

THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXVII

BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1890.

NO 17

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Near Postoffice, Butler, Pa.
Advertisements in the CITIZEN

Won the "Wilder" Over.

(Opie P. Read, in Baltimore Sunday News.)
As nearly as I can remember the following is an experience related to me by Peter S. Sorrells, the well-known railroad builder.

We were building a road through an exceedingly wild section of country. We had experienced a great deal of trouble, not in securing the right of way from the State, but in satisfying the people that we would not destroy the patches of ground which they were pleased to term farms. I had charge of the advance construction gang, and to me fell the unpleasant duty of smoothing into compliance the bristles of opposition.

Early one morning, just as I had finished eating breakfast, one of the men came back from the "front," a short distance away, and informed me that we had "struck another snag." I hastened forward and soon came upon the "picket line," as the breakers of the right of way were called.

"What's the matter now?" I asked, addressing a man who stood leaning on his spade. He said nothing, but pointed to a woman who sat on a log near by. She was the hardest-looking specimen of femininity I had ever seen. Her coarse hair, tangled into snarls, looked like crab grass in the wake of a whirlwind. She had a dress of rather coarse material, with a sort of dingy tea-dish cloth. But the most noticeable thing about her was a double-barrel shot gun which she held across her lap.

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"How?"
"By coming along here with a fete-taken railroad and spilling my milk an' butter."

"I don't understand you."
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"Yes you do. You know you've sent him after the sheriff, but that don't make no difference, for he's a fool, an' me, any way. Tried to try on my cow once an' he broke one of his arms. It do 'pear like everything rises right up agin a body's milk an' butter, an' now here comes a railroad. Here, yon red-headed man, don't stand no closer to that spring house, or the very next next day Puss will run over by steer, an' Toke was snake bit, and now here comes the tamed railroad. What'd that nigger do?"

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"You Puss an' Bob an' Moll an' Jule, come down here as fast as you ken an' fetch the tooth brushes. Paul, you an'

Thin Macadam Roads.

Mr. James Owen, county engineer of Essex County, N. J., under whose direction the admirable macadam roads of Orange have been, sends the following communication on their construction to the Engineering and Building Record.

"We have been engaged in the construction of park roads in Brooklyn, when the thickness of pavement was never less than sixteen inches, laid on a bed of 12 inches of sand, and was undoubtedly a Telford pavement. When, however, I had to introduce in New Jersey a more economical system, I decided on a depth of 12 inches, 8 inches of pavement and 4 inches of broken stone; between 30 and 40 miles were constructed of this depth in the avenues radiating from Newark through the Rices and Montclair. They have stood the wear and tear for sixteen years, admirably, of course with proper repairs, and in only two or three instances did the foundation ever show.

These roads were county roads, and really main arteries have been built in the local communities decided to build their own roads, the divergence of opinion and the result has been in the same ratio as the thickness. The Orange road 10 to 12 inches of pavement and 4 inches of broken stone; between 30 and 40 miles were constructed of this depth in the avenues radiating from Newark through the Rices and Montclair. They have stood the wear and tear for sixteen years, admirably, of course with proper repairs, and in only two or three instances did the foundation ever show.

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Burial Treatment.

"I saw that man buried forty years ago," the remark was made by Sergeant Curtis a few days since, says the Atlanta Constitution, and as he spoke he pointed to a sturdy looking man of middle age who was walking down the street.

"Well, it is a curious story. On a farm adjoining the one on which I was born lived one Uncle Billy Christian, a good man and true as ever lived. Uncle Billy had a son who was a good deal older than myself. This young man was unfortunately afflicted with acute inflammatory rheumatism. All over his body his flesh was just like a boil, and he suffered agonies and tortures untold. Old Uncle Billy owned a woman named Aunt Betty, who was a fine old woman, and she took care of him. One day I was sent over there to get some weaving that she had done for our family, and while there I saw young Christian buried. Somebody told the family that they would dig a hole and bury young Christian in the earth for forty-eight hours, first putting on him a mixture of turpentine and other homely medicines, it would cure him. Like anybody else, they decided to try the remedy as a last resort, and they went to work to carry out the heroic measure. Well, sir, when I got there they had dug the hole and placed the poor fellow in it, all but his head, which was not affected, and after packing the dirt around him, they remained to watch the effects of the cure. He endured the confinement for the prescribed period, although suffering intensely during the whole time, and when they took him out he hardly looked like the same man. But from that day forward he began to improve. The rheumatic affection disappeared, he began to fatten up, and finally he became as sound and hearty as any man in the community."

"And that is the man?"
"That is he. Years have passed since then, and I have never seen him again. The testimony of the efficacy of the burial treatment in cases of inflammatory rheumatism."

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Remarkable Surgery.

To a New York hospital was brought lately a little lad of 6 years, suffering from epilepsy. A hurt to his head a year or two before was believed to be the cause. It was put into his arms, which way he was with him, and carefully watched.

For some time he remained. Every convulsion was noted. It was set down in a book how the attacks seized him, which way he threw up his arms, which way he tossed his head, and carefully watched the prostrations.

The surgeon in attendance decided, from a study of these notes, that the injury to the child's head had caused a lesion in a certain part of the brain, and that was the source of the epilepsy. He located to his satisfaction the spot where the brain lesion existed.

On a given day an operation was performed. The boy was rendered insensible by ether. Then a piece of his skull was delicately and skillfully cut out over the lesion. The piece of skull was deposited in a vessel of warm, sterilized water while the operation was in progress.

It was a moment of intense interest when the skull was removed. The surgeon had located it, was the wound had expected. The injured part was removed by the surgeon's knife, the circular piece of skull quickly and skillfully sewn on again, the head bandaged and the little patient allowed to come to life.

To prove that the surgeon was right in his diagnosis as to the cause of the epilepsy, the convulsions ceased after the injured brain was removed, and the child was recovering rapidly at last accounts.

Girls Not So Anxious to Wed.
One of the most striking features of the century now dragging to a close, to those who can remember clearly the last thirty years, is the changed attitude of the fairer sex toward the world and its affairs. Then the ambition of every young woman was to be married. Marriage was success in life, spinsterhood was a failure. Nothing but some pronounced and approved misanthrope in life could excuse single blessedness in woman.

Today our young girls are more likely to seek a desire to be self-supporting and independent. The term "old maid" is no longer obnoxious to them. They pass for practical education. The girls of the family are often more earnest students than the boys. They think more of making their own living than they do of making an advantageous match. They envy those of their sex who make good incomes by the work of their hands and brains instead of disparaging such work. — *Detroit Free Press.*

— *Rev. Dr. Talmage* has been roaming over the stamping ground of King Solomon, and he championed that when the beam of that eminent man and Napoleon of finance was at its height, it possessed \$3,000,000,000 in gold and \$145,000,377 in silver. This is several times more money than would pay the entire debt of the United States. When the Queen of Sheba visited him it is no wonder that "there was no more spirit in her" when she inspected his 4,000 stalls for horses, his 700 herd of wives, and his hired help without number. If Solomon were living now in this country, no wonder that he would be visiting him in that world would be his unnecessary and inconvenient stock of wisdom.

— The anthracite and soft coal miners of this State have had a bad holiday season this winter. The mild weather has caused a weak market; the mines are being shut down all around, and the decreased demand does not promise that work will be renewed.

— When Patti, the singer, was in Chicago lately some of the swells put on the bell boys' coats and ran up to do her bidding just to get a glimpse of the cantatrice "at home." The Misses, remarked with surprise, that many of the bell boys "wear diamonds." And all this curiosity to get a daylight glimpse of a woman 45 years old who dyes her hair!

— The South is sincerely mourning the death of young Editor Grady. The best way to honor his memory would be to accept his teachings. Besides exhorting the Southern States to cease to dwell on the past and hold fast in accepting the lesson of failure, it was he who characterized Abraham Lincoln as "the first typical American, the first who comprehended himself himself all the strength and gentleness of his majesty and grace of this republic."

The People
are not slow to understand that, in order to warrant their manufacturers in guaranteeing to benefit or cure, medicines must possess more than ordinary merit and curative property. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the only blood medicine sold, through druggists, under a positive guarantee that it will benefit or cure or money paid for the return of a man or woman, skin and scalp diseases, and for all blood-related affections, it is specific.

\$500 Reward offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for an incurable case.

Flooring His Pa.
Johnny—Say, pa, are you in favor of the bible in the public school?
Father—Of course. Why do you ask me?
Johnny—'Cause I notice you never have one in the house.

— The new Sultan of Zanzibar favors a good understanding with Germany, and the agents of the East African Company count upon his support.

— Miss Charity— "Is your husband dictating to the late alcoholic stimulant?"
Recipient of Alms— "No, indeed, mum, not he; his only fallin' is drinkin'."

— While they are producing an elixir to make old people younger, it would be a great blessing if they could get up some thing to make some young people older.