jim Croffut felt indolent, as he sat outside of the pump station listening to the monotonous strokes of the big en Bakersfield, Cal., Oct. 13, 1888. ine sending the petroleum with a musical I have used St. Jacobs Oil for sorehead of lick into the main line. He had smoked chickens with prompt, permanent cure. One bottle will cure 10 to 15 chickens; 2 to 3 drops cures Wheezes. JAS. BETHAL. is pipe so lazily that it had gone out, but he still held the stem between his teeth.

A cheerful laugh roused him from his erie, and he swung forward, dropping GENERAL DIRECTIONS -- Mix a pill of bread or dough saturated with St. Jacobs Oil. If the fowl cannot swallow force it down the Wroat. Mix some corn meal dough with the Oil. Give e chair on its four feet. "Well, I declare, Jim, you are the sleepst man on the Tuna. You never can nothing else. They will finally eat and be cured.

ep your pipe going. "How d'ye do, Mrs. Stearns? Will you THE CHARLES A. VOCELER CO., Baltimore, Md. 'No, thank you; I'm on my way to the

Will you 'blige me by bringing me Low prices for honest, long-wearing Clothing will be a PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

plug of smoking tobaccy? I'm about out of that consolation." 'Certainly, Jim; but I do think you about the most easily consoled man I ever aw. Good-morning.

ATTORNEY AT LAW "Good mornin" No. 3, Anderson Building, Butler, Pa. He watched her tripping lightly over the round for a few moments, and then, re-uming his seat, muttered, "Perhaps not A. E. RUSSELL. easily consoled as you think, Widow ATTORNEY AT LAW. not only pioncers, but to-day's leaders in styles and qualities Main St. -near Diamond. tearns, when none but you can do it; and rit.I can't tell you, for it would seem like

ergitting Bill Stearns, and me and him was pards too long for that." wing that he would soon have a new Attorney at Law, Office at No. 17, East Jeffer son St., Butler, Pa. upply of tobacco, he knocked the ashes

in two shakes of a cat's acciden

ut of his pipe and filled the bowl, packing W. C. FINDLEY, from his coat pocket with thumb and fore-Attorney at Law and Real Estate Agent. Of ce rear of L. Z. Mitchell's office on north side The coat was still lying over his finger. knees, but he seemingly forgot to fumble in it for a match, while he rested his el-



FOR CHICKEN CHOLERA.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

P. W. LOWRY,

IRA MCJUNKIN.

19 Huron St.

he disease we

. VOL. XXVI

THE VERY PEOPLE WHO

HAVE THE LEAST MONEY

TO SPEND ARE THE ONES

OUR RELIABLE CLOTHING

**MEANS MOST TO** 

we have that at a low price.

Kemember the place.

FALL

With house rent a drag on you?

boon to your pocket-book and your back.

Suit we know of. Nobody else sells it.

-highest excellence and lowest prices.

and everyday wear combined it's wonderful value.

WILLIAM ALAND.

30 SMAIN ST.

family?

large?

Get an Iron-clad Cloth Suit at \$12. Strongest All-Wo

Get J. N. PATTERSON'S Cloth Suit at \$16. For dress

No matter how fine a suit you want for dress or business

J. N. PATTERSON'S.

One Price Clothing House,

THE

Now Ready For

Wonderful Display

Dress Goods, Trimmings, Shawls, Wraps.

and all kinds of Fancy and

Furnishing Goods.

AND

29 S. MAIN ST., BUTLER, PA.

UTLERSPA

Are your wages small.

Are you the head of

With marketing bills

tt'y at Law-Office at S. E. Cor. Main St, a jamond. Butler, Pa. Jim jumped to his feet and ran around he shed NEWTON BLACK.

Att'y at Law-Office on South side of Diamo JOHN M. RUSSELL,

Attorney-at-Law. Office on South side of Dia VISITORS. C. F. L. MCQUISTION,

SAMUEL M. BIPPUS.

Physician and Surgeon.

orses were tied to a tree at a short disance from the wreck, Jim went to the tor edo man and helped him to his feet. "I got a bad twist Pumper Jim; but I'm ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR, nankful that was all." OFFICE ON DIAMOND, BUTLER, PA. "Well, you are under obligashuns to be dad, for you come mighty near being a enger on the sky-high route. How

G. M. ZIMMERMAN. lid you get tied up that way, anyhow?" PRYSICIAN AND SURGEON 'Making a short-cut. I was going gen WINTER Office at No. 45, S. Main street, over Frank Co's Drug Store. Butler, Pa. e enough, but the wheel got twisted

happed. I dropped on the pipe, and hurt "You torpedo men are all durn fools,

he wagon, which, the torpedo man grimly

formed him, was loaded. When the

No. 10 West Cunningham St. By that time Jake was comfortable as BUTLER, PENN'A had constructed with a plank and two

Sit down, Mrs. Stearns, and rest up a gard to the others, she took no thought bit while I stop the pump. There ain't no until Jim called to her, use in squirt the grease on to the "I don't want any su "I don't want any supper to-night, Mrs.

Stearns, and you tell the other pumper I'll He looked at her flushed cheeks, and stay on for the night turn. knew that had it not been for the unusual "All right, Mr. Croffut; I'll tell him, bodily exertion she had undergone they Mrs. Stearns answered, and turned to go would have been pale, for he saw her fright home. Then she discovered the number of fined West, but certainly most amiable in her eyes and felt it in her tone. men who had been behind her. Her way "But you must run, Jim. They're comin' was blocked, and she had to step back to smash the pump, and if they find you avoid being tramped upon. The men in the

ere they might hurt you. "Did you bring the tobaccy, Mrs. front, who forced Mrs. Stearns nearer to "Certainly I did; but you must hurry

deliberate tones, he said. "Ben Harbaugh out of here. "No: I must stay here: but you must and you other men, you needn't think that you can find protection behind a woman, in soon as you give me the tobacey.' 'Oh, Jim, run! for they will kill you." for as sure as I live, if you come ten steps She got up, and put her hands on his further, I'll throw a can at you. shoulders pleadingly. "Why, Jim, you wouldn't kill

"Why, Jim, you wouldn't kill a woman!" "No, they won't. I'll just keep them Harbaugh exclaimed. away till they cool off, and then I'll come "Not intentionally; but I'm here to take home to supper, for they will go away." "If you don't go, I won't; for if they see care of this pump, as I told you, and don't you men come ten steps closer, that's all. a woman here they won't do any damage Mrs. Stearns had faced about, and was looking at Jim. She realized her danger.if for fear of hurtin' her."

he meant what he said, and when her eyes "You mustn' stay for that reason. They ould say Jim Croffut had got a woman to rested on his resolute face her cheeks blanched, and a shiver passed over her. protect him. You give me the tobaccy. The men behind seemed to disbelieve Jim, and run. "But, Jim-

for they were steadily advancing, while Jim was counting their steps: "One, two, "I'll take care of myself; and you must three, four, five, six, seven"-then he go now, but don't forget the tobaccy." "Here it is. Good-by, for I'd rather go stooped and litted a can-"eight, nine-Stop, or he will kill us!" shrieked the than have them think you a coward; but it

widow, seeing Jim swing the can, and her words called a halt. Jim lowered the can, sn't easy, Jim.' He had snatched the tobacco with a and awaited the next movement of the prouick "Thank you," and was climbing up ducers to the roof of the station on a ladder. In

"He's crazy," said Harbaugh, "and he one hand he carried a canof glycerine. When will throw those cans at us, sure. Let us he reached the platform that he had built fall back and wait till after dark. there as a sort of observatory, she was out In a minute the widow was left standing on the road. He waved his hand to her. and ran down the ladder. In a few minalone, her knees shaking, and her breath ng in short convulsive gasps. ates he had four cans on the platform, and

filled her eyes, and through the mist before | suid : then sat down to light his pipe. her she gave Jim a reproachful look; then "My! that woman hangin' on to my arms turned and walked slowly away. dustered me most. I'd rather face the t well with the crumbs which he picked whole mob of producers than have her so beseechin', for I don't git so shook up." mured, "and all for that old pump that He had not long to wait until he saw the producers coming. When he saw how uld be replaced in three weeks. She began to sob, not caring that many many there were of them, he ran down the men were looking at her, desirous only that bows on it. Again his preoccupation was ladder and locked the doors of the station; should not see her. Suddenly the then he went back to the platform. At growing darkness against the western hill-

the head of the crowd of angry men he side reflected to her eyes a yellowish tint. m and the speaker, who exclaimed: "Whoa, boys! don't kick, or we'll all be ed to inform Rogers of the torpedo man's She looked back. The big gas jet at the station was ablaze. Jim had taken advan-"Hello, Ben Harbaugh, what's up? oducers to light it, and the wide circle of "You, and we want you to come dow its light made the ground within one hun-

Before him lay a torpedo man, and open the doors. We want to examine dred yards of him almost as plain as it was brown from his box by the breaking of an the pump. 'Tisn't workin'. 'Oh, the pump's all right! I got lazy sle, and holding to the lines that guided is team. The horses instinctively stood and shut her down. Too hot to-day for gas jet gave him till, and Jim hastened to unhitch them even a pump to work.' As the darkness settled, the silence in st they should become restless and kick

"Well, you can suit your pleasure about the valley was broken only by the crickets, ettin' us in: we'll get in ourselves. Come and from toward Harford came the faint n, boys. sound of the whistle of a locomotive. Jim Harbaugh held up a light crow-bar as a oved restlessly on the small platform, f signal to the others to follow him, and

wishing the officers of the Lines would turned in from the road. "Jest wait a second, Harbaugh, and sounded, nearer this time, and Jim hoped ake a look at this." He rose to his feet that the approaching train bore to him reand held up a can. "That's a bomb. It's glycer'n, and if you fellers git too close o them doors, I'll drop it on your heads.

Harbaugh came to a halt, and the others darkness of the wood, and he fell prone erowded around him, peering at Jim, whose tall strong figure was in position the side. There was a shout from the mob mehow on the big pipe, and the axle for immediate action. They were angry as they charged on the pump station. and very determined, those men, and Jim heard the cry of onslaught, and stag-

would have laughed at a gun levelled at gered to his feet. By great effort he was able to appear strong in spite of the stream them, but the mention of glycerine made nyhow, Jake Burdin, and it's a wonder them pause. It has no aim, but scatters of warm blood on his leg. pere ain't more of you knocked into the death in radii from the point of its ex-"Stop, you devils, or I'll kill every one

Amiable Barbarians.

Theodore Child, in Harper's Maga From the Tsar down to the hun mujik, the Russians are more or less ba barians, from the point of view of the re n feet away. ans, so far as foreigners are co cerned. Their hospitality knows no limit o trouble is too great when it is a que tion of obliging a foreign visitor; rear were advancing and pushing those in charming as they are, you are constantl the station, she wondering what it meant, Jim made it plain to her when, in cold, real underlying nature by the stran ontrasts of delicacy and brutality, civilization and barbarism, which the daily life offers. To hear the Russians talk about the unwritten contemporary history of their social and national life

ervous manner, but was not flying at all. like listening to the stories of the Arabia Nights. The true narrative of Skobeleff's spot where the spider had dropped off, career and death, and the narrative of the nstances of the assassination of the from the ground. Here the wasp becam late Tsar, are far more thrilling and exvery much excited, and ran rapidly back traordinary than print has ever told. and forth about a minute. Then he took flight, flew to the root of the tree, where I As an example of the strange contras of real Russia we will cite two anecdotes saw him at first, and ran up the track man sat up and tried to beat the young that were related to us by a distinguished again. Soon he arrived at the jumping-off official, whose intention was certainly not place, and again became very excited, runto throw dust in our eyes, or even to as tonish us beyond measure. The conve ings nervously. Suddenly the wasp stop sation happened to turn upon General ped, and appeared to be thinking. Cer-Loris Melikoff, the famous chief of the tainly his actions bore out this conclusion for he closed his wings and dropped off the dreaded "third section." The Emperor, we were told by our informant, had given limb, just where the spider had dropped. Loris Melikoff unbounded power to act Arriving at the ground, he recomm against the Nihilists, and had virtually the search, and away he went, just exactly created him vice-Emperor, as Melikoff as a hound would have followed a deer. himself used to say. Now, Melikoff had After running about ten feet discovered that one of the leading Nihilist ground, he overtook his prey.

A Spider-Hunting Wasps.

chiefs was in the habit of frequently visit-The spider either saw or heard his ene ing Count Tolstoi, the novelist, and one ing, for without waiting to be over ny con day he went out to Tolstoi's country taken, he threw himself upon his back house. Before the visitor had an with his feet in the air, and in this posture

Tears himself, Tolstoi recognized him. waited the attack. The wasp lost no tim n beginning, but, to my "You are Loris Melikoff, chief of the to be somewhat afraid of the spider. The third section. Do you come to see me wasp took to his wings, and would fly "He would have thrown that bomb officially, or as a private man? If you cound and round the spider, and now and whether it had killed me or not," she mur- come officially, here are my keys; search; then make a sudden thrust at him. The open everything. You are free." "I come not officially," replied Melikoff.

and seemed to be trying to catch the wasp "Very good," answered Tolstoi; and The wasp was too agile, however, to be calling two mujiks, he said to them. caught. Suddenly the wasp made an at-'Throw this man out of the house !' ack, stung the spider, and in less than The mujiks obeyed Tolstoi to the letter half a second the spider was perfectly dead. and Loris Melikoff had to accept this Electricity could not have killed him quicktreatment, for in his way Tolstoi is a er. The wasp, after satisfying himself that s prey was dead, sat on the grass nearby nightier man than "our father the Tsar. tage of the momentary discomfiture of the In the eyes of the Russian people he is an and proceeded to rest himself, for his vioexceptional being, being more than a saint, lent efforts had exhausted him. After restand almost a saviour. ing about two minutes he approached the The mention of Loris Melikoff brought

pider, and, after examining him critically in the daylight. And in spite of her grief she was glad he had the protection that the with his antennæ, straddled him, and pro ceeded to bear him away. Just here I put in a say-so, and captured announced to him that the plague was wasp and spider, and immolated both to raging in two villages of the empire, and ordered him to do whatever was needful my scientific curiosity. This occurrence

with a view to stopping its ravages, at the would seem to show that the wasp can ame time giving him unlimited powers. track by smell, and can likewise re Thereupon Loris Melikoff went first else why did he drop from the limb? I re f all to the Minister of Finance, ingret to say that I neglected to keep th send a rescuing party. Again the whistle formed him that he should perhaps require spider and observe whether he had been eally killed, or only put into the lethargic a great deal of money in order to carry out andition into which our dirt daubers pu the Emperor's commands, and demanded lief from his trying position. While he a credit of fifty millions of rubles. The their spiders.

looked down the valley and listened for the runble of the cars, a flash illomined the I am not versed in entomology sufficient y to give the technical names of either then posted to the villages in question, and wasp or spider. The spider was very large, having observed the situation, he tele- his abdomen being about half an inch graphed for twenty fire-engines to be sent from the neighboring towns, had the pumps charged with petroleum, and or-

dered the firemen to approach the villages Mary Jane Had Him.

by night, inundate the cottages with pe troleum, set them on fire, and save no "You kin read writin', I presume?" eried, after we had talked for a while on body. The order was executed; the co weather, crops, and matter of you!" and he threw a can of glycerine tages and their few hundred inhabitants-"I hope so," I replied.

"Wall, then, mebbe, you'd like to read

The Man-eating Tigress.

NO.45

Not long since, while I was enjoying ndent writing he English Mechanic says: The notorious sta on the porch, my attention was sud onnsar man-eating tigress has at last been enly attracted by seeing a very large der running up the body of a tree about killed by a young forest officer. This The spider seemed to be tigress has been the scourge of the neigh very much excited and after he had run | borhood of Chakrata for the last ten year ap the body of the tree about six feet, he and her victims have been innumerabl an out on a side limb, and, after he had On one occasion she seized one ont of gone about eight feet out on this limb, he number of foresters who were sleeping to ropped off to the ground. No sooner had gether in a hut, carried him off. had struck the ground than he comliberately made him over to her cubs to neuced a headlong flight through the play with, while she protected their innocent gambols from being disturbed. His grass of the lawn. After he had run about five feet on the ground. I saw a very large companions were eventually forced to take wasp, about two inches long, following the track of the spider on the tree. The wasp Here they witnessed the following ghasily was running and flapping his wings in a tragedy.

The tigress went back and stood over the In a few minutes the wasp arrived at the prostrate form of her victim and purred in a cat-like and self-complacent way to her off, which, by the way, was about ten feet cubs, who were romping about and rolling over the apparently lifeless body. She then lay down a few yards off, and blinking eyes watched the gambols of her young progeny. In a few moments the brutes off. They were too young to hold him down, so he made a desperate attempt ning round and round, and flapping his to shake himself free, and started off at run; but before he had gone twenty yards the tigress bounded out and brought his back to her cubs. Once more the doomed wretch had to defend himself over again from their playful attacks. He made newed attempts to regain his freedom, but was seized by the old tigress and brought back each time before he had gone many yards. His groans and cries for help were heartrending; but the men on the tree were paralyzed with fear, and quite unable to

At last the tigress herself joined in the gambols of her cubs, and the wretched nan was thrown about and tossed over her head exactly as many of us have seen our domestic cat throw rats and mice about before beginning to feed on them. man's efforts at escape grew feebler. For the last time they saw him try to get away spider would, at these times, jump forward on his hands and knees toward a large fir tree, with the cubs clinging to his limbs This final attempt was as futile as the rest, The tigress brought him back once again and then held him down under her fore paws, and deliberately began her living meal before their eyes.

It was this formidable oung Cooper's Hill officer and a student attacked on foot. They were working m her trail, fifteen yards apart, when sudde ly Mr Osmaston heard his younger con panion groan, and, turning round, saw him borne to the ground by the tigress. Mr. Osmaston fortunately succeeded in shoot ing her through the spine, and a second ball stopped her in midspring. Meantime mion rolled over the hill, and wa his con eventually discovered insensible a few feet away from his terrible assailant. He is terribly mauled, but hopes of his recover

The Effect of Tight Clothing.

Now that rational ideas as to dress have equired a definite place in public esteem. may be imagined that the practice of tight lacing and customs of a like nature known at all, are not what they used to be. A case of sudden death lately report long.-L. S. Frierson, in Popular Science ed from Birmingham proves that it is too early to indulge in such illusory ideas. The deceased, a servant girl of excitable aperament, died suddenly in an epilep toid fit, and the evidence given before the coroner respecting her death attributed the fatal issue to asphyxia, due in a great measure to the fact that both neck and waist were unnaturally constricted by her clothing, the former by a tight collar, the

