Butler Citizen.

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Address
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BUTLER, PA.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square, one insertion, $1; each subsequent insertion, 50 cents. Yearly advertisements exceeding one-fourth of a column, $5 per inch. Figure work double these rates; additional charges where weekly or monthly changes are made. Local advertisements 10 cents per line for first insertion, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion. Marriages and deaths published free of charge. Obituary notices charged as advertisements, and payable when handed in. Auditors' Notices, $4; Executors' and Administrators' Notices, $3 each; Estray, Caution and Dissolution Notices, not exceeding ten lines, $2 each.

From the fact that the CITIZEN is the oldest established and most extensively circulated Republican newspaper in Butler county, (a Republican county) it must be apparent to business men that it is the medium they should use in advertising their business.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

BUTLER, KARNS CITY AND PARKER RAILROAD
(Butler Time.)

Trains leave Butler for St. Joe, Millerstown, Karns City, Petrolia, Parker, etc., at 7.25 a. m., and 2.05 and 7.20 p. m. [See below for connections with A. V. R. R.]

Trains arrive at Butler from the above named points at 7.15 a. m., and 1.55, and 6.55 p. m. The 1.55 train connects with train on the West Penn road through to Pittsburgh.

Sunday trains arrive at 10.55 a. m. and 3.55 p. m., and leave at 11.10 a. m. and 4.10 p. m.

SHENANGO AND ALLEGHENY RAILROAD.

Trains leave Hilliard's Mill, Butler county, for Harrisville, Greenville, etc., at 7.40 a. m. and 12.20 and 2.20 p. m.

Stages leave Petrolia at 5.30 a. m. for 7.40 train, and at 10.00 a. m. for 12.20 train.

Return stages leave Hilliard on arrival of trains at 10.27 a. m. and 1.50 p. m.

Stage leaves Martinsburg at 9.30 for 12.30 train.

P. N. C., & L. E. R. R.

The morning train leaves Zelienople at 6.11. Harmony 6.16 and Evansburg at 6.32, arriving at Etna Station at 6.20, and Allegheny at 9.01. The afternoon train leaves Zelienople at 1.26, Harmony 1.31, Evansburg 1.53, arriving at Etna Station at 4.11 and Allegheny at 4.46. Trains connecting at Etna Station with this road leave Allegheny at 7.11 a. m. and 3.51 p. m.

By getting off at Sharpsburg station and crossing the bridge to the A. V. R. R., passengers on the morning train can reach the Union depot at 9 o'clock.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Trains leave Butler (Butler or Pittsburgh Time.)

Market at 5.11 a. m., goes through to Allegheny, arriving at 9.01 a. m. This train connects at Freeport with Freeport Accommodation, which arrives at Allegheny at 8.20 a. m., railroad time.

Express at 7.21 a. m., connecting at Butler Junction, without change of cars, at 8.26 with Express west, arriving in Allegheny at 9.58 a. m., and Express east arriving at Blairsville at 11.00 a. m. railroad time.

Mail at 2.36 p. m., connecting at Butler Junction without change of cars, with Express west, arriving in Allegheny at 5.26 p. m., and Express east arriving at Blairsville Intersection at 6.10 p. m. railroad time, which connects with Philadelphia Express east, when on time.

Sunday Express at 4.06 p. m., goes through to Allegheny, arriving at 6.06 p. m.

The 7.21 a. m. train connects at Blairsville at 11.05 a. m. with the Mail east, and the 2.36 p. m. train at 6.59 with the Philadelphia Express east.

Trains arrive at Butler on West Penn R. R. at 9.51 a. m., 5.06 and 7.11 p. m., Butler time. The 9.51 and 5.06 trains connect with trains on the Butler & Parker R. R. Sunday train arrives at Butler at 11.11 a. m., connecting with train for Parker.

Main Line.

Through trains leave Pittsburgh for the East at 2.56 and 8.26 a. m. and 12.51, 4.21 and 8.06 p. m., arriving at Philadelphia at 3.40 and 7.20 p. m. and 3.00, 7.00 and 7.40 a. m.; at Baltimore about the same time, at New York three hours later, and at Washington about one and a half hours later.

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my21-1y] BUTLER, PA.

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aug27-2m

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NICK CRILEY,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
(In old Sam Sykes Gallery.)
dec11-1y BUTLER, PA.

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Until You Have First Examined the Styles, Stock and Prices

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His entire Fall and Winter stock is just opening at very low figures. This stock is unusually large in Men's, Boys' and Youth's Kip and Calf Boots, Grain Napoleon Boots, Rubber Boots, Brogans and Plow Shoes, Women's' Misses' and Children's Calf and Kip (unlined) Shoes.

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A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

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These goods are all made by the very best manufacturers, and I will guarantee them to give the best of satisfaction. Call and examine my stock and prices.

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Reynolds Brothers' celebrated fine Shoes always in stock.

Parties wanting BOOTS & SHOES made to order can do no better than by me, as I keep none but the best of workmen in my employ.

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All goods warranted as represented. AL. RUFF.

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FIRST PREMIUM STEAM
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Manufacturers and Dealers in all kinds of
FURNITURE!
Are offering this Fall Extraordinary Inducements to Purchasers.

As they manufacture every article in their line, they are enabled to sell at much lower prices than any other house west of New York. Do not fail to call in before purchasing elsewhere, and examine their large and well displayed assortment of

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Kitchen Furniture of every description always on hand. Also, Mattresses of all kinds. Furniture made to order and satisfaction guaranteed in every particular. sep10-3m

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Persons desiring to have their Old Furniture repaired, or New Work made to order, such as Music Stands, Book Cases, Wardrobes, Office Desks, Office Tables, &c., would do well to call on

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I hold that a piece of furniture made by hand is worth two made by machinery, and will cost but little more, if any. Then why not have hand made? All work made in the latest styles and of the best material. I guarantee entire satisfaction in style, workmanship and price. Give me a call. Shop on Mifflin street, four doors west of Main street, and opposite A. Troutman's store, Butler, Pa. sep17-1y

FOR SALE.

$5 will buy a one-half interest in a good business in Pittsburgh. One who knows something about farming preferred. An honest man with the above amount will do well to address by letter, SMITH JOHNS, care S. M. James, 93 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa. [ap27-1y

This COLLAR and a Cow Milker free to Farmers who act as Agents. Cut this out and address with stamp SMITH & SON, 24 Dey St., N. Y. Name this paper. jly23-3m

EXTRAORDINARY PEOPLE.

COMMANDER CAMERON'S ACCOUNT OF THE MOST CIVILIZED RACE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

[London Times.]

At the meeting of the British Association at Sheffield on August 23rd, the well-known African explorer, Commander Cameron, who was received with great applause, aplogized for not having his paper prepared, but he did not believe, in detailing the manners and customs of the people of Urua, in Central Africa, this would be a drawback. Urua was one of the largest native States in Africa. It was bounded on the east by Tanganyika, on the north by independent tribes in Manguema, on the west by Ulunda, and on the south by mountains south of the lake of Bangueolo. The great chief was Kasongo, and the race was perhaps the most civilized in Central Africa. The chief claimed divine honors. On his death all his wives save one was slaughtered at the grave, and the one whose life was not taken was handed over to his successor. The spirit of the deceased prince was supposed to pass into the body of the successor. The centre of the religion of the people was an idol, which was held in great reverence.

The idol was placed in the midst of a dense jungle, and it had for a wife one of the sisters of the reigning sovereign. Under the principal chiefs were smaller chiefs, who collected and paid over to the sovereign tribute. He had seen this tribute come in, and some of it must have come from distant parts of the country. There was a numerous class of wizards in the country who did a large trade in idols and charms. Many of the wizards were ventriloquists, and in this way the idols were made to give answers to the questions put to them. Caste was very clearly defined in the race. No one dares sit down in the presence of the chief without permission, which was very seldom granted. In one case where, in the traveler's presence, a native had neglected etiquette, severe punishment was about to be inflicted, but the traveler saved the offender.

Authority was maintained by mutilation. Hands, feet, ears, noses, were mutilated, and the natives did not seem to mind it much. One woman had cut off her own ears. This woman was one of Kasongo's wives; he had about one thousand of them. She asked permission to mutilate herself, and she did it at once. The bodyguard of the chief was composed to a great extent of mutilated people, whose affection for the chief seemed in no way decreased. Indeed, it would appear that mutilation strengthened their regard for their chief. [A laugh.] The name of the idol was Kungwe a Banza, and profound reverence was shown to it. Fire was obtained by friction from a fire block, and in one case a chief used the shin bone of one of the other chiefs who had been conquered. The dress of the people was very simple, consisting of an apron. Members of the royal family wore three large skins, and junior members of the family wore aprons of green monkey skins.

The hair-dressing of this people was curious, varying more with districts than with rank. In some cases it was worked up into four ring plaits crossed at the top of the head like a crown, and surrounded at the bottom with a band of cowries or other shells. Skewers were inserted in the hair, one end of which could be used in tattooing. The people were not a hairy race, but they managed to grow their beards long, and plaited them like a Chinaman's pigtail, usually putting at the end of each a lump of mud to weigh it. Some of the beards reached to the waists. The women, not having beards to amuse themselves with, were tattood extensively. Tattooing usually commenced at the age of seven, and might be completed about the age of twelve or fourteen, which was the time for marriage. Beautiful patterns were used, and the tattooing was done in raised cuts. Sometimes a husband, when he was displeased with his wife, cut off all these raised pieces, and the woman could not appear in public again; she was not received into society until she was retattooed. [Laughter.]

He saw one of their weddings, which was very curious. The festivities lasted several days. A ring was formed of the natives, two men with big drums being in the middle. The drums were played and the people round danced. The bride was brought out, dressed in feathers and other finery, on the shoulders of two or three women. The bride threw shells and beads about, for which there was a scramble, as the possession of them was supposed to confer luck. Ultimately the husband came into the ring, and putting the bride under her arm carried her off. [Laughter.] The means of communication was by drum signals. They had a call on the drum for everybody's name, and they could ask questions and convey intelligence over hundreds of miles, and receive answers almost immediately. In war, messages were constantly sent enormous distances to bring up reinforcements or to stop their coming. The mass of the people lived in huts on dry land, but there were one or two exceptions to this. He saw two lakes on which people were living in huts. In one case the people had covered over the long grass growing in the water with earth, and on that had built their huts; in the other the huts were built on piles. The language of the country belonged to the same broad family which stretched across the large belt of Africa traversed by him, and the grammar was on the same principles as the grammar of the Swaeli. [Cheers.]

THE Jacksonville (Fla.) *Sun* says: Will some medical man explain why it is that the negro is never known to sneeze? Ask any old planter, who owned scores of servants, and he will tell you he never heard one of his servants sneeze. It may appear a very singular fact, but it is none the less true; and we allude to it just to show how unobservant most people are.

THE CROWNING DISASTER OF ZULULAND.

A war that ought never to have been begun ends with a tolerable assurance that it will never be repeated. It was known in London recently that the Zulu King was in British hands. He was taken on the 28th of August by a detachment of dragoons under command of Major Marter. The capture of Cetewayo, more completely than that of Napoleon III. at Sedan, ends the war. For the Zulu monarch was not only the chief warrior of his nation, but its master spirit in tactics and policy. His star has now no doubt set forever, and his picturesque figure with its cloak of leopard skin, his crimson sash and eagle plumes will brave the field no more.

The war has lasted only eight months, but it has been an eventful one. It has been what was so much talked of here now nearly twenty years ago, but not entirely realized—"short, sharp and decisive." The terrible battle of Isandula was fought on the 21st of January, and was most disastrous to the English arms. When the news arrived in New York the *Evening Post* predicted as a sure result of the Zulu victory the utter overthrow of the Zulu power. It required no great wisdom to make such a prophecy. Precedent and experience warranted none other. But considering the prodigious disparity of the belligerent forces then confronting each other, and the vast difficulties of the transport service for an invader, the Zulu collapse has been wonderfully sudden. When to these considerations are added the splendid fighting qualities of the Zulus, the uncommon ability with which, for the most part, they were handled, and the extensive areas covered in the campaign, it is impossible to deny that the English should be credited with a brilliant achievement.

In strictness the English had no business in Zululand at all—no more, and recollecting conterminous territorial qualifications, not so much business as we have in the hunting grounds of our Western Indian tribes. But once there the English attitude and demands have been just and humane. They asked that the indiscriminate infliction of the death penalty should be modified among the Zulus and that Cetewayo should introduce trial by jury. He at first refused, then consented, and finally broke in act the compact he had made in words. In July of last year a body of his troops invaded Natal, seized some refugee women who had fled from Zululand, took them back home again and executed them. The English authorities demanded the surrender of the leaders of this invading force. The Zulu king refused, and war was the consequence. The battle of Isandula made Cetewayo and his warriors believe themselves invincible. It also compelled the English to make the war conclusive. A large part of the British force was annihilated on that fatal day, and the commander, Lord Chelmsford, was obliged to flee precipitately across the Tugela River.

The outcry that followed this disaster was bitter and persistent. A demand for the removal of Lord Chelmsford arose and was hotly pressed by several of the most influential of the London journals. The Queen, however, stood the firm friend of that officer, whose gratitude to his royal protector should be unbounded; for she not only stood between him and disgrace, but enabled him to redeem himself handsomely afterward by winning the decisive battle of Ulundi. This was done at some risk and some cost. While the home Government refused under royal pressure to remove Lord Chelmsford they took the qualified step, with certain limitations as regards time, of superseding him. We may be excused for recalling that on the tidings reaching New York of the defeat of Isandula the *Evening Post* at once suggested and foreshadowed the sending to the seat of war of Sir Garnet Wolseley. This step was soon after taken, and Sir Garnet followed heavy reinforcements to the Cape. By making a smart push for Ulundi and throwing his army into a position to fight four times its number of the enemy, Lord Chelmsford was able to anticipate his practical supercession as director of the campaign and to gain the victory that at once redeemed his personal credit and the honor of the British arms.

The conflict thus ended will practically bring a new and extensive tract of the earth under civilized laws. Whatever the rights of the quarrel at the outset, the end thus compassed must be called a good one. Not many generations ago men were hanged in England for stealing loaves of bread, and for offences not less trivial capital punishment has been repeatedly inflicted by Cetewayo up to the present time. The modifications for which the British went to war will now be enforced, and a consequent ameliorating influence will extend among other savage tribes further north and toward the interior of Africa. If we regard the overthrow of the Zulus as the act of an aggressive and superior power, whose only right in South Africa is the right of the stronger, what has been done must certainly appear to be a piece of rank injustice; but if we regard it as a step unavoidable at some time and in some way in the regeneration of a continent and for extending over it in due season the blessings of Christian civilization, the verdict of necessity must be a far different one. The death of the young heir to the Bonapartes is often spoken of as a most useless and therefore doubly lamentable sacrifice, and if his blood is reckoned to have been poured out in the first cause we name the stigmatization may be accurate enough; while if he died in behalf of the last cause the reverse of so grievous a statement would alone be a righteous one. In either case, the social and commercial results of the British success are likely to be of a momentous character, and will certainly have an important bearing on the future history of the vast African continent.

—Regular wags—Pendulums.

A DESPERATE EXPEDIENT.

Of the two available methods of blowing people up that which was adopted recently at the village of Westerville, in Ohio, is certainly the most conclusive. If we want to get rid of a man because he wears eyeglasses, or because he talks too much, or because he smokes in an elevator, or because for whatever reason he fails to appreciate our genius and general merit, there is surely no neater way than to put two kegs of gunpowder outside of his chamber door and at a suitable moment to touch them off. Such was the ingenious plan devised by what are known as the United Brethren of Westerville to get rid of a certain obnoxious saloon keeper named Corbin.

When we say devised by the United Brethren of Westerville we should guard the statement—for we are not unmindful of possible consequences—by saying that such at least is the general impression. Machiavelli's maxim, that when a crime is committed and we know not the perpetrator we should seek out whom it benefits, has here peculiar force. Mr. Corbin sold what to the United Brethren is known and loathed as "rum." Far be it from us to imply that their objection was a groundless one. On the contrary it was doubtless particularly well founded. Only to their mode of suggesting that objection—always provided that they were in truth the authors of the deed we record—would we apply any criticism. "Rum," then, is the pet aversion of the United Brethren. To Corbin as the prime dispenser or Magnus Apollo of "rum" their cordial detestation was naturally directed. Many have been the gentle persuasions by which they have sought to entice him to remove his barrels and jugs and to perfume the air of Westerville with them no more. But Corbin was implacable. The brethren, thus foiled, betook themselves—unless we have unwittingly been led into error—to the policy of Richelieu. In other words "all means to conciliate" having proved fruitless they had recourse to "all means to crush."

It was at about 2 o'clock on a Monday morning, then, that their final gentle entreating was put in force, with what result we shall presently see. At that hour the quiet village of Westerville was wrapped in slumber. The purveying of Mr. Corbin's "rum" had long since ceased for the night, and in spite of it, or perhaps because of it, then was a portentous stillness. Suddenly there burst forth a fierce, an overwhelming report. This being an earthquake epoch the entire village rushed incontinently into the street. They then beheld what the United Brethren at least considered a delightful spectacle. This was nothing less than the entire establishment of Mr. Corbin, including his full stock of "rum," soaring heavenward in the most volatile and aspiring style imaginable. Beams and rafters shot up like rockets. A large section of the roof, after spinning about for a time in the air, came down and "bonneted" the church-steeple like a candle snuffer. Mrs. Corbin and her baby, after a variety of lively evolutions came down in a lager beer cask in the street. Mr. Corbin ascended to a considerable height, and, after taking a calm survey of the situation, concluded to come down too. By this time, of course, the small boys of Westerville were hard at work on the sugar, lemons and furtive rills of "rum" that were dropping all over the village, while the United Brethren doubtless adjourned to a remote barn to speculate over contingencies and determine upon their future course.

Now, if any harm had come to Mr. Corbin and his family; if they, like the hateful "rum," had come to final grief from being hoisted and spilled in this curious fashion, the United Brethren—if indeed they had anything to do with the performance—might have found themselves in something worse than an uncomfortable position. Happily, however, everybody came down in tolerably good condition. The baby, with an hereditary instinct that would have charmed Mr. Galton, immediately demanded its "bottle;" Mrs. Corbin merely observed that the anti-United Brethren were keeping it up rather late that night; while Mr. Corbin, on being picked up in a neighboring wheat field, said something about "one more for the very last" and directly fell into a sound sleep. It is seldom that so tremendous an uproar is rounded off with so exquisite a calm. Mr. Corbin's "saloon," or "library," or "sample-room," or whatever else in the jocosity of his heart it pleased him to call it, was no more; but his capacity either to vend or to hold "rum" remained unimpaired, and, after establishing what may be termed so unique a claim on favor and admiration as his midnight flight must entail, he is likely to be more popular than ever.

We sincerely hope—supposing them to have had any share in this event—that the lesson conveyed by it will not be lost upon the United Brethren of Westerville. Let them blow up the sellers of "rum" after whatever flourish their nature will, but let them confine themselves hereafter to that suasion which experience shows to be, if not the best, at least a form of argument which is strictly within the confines of law. Let them, in any case, eschew gunpowder, dynamite and the like lest, with the typical engineer who has served for so many warnings and precedents, they find themselves "hoist with their own petard."

A MINISTER having preached against social abnormities to his congregation was a few days later waited upon by a committee presenting him a set of resolutions not very complimentary to say the least. Looking over the string of abuses, each beginning with "whereas," and the names of the committee signed at the end, he remarked, "Where asses like these draw up resolutions, whereases like these must be expected."

—A friend told Snodgrass that he was just off a sick bed. "Indeed, and what ails your bed?" he asked.

A LESSON FOR CANDIDATES.

KISSING THE BABY ON INSUFFICIENT INFORMATION.

[St. Louis Times Journal.]

While Col. Allen was discussing National finances on the hotel plan, Col. Tom Crittenden quietly slid down off the platform and circulated among the crowd. He wore a delicate white duck suit, blue necktie and patent-leather pumps, and was the cynosure of all female eyes on the premises. Col. Tom, with an eye to business, began ogling the babies.

"Oh, you sweet little darling," said Col. Tom, addressing a fuzzy, pop-eyed brat that lolled lazily in his mother's arms under one of the trees; "how old is it, ma'am?"

"Four months, sir," said the fond mother.

"A little girl, eh?" said Col. Tom.

"No, a boy," replied the mother.

"Ah, yes, now that I come to look at it more closely, I detect the strong manly features of a boy," the Colonel hastened to say. "Please, may I kiss the little cherub?"

Col. Tom shut his eyes and exploded an osculatory sound on the fuzzy face, and the child put up a big lip and threatened to cry.

"He is such a beautiful child," murmured Col. Tom, "such eyes, such a head, such an expanse of forehead, such a mouth, such a wealth of complexion, such a sweet, tranquil expression!"

"La me, you don't really think so, do you?" simpered the flattered mother.

"I never saw a sweeter little cherub," said Col. Tom, "I believe I'll have to kiss him again."

Having gone through a second osculatory martyrdom, Col. Tom assumed a seraphic look—a look calculated to strike taffy to the most hardened feminine heart, and got right down to business.

"I'm a candidate for Governor," said he, "and nothing would give me a greater joy than to feel assured that I had the support of the father of this sweet babe. Come, let me hold the little darling in my arms. I do think he is just the sweetest little angel I ever saw!"

The flattered mother gave up the fuzzy baby with profuse apologies about its not being well dressed, etc.; hoped it wouldn't trouble the gentleman, etc.; glad to know he admired it so much, etc.

The fuzzy baby writhed and squirmed and grew red in the face, and wrinkled itself all up and then lay calm and composed on Col. Tom's strong right arm.

"The little precious!" cried Colonel Tom. "You tell his father how much I thought of his little cherub, won't you ma'am? And you'll tell him I'm a candidate for Governor, eh, ma'am?"

The poor woman's face dropped, and big, salt tears came into her eyes.

"Oh, sir," she said," "you don't know what you ask—my poor husband died of the jaundice two months ago."

There was a far-off look in Colonel Tom Crittenden's golden-glinted eyes as he gently but firmly dumped that fuzzy baby on the bereaved woman's lap and walked straight back to the platform and replaced himself on a bench.

Not alone was sorrow confined to Col. Tom Crittenden's upheaving bosom. There were silent traces of suffering upon his right coat sleeve.

MISSPENT EVENINGS.—The boy who spends an hour of each evening lounging idly on the street corners, wastes in the course of a year three hundred and sixty-five precious hours, which, if applied to study, would familiarize him with the rudiments of almost any of the familiar sciences. If, in addition to thus wasting only one hour each evening, he spends ten cents for a cigar, which is usually the case, the amount thus worse than wasted would pay for ten of the leading periodicals of the country. Boys, think of these things. Think of how much time and money you are wasting, and for what? The gratification afforded by the lounge on the corner, or the cigar, is not only temporary but positively hurtful. You cannot indulge in them without seriously injuring yourself. You acquire idle and wasteful habits which will cling to you with each succeeding year. You may in after life shake them off, but the probabilities are that the habits thus formed in early life will remain with you to your dying day. Be warned then in time, and resolve that as the hour spent in idleness is gone forever, you will improve each passing one, and thereby fit yourself for usefulness and happiness.—*Rural New Yorker.*

NEWSPAPER RIGHTS.—A case of interest to newspaper subscribers and readers has just been decided in Dayton, Ohio, under the newspaper law. Mr. Wolf, the Dayton distributor of the *Gazette*, left a copy of the paper at the wrong door for several months. The paper was accepted and read, and when Mr. W. called to collect the money for it, the party who had taken and read the paper refused to pay for it on the ground that he had not ordered it! Mr. Wolf, anxious to avoid a legal contest, offered to compromise for half cost, but the party asserted that he couldn't collect, and refused to pay anything. Suit was then brought and Wolf recovered the entire bill. That is the law, and parties who want something for nothing will make a note of it. The defendant in the above suit could have notified the carrier, who first made the error, that he did not want the paper, not having subscribed for it, but he did not do so, and thought to get the paper for nothing.

A DUTCHMAN had two pigs, a large and a small one. The smaller being the elder he was trying to explain to a customer, and did in this wise:

"The little pig is the piggest."

Upon which his wife assuming to correct him, said:

"You will please excuse him; he no speak as good English as me; he no mean the little pig is the piggest pig, but the youngest pig is the oldest."

THE ODD FELLOWS.

IMPORTANT CHANGES IN THEIR LAWS.

The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows of the United States has made some very important changes in the laws of the Order. The name of the Grand Lodge has been changed to the Sovereign Grand Lodge.

The most important changes were made in the laws relating to the non-payment of dues. A vast number of members have heretofore been suspended from all connection with the Order for non-payment of dues, and could be reinstated after applying in writing and by paying one year's dues if he apply within less than one year after suspension, and by paying the initiation fee if he be suspended more than one year, provided the majority of the lodge approve of his reinstatement.

Under the new law a member will not be cut off from all connection with the Order for non-payment of dues, but will be suspended from "active" to "dormant" membership. A member will become a "dormant Odd Fellow" if at the last meeting of the term his dues aggregate the dues of one year, and as such will be debarred from benefits both pecuniary and attentive, but his name will be retained on a list of such class, and he may visit his lodge or encampment. A dormant Odd Fellow may be restored to active membership upon application made in open lodge or encampment by a member thereof, which shall be held over until the second meeting thereafter, the Secretary or Scribe reading the same at each meeting, and be determined affirmatively on a ballot vote by a majority of the members present for such amount as the by-laws of the lodge or encampment may prescribe. All members heretofore dropped or suspended for non-payment of dues are reinstated to a dormant membership in the Order, subject to the conditions given above. A dormant Odd Fellow shall be subject to trial, suspension or expulsion from the order for cause under the law the same as an active Odd Fellow. These new rules take effect immediately.

A JUDGE LEARNING HIS TRADE.—Judge Mitter said to the Iowa Bar Association: "You will perhaps be surprised when I tell you that the ablest lawyer of this or any other bar, when he is for the first time appointed a Judge has to learn his trade, as much as the mechanic's apprentice. Of course I do not mean by this that he has to learn the law, for I am supposing him to be learned in the law. But what the apprenticed mechanic learns of his master is not the science of mechanical forces, at least not mainly that. What he does acquire in that apprenticeship is skill in the use of his tools. This is precisely what I am saying of a new Judge. Let me illustrate this from my own experience, for it is closely related to training in a lawyer. It is in fact the same thing. I am very sure that it does not take me half the time now that it did at first to eliminate a complex case presented to me for decision what is irrelevant or immaterial, and to ascertain the point of conflict necessary to be decided. And this is equally true whether the contest be one of law or fact, or both. By practice and attention I can listen to a lawyer, read a document offered in evidence, pass with him lightly over the formal parts of the instrument, and when he comes to the vital matter, the few words, perhaps, which alone touch the issue, I catch their precise meaning, and if I do not get that clearly I stop him until I do. It is rare that I need go over that instrument again. So I have acquired, I hardly know how, except by practice—by training—the faculty of taking an immense record of five hundred or one thousand pages, and turning at once to the parts, whether of pleading, of evidence, or whatever it may be, and in one-third the time it took me when I first went on the bench, I gather the materials for my judgment without digesting a mass of useless chaff.

PRINTERS AND PRINTING.—Many who condescend to illuminate this dark world with the fire of genius through the columns of a newspaper little think of the lot of the printer, who sits up at midnight to correct their false grammar and orthography and worse punctuation. We have seen the arguments of lawyers, in high repute as scholars, sent to the printer in their own handwriting, many words—especially technical and foreign terms—abbreviated, words mispelled and few or no points, and these few, if any, certainly in the wrong places. We have seen the sermons of eminent "divines" sent to the press without points or capitals to designate the divisions of the sentences, also the letters of the political and scientific correspondents. Suppose all these had been so printed—the printer would have been treated with scorn and contempt. No one would believe that such gross and palpable faults were owing to the ignorance or carelessness of the author; and no one but the practical printer knows how many hours the compositor, and after him the proof-reader, is compelled to spend in reducing to a readable condition manuscripts that the writers themselves would be puzzled to read.

AN Indiana paper tells the following about a minister who was officiating in the town for the first time. As he was ascending the pulpit steps one of the elders buttonholed him to whisper an additional word of caution:

"The liquor dealer has just come into church, and he gives us a lift sometimes. I wish you would be particular not to allude to the whisky business or the temperance question."

The young minister getting frightened to see the moral ground thus steadily narrowing before him, inquired:

"Whom or what shall I preach against, then?"

The elder's reply came like an air of triumph:

"Preach against the Mormons; they have not got a friend in town."

—The postage stamp knows its place after it has been licked once.