

12 Years Sentence.

Twelve years experience for your benefit. For twelve years we have been in the buggy business and in all that time not a single individual has accused us of misrepresenting the quality of a vehicle sold.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

SAMUEL M. BIPPUS, Physician and Surgeon. 300 West Cunningham St. DR. N. M. HOOPER, 127 E. Wayne St., office hours, 10 to 12 M. and 1 to 3 P. M.

WOMANHOOD.

Lightly slept she on the threshold of her 22nd and twentieth year. She had not the world before her—naught of a dream to dream of.

IN A FLUME.

A Miner's Thrilling Ride Down a Mountain. "Night had come and a wind from the south arisen. I noticed a mass of clouds in the west, and the mountain and its outer edge had touched the line of the flame.

INCENTIVES TO EXPLORATION.

They are Various and Not at All Connected to the Love of Discovery. Every year the hunt for the precious metals and the shining stones grows sharper, until the plateau of Tibet and the further isles of the eastern archipelago are almost the only likely places where the agents of European governments are to be seen.

TALKS ABOUT HORSES.

Little old good horse-flesh and keep it well. Sudden starting of loads, and slipping when the roads are icy, cause more sprains than anything else com-

SOUND OF A SUNBEAM.

Even the Rays of Light Have a Way of Making Themselves Heard. One of the most wonderful discoveries in science that has been made within the last year or two, says the Yankee Blade, is the fact that light produces sound.

FOR APPLE PICKING.

How to Fasten Two Ladders Together at the Top. To avoid injury to trees by leaning ladders against them a self-supporting double ladder has been invented.

Remember the place and remember we are the first and only persons who had enough energy within themselves and confidence in their ability to bring down the price and depend on increased sales to compensate them.

S. B. MARTINCOURT & CO.

This Is The Lowest Price Ever given on a

Bed Room Suite

Solid, Polished Oak, glass 26x30, beveled plate, for \$23.00.

Our Bed Room Suite for \$9

You can't get elsewhere for less than \$23 to \$25. We don't only offer the above goods at low prices, but anything in our store away down in price.

FURNITURE

Campbell & Templeton, 136 N. Main St., - - Butler, Pa.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS ONLY

JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, Purchasers can save from 25 to 50 per cent by purchasing their watches, clocks and spectacles of

J. R. GRIEB, The Jeweler, No. 125 N. Main St., Duffy Block.

Sign of Electric Bell and Clock. All are Respectfully Invited -Remember our Repairing Department—20 years Experience.—

Presidential Campaign of 1892.

GRAND INDUCEMENTS TO READERS OF THE CITIZEN.

The Presidential Campaign of 1892 will, without doubt, be the most intensely interesting and exciting in the history of the United States, and country people will be extremely anxious to have all the news and political news and discussions of the day as presented in a National Journal, in addition to that supplied by their local paper.

NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE The Leading Republican Paper of the UNITED STATES.

THE CITIZEN, BUTLER, PA.

J. J. DONALDSON, Dentist. Butler, Penn'a.

DR. S. A. JOHNSTON, DENTIST. - - BUTLER, PA.

C. F. L. MCQUISTON, ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR.

H. Q. WALKER, Attorney-at-Law.

J. M. PAINTER, Attorney-at-Law.

A. T. SCOTT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

A. M. CHRISTLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

NEWTON BLACK, Attorney-at-Law.

J. W. HUTCHISON, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

IRA McJUNKIN, Attorney at Law.

W. C. FINDLEY, Attorney at Law.

H. H. GOUCHER, Attorney-at-Law.

L. S. McJUNKIN, Insurance and Real Estate Ag't.

BUTLER, - PA. BUTLER COUNTY Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

H. C. HEINEMAN, SECRETARY.

LOYAL S. McJUNKIN, Agent.

DR. JOHNSTON'S IMPROVEMENT IN DENTAL PLATES.

AT BEDTIME I TAKE A PLEASANT HERB DRINK

LANE'S MEDICINE

WANTED LADY

LD Tuolmme! Well, well! So are from old Tuolmme.

"Why is my partner was among them. He lived there for some time.

"I was never met than was my partner, up there in the Sierras, years and years ago.

"The sun had gone down beneath the leasurably swell of the old Pacific ocean, after dimming over the hills of San Francisco and setting upon the roofs and towers of all her edifices a rich golden mist which here and there, upon western window and burnished spire, burned like a sunset ready for the night, before the story began.

"In the spacious courts of the Palace hotel we gathered, and seating ourselves in comfortable chairs, we talked in the conventional fashion, my friend began:

"We were goldseekers in the days of long ago, my partner and I. On that particular day we were doing a little prospecting, but our main occupation was hunting. We got separated after clambering up the Sierras. I heard a cry from my left, and saw a flash of light, and the noise of a great struggle. Soon a crash sounded as though great bodies had fallen with pieces of rock. I hurried in the direction of the noise, and as I approached I heard moans in the distance. Reaching the edge of a precipice I looked down and there I saw my partner. He was leaning against a rock of large dimensions about fifteen feet below me.

"I clambered down and succeeded in removing the rock which he faintly away. His leg had been broken and was partially crushed in the fall, and the bear which he had fought was still farther down, limping away, having fallen with him but tumbled to lower distance. I gathered him up and clambered above where there was a small rivulet of water. I bathed his face, examined his limb and found him to be in a critical condition. I had no food signs of a lumber camp in the vicinity and started for it, carrying my partner.

"Two men were there and they assisted me in easing the wounded man. We dressed his leg, but he had not endured as great and the wound seemed to be of so serious a character as to make us think that possibly amputation would be necessary. After awhile I became convinced that he must have the care of a surgeon if we were to save his life. We examined our skill. But where should we find a surgeon?

"There was a small town twenty-seven miles away at the base of the mountain. But how could we reach it and return in time? It would take me nearly five hours to go down and not much less than that to get back. I carried horses for a portion of the distance, and the operation ought to be performed without delay.

"Ten hours! He would be a dead man in that time if nothing more was done for him than what he could do. One of the men remarked that if the flame were to reach the person who had risked his life might start to town down at 'Just the thing,' I said. 'No, it is out of the question. The flame has not been examined for some time. We were to have it inspected in a few days and send down our logs, insisted the logger. But this man lying there approaching the brink of death was my partner. We had summered and wintered together, and he was as good as the gold. He had befriended me when we were not so well acquainted as now. We had shared many perils together, and he was most in my regard, of all men. Besides, he was helpless now and in great danger. What was I as a friend if I would not take the risk?

"I soon learned that the flame was all right so far as the men knew, only it had not been inspected for some time, and it should be before they went down and a single log. I made up my mind to go down the flume.

"Did you ever see one of those log flumes of the Sierras?"

"I replied that I had seen flumes which came down from the mountains to the Columbia river, carrying wood for the steamers and also lumber, and that I had seen those long flumes which carried lumber from distant heights for mining and irrigation purposes.

"Well," said he, "these log flumes are stronger. They are quite common, and they are from two miles to fifty-five miles long. They are constructed in the shape of a V out of two-inch plank securely bolted together and placed firmly on a trestle. The sides of the flume are about two feet high, and the water about ten inches deep that usually pours down. The decline is quite steep, say eighteen or twenty inches to the thousand, but in some places makes more than that. This flume ran some-

thing into twenty-three miles, and the town was almost a mile below us. My ride was to be nothing like that. The millionaires J. G. Fair and J. C. Flood, in company with an old stern man, once indulged in downing a flume fifteen miles long. They took every precaution and made everything as secure as possible, having at the top a large iron wheel with a rope fastened to a hair's breadth with their lives. With the same motive it would have been the same for me. I was to be carried down the flume. What madness was that for a man to take the chance on making that terrific descent, uncertain whether the line of the flume was continuous or not? The sagging of the line, the rattling of a plank on the fall of a tree across—any one of fifty possible things would be enough to hurt me into eternity and thoroughly thwart my purpose.

"There was my partner, whose case was every instant becoming more and more critical. He was growing delirious, having bruised his head in the fall. My heart was about to break, and I examined an old boat which had been used for the purpose of carrying lumber. It would serve my purpose. I was ready to start. Leaving my partner in the care of one of the men, after telling him to take the man to the doctor, I came out of the rough log cabin again in company with the other man, who was to turn on the flood-gate at the reservoir when I would be ready.

"Night had come and a wind from the south arisen. I noticed a mass of clouds in the west, and the mountain and its outer edge had touched the line of the flame. And at the same instant there touched my ears the faintest sound of a gun. Following upon this came a sharp report, which was preceded by an ugly burst of lightning, which seemed to cut a path through the air, and my host and told the man I was ready. The old reservoir gate creaked as the man worked at it. A thin stream of water fell from the opening, and I saw my boat. I was firmly fixed within it, watching the white line as it shot ahead of me. The stream increased. It touched the side of the mountain, and the full tide struck me and away I shot. It fairly took my breath away for the first few rods. The velocity of the water, the rushing and swirling and my brain began to reel, while everything began to run together in a universal chaos about me. I knew that I was in danger, and I was afraid to look back. 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