Butler Citizen.

VOL. XVIII. BUTLER, PA., WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 15. 1880. NO. 5

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The several Courts of the county of Butler commence on the first Monday of March, June, September and December, and continue two weeks, or so long as necessary to dispose of the business. No causes are put down for trial or traverse jurors summoned for the first week of the several terms.

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[From Harper's Monthly for December.]

MRS. FLINT'S MARRIED EXPERIENCE.

Well, Mindwell, I have counseled a good deal about it. I was happy as the day is long with your father. I don't say but what I cleaved to this world considerable more than was good for my growth in grace. He was about the best. But it pleased the Lord to remove him, and it was quite a spell before I could really submit; the material man rebelled, now I tell you! You can't never tell what it is to lose a companion till you experience it."

A faint color, vanishing as rapidly as it came, almost as if ashamed that it bore witness to the emotion within her, rose to Mindwell Pratt's face as her mother spoke. She was a typical New England woman—pale, serious, with delicate features, grave, dark eyes, a tall, slight, undeveloped figure, graceful from mere unconsciousness, awkward and angular otherwise. You could compare her to nothing but some delicate and slender tree of the forest that waves its fragile but hardy branches fresh and green in springtime, and abides undaunted the worst blast of winter, rooted in the fissures of the rock, fed by the bitterest showers, the melting shows, the furious hail that bends but never breaks it; perfect in its place, fitted utterly to its surroundings. Her mother, the widow Gold, was externally like her; but deep in Mindwell's heart lay a strength of character and acuteness of judgment the elder woman did not possess, and a reticence that forbade her to express sympathy even with her mother's sorrow, further than by that reluctant blush, for sympathy implied an expression of her love for her husband—a hidden treasure she could not profane by speech, which found its only demonstration in deeds, and was the chief spring of her active and devoted life as wife and mother.

Mrs. Gold had been a happy woman as she said, while her husband lived, and had not yet ceased to reproach herself for mourning him so bitterly. The religion of New England at that time was of a stern type; it demanded a spiritual asceticism of its followers, and virtually forbade them to enjoy the blessings of this life by keeping them in horrid and continual dread of "the pains of hell forever," as their catechism expressed it. It was their purpose to work out their own salvation with fear and trembling under curse of the law; the gospel was a profound and awful mystery, to be longed for afar off; no more daily bread than the show-bread of the Temple.

They lived, and worked, and suffered and died, with few exceptions, in an awful sense of flying time, brief probation, an angry God, a certain hell, but a very uncertain heaven. No wonder that they were austere and hard; the wonder was that even natural temperament and mental organization should ever resist this outside pressure, and give play to humor, or fancy, or passion of any sort. Yet in this faithless faith lay elements of wonderful strength; the compelling force of duty made men nobly honest, rigidly upright, just as far as their narrow views allowed, and true to the outward relations of this life, however they violated their inner principle and meaning. Speculation, defalcation, divorce, were crimes they called by other names than these, and abhorred. Can we say as much for ourselves? However we may sneer at Puritanism, it had its strong virtues, and its outgrowth was honesty, decency, and respect for law. A share of such virtues would be worth much to us now.

"Mrs. Gold was "a professor," and it behooved her to submit to the will of God when her husband died. He had been a strong, generous, warm-hearted man; and though undemonstrative as his race, his wife had been loved and cherished as the very blossom of his life. She was a sweet, fair girl when Ethan Gold married her, clinging and dependent by nature, though education had made her a hard worker; but her fragile beauty and soft temper had attracted the strength and fervor of man, and their short life together had been exceptionally happy. Then fever struck him down in his full prime, and their only child, a girl of six, could but just remember all her life that she once had a father whose very memory was sacred. Fifteen years of mourning at first deeply, then steadily, at last habitually, and rather as a form than a feeling, passed away.

Ethan had left his wife with "means," so that poverty did not vex her; and now Mindwell was a grown woman, and married to Samuel Pratt, a well-to-do young farmer of Colebrook—a hearty, jovial young fellow, whose fun and animal spirits would bubble over in spite of reproving eyes and tongues, and who came into Mindwell's restrained and reserved life like a burst of sunshine. Are the wild blossoms grateful to the sun that draws them with powerful attraction from the cold sod.

"Where they together,
All the cold weather,
Keep home alone?"

Perhaps their odor and color are for him who brings them to the light and delight of life. Mindwell's great fear was that she made an idol of her husband; yet he certainly had not an idea that she did.

If the good soul had stopped to analyze the relation between them, his consciousness would have been found, when formulated, to be that his wife bore with him as saints do with rather amusing sinners, while he worshipped her as even the most humorous of sinners do sometimes secretly worship saints. But what the wife did not acknowledge or the husband perceive became in a few years painfully perceptible to the mother's feminine and maternal instinct. Mindwell treated her with all possible respect and kindness, but she was no longer her first object. There is a strange hunger in the average female heart to be the one and only love of some other heart, which lies at the root of fearful tragedies and long agonies of unspoken pain—a God-given instinct, no doubt, to make the monopoly of marriage dear and desirable, but, like all other instincts, fatal if it be not fulfilled or followed. Utterly wanting in men, who grasp the pluralities of passion as well as of office, this instict niches itself deepest in the gentlest of women and was the ruling yet unrecognized motive in the widow Gold's character. If Mindwell had not had children, perhaps her mother would have been more necessary to her and more dear, but two babies had followed on her marriage within three years and her mother-love was a true passion. This the grandmother perceived with a tender jealously fast growing acute. She loved the little girls, as grandmothers do, with unreasoning and lavish fondness. If there had been a maiden aunt in the family—that unconsidered maid-of-all work whose love is felt to be intrusive, while yet the demanes on it are insatiable—the widow Gold would have had at least one sympathetic breast to appeal to; but as it was, she became more and more uneasy and unhappy, and began to make herself wretched with all the commonplaces she could think of—about her "room being better than her company," "love runs down, not up," and the like—till she was really pining, when just at this moment an admirer came upon the scene, and made known the reason of his appearance in a business like way.

"Deacon Flint's in the, keepin'-room mother, wishful to see you." said Mindwell one day, about five years after her marriage. Deacon Flint was an old acquaintance, known to Mrs. Gold ever since she was a girl in Bassett. When she married and moved to Denslow the acquaintance had been partly dropped, though only nine miles lay between them; but she had then her family cares, and Ethan Gold and Amasa Flint were as unlikely to be friends as a Newfoundland dog and a weasel. Since she had come to Colebrook to live with her daughter, she was a little further still from her Bassetts friends, and therefore it was a long time since she had seen the deacon. Meanwhile he had lost his wife—a silent and sickly woman, who crept about and worried through her daily duties for years, spent and fainting when the last supper dish was washed and aching at early dawn when she had to get up to milk. She did not complain; her duty lay there, in her home, and she did it as long as she could; then she died. This is a common record among our barren hills, which count by thousands their

"Martyrs by the pang without the palm."

It was a year after her death when Deacon Flint made his first visit to Widow Gold. He was tired of paying Aunt Polly Morse seventy-five cents a week to do housework, though she spun and wove, and made and mended, as his wife had done, confiding only to one trusty ear her opinion of her employer.

"He's a professor, ye know, Isr'el, and I make no doubt but what he's a good man, but he is dreadful near—seems as if he reelly begrutched me my vittles sometimes; and there isn't a grain o' salt in that house spilt without his findin' of it out. Now I don't calc'late to spill no salt, nor nothin' else, to waste it; but, land's sakes! I can't see like a fly, so's to scare up every mite of a sugar that's left onto the edges of the paper he fetches it hum in. I wish to gracious he'd get somebody else. I'd rather do chores for Mirandy Huff than for the deacon."

Old Israel's wrinkled face, puckered mouth, and deep set eyes twitched with a furtive laugh. He was the village fool yet shrewder than any man who stopped to jest with him, and a fool only in the satiric sense of jester; for though he had nothing of his own but a tiny brown house and pig-pen, and made his living, such as it was, by doing odd jobs, and peddling yeast from the distilleries at Simsburry, he was the most independent man in Bassett, being regardless of public opinion and not at all afraid of Parson Roberts.

"Well, Aunt Polly," he answered, "you stay by a spell; the deacon won't want ye too long. He's got a sharp eye, now I tell ye, and he's forehanded as fury. Fust you'll know, Miss Flint 'll *come* home, and you'll *go* home."

"Miss Flint!" screamed Aunt Polly. "Why, Isr'el Tucker, you give me such a turn! Poor cretur, she's safe under the mulleins t'is year back. I guess I shall go when she comes, but 'twon't be till the day o' judgment."

"Then the day o' judgment's near by, Aunt Polly; and I reckon it is for one poor cretur. But you don't somehow seem to take it in. I tell ye the deacon's gone a courtin'."

"Courtin'? Isr'el! you be a-foolin' of me now, certain sure?"

"Not a mite on't. I see him a-filin' up his old harness yesterday, and a-rubbin' down the mare, and I mistrusted he was up to suthin; and Squire Battle he met him almost to Colebrook this mornin'—I heerd him say so. I put this 'n' that together, and drawed my own influences, and I figgered out that he's gone to Colebrook to see if Widder Gold won' hev him. A wife's a lot cheeper than hired help, and this one's got means."

"For mercy's sake you don't suppose that Sarepty Gold would look at him, do ye?"

"I never see the woman yet that wouldn't look at a man when he axed her to," was the dry answer. But Aunt Polly was too stunned with her new ideas to retort. She went on as if the sneer at her sex had not reached her ear.

"Why, she ha'n't no need to marry him. She's got a good home to Sam Pratt's; and there's that farm here that Hi Smith runs on shares, and money in Hartford bank, they do say. She won't have him: don't ye tell me so."

"Women are mortal queer," replied old Israel.

"If they wa'n't, there wouldn't no men get married," snapped Aunt Polly, who was a contented old maid, and never suspected that she was "queer" herself.

"That's so, Aunt Polly. Mabbe it's what Parson Roberts calls a dispensation, and I guess it is. I say fo't a woman must be extry queer to marry Ammasy Flint, ef she's got a chance at Bassett poor-house."

Yet Israel was right in his prophecy. At that very moment Deacon Flint was sitting bolt-upright in a high-backed chair in Sam Pratt's keeping room, discoursing with the widow Gold.

Two people more opposite in aspect could hardly be found. Mrs. Gold was not yet fifty, and retained much of her soft lovliness. Her cheek was still round and fair, her pale brown hair but slightly lined with gray, and the mild light of her eyes shown tenderly yet, though her figure was a little bent, and her hands knotted with work.

She looked fair and young in comparison with the grizzled, stern, hard-favored man before her. A far-off Scotch ancesty had bequeathed to him the high cheekbones and deep set eyes that gave him so severe an aspect, and to these an aquiline nose, a cruel, pinched mouth, a low forehead and a sallow wrinkled skin added no charms. But the charm of all association brought him a welcome here. Bassett was the home of Mrs. Gold's childhood and she had a great many questions to ask. Her face gathered color and light as she recalled old affections and sympathies, and the deacon took a certain satisfaction in looking at her. But this was a mere ripple above his serious intention. He meant business, and could not waste time; so as soon as there came a little lull in Mrs. Gold's fluent reminiscences, he curtly began:

"I came over to-day on an arrand, Mrs. Gold—I may say a serious arrand. I lost my companion, I suppose ye know, a year ago come September the 10th. She was a good woman, Miss Flint was, savin' and reasonable as ever was."

"I always heard her well spoke of," modestly rejoined the widow.

"Yes, her children praise her in the gates, or they would hev if she'd had any. I feel her loss. And Scripter says, "It is not good for man to be alone.' Scripture is right. You are a woman that's seen affliction too, Mrs Gold; you've passed under the rod. Well, folks must be resigned; professors like you and me have got to set example. We can't fault the Lord when He takes our companions away, and say, 'Why do ye so?" as though 'twas a man that done it. We've got this treasure in earthen vessels. Well to come to the p'int, I come over to-day to see if you wan't willin' to consider the subject of uniting yourself to me in the bonds of marriage."

"Oh!" said the astonished widow.

"I don't want to hurry ye none," he went on; "take time on't. I should like to get my answer right off, but I can make allowance for bein' onexpected. I'll come again next week—say this day week. I hope you'll make it a subject of prayer, and I expect you'll get light on your duty by that time. I've got a good house, and a good farm, and I'll do well by ye. And moreover and besides you know Mr. Pratt's folks are pressed some for room I expect. I guess they won't stand in the way of your goin' to Bassett. Good-day—good-day."

And the widow received a calm up-and-down hand-shake, with which decorous caress (?) the deacon—for we cannot call him lover, departed, leaving Mrs. Gold in a state of pleased amazement, partly because she was a woman and a widow, partly because it was Deacon Flint who had asked her to marry him; for the deacon was a pillar in Bassett church, owned a large farm and a goodly square house, and was a power in the State, having twice been sent to the General Assembly. She could not be gratified by the preference, and as she pondered on the matter it grew more feasible. Her girl was hers no longer, but a wife and mother herself, and she who had been all in all to Mindwell was now little more than "grandma" in the house—a sort of suffered and necessary burden on Samuel's hands; but here a home of her own was offered her, a place of dignity among other women—a place where she sould ask her children to come to her, and give rather than receive.

There is nothing so attractive to a woman who is no longer young as the idea of a home. The shadow of age and its infirmities affrights her. Loneliness is a terror in the future, and the prospect of drifting about here and there, a dependent, poor, proud, unwelcome, when flesh and heart fail, and the ability to labor is gone, makes any permanent shelter a blessed prospect, and draws many a woman into a far more dreadful fate than the workhouse mercies or the colder charity of relatives.

This terror was strong in Mrs. Gold's feeble heart. She was one of the thousands of women who can not trust what they do not see, and she misjudged her daughter cruelly. Mindwell felt that to-day as her mother avowed to her Deacon Flint's offer and her own perplexities. When Mrs. Gold asserted that her daughter could never understand what it was to lose a husband. Mindwell felt a sure but unspoken conviction that the terror of such a bereavement, which confronted her whenever her heart leaped up to meet Samuel, was experience enough for her to interpret thereby the longings of a real bereavement; but she only colored faintly, and answered:

"Well, mother, I don't see my way clear to offer you any advice. You must use your own judgment. You know Samuel and me think everything of having you here, and the children just begin to know grandma by heart. But I don't want to be self-seeking; if it's for your best good, why we shan't neither of us say a word. I don't skerce know how to speak about it it's so strange like and sudden. I can't say no more than this: if you're going to be happier and better off with Deacon Flint than with your own folks, we haven't no right to hinder you and we won't.

Mindwell turned away with trembling lips, silent because strong emotion choked her. If she had fallen on her mother's neck and wept, and begged her to stay, with repeated kisses and warm embraces, Mrs. Gold never would have become Mrs. Flint; but she could not appreciate Mindwell's feeling, she took her conscientious self-control and candor for indifference, and her elderly lover loomed through this mist in grander proportions than ever she resolved then and there that it was her duty to accept him.

Mindwell had gone down stairs to find her husband, who sat by the fire fitting a rake-tail more firmly into a hay rake. He had been caught in a distant field by a heavy shower and was steaming now close to the fireplace where a heap of chips was lighted to boil the kettle for tea. Mindwell stole up to him, and laid one hand on his handsome head. He looked up astonished at the slight caress, and saw his wife's eyes were full of tears.

"What's the matter, darling he said in his cheery voice. It was like a kiss to her to have him say "darling" for sweet words were rare among their class; and this was the only one he ever used; and this was the only one he ever used; kept sacredly, too, for Mindwell.

"Oh, Sam," she answered, with a quiver in her delicate voice, "don't you think, Deacon Flint wants to marry mother!"

"Thunder an' guns! you don't mean it, wife? Haw! haw! haw! It's as good as a general trainin'. Of all things? What does she say to't?"

"Well, I'm most afraid she favors him a little. He's giving her a week's time to consider of it; but somewhy I can't bear to have it thought of."

"Don't pester your head about it. Miss Pratt. You can't make nor meddle in such things; but I'm free to own that I never was more beat in all my days. Why, Amasy Flint is town talk for nearness and meanness. He pretends to be as pious as a basket o' chips, but I hain't no vital faith in that kind o' pious; I b'lieve in my soul he's a darned old hypocrite."

"Oh, Sam! Sam! you hadn't ought to judge folks."

"I suppose, I hadn't reelly; but you know what Scripter says somewhere or 'nother that some folk's sins are open, an' go to judgment before-hand, and I guess his'n do. I should hate to have mother take up with him."

"What can we do, Sam!"

"Nothin', strenuously. I don't know what 'tis about women folks in such matters; they wont bear no more meddlin' with than a pa'tridge's nest; you'll spile the brood if you put in a finger. I'd say jest as much as I could about her bein' always welcome here; I'll do my part of that set piece o' music; and that's all we can do; if she's set on havin' him, she will, and you nor me can't stop it, Miss Pratt;" with which sound advice Sam rose from the milking stool with his reconstructed rake, took down a coarse comb from the clock case, ran it through his hair by way of toilet, and sat down to supper at the table with the three other haymakers. Mindwell and her mother were going out to tea so they did not sup with the men.

After they came home Sam expressed himself in a succinct but forcible manner to Mrs Gold on the subject of her marriage, and Mindwell attempted a faint remonstrance again, but her morbid fear of selfishness shut the heart-throbs she longed to express to her mother back into their habitual silence. She and Sam both, trying to do their best, actually helped rather than hindered this unpropitious marriage.

Mrs. Gold in her heart longed to stay with her children, but feared and disliked so heartily to be a burden on their hands that she was unjust to herself and too. A little less self inspection and a little more simple honesty of speech would have settled this matter in favor of Mindwell and Colebrook; as it was, Deacon Flint carried the day. On the Friday following he arrived for his answer, his gray hair tied in a long queue, his Sunday coat of blue and brass buttons, his tight drab pantaloons, ruffled shirt, and low boots, all indicating a ceremonial occasion.

"Gosh!" said old Israel Tucker jogging along in his yeast cart, as he met the gray mare in clean harness, whipped up by the deacon in his fine raiment, the old wagon itself being for once washed and greased—"gosh! it's easy tellin' what he after. I should think them mulleins an' hardhacks in the burrvin'-ground would kinder rustle round. I don't know, though; mabbe Miss Flint's realized by now that she's better off under them beauties of natur' than she ever was in Amasy Flint's house. Good land! what fools women folks be! They dont never knew when they're well off. She's had an easy time along back, but she's seen the last on't—she's seen the last on't. Get up, Jewpiter!"

Nothing daunted by any mystic or magnetic sense of this vaticination by the highway, Deacon Flint whipped up his pony steed still more, and to such good purpose that he arrived in Colebrook before the widow had taken down the last pinned up curl on her forehead, or decided which of her two worked collars she would put on and whether it would be incongruous to wear a brooch of blue enamel with a white centre on which was denicted (in a fine brown tint produced by grinding up in oil a lock of the deceased Ethan Gold's hair) a weeping willow bending over a tomb, with an urn and a date on the urn. This did seem a little personal on such an occasion, so she pinned on a blue bow instead, and went down to receive the expecting deacon.

"I hope I see you well, ma'am," said Mr. Flint.

"Comfortably well, I'm obleeged to you," was the prim answer.

But the deacon was not to be daunted at this crisis; he plunged valiantly into the middle of things at once. "I suppose you've took into consideration the matter in hand, Miss Gold?"

The widow creased her handkerchief between her fingers and thought and seemed to be critical about the hems ming of it; but she pretty soon said, softly "Yes, I cant say but what I have thought on't a good deal. I've counselled some with the children, too.

"Well, I hope you're fit and prepared to acknowledge the leadin's of Providence to this con, and air about ready to be my companion through the vally of this world up to them fields beyond the swellin' flood stands dressed in livin' green. Amen."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A MILLIONAIRE'S WILL.

The Bequests of the Late James E Brown, of Kittanning.

On Saturday the will of the late James E. Brown, of Kittanning, was made public. The amount of property involved will reach $2,500,000. The will was made in 1871, and owing to the death of Mrs. Jane B. Finley, to whom the bulk of the property was devised, and the birth of James E. Brown, Jr., that part of the will has been rendered null and void. The following is the will:

I set apart and give fifteen per cent. of my personal estate remaining after payment of the above gifts, all debts and charges against it and dower in my personal estate and excluding the residue of my goods and chattels, but including working interests in oil wells, and direct the said fifteen per cent. to be paid and distributed as follows: One thousand dollars thereof to be invested in United States bonds at interest, and with their interest to be used in giving twenty-five dollars thereof to each wife in Kittanning who shall hereafter become a widow, having one or more children, in straitened circumstances, payable immediately after the death of her husband. This gift to be made to and also include those who shall hereafter become wives. Another one thousand dollars thereof to be paid to the sessions of the First Presbyterian church of Kittanning, to be by it invested in a United States bonds, and the interest thereof appropriated annually to the use of the Sabbath school of said church. Of the residue of the said 15 per cent. there shall be paid to the following boards of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America (of which Church I am a member,) as follows: To the Trustees of the Board of Domestic Missions of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, 20 per cent. thereof; to the Trustees of the Board of Education of the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America, 10 per cent. thereof; to the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, 20 per cent. thereof; to the Trustees of the Presbyterian Board of Publication, 5 per cent. thereof; to the Trustees of the church erecting fund of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America, 10 per cent. thereof; to the trustees of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America, in trust for the use of the fund for disabled ministers and their families, 5 per cent. thereof, and for the General Assembly Committee on Freedmen, 5 per cent. thereof; to the Presbyterian Bible Society, 20 per cent. thereof; to the American and Foreign Christian Union, formed in New York in 1849, to be applied to charitable uses and purposes of said society and under its directions, 5 per cent. thereof. He gives several small sums, from $100 to $500, to various nephews and nieces, and to his sister, Mrs. Rue. Kelly, $400 annuity. All the remainder, real, personal and mixed, goes to his daughter, Mrs. Jane B. Finley, and his grand-daughter, Elvena Finley, share and share alike, for their sole and separate use; and which shall not be controlled encumbered or changed by, or liable, or subject in any way to debts, contracts or engagements of the present or future husbands of my said grand-daughter. If my grand-daughter dies without issue, and my daughter survives her, then my daughter shall be entitled to and inherit this devise and bequest, to my grand-daughter at the death of my daughter, and if my grand-daughter survives her she shall be entitled to and inherit this devise and bequest to my daughter, and if my grand-daughter survives my daughter, and afterwards die without issue, then whatever may remain of the devise and quest shall descend and go to my legal heirs.

"Yes," said a young lady, who was possessed of a fine voice, "I am often asked to appear in public, but—" "But what?" observed a friend. "Well," she replied, "I should never be able to sustain my party. I am so easily decomposed."

MR. A. W. CAMPBELL, editor of the Wheeling *Intelligencer*, is spoken of as likely to be a favorite with the Garfield administration. Mr. Campbell was one of the two or three delegates to the Chicago Convention who declined to vote for Senator Conkling's resolution pledging each delegate in advance to vote for the nominee, whoever he might be, and it was General Garfield who turned the tide and prevented the passage of the subsequent resolution of Mr. Conkling to expel all the delegates who would not pledge themselves. He is a nephew of Alexander Campbell, founder of the sect to which General Garfield belongs.

—When you think your child has the diphtheria, the best thing you can do is to send for a good physician. If one can not be had immediately, you might try the following, which a correspondent asserts is a specific:—Stir a teaspoonful of flour of sulphur in a wine glass of water and give it to the patient to gargle the throat with. In ten minutes the patient will be out of danger. In extreme cases, when the fungus has grown to such an extent as to preclude the possibility of gargling blow the sulphur down the throat with a quill. This will cause the fungus to contract, and then gargling should be resorted to. Or take live coals in a shovel and sprinkle a couple of spoonfuls of the sulphur on them, and let the patient inhale the fumes. This will kill the fungus. The same remedy is recommended for colds and asthma.

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 changes 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, $1; Executors' and Administrators' Notices, $3 each; Estray, Caution and Dissolution Notices, not exceeding ten lines, 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 businessmen that it is the medium they should use in advertising their business.