VOLXXXI

THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

ward.
"No. Give us another shot."

another result this time. The steamer

THE DUEL.

Again the word was given; both pis

upon the ground.

Both doctors were instantly kneeling

Mr. Rostock looked at the group

Mr. Bostock's face was getting

white, and an expression of pain crossed it. His friend caught him as he was settling down to the ground.

One of the doctors hurried over and laid the sufferer on the grass.

"He hit me the last time," said Bostock, faintly. "Look at the chest."

The doctor tore open vest and shir and found the bullet hole. He inserted

the probe. Then he administered a

"How is it, doctor?" the wounded

"I don't wish to alarm you, sir; but

upon your keeping quiet."
His remonstrance was not heeded.

"I want you all to know," cried the wounded man, "that I never wanted to kill him. You saw the chance I gave

him. I could have put my first ball through his head just as easily as through his hat, if I'd wanted. He had a chance then to take back the damna-

a chance then to take back the damnably insulting words that he whispered to me at my own table. I wanted him just to say: 'Mr. Bostock, I'm sorry that I said it, and it was not true,' and I would have taken his hand. But no, he must die, repeating the insult.

"what were those words that you claim were so insulting?" "Not another word!" the doctor

"I can't tell you," Bostock faintly "You must not know what h

said. Nobody must know. The fool!
—what tempted him? Say, Dorian—
all of you—remember!—I have made

no will-but my child, Coralie, will

"DON'T TRY TO TALK," THE DOCTOR SAID

have it all-the plantations here and

CHAPTER IL

As has been said, the scenes de

scribed in my first chapter were not witnessed by me. But I had seen and known one of the chief actors long be-

fore that memorable morning. I had seen and known him under circum-stances that make it necessary to a due

comprehension of the narrative to state where, when and how.

It was five years before. To be ex-

act, it was the spring of 1848. I was

and he fell back in a faint.

"Silence and quiet, at the peril

The fool would rush on his fate. "Mr. Bostock," said the friend of the man who lay dead a few yards away,

bullet had traversed the brain

"Is he dead?" he asked. His friend came over to

"Yes," he said.

man asked.

# ·BARGAINS · THE KIND

There was never a time when people were looking for bargains so much as at the present time and BICKEL'S bargains were never so attractive as they are now. Our entire stock of Fall and Winter goods have arrived and are open and ready for your inspection. Bargain seekers will have the grandest opportunity the have ever had to select what they may wish from an immense stock of Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods

NOTE THE PRICES	5:	
350 pair men's kip, D. S. and tap, box toe boots, ha	nd made	\$3.50
400 " " plain toe "	."	3.00
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218 pair boys' hand made kip boots -,	-	2.50
674 " kip boots	1.25	to 2.00
465 pair men's every day shoes -	- 90c	to 1.75
212 pair boys' "	75C	to 1.40
118 pair women's oil grain lace shoes	-	90
690 " " button " -	-	1.00
175 " veal kip lace shoes -		85
100 pair misses' " " -	-	75
300 " oil grain shoes -	-	90
150 pair ladie's fine dongola shoes, Rochester make,	price 3.00	at 1.50
460 " hand turn " "		at 2.00
300 " kid button shoes -	-	90
190 pair misses' " -	-	. 85
500 " grain and calf school shoes	-	75
300 pair infant shoes	-	10
Gilt Edge and Atrose fine oil dressing, per bottle	-	25
"Bickel" fine shoe polish	_	10
Russian cream dressing for tan shoes -	-	15
	Them A	All.#-

Men's first quality rubber boots, light weight Ladie's Men's heavy overs, first quality 500 pair men's fine specialty rubbers Men's self-acting or imitation sandals Ladie's finest grade rubbers, eight styles Croquets or imitation sandals Misses' finest grade rubbers croquets or imitation sandals

Our stock of rubber goods is larger than ever before, all styles, men's short, knee and hip boots. Same styles in boys' and youths' boots. All styles of men's and ladies Arctics and Alaskas, and childrens and misses storm rubbers.

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I have just returned from the Easten shoe market where bought for cash a large line of Boots, Shoes and Rubbers, and in er to introduce myself I am going to make very low prices.

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Cheaper than ever at

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> See our line of Men and boys' Kip Boots. Our line of Women's Calf and Oil Grain Sepia, Pastel, &c. In this line we have Shoes. Our Children's Waterproof by hand in our own Studio, from sittings School Shoes. We will save you your or from photos. Our work has reached the highest standard of excellence and car fare to Butler on a single pair of is not to be compared with the cheap ma-

# AL RUFF.

114 S. MAIN STREET.

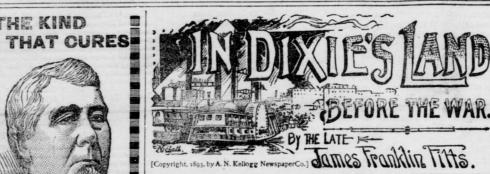
- - BUTLER, PA. Planing Mill

## The Fair is Coming. S.G. Purvis & Co. OUR SHOES ARE DOWN.

60 pairs of Ladies' fine Oxferds Eddys & Webster's make were 2.75 60 pairs of Ladies' fine Oxferds Eddys & Webster's make were 2.75 now only 1.90. 200 pairs of Ladies' shoes Eddy & Webster's make hand SHINGLES, LATH turned and welt were 4.50 and 5.00 now only 3.75. 1 lot of Ladies' shoes hand turned were 2.25 and 2.50 now only 1.90. 1 lot of Oxfords ties only 60 cts. All children's Red and tan shoes at 85 cts, were 1.00 and 1.25. 1 lot Men's Cordovan welt shoes Strong & Carrell make were 5.50 now only 4.65. 1 lot Men's French calf shoes Strong & Carrell make were 5.50 now only 3.90. 1 lot Men's Dongola were 2.25 now 1.65. 1 lot Men's double sole and tap were 2.00 now 1.45.

All Shoes Down to Rock Bottom Prices at

ROBINS BROS.



ography. I, Dorr Jewett, am the narrator. I am a native of New Hampshire; but the larger part of my life has been passed in in order that my

Torturing Eczema,

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA

1.75 appreciate clothes

والله والله

Tailor.

Aland,

BLANKETS

And everything in

NOTICE.

ors opposite the Hotel Lowry, Cor, Main

and Jefferson Sts., Butler, Pa. This will

be the best lighted and equipped Studio

and galleries in the the county. The work

new formulas by the artist himself, who

Portraits in Oil, Crayon,

will be strictly first class and made und

chine made pictures furnished by other

Wait for us; get your pictures from us and

Rough and Planed Lumber OF EVENY DESCRIPTION,

& SEWER PIPE.

ENGINES.

Butl er, a

has had 15 years practical expe-

horse and buggy fur-

nishing goods-Har-

here.

them.

LOSS OF APPETITE

time-stained copy of the Vicksburg Daily Citizen of April 6, 1853, lies before me. After the occurrence of cer-tain events with which future chapters will deal, I took the trouble to secure this paper, and have ever since pre-served it. In its columns is a brief and rather unsatisfactory reference to an af-fair which had excited large interest in We are pleased

\$2.50
1.75
appreciate clothes

fair which had excited large interest in that part of Mississippi. I was not a witness of it; and the description afterward given to me by one of the actors in it was so much more in detail than the newspaper account that I prefer to adopt the former in setting this landmark at the outset of the story.

If you follow the left bank of the life was already as the view of the story of the story. appreciate clothes
that are comfortable
and fit correctly,
that our selection of
Fall patterns are

If you follow the left bank of the
piver down to a point where the Vicksburg bluffs sink to the ordinary level
of the river banks, you will come out
upon a beautiful grassy glade overlooking the water. Some small elms
and cottonwoods made a pleasant
shade bordering the road; a wide strip
of land, possibly thirty rods across,
lay between the highway and the river
bank.
So early upon the morning of the

Fall patterns are So early upon the morning of the 3d of that April that the sun had not yet shown his rim above the trees, They are three horsemen came at a brisk trot down the road, stopped at this grove, dismounted, and tied their horses. "The other people are not here yet," one of the men observed. "There's handsome and moderate priced. See

time enough. Ah! there they are." Three more horsemen approached from the opposite direction. They also halted here, and fastened their horses.

All of the six were dressed in white duck suits, for the weather of that spring had come on hot. Two of them carried each one a case of mahogany wood, and these two, after saluting each other, came together in earnest conversation. Two of the others also approached and shook hands, and the prefix "doctor" was exchanged between them.

"A disagreeable business," one observed.

"Indeed it is. I hope we shall neither of us be needed."

"I hope so—but fear it will be otherwise. They say both are good shots.

You brought your instruments?"

FRANK KEMPER, You brought your instruments?"
"Yes; I carry them in a large pocket
in my saddle-flap." "All right; my darky is on the way with mine. Now what are Dorion and Basnet about?"

These two, each with his mahogan case under his arm, had drawn off out of hearing. But as my account of the whole affair came from one of them, their conversation may be stated here. "Has this thing really got to go on?" "I suppose so—unless your man will withdraw his challenge."

"He can't do that. To do it would ness, Collars, Whips. be to confess that he never had any grounds for it." Dusters, Saddles, etc.
Also trunks and valises.
Repairing done on short notice.

grounds for it."
"And, do you know, Mr. Castex says that he never did have any ground for the challenge. But Bostock put the affront on him in such a public manner, and in his own house, too, that he swears he'll fight, unless the challenge is absolutely withdrawn, without explanation." Dusters, Saddles, etc.

planation. The largest assort-"Well, it's an absurd thing! Duels I have been concerned in, have fought three or four myself, but never before ment of 5-A Horse blankets in town will was I engaged in one where nobody but the principals knew what the prov-ocation was; and one of them insists be found at Kemper's.

that there was none. It seems like "Look at your man; he acts as though

he were too angry this minute to contain himself." The principals to this meeting had bowed in the most distant manner upon reaching the ground. Then Mr.

Castex sat down, propped his back against a tree, lit a cigar, and smoked it as lazily as though his spirits were perfectly unruffled by the prospect of the coming encounter. Mr. Bostock, on the contrary, walked nervously about, switching at the grass with his cane, and occasionally turning upor his nonchalant antagonist a glance that was decidedly savage.

The seconds resumed their consulta

"Is it worth while to try to get a explanation?"
"Not in the temper your man is in I should say; not without a shot. We will stand them up once, and the first exchange may lead to an arrange

"If it don't put one or both of ther beyond the reach of arrangements, muttered the other. "Well, come on." muttered the other. "Well, come on."

Messrs. Basnet and Dorion crossed
the road; the others followed them.
The first rays of the sun glanced
through the trees; the delicious har
mony of birds shook the air; the throbbing of the engines and splash of the
paddle-wheels of a boat ascending the
river were reinfully district. river were painfully distinct.

Mr. Dorion thrust a small stick into
the turf and deliberately measured off

ten paces, marking the limit in the same way.
"Will you toss for position, Mr. Bas-

The other tossed up a coin. "Heads!" cried Dorion, and both bent over the Lumber Yard "You win, Mr. Castex. Please make

your choice."

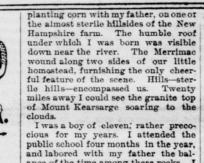
The person addressed walked to one of the sticks; his adversary walked to the other. Contrasting them as they thus stood face to face, Bostock appeared tall, broad shouldered and ruddy; Castex slighter in build, sallow of face and with a decidedly sinister ession on it. xpression on it.

The pistols were taken from their ases; one was delivered to each com-

patant. The doctors retired to where the horses were tied. The seconds went to the road. "Please observe the conditions." Mr. Baste said, in a loud voice. "Each man to hold his weapon perpendicularly up or down—so! The word will be, 'Fire!—One—Two—Three.' There must be no shot before the first word or after the last. Do you understand?"

"Are you ready?"
"Ready."

"Yes."



and labored with my father the bal-ance of the time among these rocks. I went to "meeting" on Sundays in the old edifice on top of a high hill, on the steeple of which a veering wooden codfish denoted the direction of the "Fire!—One—"
The last words were drowned by the report of the pistols. The straw hat worn by Castex was seen to turn upon his head; he took it off, and exhibited wind, and saved the people from the profanation which a cross in that place would have caused. I listened to the choir, elevated to a fearful a bullet hole through the crown.

"Are you hurt, Mr. Bostock?" his friend eagerly asked, running for height in the rear gallery, as they thundered forth resounding anthems and fugues. I heard the doleful-visaged and drawling-voiced minister pray forty minutes at a stretch, and preach "No. Give us another shot."
"It is time now for me to say a word," said the friend of Mr. Castex, coming up. "He does not instruct me; I interfere because it seems something like murder to allow this difficulty to go any further. Mr. Bostock, my principal, has accepted your challenge he ninety, frequently devoting nine-tenths of the whole race to exquistle and eternal torment. I had a thirst for knowledge that the public school could not supply. A stray copy of the Boston Daily Journal, coming like an enchanter from the outside world, cometings stimulated this thirst. cipal has accepted your challenge be-cause he comes of a race of fighting men; his father was killed at Watersometimes stimulated this thirst. I loo; he wants no imputation upon his own courage. He has come here and has exchanged shots with you, declarsometimes simulated this thirst. I was generally regarded as "a green boy," "an odd stick," etc.; and I once heard of Deacon Halleck telling my father that a boy with such outlandish notions as Dorr ought to be ing to me that you have no just cause of offense against him. Whether you have or not nobody but you two can whipped regularly twice a week. Doubtless I should have been, had the deacon been given the ordering of me know. The language which gave you offense was uttered in your own house, at your own table. What it was, no one heard but you. Both of you ought now to be satisfied; both of you have vindicated your honor. Let the affair end here." earlier than he was: but my father, although reared in all the vigor of Puri-tanism, was by nature kind and ten-der-hearted, and religious fanaticism could not change him. To my own puzzled youthful mind, it often seemed end here."
Mr. Bostock faced the speaker.
"Does that man," he asked, while his voice trembled with passion, "does that man affirm that he has not given as though a grave mistake had been made in my allotment. I seemed to have been set down in the wrong cor-ner of the world, among a people with

that man amm that he has not given me just cause for offense?"

"That is what I say," called out Mr. Castex from where he stood, with a strong French accent.

"Then you lie, sir!" deliberately rewhom I had no affinity. whom I had no affinity.

I was still a mere boy. I learned as I grew older, and long before I bade farewell to my northern home, to respect the intelligence, the force, the sturdy honesty of this people, whose very "failings leaned to virtue's side." Still, I thought then, as I think now, "Indeed! That is very good. You will observe now, messieurs, there is reason to fight, if there has not been before."

The seconds silently assented, and

that I should always have been dwarfed that I should always have been dwarted and cramped among them.

Returning to the bleak hill-side where my father and I were striving to plant corn on that afternoon, I record how I suddenly stopped work, leaned on my hoe, and contemplated my father. He was in his shirt-sleeves; his graying hair and refined but wrinkled face were turned to me as he bent over his toil. A sudden inspiration seized me. recharged the pistols. As they handed them back, they saw something in the faces of the principals that predicted

tion seized me. planting corn in these rocks?"

He stopped and looked up in sur-

prise.
"I hope not, Dorr—I hope you won't!
But what put such a question into your
head just now?"
"It's in my head all the time. The vay things are going on here, there don't seem to be anything coming to

me but the same poverty and the same labor that you have always had." He looked at me—a serious, pitying glance it was—and sat down on a grante bowlder. He leaned his head on

ite bowlder. He leaned his head on his hand and sighed.
"My boy, I've often thought of this. Your poor mother and I have laid awake n'ghts talking about it; but I never thought it had troubled you any. What do you want?"
"To go to the academy—maybe to college—and by and by to get out into the world, try to make a man of my-self, like the men I read of, and to see had advanced to a point nearly oppo-site where they stood, and the slow deep coughing of her pipes seemed to emphasize the scene. tols spoke together. As the smoke floated off, Bostock was seen standing upright. Castex lay his full length

college—and by and by to get out into the world, try to make a man of myself, like the men I read of, and to see something besides these hills and these people. I'd like to get rich, and come back and build a big house for you and mother over on the lake. Yes, I'd like to get rich, and come back and build a big house for you and mother over on the lake. Yes, I'd like to get rich, and come had build a big house for you and mother over on the lake. Yes, I'd like to get rich and come had build a big house for you and mother over on the lake. Yes, I'd like the men I read of, and to see something besides these hills and these people. I'd like to get rich, and come had build a big house for you and house for you and the second that the man wave comes aboard and pounds down on her deck like a load of pig iron, and those below are shaken about like corn in a popper, and those on deck simply hold on and duck their heads—when such is the condition of the complex by him. He never stirred. A small hole in the forehead showed where the mother over on the lake. Yes, I'd like to do anything rather than live here

He smiled at my youthful enthusiasm but his look of painful reflection quick ly returned. "Dorr, I had just such dreams myself, when I was young, and I presume that my father before me had them. I wanted an education, and couldn't have it. Poverty, hard toil and embarrassment seem to be the lot of those who cleave to this soil. God knows, I wish things might be shaped as you wish them; but how to contrive it I do not know."

His hoe dropped from his hand, and his eyes sought the ground. I chanced to look down toward the river road and I saw a man in a buggy stop at our gate. A woman, my mother, of course, as there was none other about the house, came to the door. There was a brief parley; then the man got out, hitched the horse, climbed the fence and strode over the upland to-Under the temporary influence of the stigulant Mr. Bostock sat up.
"I beg of you don't try to talk," the doctor said. "Your life may depend

ward us. Perhaps my frame of mind just then inclined me toward a presentiment. Perhaps the reader will say that it is always easy to predict after the fact. No matter; the fact remains the same that a sudden and decided conviction was forced upon me that this stranger was to have a positive influence upon my life, and that his presence here at this time was of itself a promise of great results for me.

He walked rapidly, removing his wide-brimmed palm-leaf hat and wip-ing his brow with a large red handkerchief as he came. He was tall, powerful of frame and floridoof face; and I observed that there was something about this color, hardly a tan, that I at once attributed to the sun of another latitude than this. Every detail of his person and dress I took in at once; my attention was certainly sharpened by the presentiment I have mentioned. I judged him to be at least fifty years old, though his face was plump and unwrinkled. His features were bold and handsome; there was a twinkle to his eye and an ever-recurring smile upon his face that made him seem the most charming of men. Short curls of chestnut hair ran all over his head. His dress was rich in material and fashionable in cut; diamonds were in

He came up within a few feet of me, and paused. My father had thus far not seen him at all; he was absorbed in his revery. The stranger looked from me to him, and spoke in a round, 'Well, here we are. My lad, what's

his shirt-front, and an immense soli-

your name?' 'Dorr Jewett, sir." "Is that your father?"

He walked over to my abstracted sire



upon his shoulders that he jumped to his feet. "Well, Amos, how are you, any-

My father looked at the laughing face before him, and was disarmed of all anger. But his memory was not re-inforced. "Really, sir," he said, "you have the advantage of me."
"I am Pierce Bostock."

NOT ALL PLEASURE. Even the Sport of Yachting Has

Its Drawbacks. There Is No Place So Hot as a Ship's Deck and Nothing So Exasper-ating as an Inexpe-rienced Crew.

One commonly thinks of yachting as the most delightful of summer pas-times, says the Boston Transcript, and times, says the Boston Transcript, and the very word calls up visions of a "wet sheet, and a flowing sea, and a wind that follows fast," smells of salt things, and whistlings through the rigging, blue sky, white caps, driving clouds and all that sort of thing, to say nothing of the possibilities of delight-ful companionship and the delicious unconventionality of meeting one's fellow men and women with all the fellow men and women with all the formality and restraints of on-shore life thrown off; no making talk or any-thing of that kind, but knocking about carelessly and easily in flannel suits and having "a real good time." Or, again, racing, with all its excitements, and cruising, with all of its possibili-ties of advanture to Bar Harbor, Such ties of adventure, to Bar Harbor. Suc is the popular and accepted view of yachting, but there is another and gloomy side to the picture which the writer, who is sometimes inclined to growl, can set forth clearly in three distinct statements, with an open challenge to contradiction—first, that to "go and take a sail" in a small boat belonging to some one else and to sail aimlessly about on the open sea is "an awful bore;" secondly, that to go as "amateur crew" on a rowing yacht under sixty feet long is not only a bore, but a hardship, and on yachts over sixty feet in length it is not customary to have an "amateur crew," unless an occasional and almost always uscless passenger can be considered writer, who is sometimes inclined to

unless an occasional and almost always uscless passenger can be considered such; and, lastly, that cruising is a lottery absolutely dependent on the weather. Fogs, calms, storms and head winds are quite as usual as free winds and sunshine.

Observe that nothing has been said about seasickness, which makes yachting impossible to so many.

There is no place on earth where the sun can strike down out of the sky and bleach and blister and sizzle as it can upon a yacht's deck. There is no place upon a yacht's deck. There is no place that can be hotter or more stuffy or more uncomfortable than a yacht's cabin on a hot day, when there is no wind or when the wind is dead aft, and when it is rough, and the water is driv-ing across the yacht's deck in a sheet of white foam, and the crew are all huddled behind the shrouds, into which old oil skins have been stuffed to make a screen and the man at the wheel has life lines running from the main sheet to the main shrouds on either side of him to keep him from being washed overboard, and the oil bags are hung to overboard, and the oil bags are hung to windward to keep the water from breaking, and the fire is out in the galley, and the cook has been scalded by the soup stock jumping out of the boiler, and the barometer is dropping like mad, and the skylight leaks so that every wave which comes aboard sends bucketfuls of swash down into the cabin, and when every now and then a wave comes aboard and pounds

affairs yachting would not be considered a pastime.

The delights of being "amateur crew" can be briefly summed up. They consist in lying flat on your face either consist in lying flat on your face either in a hot sun or a pouring rain, and if you turn over having the owner shout at you: "Keep still! Do you think that you're a wild elephant? You jarred her all over that time." Further-more, all yachts are not rigged alike, and if the amateur crew is told at a critical point in the race—say just before rounding the leeward mark-to let go the spinnaker halyards and let the balloon jib halyards go instead, so that the whole sail goes over to lee-ward, the remarks which will be made

to him will be "unfit for publication."

Siamese journalism deserves a gold medal, says the Journalist. In July a French fleet practically invested the capital, Bangkok, and a military force took possession of a valuable island, defeating the Siamese garrison with heavy loss. Ten days afterward the leading Bangkok newspaper an-"We are informed that several

neighborhood, and that on account of the unhealthfulness of Blanketty Blank island it is feared that none of the troops stationed there will ever return with their lives."

Such a country ought to be gobbled by the first European power that comes along.

In England the period of mourning for a father-in-law is twelve monthsten months black, two months half mourning. Crape is seldom worn, al-though the crape period was formerly six months. For a parent the period is the same as above. The longest period for a brother is six months-five months black, one month half mourning. The crape period was for-merly three months. It is now almost discarded. The shortest period is four months black, no half mourning. The period of mourning for a father-in-law is often shortened to six months when relatives reside at a considerable dis-

A hailstorm visited Pawtucket, R. I. the other evening, such as has not vis

ited this vicinity for years, if within the memory of man. One woman picked up a large hailstone and allowed it to melt in her hand. She thought something was inside the little piece of frozen rain, but was surprised to find when all had melted a little live toad or frog in her hand. There is a quite general belief that a great many pebbles came down with the hail.

Alarmed by the rapid extension of the use of Indian teas in Europe and the consequent decline of the demand for the Chinese leaf, the Pekin authorities have just issued a proclamation against the manufacture of what is significantly styled in the document as "lie" tea. The proclamation points out that this scandalous practice has contributed more than anything else to bring about the wane of the Chinese tea trade, and it declares that the au-thorities are determined to put a stop to it. People are warned to put a stop to it. People are warned not to make any tea excepting of the genuine tea-leaves, and if any person is discovered infringing this order he will be pun-ished by transportation for life—a pen-alty which will be extended also to the seller and to the buyer, as well as to all others who have taken any part in the placing of adulterated tea upon the market.

#### GUITEAU'S BONES.

The Real Burial Place of President Garfield's Assassin.

t in a Medical Museum But Beneath the Floor of the Prison in Which the Murderer Was Confined.

Deputy Warden Russ of the district jail made a statement that the skele ton of Guiteau, the assassin of Presi dent Garfield, is not on exhibition at the medical museum, as has been gen

forts were made to ascertain where Guiteau was to be buried. Persons acting in the interest of resurrectionists, both those who wanted the body for dissection and several enterprising proprietors who much desired to secure it for exhibition purposes, industriously questioned every one whom they thought possessed the slightest knowledge. Great precautions were taken to prevent the grave from being robbed. The following mode of procedure was agreed upon to prevent the body from being stolen. In order to obviate what ever legal difficulties might arise and to forestall any claim the sister or to forestall any claim the sister of brother of the murderer might make, it was decided that he should make a will bequeathing his body to Dr. Hicks and it will probably be remembered that the will when published created

that the will when published created some curfosity by its wording, giving as it did the body to be disposed of as the beneficiary saw fit.

"After going over the whole matter," said Warden Russ, "and realizing that it would be impossible to properly protect the corpse, it was decided to bury it in the jail the night of the hanging. After the autopsy the body remained in a cheap coffin in the chapel of the jail. Upon my arrival at chapel of the jail. Upon my arrival at

been secretly removed to the medical museum was permitted to go uncon-tradicted, just as I state, because we did not believe it concerned anyone. "What became of the brains and other organs of the assassin which

were removed at the autopsy held im-mediately after the execution I do not know, except the spleen, which is on exhibition at the museum. Whatever else was left of the man who murder President Garfield lies beneath t floor of the laundry-room of the jail. BETTER THAN A CLUB.

New York Policemen Have Adopted a Novel Plan for Arousing Drunks.

Ever since the New York police con missioners issued the edict against members of "the finest" carrying their locusts during the day the patrolmen in the downtown precincts have been trying to find something to take the place of the club when it was found necessary to recall sleeping "drunks" from the land of dreams to the stern realities of existence. Formerly, says the Evening World, a free application of the club to the soles of a sleeper's feet had the desired effect. Denied that method of arousing the dormant powers of locomotion in the sodden gentry it was often neces sary to spend the greater part of an hour persuading an individual to hie himself away. But it was not long be-

fore the inventive genius of an Oak street station patrolman made the way all smooth and beautiful once more. Now a five-cent rubber ball has taken the place of the eighteen-inch stick. Apparently harmless as this little toy looks to the uninitiated, its sticks. It isn't the rubber ball, but its contents that does the business. Every patrolman in the fourth ward now fills

upon a "sleeper's" mustache has never yet failed to bring about an immediate revivifying of the subject, no matter how inert the bundle of "bum" ap-peared to be a moment previous.

"Every well-regulated family," said Mrs. Billtops, "ought to have a saw. We've had a hammer as long as I can remember, and why we haven't had a

things out of boxes, window seats and things like that; to saw old boxes into kindling wood, if one is economical, and for lots of other things. I must get Mr. Billtops to buy a saw to-mor-

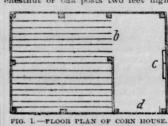
NEWSPAPERS APPRECIATED. A New Hampshire Man Who Believes in the Periodical for the Library.

There is a man in New Hampshire named William C. Todd, who holds to the theory that he is benefiting his fel-low creatures when he puts abundant supplies of newspapers within their reach. He lately provided for an expend-iture of two thousand dollars a year for newspapers for the Boston public li-brary, says Harper's Weekly, and it has since been discovered that he recently made a similar provision for the public library of Newburyport. He belives in the value of newspapers, and yet it seems that he is not a patent-medicine, man as one might suppose, but a retired schoolmaster, who
has been a great traveler, and now
pursues a life of studious retirement
in a village. In extenuation of his action he declares that the press has become the great agency by which in-formation is diffused and the people are educated, and that free reading rooms are likely to be more in demand in the future than free libraries. It is interesting to notice that he seems not to have suffered from the newspaper pub-licity about which there is so much complaint, and that even his neighbors in plaint, and that even his neighbors in Atkinson, where he lives, were found to possess scarcely any reliable information about his past career or the size of his fortune. They knew him to be frugal in his personal habits and generous in his benefactions, but that

CORN HOUSE PLAN. A Building That Saves the Crop from

Damaging Effects the medical integrals, corn is sheltered in proposed.

It will be remembered that for a long time prior to the execution strenuous of the building, but, what is of vastly more importance, the corn is saved from the damaging effects of the building of the corn is saved from the damaging effects of the building of the corn is saved from the damaging effects of the building of the corn is saved from the damaging effects of the building of the bu chestnut or oak posts two feet high



which are at proper intervals and are chapel of the jail. Upon my arrival at the jail early on Saturday morning following the execution, I secured a couple of trusties and taking them with me proceeded to the laundry room. It is a little room just to the east of the engine-room, dimly lighted by a small barred grating, and it made almost an ideal tomb.

The makes a convenient place in firmly set in the ground. A building of

almost an ideal tomb.

"Two amateur grave diggers went to work, and, quickly removing the flooring, dug a grave sufficiently deep by the time the body was brought down from the chapel.

"This makes a convenient place in which a corn-sheller may be stored and used, and in which, also, the bags may be filled when a grist is being put up for the mill. The arrangement leaves down from the chapel.

"There was only a small party that stood about that open grave and listened to the solemn reading of the burial service. Gen. Crocker, who was the warden, was present, and I believe clent to make two hundred bushels Charley Reed, the lawyer who assisted in Guiteau's defense, besides several floored with narrow boards, leaving a in Guiteau's defense, besides several guards and the two prisoners who dug the grave. It was a weird scene, and one I shall never forget. The burial in such a somber place was particularly nerve-trying, and I think we all felt relieved when Dr. Hicks concluded and the darkles began to cover up the coffin. This did not consume much time, and it was not long before the grave was filled up and the flooring restored to its normal position.

"There was no particular compact as to secrecy among us, but it seemed to be generally understood that we would maintain silence, especially as there was considerable excitement at the time. The story that the body had been secretly removed to the medical



door open at the end of the building and held up by a hook. An upper door is provided through which to fill the crib, and if it desired to fill it to the very roof this may be accomplished by carrying the last few bushels up a step ladder in the alleyway.—American Agriculturist.

AROUND THE FARM. FROST makes turnips milder and im-

The man who sells land, if he has a good deal of it, is wiser than the man who keeps on buying land that he does It is a good time to buy real estate

if you are one of those people who are said to have gold dollars and eagles stuffed away in old stockings. BEFORE winter comes and the house is shut up, treat the cellar to a good coat of whitewash. It will greatly help

to preserve the health of the hous An Illinois man declares his belief that underdraining causes drought. We think he is wrong, but if he is right we might as well be choked to death as to

IMPROVE the buildings, fences and general surroundings of the farm as rapidly as possible. Keep things get-ting better just as the herds and flocks

should be made better all the time. should be made better all the time.

SAWDUST is a great absorber of liquids when used as bedding, but it is not desirable to place much of it on the ground as a fertilizer. Some will do no harm, and saturated with liquid

manure will do good.-Farmers' Voice. Sugar Beets in America.

One of the agricultural experiment stations reports that beets raised from twenty-five per cent. more sugar than beets raised from imported seed. Considering that the imported seed is the best seed from foreign countries, where the beet-sugar industry has been a longremember, and why we haven't had a saw I don't know. They are so handy to have in the house; to saw off curtain poles with; to saw off the legs of chairs if you want to shorten them; to make rapid improvement on the best that Germany has produced in long years of patient work indicates advantages of soil and climate and the probability that this country will surpass foreign countries in the production of beet Farm and Fireside.

A Reformatory Example.

There is a story of a benevolent gen

tleman who visited a certain reforma-tory institution near Boston, and while going over the place engaged one and another of the inmates in conversa-tion. The good man was quite un-mindful of the fact, known to all who mindful of the fact, known to all who have seen much of that phase of life, that people in such places do not enjoy being questioned as to their personal history. At last he came to a very demure-looking youngster, and his heart went out toward the unfortunate waif. "Well, my little man," he said, "and what are you in here for?"

"Please, sir," said the little fellow, instantly. "I'm here to set the other

instantly, "I'm here to set the other boys a good example."

ALLSPICE berries for moths.

CLEANING undressed kid gloves with A NEW, soft paint brush to clean

carved furniture.
On fifteen grains acetate of potash to one pint of rosemary.

A RING of platinum around the lamp in a room where much smoking is go-

REMOVING ink stains from marble with lemon juice.—Ruth Hall, in Good Housekeeping. CLEANING marble with a mixture of

two parts of soda, one part of pun-ice stone and one part of fine challe mixed with water and washed off with

Improved Variable Friction Feed.