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Address
THE BUTLER CITIZEN,
BUTLER, PA.

Butler Citizen.

VOL. XVII. BUTLER, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1880. NO. 10.

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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, each.

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NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY!

CALL AT THE

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The largest and most complete stock of Goods ever brought to Butler is now being opened by me at my store. It comprises

Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers, Misses' & Children's Shoes,

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I Mean What I Say:

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THE MAKE, STYLE AND FINISH

of Goods in my store cannot be excelled by any other house in the county, for proof of which a personal inspection is all that is necessary.

Leather and Findings

at Pittsburgh prices. Shoemakers should come and purchase if they wish to obtain material cheap.

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.

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 10.37 a. m. and 1.50 p. m.

Stage leaves Martinsburg at 9.30 for 12.30 train.

P. & W. R. R. (Narow Gauge.)

The morning train leaves Zelienople at 6.11 Harmony 6.16 and Evansburg at 6.32, arriving at Etna Station at 8.20, 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.

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.

Trains connecting at Etna Station with this road leave Allegheny at 7.11 and 9.31 a. m. and 3.41 p. m.

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 3.25 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 7.20 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, 7.0 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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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
my21-1y] BUTLER, PA.

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Valuable Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers at private sale the farm lately owned by Robert Gilleland, dec'd, late of Middlesex township, containing

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JAMES WILSON, Agent,
dec17tf] Bakerstown, Allegheny Co., Pa.

For Sale.

The well-improved farm of Rev. W. R. Hutchison, in the northeast corner of Middlesex township, Butler county, Pa., is now offered for sale, low. Inquire of W. K. FRISBEE, on the premises. ap16tf

2,500,000 ACRES LAND

Situated in and near the
UPPER ARKANSAS VALLEY, IN SOUTH-WESTERN KANSAS,
—ON THE—
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R. R.

11 Years' Credit. 7 per cent. Interest

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The valley of the Upper Arkansas is justly celebrated for its adaptability to WHEAT RAISING and the superior quality of its grain. As a STOCK-RAISING and WOOL-GROWING country, it offers advantages that cannot be excelled. Good soil, abundance of pure water, a mild and remarkably healthy climate, with low prices and easy terms, make up a total of inducements greater than is offered anywhere else on the continent of America.

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J. WILKES BOOTH'S DEATH.

In a recent number of the New Orleans *Picayune* appears a statement purporting to come from Capt. Edward P. Dorhetry, now a street contractor in New Orleans, in which is detailed some of the incidents relative to the capture and killing of J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln. There are many glaring inaccuracies in the article, so many statements that are not substantiated by facts and by the records of the War Department, that we have obtained a history of the exciting event from the lips of Lieutenant L. B. Baker, now a clerk in the Auditor General's office, but who had command of the party which captured the murderer.

At the time when Booth shot President Lincoln, April 14, 1865, in Ford's Theatre, George L. C. Baker, Chief of the detective force of the War Department, and Lieutenant Baker were in New York City looking after bounty-jumpers. Secretary Stanton telegraphed these two officers to come to Washington immediately. They arrived in Washington the morning of the third day after the terrible deed was committed. Cavalry had scoured the country in every direction for miles around Washington, and telegrams were sent over all the lines. Gen. Baker gained all the information he could in regard to the route Booth and his accomplices would probably take, and concluded that they would go down the Potomac, taking in Surratsville, cross the river, and make their way to Richmond. He sent a telegraph operator and a detective down the river by boat to Port Tobacco and vicinity, with orders to tap the wires and let him know if there was any trace of the escaping fugitives. Near Chappelle Point the detective found a negro whom he brought to Washington, and who stated that he was positive he saw Booth and Harold, whom he knew well, cross the river in a fishing boat. At first the General discredited his statement, but on showing him several likenesses of the assassin and others, the colored man pointed out Booth and Harold as the men whom he saw.

An escort of twenty-five cavalrymen, under Gen. Dorherty, were placed at Lieut. Baker's command, who had orders to "bring Booth, dead or alive." At the request of Lieut. Baker, Lieut. Col. E. J. Conger, a brother of Congressman O. D. Conger, an experienced calvary officer, who had just been mustered out of the United States service, was added to the party. Col. Conger had raided the country in every direction, and was valuable on account of his familiarity with the roads and for his undaunted courage and bravery. The party went on board the tug John S. Ide, and steamed down to Belle Plain, near the mouth of Acquia Creek. They landed about 10 o'clock at night and commenced the search. Lieut. Baker and Col. Conger would leave the escort at a short distance behind them, and call at the various farm houses, pretending to belong to Booth's party, but from whom they had been separated in crossing the river. They found very many sympathizers who were ready to aid them, but could find no one who had seen Booth. The night was spent in making such inquiries. The next morning the party left the Fredericksburg road, where they had been searching, and turned their horses' heads across the country toward the Rappahannock, and about noon reached the river at Port Conway. The horses being jaded and the men exhausted, a rest was made here and most of the men went to sleep.

Lieut. Baker told Col. Conger that he would ride down the river to the ferry, about half a mile away, and see what he could find. Accompanied by an orderly, he rode to the ferry, where he met a fisherman by the name of Rollins. The Lieutenant asked him if a party of men, one of them lame, (for Booth had broken his leg in jumping from the theatre box to the stage), had crossed the river within a day or two? Rollins said there had, the day before, and on being shown the likenesses of Booth and Harold, he at once recognized them. Lieut. Baker immediately sent the orderly to Col. Conger, asking him to bring the escort to the ferry at once. The ferry boat was a crazy affair, and the afternoon was consumed in getting the men and horses across the river. Rollins pretended to be a Union man, and was willing to go as a guide, but feared persecution from his neighbors unless put under arrest. This was done. Rollins said that Booth was accompanied by a Capt. Jett, one of Mosby's command, who recently went to Bowling Green, about eighteen miles distant, to see his sweetheart. Her parents kept a hotel, and he thought the whole party had gone there. Just about dusk the party set out for Bowling Green. They had not gone far before they discovered two men, mounted on horses, at the fork of the Fredericksburg and Bowling Green roads, who seemed to be watching the movements of the party. Lieut. Baker and Col. Conger gave chase, and the latter, being mounted on a swift horse, gained so rapidly on the pursued that they turned their horses into the timber and escaped. One of these horsemen proved afterward to be Harold, the place of pursuit being only one and a half miles from the Garret place, where Booth was then secreted. Bowling Green was reached about midnight, when the party dismounted and surrounded the hotel where Jett's sweetheart was supposed to reside. She was there, and so was Jett, but Booth and his accomplices were not to found.

When the building was surrounded and every avenue of escape was guarded, Lieut. Baker rapped on the hall door with the butt of his pistol. The mother and daughter soon appeared with the light, and informed them that there was no one in the house except her son and a friend of his, Capt. Jett. Lieut. Baker and Col. Conger requested to be shown to their room, where they found them asleep. On being aroused, Jett said: "What do you want with us?" Conger said: "We now know all about you. You piloted Booth across the river, and you know where he is." Jett told them they were mistaken in their man, and denied knowing anything about Booth. The sight of two navy revolvers and the threat that he must tell or die, convinced him that it was foolhardy to longer delay information, and he said: "Gentlemen, upon my word and honor I will tell you all about it if you will promise to shield me from all complicity in the matter." The promise was made. Then Jett said: "I fear you have frightened Booth off, for you passed near the plantation where I left him, which is only a few miles from the ferry you crossed. But I will show you the Garrett place, where I left him." Jett's horse was a model animal, built for endurance and speed. Lieut. Baker was fearful that Jett might escape if he got any advantage in start, and two of the men were ordered to ride near him, and if he attempted to escape to "shoot him without halting." The whole party then took the back track for the Garrett plantation. The jaded horses were urged to their best speed, and at three o'clock the next morning they arrived at a gateway which Jett said led the way to the Garrett residence. The night was dark, but the entrance to the lane was visible. The house was about twenty rods from the entrance. Jett also said there was another gate about half way to the house. The plan was to surround the house as quickly as possible, so as to prevent any possibility of escape. Lieut. Baker went to the second gate, opened it, and then gave the signal for the charge.

The dash was made through the lane in short order, and the house surrounded. Lieut. Baker dismounted, went on to the piazza and thundered at the door. Then old man Garrett threw up a window near and asked in a frightened tone, "What is the matter?" Lieut. Baker seized him by the arm, and ordered him to unfasten the door and strike a light. This he did, and the Lieutenant entered the hall. Mr. Garrett soon appeared with a tallow candle. The Lieutenant took the candle and asked: Where are the men who are stopping with you?" The old man was very much excited, and he stammered out that "they went to the woods when the cavalry went by." The Lieutenant said: "Don't you tell me that again; they are here." The sight of a pistol brought young Garrett to the front, who said:

"Don't injure father and I'll tell you all about it; they are in the barn."

About this time Col. Conger came into the hall. Lieut. Baker took young Garrett by the collar and led him out on the piazza, while Conger formed the men to surround the barn. The Lieutenant then ordered Garrett to lead the way. Before reaching the barn Garrett said:

"I have forgotten the key, but my brother has it, who is sleeping in the corn crib. We would not let those men sleep in the house, and were afraid they would steal our horses and get away."

The brother soon appeared with the key and delivered it to Lieut. Baker. The barn was then surrounded, and Lieut. Baker unlocked the door. Up to this time Booth and Harold seemed to be asleep. Col. Conger came up, and a rustling was heard inside the building as if the inmates were rousing up from sleep. Lieut. Baker said to Conger, "Garrett must go in, demand their surrender, and bring out their arms." To this Conger assented, but Garrett was reluctant to obey, saying:

"They are desperate fellows, and armed to the teeth."

Lieut. Baker seized him, opened the door, shoved him in, and then closed the door. The Lieutenant hailed the assassins and said:

"We send this young man, in whose custody we find you, and you must surrender your arms to him, or we shall set fire to the barn, and have a bonfire and a shooting match."

A low conversation took place inside the building, and Booth was heard to say to Garrett:

"D——n you! you have betrayed me; get out of here, or I will shoot you."

Garrett came back to the door and said:

"Let me out, Captain. I will do anything for you, but I can't risk my life here."

The door was opened, Garrett came out with a bound, and the door was again closed. Lieut. Baker had the light in hand, and young Garrett said: "If you don't put out that light he will shoot everyone of you." The light was placed at a short distance from the door, but so as to light the whole front of the building, which had been once used as a tobacco house. The light was necessary in case the assassins should make a break for the door and get out. The soldiers were dismounted, but refused to stand in the light, and they were allowed to seek a safer position. Lieut. Baker again demanded their surrender. Booth replied, in a clear, ringing tone, "Captain, there is a man here who wishes to surrender very much." At the same time a conversation took place within, and Booth was heard to say to Harold: D——n you, leave me, will you? Go, I don't wish you to stay;" and in a few moments Harold rapped at the door, saying:

"Let me out; I know nothing of this man."

Lieut. Baker said, "Bring out the arms and you can come." He replied, "I have no arms." The Lieutenant said, "You have a carbine and pistol; bring them out and we will let you out." Booth then said, "He has no arms; they are mine, and I shall keep them."

While this parleying was going on, Col. Conger was doing all in his power to keep the men aroused and on the alert, for they had become so exhausted with their ride of two days and two nights, without rest and with but one meal, that it was almost impossible to keep them awake. Strict orders were given not to fire, as it would endanger the lives of the men who were surrounding the building. Harold begged and entreated in the most piteous manner to be let out, and the Lieutenant ordered him to put his hands out of the door, which was partly ajar. He stuck his hands out, the Lieutenant caught hold of them, pulled him out and immediately closed the door. Harold was turned over to two soldiers. He kept making assertions that he knew nothing about Booth, and Col. Conger threatened to tie him and gag him if he did not stop his noise. This had a quieting effect. It had been decided to fire the building, so that Booth would be driven to the small door, where it was thought, he could be easily captured.

Another parley ensued. Lieutenant Baker again made the demand for his surrender. Booth said, "Who are you, and what do you want of me? It may be that I am being taken by my friends." The Lieutenant said: "That makes no difference, we know who you are, and want you. We have fifty men, armed with carbines and pistols, around the barn and you cannot escape." After a pause, he said: "Captain, this is a hard case, I swear. Give a lame man a chance. Draw up your men twenty yards from the door, and I will fight your whole command." The Lieutenant replied: "We did not come to fight, but came to take you, and you had better surrender." Booth replied, "Give me a little time to consider." The Lieutenant said, "Very well, take time, you can have five minutes." He was heard to come toward the door, or near the door. As he came he said: "Captain, I believe you are an honorable and brave man. I have had a half dozen opportunities to shoot you, and have a bead drawn on you now, but don't wish to do it. Withdraw your forces a hundred yards from the door, and I will come out. Give me a chance for my life, Captain, for I will not be taken alive." Lieut. Baker said: "We have waited long enough. Now come out, or we will fire the barn." Col. Conger then said: "We had better fire the barn;" and to this Lieut. Baker gave his consent. Booth said in his peculiar strange tone, "Well, my brave boys, prepare a stretcher for me, then." After a pause of about half a minute he was heard to say, "One more stain on the glorious old banner."

Just as he ceased speaking, Col. Conger applied a match to some hay which he drew through a crevice, and in an instant the inside of the building was a blaze of light. The Lieutenant then opened the door to give him a chance to come out, and from his position on the outside could see every movement made by Booth. He seemed to be leaning against the hay now, supported by his crutches, with his carbine in hand. He sprang forward toward the fire with the seeming intention of shooting the man who touched the match. But the intense light inside the building prevented him from seeing objects in the darkness without. He then turned and with the aid of one crutch came rapidly in the direction of the door, but halted about the centre of the floor. Here he drew himself up in his full height, and seemed to take a survey of the terrible situation. He looked first at the roaring flames, and then his glaring eyes rested on the open door. He resembled an infuriated wild beast at bay. A cloud of smoke rolled to the roof, swept across the room, then came down to the floor on the other side, and he appeared to be standing in an arch of fire and smoke. He remained but an instant in this position, and then dropping his remaining crutch, with his carbine in one hand and a pistol in the other, he dashed for the door. When within about ten feet of the opening the crack of a pistol was heard from the rear of the barn, Booth reeled forward, threw up one hand, dropped his carbine, and fell face downward on some hay which was scattered on the floor.

Lieut. Baker rushed in, followed by Col. Conger and young Garrett. The Lieutenant, not knowing how fatal the shot, seized him by the arms, intending to secure him in case he had only been stunned. On turning Booth over, Lieut. Baker found a pistol in his left hand, which he still held with a vice-like grip, and it required great strength to wrench it from him. A leathern belt was around his body, with a bowie knife and another revolver in it. Lieut. Baker then accused Col. Conger of shooting him, which the Colonel denied, and said, "Booth shot himself." This, the Lieutenant claimed, was impossible, as he saw him every moment from the time the hay was fired until he fell. Col. Conger said, "The man that did shoot him shall go back to Washington under arrest."

Upon further inquiry it was found that Serg't Boston Corbett fired the shot from a navy revolver, through a crevice in the rear of the barn. This was a most difficult feat to perform, for the ball struck Booth on the side of the neck, a little back of the centre, and passed entirely through, breaking the spinal column. The fire was making such progress that Booth was taken out of the building and carried a short distance and placed under a tree. He began to show signs of life. Water was dashed in his face, and a little poured in his mouth. His lips began to move, and he finally whispered, "Tell mother—tell mother." He seemed to gain further strength, and then in a more distinct voice said, "Tell mother I died for my country." Day was breaking, and the heat from the burning barn was so intense that the wounded man was removed to the piazza of a house. The young ladies brought out a narrow straw bed, and on this Booth was placed. A cloth soaked in ice-water and whisky was placed in his mouth, which revived him. He opened his eyes, seemed to take in the situation at once, and said: "Kill me! Oh, kill me quick!" The Lieutenant said, "No, Booth, we did not want to kill you, and hope you will recover. You were shot against orders." He then was unconscious for several minutes, when he again revived. His chest heaved, his chin dropped, he put out his tongue and seemed to wish to know if there was blood in his mouth. He was assured there was none, and he then said, "Tell mother I died for my country. I did what I thought was best." He showed no signs of life in his body below the wound, with the exception of the action of the lungs. He said, "My hands," when one of his hands was raised so that he could see it, and it was bathed in ice-cold water. His hand was placed by his side, and he said, "Useless, useless!" which were the last words of the dyine assassin.

Col. Conger gave Serg't Corbett a stinging reprimand, and said to him, "Who did you shoot without orders?" The Sergeant took the position of a soldier, saluted the Colonel, and, with right hand pointing upward, said: "God Almighty ordered me to shoot!" At this reply the Colonel mellowed in his manner, and said: "I guess he did;" and then dropped the subject. Col. Conger immediately started for Washington to apprise the authorities of Booth's capture, and Lieutenant Baker and the escort remained to bring the body as soon as life was extinct. A neighborhood physician was called, who gave it as his opinion that Booth could not survive much longer. Col. Conger started for Washington a little after sunrise, and Booth died in about fifteen minutes after he left. The body was sewed up in a saddle blanket, placed in a one-horse wagon, driven by a negro, and taken across the country to Belle Plain, where the party arrived about dark. The tug Ide was waiting, the body put on board, and she then steamed up the river for Washington. The capital was reached about daylight in the morning, and the body delivered to Secretary Stanton, who ordered it placed in the navy-yard. Here it was kept one day for identification and the evidence of various parties taken.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Many railroad accidents are prevented by a presence of mind on the engineers. The *Car Builder* relates the following as among the recent evidences of presence of mind on the part of locomotive engineers:

A passenger train on the C. B. & Q. road was rounding a sharp curve, just under a piece of tall timber. The watchful engineer saw a tree lying across the track 60 feet ahead of the locomotive. The train was running at a rate of 35 miles an hour, and to check its momentum before reaching the obstruction was out of the question. The engineer took in the situation at a glance. He threw the throttle wide open, the engine shot ahead with the velocity of an arrow, and with such tremendous force that the tree was picked up by the cow-catcher and flung from the track as if it had been a willow withe. A man with not so cool a head would have made the best possible use of those 60 feet in the way of checking the speed of the train. That would have caused a disaster.

Bradford, an engineer, was bringing an express train over the Kankakee line from Indianapolis. As the engine shot out from the deep cut and struck a short piece of straight track leading to a bridge, a herd of colts was discovered running down the road. The distance to the river was only 100 feet. Bradford knew he could not stop the train, and also knew that if the colts beat the locomotive to the bridge they would fall between the timbers, and the obstruction would throw the train off, and probably result in a frightful loss of life. It took him only half a second to think of all this. The other half was utilized in giving his engine such a quantity of steam that it covered that 100 feet of track in about the same time that a bolt of lightning would travel from the tip of a lightning rod to the ground. The colts were struck and hurled down the embankment just as they were entering the bridge.

'SQUIRE BRAY'S COURTSHIP.

[Reidsville (N. C.) Times.]

'Squire Bray, of Caswell, was hunting another wife, but his son Bob, a wild blade, knocked him out of it. In the capacious breast pocket of the 'Squire's great-coat reposed a pint tickler, well filled, that he only proposed using on his way back from seeing the Widow Brown. Now, just before he started Bob slipped the tickler out and put in its place a small alarm clock, carefully wound up and set for 11 P. M. The 'Squire had sat the fire out and was well on with his overcoat, holding the widow's hand at the door and putting in his sweetest licks for the last. "Yes, your first husband, my dear, was one of my first friends, and we'll visit his and my lost Hannah's graves, won't we, love?" "Ah, yes, for where was there a sweeter woman than your poor Hannah?" asked the widow. "A good woman; she was good enough, but there's a living one just as sweet," said the 'Squire, and he was drawing her to him for a kiss when whizz-wizz-zizzer-wizzer-hizzerting-whir-r-r-r-r, ting! bang! the clock went off inside of him "O lawd!" screamed the widow, "he's shooting to pieces! It's Hannah's old peanny a playin' inside of him!" She said she'd haunt me! She allers told me so!" cried the 'Squire, running in a stoop for his horse, with both hands clasped to his breast and the clock still striking, ting, ting, ting. He rode like Old Nick was after him and never knew the racket until he felt for his tickler and pulled out the little clock that Bob had bought at auction. Then he laughed till the tears ran, but he promised Bob never to spark another woman if he'd only keep the joke from the neighbors. The widow believes to this day that old man Bray is a walking volcano.

JOHN M. WAITE and M. B. Gould, both prominent and respected business men of Chicago, on the afternoon of Dec. 27th, thinking to play a practical joke upon the colored janitor, disarranged the contents of Mr. Waite's rooms, and then concealing themselves in a closet waited until the janitor appeared. The latter, becoming excited at the condition of the rooms, procured a revolver, and hearing a noise in the closet he tried to pull the door open. Failing in this he fired through the door, the shot passing through Mr. Gould's head. He died shortly after. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict justifying the janitor and discharging him from custody.

SINGULAR CASE.

A paper was read at a late meeting of the Clinical Society, London, by Dr. G. Wilks, of Ashford, on a remarkable case of lightning stroke, which occurred on June 8, 1878. A farm laborer was struck by lightning while standing under a willow tree, close to the window of a shed in which his three fellow workmen had just taken shelter from a violent storm of rain. His companions found the tree partly denuded of its bark, and the patient's boots standing at its foot. The patient himself was lying on his back two yards off, and though he was fully clothed previously, he was now naked, with absolutely nothing on except part of the left arm of his flannel vest. He was conscious, but much burnt, and his leg was badly broken. The field around was strewn with fragments of the clothing; the clothes were split or torn from top to bottom, the edges of the fragments being often torn into shreds or fringes; they only showed evidences of fire where they came in contact with metal, such as his watch and the buckle of his waist belt. There were no laces in the boots. The left boot was torn and twisted into fantastic shapes, but the sole was uninjured, and there were no signs of fire upon it; the right boot had the leather much torn and the sole rent and burnt. The watch had a hole burnt through the case, and the chain was almost entirely destroyed. The stockings were split down the inner side; the hat was uninjured. The patient stated that he was struck violently on the chest and shoulders, became enveloped in a blinding light, and was hurled into the air, coming down on his back, "all of a crash," and never losing consciousness. The hair of his face was burnt, and the body was covered with burns. Down each thigh and leg was a broad crimson indurated band of burning, passing along the inner side of the knee, and ending below the left inner ankle and the right heel; a lacerated wound, with a comminuted fracture of the os calcis. The bones of the right leg were fractured, and the tibia protruded through the skin in the course of the burn. He was discharged healed twenty weeks after the occurrence. Dr. Wilks remarked on the almost complete exemption of the nervous system and on the probability that the clothes being wet acted as good conductors, and so diverted the electric current from the great nervous trunks, thus saving the man's life.

A SHREWD CLERGYMAN.

The Rev. Mr. Lane, of Kensico, is a remarkably shrewd man. Having been accused of kissing various ladies belonging to his congregation, he frankly confesses the fact, but as a justification and defence, he alleges that he has done all his kissing with a proper motive and with only fraternal feeling.

Mr. Lane is very smart. On the fact, if he took issue, he would undoubtedly be beaten, if not out of his boots, as the vulgar phrase is, out of his pulpit. But by simply turning the whole matter on to the question of motive, he gets it on a point in reference to which he alone can testify of his own knowledge; and how do they expect to disprove what he says?

The husbands of some of these women join in the pursuit of this well-intentioned minister of the Gospel. What right have they to do this? They say the clergyman kissed their wives. What of it? Are not ministers privileged to bestow kisses where laymen are not? If ministers are not, then many of them have a misconception of their own prerogatives.

One point, curiously enough, is brought out by the excellent and devoted wife of the clergyman. She says, with emphasis, *Mr Lane is a man.*" This important consideration appears heretofore to have escaped the attention of both the male and female members of Mr. Lane's congregation. Indeed, it is a point often overlooked by the devout members of churches in regard to their clergymen until some great development brings it forcibly to mind.

Having read what the women who were kissed by their pastor have to say, we should like to know now what those—if any—who were not kissed by him think of the man. They ought to rally to his defence. Will they? If they do, unless he has kissed a majority, the weight of testimony ought still to be in his favor. For our part we give credit to his testimony, believing he meant to do what he did.

The view taken by the committee appointed to investigate the charges against Mr. Lane is of the most comprehensive character. They find that he did the kissing; that he was imprudent; but that his conduct was not immoral. That is to say, the kissing other men's wives by a clergyman is not in itself immoral, but if done in a way to be found out and to cause such a scandal, it is imprudent.

HOW NUTMEGS GROW.—Nutmegs grow on little trees which look like small pear trees, and are generally over twenty feet high. The flowers are very much like the lily of the valley. They are pale and very fragrant. The nutmeg is the seed of the fruit, and mace is the thin covering over this seed. The fruit is about the size of a peach. When ripe it breaks open and shows the little nut inside. The trees grow on the islands of Asia and in tropical America. They bear fruit for seventy or eighty years, having ripe fruit upon them at all seasons. A fine tree in Jamaica has over 4,000 nutmegs on it yearly. The Dutch used to have all this nutmeg trade, as they owned the Banda Islands, and conquered all the other traders and destroyed the trees. To keep up the price they once burned three piles of nutmegs, each of which was as large as a church, Nature did not sympathize with their meanness. The nutmeg pigeon, found in all the Indian islands, did for the world what the Dutch determined should not be done—carried the nuts, which are their food, into all the surrounding countries, and trees grew up again, and the world had the benefit.

FROM A FOREIGN SHORE.

THE SAD SITUATION IN OULD IRELAND—DOINGS OF THE HOME RULERS—THE POPE ANGRY AT M'CLOSKEY.

HOME RULERS IN COUNCIL.

DUBLIN, Jan. 20.—A meeting of thirty-three Home Rule members of Parliament, under the Presidency of the Lord Mayor, passed a resolution calling upon the Government to institute reproductive relief works. A resolution to move an amendment to the address, if the Queen's speech contains nothing touching the Irish distress, was adopted. Wm. Shaw said the Government wilfully shut its eyes to the distress in Ireland. Mitchell Henry said that, if the demands are not complied with, they must force compliance by constitutional action or otherwise. Daniel O'Donaghue, member from Tralee, announced that he would in future act with the Home Rulers. Mr. Shaw condemned the Government relief measures as tardy and utterly inadequate. Mitchell Henry pointed out that the Irish members should not permit the attention of Parliament to be directed to foreign policy, as doubtless will be attempted on the first night of the session, until the affairs of unfortunate Ireland have been put in a proper position.

THE APPEAL FOR IRELAND.

The appeal of the Mansion Committee to the people of the United States says:

It is now admitted the distress is of an acute and exceptional character, certain to involve actual starvation if extraneous aid be not promptly and liberally forthcoming. The distress daily increases in area and intensity, and it seems almost impossible to avert until next harvest an absolute famine in many places.

This central committee distributes through local committees, of which the clergy of all denominations in the district and poor law medical officers must be members, and requires relief to be given only in kind and not in money.

LIVELY HOME RULE MEETING.

A Home Rule meeting to-day passed resolutions in favor of fixity of the tenure and peasant propriety. The Lord Mayor, who presided, refused to receive a resolution expressing sympathy with the peasantry of the west of Ireland in their struggle to retain their holdings, on the ground that the struggle has assumed the aspect of physical force.

During an excited debate Biggar declared that Shaw was not a leader of the Irish people, but that Parnell was. The meeting adjourned to Wednesday.

EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.

The Irish National Land League has resolved to hold a grand meeting in Phœnix Park in furtherance of the land movement on February 22nd. Foster, of Belfast, has addressed a letter to Parnell, which is published. Foster offers to donate £15,000 to assist emigration from Donegal, Clare, Kerry, Cork and Connaught to Canada and the Western States of America. He says he feels sure the Americans will heartily co-operate in the plan he proposes for relieving the distress in Ireland.

UPON THE PAPAL EAR.

LONDON, Jan. 20.—A dispatch from Rome to the Pall Mall *Gazette* says the Pope is surprised and indignant at Cardinal McCloskey's reception of Parnell in New York, and has ordered Cardinal Nina, Papal Secretary of State, to telegraph Cardinal McCloskey for information on the subject. The Pope is indisposed and confined to bed.

NEW GROUND FOR DIVORCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 7.—A remarkable opinion has been given in the Virginia Court of Appeals by Judge Anderson, one of the Judges, in the case of Latham *vs.* Latham, to the effect that Republicanism is good ground for divorce. In the case referred to, Mrs. Latham charges in her bill that her husband required her to conceal her want of sympathy with his political cause, and alleges that the shock was so great to her when she found, after her marriage, that her husband, whom as a girl she had admired and honored as one who had done his duty to his native State in arms, and whom she supposed to be still true, had in fact allied himself with what are known in Virginia as Radicals, that she could stand it no longer, and was compelled to sue for divorce. In the opinion of Judge Anderson, dissenting from the majority of the Supreme Court, and overruling the decree of the Corporation Court at Lynchburg, he descants in the following happy vein:

"The shock and mortification of Mrs. Latham was to find that her husband had not been true; that he had deserted his friends and had gone over to the enemy, and had joined him in waging upon them war more cruel than a war of arms. It was perfidy; the moral taint which she felt attached to him, and which would likely exclude him from the best society of the State." And, therefore, this most righteous Judge thought the bonds of matrimony ought to be dissolved.

IT is not solely on the general prosperity of the country and the demand for our grain and provisions in Europe that the bull speculation appears to be based. Somehow or other a belief has spread itself in Wall street that Europe is on the eve of a general war, which must necessarily benefit us. Mr. Rufus Hatch, for instance, is firmly convinced that such a war will break out immediately after the death of Bismarck and the Emperor of Russia, both of whom are in precarious health. He offered the other day to sell "a put on it for $100 for six months after the death of these fellows."

—Arkansas is a poor place to get along in. A young man on his wedding day was taken out and hung for stealing a $5 horse.

—A New York barber in ten minutes talked a telephone to death.

—A go-as-you-please race—Women.