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Butler Citizen

BUTLER, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1881

NO. 7

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square, one insertion, \$1; each subsequent insertion, 50 cents. Yearly advertisement exceeding one-fourth of a column, \$5 per inch.

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

POWERS OF THE BRITISH KING.

The Queen alone can create a peer, baronet or knight, and confer privileges on private persons. She alone can erect corporations, and raise and regulate fleets and armies, though under such restrictions relating to the appropriation and expenditure of money as make it impossible for her to exercise her power to the detriment of English liberty.

Previous to the Revolution of 1688 the government of England was mainly carried on by virtue of what was called the royal prerogative, that is by the King in person, with the advice of ministers appointed by himself.

As is well known, the Queen appoints her own advisers, irrespective of the wishes or approval of Parliament, and though popularly the Ministry is supposed to possess the whole executive power, no important measure is presented by them to the consideration of Parliament without her sanction and approval.

There has been but two instances in which the Lords and Commons have met by their own authority, namely, previous to the restoration of Charles II., and at the Revolution in 1688.

This, then, is the power of the Queen. She may, with the advice of her Ministers alone, assemble, prorogue, and dissolve Parliament, declare war, confer of disallow the acts of colonial legislatures, give effect to treaties, extend the term of patents, grant charters of incorporation to companies or municipal bodies, create ecclesiastical districts, regulate the Board of Admiralty, and make appointments to offices in the various departments of the government.

The crown is entirely dependent upon Parliament for its revenues, but, though dependent, it has a direct control over all supplies when raised. The crown, acting with the advice of its responsible ministers, is charged with the management of the public money, and with all payments for the public service. It makes known to the House of Commons by its annual budget its necessities, and the House grants such acts or supplies as these necessities require.

The most noted men of modern times have been chiefly attested to the value of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral as a cure for coughs and colds. The ways of New York justice—or justices—are past finding out, especially those of that noble statesman, his name is Bankston Morgan—his young man charged with the abduction and ruin of a young woman, because we give the justice's own words—"of your family connections, and for that reason only."

The great and wonderful discovery, DAVIS KIDNEY PAIN, is a most fortunate to the poor victim of Kidney Disease.

CARPETS! OIL CLOTHS! MATS! RUGS! STAIR RODS

NEW STOCK! NEW STOCK! HECK & PATTERSON'S NEW CARPET ROOM NOW OPEN! One Door South of their Clothing House, Butler, Pa.

141 Fine Merchant Tailoring 141 JOHN OMMERT'S, 141 Federal St., Allegheny City, Pa. ALSO A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF MEN'S BOYS AND CHILDREN'S READY-MADE CLOTHING, AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

LARGE STOCK OF FALL AND WINTER GOODS AT A. TROUTMAN'S, Corner Main and Millin Street, Butler, Pa. Dress Goods of all kinds, large assortment colored and black Cashmeres, large assortment Black Silks, Moccasin cloths, fancy Brocades, Plaids, Cotton Dress Goods, Calicoes, Chintzes, etc.

Corsets, Corsets, Corsets. A large stock to select from. Gloves, Gloves, Gloves. Kid Gloves, Silk Gloves, Fine Tanned Gloves, Cashmere Gloves, and Berlin Gloves.

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JOHN BERG & SON, GROCERS, Cor. Main and Cunningham St., Butler, Pa. One Door South of JOHN BERG & CO'S BANK.

The Highest MARKET PRICE PAID IN CASH FOR ALL KINDS OF GRAIN AND PRODUCE. John Berg & Son.

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER. A PURELY VEGETABLE REMEDY. For Internal and External Use.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Providence, R. I. Proprietors. Adminstratrix's Notice. Notice is hereby given that I, Kate B. Butler, have taken out letters of administration on the estate of Lewis Howe, late of Karus City, Butler county, Pa., dec'd, all persons having claims or demands against the estate of said decedent are requested to present the same to me at once.

FOR SALE. A Fine Single Sleigh, made in the latest style, swell bed. Also a fine two horse sleigh can be bought cheap. Terms easy. Inquire at Office of Office.

[From Harper's Monthly for December] MRS. FLINT'S MARRIED EXPERIENCE.

Matters went on in this way for five or six every day being a little more weary and dreary than the preceding. The plum colored paduasoy still did duty as the Sunday gown, for none of her own money ever passed into Mrs. Flint's hands. By this time she understood fully that this anti-upholstered room was her home for the future, and no more. People could live with out fire, even without warmth; a suffragan of coarse lincey-worsted for winter wear replaced the soft marionne she had always bought for that purpose, and homespun linen check was serviceable in summer, though it kept her busy at flax-wheel and loom many a hour. She had outlived the early years of her married life, and earned to ask, to persist in enacting in what she absolutely needed, or only in this way could she get her living? Her only vivid pleasure was an occasional visit from Ede and Sylvia—lovely little creatures in whom their mother's beautiful character and her father's cheery, genial nature seemed to combine, and with so much of Mindwell's delicate loveliness, her sweet dark eyes contrasted with the fair hair of their father's family that to grandmotherly eyes they seemed perfectly beautiful. For them the poor woman schemed, and toiled and sewed secretly. She hid a couple of new ones, when a deacon's back was turned, and kept it for Sylvia, who loved honey like a real bee; and she stored up red peramins in the parlor closet for Ede; and when Sam Pratt went into Hartford with a load of wool, and brought the children as far as Bassett to stay at Deacon Flint's over night, the poor woman would make for them gingerbread such as they remembered and savory cookies that they loved, though she encountered hard looks and hard words or wasting her husband's substance on another man's children.

Ede, who had a ready memory and a fluent tongue, was the first to report to Mindwell these comments of grand-father Flint, as they were taught to call him. "Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "I do think grandpa is real mean!" "Ede, you mustn't talk so about your elders and betters!" "I can't help it," chattered on the irrepressible child. "What did he want to come into the kitchen for when granny was giving us supper, and scold because she made cookies for us? Gaaany must arie and he got telling how he'd said before she shouldn't do it, and he wouldn't have it."

"Don't talk about it, Ede," said her mother, full of grief and indignation. "Mother, it's true. I heard him too," interposed Sylvia, who thought Ede's words were doubted, for the voluble and outspoken child was a little apt to catch her mother's hint. "Well, Sylvia, dear, it isn't best to talk about a good many things that are true!" "But for all that, Mindwell did discuss the matter with Sam before she slept, in that 'grand committee of two' which is the strength and comfort of a happy marriage."

"What ever can we do about it, Sam?" she said with tears in her voice. "Mother sets by 'em like her life—but if they're going to make trouble between her and Deacon Flint don't you think I had ought to prevent their going there?" "Well, it does seem hard on mother every way, but I can fix it. You know we had a heap of wheat off that mill lot last year, and I've sent it to east to be ground up for us. I guess I'll take a sack or two to the mill, and mother for a present. The deacon won't mistrust nothing, nor he can't say nothing about her usin' on't for the children."

"That's the very thing," said Mindwell. "And so it was, for that small trouble; yet that was only a drop in the bucket. After a few years of real privation, and a worse hunger of spirit, Mrs. Flint's health began to fail. She grew nervous and irritable, and as the deacon brot her more than ever. Her temper had long since failed under the hourly exasperation of her husband's companionship, and she had become as peevish, and as exasperable herself as a feeble nature can become under such a pressure."

"I never see nobody so changed as Miss Flint is," said Aunt Polly to old Israel. "I've a guess she'd call all that flintions was sent for folks' good, but her don't seem to work that way a mite!" "Well, Polly, I expect there's a real vital difference in 'flintions, jest as there is in folks. She picked her'n up as you may say, when she married him; 'twasn't reely the Lord's sendin'; she no need to let her marry him if she hadn't been a mite'!" "I sorter thought the Lord sent everything happened to folks!" "Well, in a manner mabe he does, but don't you rek'lect that David said, 'how'd he rather fall into the hands of the Lord than into men's?' I expect we're to blame for willful sins and it w'st I guess we fetch 'flintions on oursew's sometimes.'" "I don't see how you make them ideas jibe with 'lection and fore-ordination,'" rejoined Aunt Polly, who was a zealous theologian, and believed the Saybrook Platform and the Assembly's Catechism to be merely a skillful abridgment and condensation of Scripture. "I don't know as I'm called to, Polly. I don't believe the Lord's ways is jest like a primer, for everybody to larn right off. I shouldn't have no great respect for a Ruler an' Governor, as the Confession sez; that wa'n't no bigger'n I was. 'Lan' 'er I was to set sail on them seas o' divinity. I should be scooped up in the first gale, an' drowned right off. I believe he is good, and does right anyhow. Ef I can't see the way on't, why, it's cause my spiritual eyes ain't big enough. I can't see into some little things like Him, and I don't hold to takin' up the sea in a pint cup; 'twon't carry it no-bow!' With widdy upturnin' old Is-

rael travelled off with his barrow, leaving Polly amazed and shocked; but perhaps a little wiser after all.

"Just as the story is, a cousin of Deacon Flint's died 'over in York State,' as he said, and left him guardian of her only daughter, a girl of eighteen. A couple of thousand dollars was all the property that the widow Elridge had to give her child, for they had both worked hard for their living after the husband and father left. She had made the price of the farm which had been sold at his death. It was something to get so much cash into his own hands, and the deacon accordingly wrote at once to Mabel and offered her a home in his house, intimating that the interest of her money not being enough to board and clothe her, he would, out of family affection, supply these necessities for that inquisitive son, if she was willing to help a little about the house. Mabel was friendless enough to grasp eagerly this hope of a home, and very soon the stage stopped at Deacon Flint's door, and a new inmate entered his house."

Mabel Elridge was a capable, spirited, handsome girl, and before she had been a week in the Flint family understood her position, and resolved only to endure it till something better could be found. In her heart she pitied Aunt Polly, as she called her, as much as she detested the deacon, and her fresh girlish heart fairly ached with compassion and indignation over the poor woman. But she was not a heartless creature, while she staid, and though she made that stay as short as possible, and utterly refused to give up her savings-bank book to the deacon, who was unable legally to claim it, since her mother left no will, having only asked him, in a letter written just before her death, to act as Mabel's guardian. Her three months' sojourn in the house made her thoroughly aware of Deacon Flint's character and his wife's sufferings. She could not blame Mrs. Flint that she snapped back at the deacon's snarls, or complained long and bitterly of her wants and distresses.

"You don't know nothing what it is, Mabel!" she said one day, sobbing bitterly. "I'm put upon so hard. I want for clothes, and for vittles, and for some time to rest, so I don't know but what 'tw'll clean kill me; and if 'twain't for the children, I'd wish to die; but I do cleave to them amazingly!" Indignant tears filled Mabel's eyes. "I don't know how you bear it, aunty," she said, putting her arms about the old lady's neck. "Can't you get away from him anyhow?" "I could, but I suppose I hadn't ought to. There's a house on my farm that ain't goin' to be in use come next April. Hiram Smith, him that's rent-ed it along back, wants some repairin' on't, and Mr. Flint won't hear 'er. So he's been and gone and bought a piece of ground across the road, and he's put up a buildin' for himself. He's got a long lease of the land but he don't want the house no more and he won't pay 'er. I s'pose I might move there for a spell, and have some peace; there's enough old furniture there that was father's; but then, agin, I do suppose I haven't no right to leave my husband."

"Haven't you got any right to save your life?" indignantly asked Mabel. "It ain't none to that, not quite," said Mrs. Flint, sadly. "But before April she began to think it was a matter of life and death to stay any longer with the man. Mabel had left her some months before, and gone into the family of Sam Pratt's mother, in Colebrook, promising her she'd come up to her to help her when she needed her in another home, she would come and take care of her. "Toward the middle of February Mrs. Flint was seized with congestion of the lungs, and was very ill indeed. A fear of public opinion made Deacon Flint send for the doctor but nothing could induce him to let a nurse enter the house, or to open the door to his wife. He was able to do for his wife, he said, and nobody could interfere."

It was the depth of winter, and the communication between Bassett and Colebrook was not frequent in the best weather, neither place being dependent on the other for supplies; and now the roads were blocked with heavy drifts, and the inhabitants of both places had liberated, as New England's must in winter. It was a matter of congratulation with Deacon Flint that he had no out-door work to do just now, and so spared the expense of a woman to care for his wife; he could do it, too, more economically than a nurse; it did not matter to him that the ground was heavy, or burnt, or served without flavoring; sick folks, particularly with serious sickness, ought not to pamper the flesh; their souls were the things to be considered; he did not want to have Sarepta die, for she had an income that helped much, but he did not want her to be a 'bill of expense,' as he growled to her, as he lay in bed for her twice a day, and prayed to, or rather at, her by the hour he fed her on sloppy gruel and hard bread, sage tea and cold toast without butter, and just kept flickering within her till she could get out and help herself unknown to him to draughts of fresh milk, and now and then a raw egg. "But she don't get well," she was feeble and wasted a long time; the village doctor, knowing what Deacon Flint was, and filled with pity for his wife, called often, carefully stating that his visits were those of a friend, but urging also that Mrs. Flint should have a generous diet, and a glass of wine daily, to restore her strength. The deacon heard him through in silence, and when he left began to growl. "Well, folks ain't all dead yet. Wine! I wozn't say; a good drink o' thorough wine dully, to restore her strength. 'Wine's a mocker, an' strong drink is ragin'." Doctor Grant don't read his Bible as he'd ought to. "There ain't nothing in the Bible agin' beef tea. I guess," feebly piped his wife. "I do feel as though that would fetch me up; can't you get a piece o' meat down to the slaughter house, deacon?" "I don't see no need on't. Sarepta's

To-day such a rumor would have had some direct effect on its object, but to find fault with authorities was little less than a sin, and for a wife to leave her husband, a fearful schism, in spite of the facts and all their witnesses, the sentiment of Bassett went with the deacon. Conjugal subjection was the fashion, or rather the principle and custom, of the day, and was to be upheld in spite of facts. However, Parson Roberts by this time had heard of the matter, and called deacon Flint to account, thinking it to be his duty. "This is the hull sum and substance on't, parson," exclaimed the deacon; "Miss Flint is a miserable, hysterical female, a dreadful weak vessel, and noways inclined to follow Scripture in the marriage relation. I've given her the same as 'er! I had myself. I ain't denied her food an' raiment, where she had ought to be content, as the 'Postle Polly says; but she is real penickity, and given to the lusts of the flesh about her eatin', and I feel it my duty to be a faithful stoord of my substance, and not pumper up our poor parishioner's bodies, while there is forty million more or less o' heathen creaturs lyin' in wickedness in foreign parts. Ye know, parsons, I ain't never stented my contributions to them things; I've been constant to means of grace allus, and I may say a pillar—mabe a small and creaky one, but still a pillar—in the temple, such as this. I don't know as I had ought to be disturbed by the strife of tongues."

Parson Roberts was a little confounded. He himself loved a bit of good eating—a cante of chicken pie, a tender roast pig, a young chicken broiled on hickory coals, or a succulent shad from the Connecticut, washed down with sparkling cider or foaming flip—and the consciousness of this weakness gave undue exaltation to Deacon Flint's boasted asceticism. The parson was too honestly humble to see that Deacon Flint loved money with a greed far surpassing that of any epicure; that his own fault was but a failing, while the other was a passion. Besides, he considered that Mrs. Flint had made light of the sacred ordinance of marriage, and set an awful example to the wives of the parish; so he went away from this interview convinced that the deacon was a stern saint, and his wife a weak sinner.

Next day, however the deacon himself was surprised by another visit. Pale and worn, clinging tight to Sam Pratt's arm, and followed by Mabel carrying a cushion, his wife entered the kitchen, where he sat devouring salt pork and potatoes with the zest of a dog who gnaws his bone unmolested. "I come back, Amsey, to see if we couldn't agree to get along together again," she said, weakly and meekly. "I hear there's been considerable talk about my leavin' on ye, and I don't want to set no reflections. I was tired all out, an' I wanted to rest myself. Sam an' Mab have nursed me up, so I could get along now, I guess."

The man turned his cold grey eyes on her slowly. "I don't know what you want to come back for now," he said. "Why, I want for to do my duty so far as I can. You had oughter have considered that afore you went off," was the dogged answer. "Tears ran down the poor woman's face; she could not speak. Mabel's beautiful eyes blazed with wrath; she made a step forward; but Sam Pratt gently put her back, and said: "Look here, Deacon Flint. Mot'er left you because she hadn't food, nor care, nor nothing she needed, nyther when she was sick nor when she was gettin' better. She thought a spell o' rest would do her good; she knowed by that smart contract you got out of her that you owed her a livin' anyhow, and you hadn't done a thing 'tw'd all out, an' I wanted to rest myself. Now I don't call that conduct honest by no means, much less Christian."

"Judge not, Samwail Pratt. Scrip-ture no less'n statute law commands a wife to be subject to her husband. Sarepta had what I had. I done what I judged best for her, and instead of subjectin' to her head, she up and went off to live by herself, and left me to get along as I could. I wa'n't no way bound by no law nor no contract to supply her with no means so long as she went away from her dooties, and made me an astonishment an' a hissin' in Israel, so to speak!" "Stop right there!" broke in Mable, furious. "I've heard say the devil could have no power over a Christian, and I believe it. Didn't you have no duties to your wife? Don't the bible say you're got to love and cherish her? Don't tell me! I lived here long enough to see you starve and brotweat and torment her; I know your mean, hateful, crabbed ways, and I don't know how she lived with you so long. She ought to have hissed at you, it's more'n time they did. Christian!—you a Christian! You're a dyed-in-the-wool hypocrite. If you're pious, I hope I shall be a reprobate!" "I ha'n't no doubt but what you will be, young woman," answered the deacon, with cold fury. "You'd ought to provide for her other wants; and making the best of a bad bargain, the poor woman retired to the old house, which Sam had repaired so that most of it was habitable; and Mabel, who had agreed to teach the district school the next year, took up her abode with her.

And with this he advanced upon her. But Sam Pratt, lifting the old lady in his arms, carried her away, and gently shoved Mable, glowing with rage, before them, till they reached the wagon. Then he himself went back and tried to make terms with the deacon. At last, moved by the worldly wisdom of Sam's argument, that it would put him in a bad light before people if he refused to do anything for his wife, he did agree to let her have half of his share of the produce from her farm, if Sam and Mindwell would provide for her other wants; and making the best of a bad bargain, the poor woman retired to the old house, which Sam had repaired so that most of it was habitable; and Mabel, who had agreed to teach the district school the next year, took up her abode with her.