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THE BUTLER CITIZEN, BUTLER, PA.

Butler



Citizen

VOL. XVII.

BUTLER, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1880.

NO. 38

BOOTS and SHOES
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A. B. RUFF'S
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Main Street, - - - - Butler, Pa.

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THE SHREBER HOUSE, L. NICKLAS, Prop'., MAIN STREET, BUTLER, PA. Having taken possession of the above well known Hotel, and it being furnished in the best style for the accommodation of guests, the public are respectfully invited to give me a call. I have also possession of the barn in rear of hotel, which furnishes excellent stabling, accommodations for my patrons. L. NICKLAS.

JAMES J. CAMPBELL, County Coroner, Office in Fairview Borough, in Telegraph Building, Butler, Pa. BELLEVILLE P. O., Butler Co., Pa. FERRIS ARMOR, Justice of the Peace, Main street, opposite Postoffice, ZELLENOSPE, PA.

Union Woolen Mills. I would desire to call the attention of the public to the Union Woolen Mill, Butler, Pa., where I have new and improved machinery for the manufacture of

Barred and Gray Fannels, Knitting and Weaving Yarns, and I can recommend them as being very durable, as they are manufactured of pure Butler county wool. They are beautiful in color, superior in texture, and will be sold at very low prices. For samples and prices, address, H. FULLERTON, Butler, Pa.

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Public Sale. The undersigned, surviving executor of Jacob Shanon, late of Centre township, Butler county, Pa., do hereby sell at public sale on the premises, at Centre township, on

SATURDAY, SEPT. 18th, 1880, at 1 o'clock p. m. of said day, the following property: Seventy-five acres of land, in Centre township, being that part of the farm of Jacob Shanon, dec'd, lying east of the graded or Franklin road, about forty acres cleared and the rest in good timber, no buildings thereon. DANIEL SHANON, Butler Pa.

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A COOL FOURTH.

Independence Day in the Arctic Circle—Sunshine at Midnight—In the Land of the Laps.

[We find the following letter of our former townsman, Rev. Robert A. Edwards, in the Philadelphia Inquirer, of the 5th inst. It will be read with great interest not only by his many friends here, but also for the information which it gives of life and nature in Norway.—Ed.]

TROMSOE, NORWAY, July 13, 1880.

Here I am in the Arctic Circle, and addressing you from a latitude of 69 1/2. This may be called the metropolis of the Arctic region, numbering, as it does, six thousand people. It is beautifully situated on an island some distance north of the Lofoden Islands, and is known as the Paris of the north.

While many of the houses have roofs covered with sod and earth from which grass and wild flowers are springing and waving to the breeze, yet on the outlying heights are handsome villas and velvet lawns, and from flagstaffs here and there flags are gayly fluttering. It is summer here, but the snow lying on all the surrounding hills and the wood cracking in the five story stove in my room, as I write, would seem to tell a different story. In December they have but one hour of daylight, though just now the sun never sets, and perpetual day reigns absolute.

We left Christiania on last Monday morning, where we spent Sunday, and celebrated the Fourth as best we could with four Americans at dinner. We attended services of the English Church held in a wing of the university, and heard two good sermons. The congregations were small, there being but eight communicants at the morning service, the reason being that so many of the English-speaking residents had removed for the summer to their country seats.

We went to Drouthem, or "Tromsø," as it is called here, by steamer over Lake Mjosen, the largest lake in Norway, and by rail. The journey occupied two whole days. The scenery on the lake was beautiful and grand, on one side well cultivated farms sloping down to the water's edge, while on the other massive hills stood out boldly against the sky. The last day's riding from a place called Koppang, carried us through scenery wild and impressive. Now we wound by the side of mountains, covered with reindeer moss to their summits, which made them white as snow. Then we swept down into a valley of Tyrolian beauty by a piece of railroad engineering that, by its vast sweeps and graceful curves, recalled, while it excels, that on the Pennsylvania railroad, near Altoona.

We reached Drouthem at nine o'clock, with the sun an hour high before setting. We sailed at midnight for this place (500 miles), and arrived here Saturday noon. The time seems long, but the distance, but we were constantly stopping at little stations and putting off everything conceivable from stoves up to hogheads of flour. The steamer was very much crowded with passengers. Thanks to the courtesy of Consul Gade, of Christiania, who called on us there, and who telegraphed for us to Tromsø, we were able to secure a little stateroom to ourselves for the night.

The main cabin at night was a sight. It was only six feet high, and after supper, was fitted up for a sleeping room, two berths deep. Men stowed themselves about in every conceivable way, and the snoring was enough to frighten old Neptune himself. However, everyone came expecting for once in their lives, and for once in life, they were not disappointed. The table accommodations were pretty good, except that for two days we saw nothing but black bread, made of rye and barley. The captain spoke English, and was exceedingly kind and obliging.

The scenery through which we were carried was among the finest in Europe. We were constantly witnessing views of fjords, lakes and mountains of great grandeur. In Switzerland the tourist in Switzerland can only obtain after a great deal of hard climbing and weary toil. Thursday afternoon we crossed the Arctic Circle, and later witnessed that most wonderful of natural phenomena, the midnight sun. The day had been sparklingly clear, and the view was free from fog or clouds. At half-past eleven we were all on deck, and stood there like so many sun worshippers, until the king of day had driven the powers of darkness before him and beyond the western horizon, and having hung for a moment on the borders of the sea, swept upward again in glowing beauty and increasing splendor, until the sun was covered or glorified in slumber, while the other was up and active. One industrious housewife was bending over her wash tub as we passed her dwelling.

As soon as the Finmarken was moored, on Saturday, ten of us started on an expedition—I can't call it an excursion—to the encampment of Lapplanders, about two hours from Tromsø, for a good time? There was but one lady with us, the wife of an English barrister in the party. The streams running down from the snowy heights were wild and swollen, and dry feet were not to be thought of. With characteristic courage she plunged in and through, and was the heroine of the day, as we all gladly testified afterward at dinner. At last we drew near three little mounds and a fenced inclosure, and saw near by a herd of deer and their young ones feeding. Soon we

entered one of the "hammers," as the huts are called, and were squatting about as best we could. An old stump was smouldering in the centre, while the smoke escaped partially through an opening in the roof. The rest hung about the hut, drawing forth tearful sympathy from the visitors. By this time a herd of stags had arrived from the mountain pastures—the captain of the steamer having telegraphed to Tromsø, on the previous day, of our expected visit. Altogether there were nine Laps—five men, two women and two boys. Escaping into the open air, they soon besieged us to buy moccasins made from the skins, and spoons, etc., made from the horns of the reindeer. Those of us who got through first amused ourselves with a little game of snobball; then we went to the inclosure and watched the men lasso the deer, while the women milked them. The milk, which we tasted with our newly-purchased spoons, was rich and pleasant to the taste. They were all dressed in reindeer skin. The women were quite nice-looking and retiring, and some of the men had attractive faces, but two of the old men were wretched-looking creatures. The oldest of them, after we had paid expenses and were waving our adieux, took off his night cap and, as he swung it round his head and his tattered hair fluttered to the breeze, he looked a perfect personification of Pagan evil. These sea Laps, however, are of a better class than the land Laps who live in the interior. Two of these who had followed their deer to the sea, where they come every summer, got on the steamer on the way up, and were filthy looking, degraded fellows. One of them told a gentleman he understood the language, that he was not married, because he had not found any one he liked well enough, and then he chuckled over his situation with amusing glee. We all roared.

Yesterday we quietly rested here. There is no English service, but we went to the Lutheran Church, which was full, and though we could not understand the language, yet we got the share of the spirit of the devout worshippers. With kindest regards, Yours truly, R. A. E.

AFTER FORTY DAYS.

Dr. Tanner's long fast Accomplished.

NEW YORK, August 8.—"O for 12 o'clock!" How slow the time goes. "Will that whistle never blow?"

Such were the muffled whispers of Dr. Tanner and his watchers between 11 and 12 o'clock yesterday forenoon.

The doctor sat by the window in the northeast ante-room in Clarendon Hall dressed in his customary well-worn black suit, which hung in loose folds about his shrunken form. A recent visit of the barber had left the lines of his worn face plainly visible. His hair brushed neatly back showed a high forehead and hollow temples, over which the skin was tightly drawn. His eyes were hollow and deep sunken, but a new light shone from them, replacing the apathy of former days. The deep rigid lines at the corners of his mouth served to set off his still slightly pendulous cheek bones stood out like grim sentinels. His thin lips were tightly compressed save when they quivered with a slight nervous trembling. His heavy chin looked as if it were a burden. Most of the time he sat looking down at the peach in his hand, or apparently not seeing the baggy folds in which his clothing hung. Occasionally his head dropped forward as if with weariness, and a dim film seemed to come over his eyes. Then he would brighten up, rousing himself with a start, and cast almost fierce glance around the room.

At 12 o'clock a murmur ran through the crowd, relieved from its suspense, and the doctor, half leaping from his chair, raised the peach to his mouth. Almost, but not quite, it touched his lips; a watcher seized his arm, and he was hurried to the door.

"For—sake don't eat that, doctor; you'll kill yourself," he exclaimed. An ugly scowl darkened the doctor's face. He writhed and struggled and at last shook off the hand from his arm. Instantly the peach was raised to his mouth, his parched lips opened to receive it, and with a long drawn "Oh" of intense satisfaction, the doctor tasted the first food that he had had for 40 days.

PENNSYLVANIA TANNERIES.

The largest hemlock tanning in the world is now done between Sterling Run and Warren, Pa., along the line of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad. The district includes thirteen tanneries in Cameron, Elk, McKean, Forest and Warren counties. Large tracts of land in these counties are covered with dense growth of hemlocks. Little clearings are made in the wilderness, a tannery is erected on some splendid trout stream, and an unpainted village springs up within a few months. The thirteen tanneries have facilities for tanning 75,000 hides a year. This work produces 1,500 sides of sole leather, averaging 17 pounds to the side, and aggregating 26,250,000 pounds of leather a year. At a fair average, the hides weigh 31 pounds a piece; so that the 775,000 go to the tanneries with an aggregate of 16,275,000 pounds, and emerge in the shape of sole leather weighing 26,250,000 pounds. This gain of 10,075,000 pounds is made in the face of fleshing, hair scraping, and trimming. It is made by the absorption of the tannin leached from ground hemlock bark.

These tanneries almost exclusively use South American hides, worth, on an average, 23 cents a pound. The 775,000 hides, therefore, cost \$3,742,250. The leather averages 25 cents a pound, and the hides that cost \$3,742,250 turn out leather that sells for \$6,587,500, the gain in value being \$2,845,250. All this, however, is not net profit. It represents the labor of nearly 1,500 men at an average of \$1.25 a day for 312 days a year, and the value of 155,000 cords or 340,000,000 pounds of hemlock bark, worth from \$4 to \$4.50 a cord delivered. The aggregate of the cost of labor is \$585,000, and that of the cost of the bark \$658,150, a total of \$1,243,150. This leaves for the tanners \$1,291,500, out of which come taxes, cost of acids, wear and tear of machinery, fuel, lights insurance, and other incidental expenses, leaving a fair profit at the bottom. The bark runs 2,200 pounds to the cord, and a cord will run out ten sides of leather.—New York Sun.

CHASTINE COX.

An elderly woman, married many years to a very weak-minded and most impetuous New Yorker, made her way into the inner circle of a strong minded set of women and adopted the worst ideas of the extremes of them.

They confided themselves to talk, and their elderly friend put their practice into operation. One thing led to another. Poverty overtook her husband, and she, like many another fool of a woman opened a boarding house. Her husband was sent to sleep in a small attic room, but she, for her own purpose and comfort, utilized the extension room on the parlor floor. Beyond the scene of the drama.

Enter now the third of the dramatic personae in the smoky guise of a comely colored waiter, who in a brief period passed through the stages of servant, friend and admirer, until he became a really bluish for the old lady's secret lover. His visits were frequent, and his attentions most assiduous. The mistress of the house broke down all social barriers, and so far as she and her husband were concerned, he became absolute in every wish.

Well? And it wasn't well. Some months ago the favored darkey became insolent and wanted money, more money and then all that the old lady had. With his pass-key he found ways unimpeded access to the house and madam's rooms, and with unparalleled effrontery combined in his individuality the suavity of a lover and the tactics of a black mailer. The inevitable came. After a lover's quarrel resulted in violence, then a faint, then apprehension and anxiety. What should he do? Obviously distrust suspicion. But how? By binding the woman as she lay prone upon her couch, by overturning a chair or two, snatching hastily the few and by no means costly articles of jewelry she had on her hands and person, by throwing open a window and stealing quietly away as he had entered.

In time it was discovered. The old lady was dead. Her husband, known to be on bad terms with her, was arrested and was at the very depot to be railroaded to the gallows.

Accident detected the darkey. And the darkey confessed. Confessed what? Well he confessed the murder, such a condition of affairs as horrified his not over sensitive counsel, and in spite of his earnest protests the switch was used instead of the main road—and the man was hanged.

Now, the police justice, and the counsel for the prisoner and several press men knew all these facts from the first, but a mood sentimentality induced them one and all, to keep them from the public. The counsel argued that the average person would be so shocked by the idea that his client would suffer more if the truth were known. What nonsense! He couldn't have had anything worse than death, in any event. He didn't commit murder intentionally. The judge gave the jury the law, which is to the effect that a man who accidentally kills a person while in the commission of a felony is guilty of murder. The felony consisted in breaking into the house. But if the fellow was there on invitation and had a pass-key in his pocket he clearly was not a burglar, and therefore not guilty of murder!

But isn't any more queer than a thousand others which lay half concealed in social circles. Now and then some evolution, some outburst, some accident, brings this, that or the other to light. The world's oh's and ah's, laughs or shuders, and rolls on as merrily and busily as ever.

A REMARKABLE TRIAL AND ITS RESULT.

What is probably the last chapter in a tragedy the scene of which was laid in Alexandria, Egypt, exactly twelve months ago, has just come to light. In July, 1879, one Mirzan, who claimed to be an American citizen, shot down in broad daylight, in the most public part of the city, a prominent Egyptian lawyer named Dahan Bey, and immediately surrendered himself to the United States authorities. Under a treaty between this country and the Sublime Porte, made in 1830, it is provided that United States citizens who may be guilty of any offence shall be tried, not by the local authorities, but by their Ministers or Consul. In accordance with this stipulation and with the laws of Congress framed under it Mirzan was tried by the United States Minister, Mr. Maynard, and sentenced to death. At this point the interesting constitutional question arises, "Can an American citizen, merely because he resides outside the geographical limits of the country, be tried for a capital offence by a purely executive officer, without a jury, and a jury, and sentenced to death?" The constitution and at least one of its amendments declare to the contrary, but Mr. Maynard, falling back upon the wisdom of Congress, held the very reverse and so affixed the limit of Mirzan's right to the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness. In this whole question Mirzan is dead or no account whatever. It may be an American citizen, but it is very certain that he became one not from any love for our institutions, but purely to subvert his purposes, and his foresight, as it turns out, has served him pretty effectually in the position in which he finds himself. The question in Mirzan is not whether this is a more or less interested interest in this—in such a proceeding as that which has just taken place in Mirzan's case in accordance with the constitution? In other words, are those consular courts which absurd treaties and still more absurd legislation have fastened upon us so far as the treatment of our citizens by the Ottoman Empire, in Persia, China, Japan, Siam and other countries, in accordance with the principles of the supreme law of the land? The President in his disposition of the case in saving Mirzan from the gallows, has not settled or attempted to settle this point.

The brick-thrower is dying out.

PHYSICIANS.

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For Sale.

The well-improved farm of Rev. W. R. Hutchinson, in the northeast corner of Middlesex township, Butler county, Pa. in full bearing. Inquire of W. R. HEBBER, on the premises. ap17

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\$5 will buy a one-half interest in a good business in Pittsburgh. One who knows something about forming preferred. An honest man with the above amount will do well to trade with J. T. McJUNKIN, care S. M. James, 43 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa. [au27-ly

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I hold that a piece of furniture made by hand is worth more than one made by machinery, and will cost out little more, if any. Then why not have hand work? All work made in the latest style and of the best material. I guarantee entire satisfaction in style, workmanship and price. Give me a call. Shop on Millin street, four doors west of Main street, and opposite A. C. Troniman's store, Butler, Pa. sept17-ly

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