Butler Citizen.

VOL. XXI — BUTLER, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1883 — NO. 2

A. TROUTMAN,

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS. TRIMMINGS.

Carpets, Oil Cloths, Rugs, Mats, Druggets, Stair Rods, Etc.

(o)

FOR FALL. FOR FALL.

New Black Silks.
New Colored Silks.
New Colored Cashmeres.
New Black Cashmeres.
New Black Silk Velvets.
New Colored Silk Velvets.
New Colored Silk Plushes.
New Black Silk Plushes
New Shades Ladies' Cloths
New Dress Goods.

FOR FALL. FOR FALL.

New Flannels, White Blankets, Red Blankets, Blue Blankets, Bed Comforts, White Quilts.
Canton Flannels.
Yarns of all kinds. Germantown Yarns, Midnight Yarns, German Worsted Yarns, Cashmere Yarns, Saxony Yarns, Country Factory Yarns, Zephyrs. The above Yarns in all colors.

NEW RIBBONS, FISCHUS, TIES, HAND SATCHELS,

Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Towels, Corsets, Velvet Ribbons, Knitting Silks, Embroidery Silk on spools, all colors.

New Fall Hosiery.

Underwear for men, ladies and children. Largest assortment, lowest prices.

Ladies' Sacques

In new Fall Shades, Ladies' Jersey Jackets, Lace Curtains, Lace Lambrequins. Large stock, prices low.

CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS

Carpet Room Enlarged. Stock Enlarged, Prices the Lowest.

NEW FALL STYLES.—We are now prepared and showing our entire Fall Stock of Carpets and Oil Cloths, in all the Newest Designs.

OIL CLOTHS, 1 to 2 YARDS WIDE, IN ALL QUALITIES.

Please call and examine stock and prices.

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BUTLER, PA.

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TOLEDO I. X. L. WOOD PUMPS.

The Celebrated American Fruit Dryer, or

PNEUMATIC EVAPORATOR,

It is portable, durable, absolutely fire-proof, economical and will cure fruit and vegetables in less time and with less fuel than any Dryer in the market. It will pay for itself in less than thirty days if properly attended. Its products are unsurpassed as to quality and color, and age in great demand at high prices. Full instructions how to dry, bleach, pack and market the products, accompany each machine.

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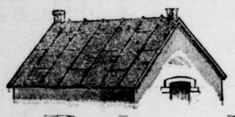

DEALERS IN HOUSE FURNISHING HARD WARE.

Butler, Penn'a.

WHERE TO BUY MENS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING,

At the Store of the undersigned, the acknowledged leader in

CARPETS, CLOTHING

—AND—

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

We wish to say to the trade this fall that we have a larger and more varied stock of Carpets, Clothing,

HATS AND CAPS,

and Gents' Furnishing Goods than ever before.

REMEMBER WE HAVE THE LARGEST

The LATEST STYLES, the LOWEST PRICES. We have all grades and all prices, from the Cheapest to the Best made.

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The Leading One Price Clothier and Gents' Outfitter,

2nd DOOR, DUFFY'S BLOCK, BUTLER, PA.

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BUTLER, PA.

H. FULLERTON, Prop'r.

Manufacturer of BLANKETS, FLANNELS, YARNS, &c. Also custom work done to order, such as carding Rolls, making Blankets, Flannels, Knitting and Weaving Yarns, &c., at very low prices. Wool worked on the shares, if desired. my7-1y

Cut This Out & return to us with TEN CTS. Silver, & you'll get by mail, a GOLDEN DIP OF GOODS. $1 that will bring you in more MONEY in One Month than anything else in America. Absolute Certainty. Either sex. No capital. H. Young, 173 Greenwich St. N. York.

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18 Acres of land, with large two-story brick house and large barn thereon erected. Good orchard; situated in Butler twp., Butler county, Pa., adjoining Butler borough on the south, will be sold cheap and on easy terms. For particulars inquire of Lev McQuistion, Esq., Butler, Pa.

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ENGINES, Horse Powers **THRESHERS** SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers
(Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

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CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache,
Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites,
AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle
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(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

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The only known *specific* for Epileptic Fits.
Also for Spasms and Falling Sickness.
Nervous Weakness quickly relieved and cured.
Equalled by none in delirium of fever.
Neutralizes germs of disease and sickness.
Cures ugly blotches and stubborn blood sores.
Cleanses blood, quickens sluggish circulation.
Eliminates Boils, Carbuncles and Scalds.
Permanently and promptly cures paralysis.
Yes, It is a charming and healthful Aperient.
Kills Scrofula and Kings Evil, twin brothers.
Changes bad breath to good, removing cause.
Routs biliousness and clears complexion.
Charming resolvent and matchless laxative.
It drives Sick Headache like the wind.
Contains no drastic cathartic or opiates.
Promptly cures Rheumatism by routing it.
Restores lifegiving properties to the blood.
Is guaranteed to cure all nervous disorders.
Reliable when all opiates fail.
Refreshes the mind and invigorates the body.
Cures dyspepsia or money refunded.
Endorsed in writing by over fifty thousand Leading physicians in U. S. and Europe.
Leading clergymen in U. S. and Europe.
Diseases of the blood own it a conqueror.
For sale by all leading druggists. $1.50.

The Dr. S. A. Richmond Medical Co., Props., St. Joseph, Mo. (2)

Chas. N. Crittenton, Agent, New York City.

TUTT'S PILLS

TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: **Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION,** and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine **TUTT'S PILLS** have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. **TUTT'S PILLS** cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA.

HE FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN.

"I have had Dyspepsia, with Constipation, two years, and have tried ten different kinds of pills, and **TUTT'S** are the first that have done me any good. They have cleaned me out nicely. My appetite is splendid, food digests readily, and I now have natural passages. I feel like a new man." W. D. EDWARDS, Palmyra, O.
Sold everywhere, **25c.** Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

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GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of **$1.**
Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.
TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

EXPOSITION

Visitors should not fail to call and examine the largest and finest stock of imported and Domestic Liquors in the State, at

Max Klein, 82 Federal Street,

Allegheny City, Pa. Opposite Fort Wayne Passenger Depot.

Author's Review and Scrap Book,

MONTHLY MAGAZINE, 16 PAGES. ADAPTED TO SCHOOLS, READING CIRCLE AND HOMES.

The following course of study has been adopted by the Educators of Western Pennsylvania:

September, William Cullen Bryant; October, Goldsmith; November, Prescott; December, Macaulay; January, H. W. Longfellow; February, Shakspeare; March, Emerson; April, Carlyle; May, Howells; June, Thackeray.

Besides this, each Review will contain a short sketch of a distinguished person not an author, a dialogue, news items, general information, fables, natural history, a "Little Peoples" department, etc.

Magazine finely illustrated. Text paper for study of Literature.

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FOR KENSINGTON, ARRASENE AND OUTLINE WORK DONE,

Also lessons in same given by ANNIE M. LOWMAN, North street, Butler, Pa. jne20-1y

FARM FOR SALE.

The undersigned offers for sale his fine farm situate in Franklin township, Butler county, Pa., about two miles east of the borough of Prospect, and containing

SEVENTY-FIVE ACRES,

more or less, of good tillable ground, having erected thereon two frame dwellings, and all necessary out buildings; two springs of never failing water, two orchards, farm in good repair, etc. Convenient to schools, churches, postoffice, etc. WILLIAM McGREW,
nov7-tf. Prospect, Butler Co., Pa.

North Washington Academy.

Winter term—thirteen weeks, commences Nov. 20, 1883. Former students are cordially invited to attend and bring their friends. Everything possible will be done to make the school a success. A catalogue will shortly be issued giving full particulars about the school work. TUITION $7.00. For further information address

J. R. ROBERTSON, North Hope,
Oct. 30, 1883. Butler County, Pa.

The Best **BUTTER**

For COLOR and SWEETNESS Use BEAN'S CONCENTRATED **Extract of Annatto.** Nature's own Color. Brightest and Strongest. Buy of your Merchant, or send 25 cts. in stamps for a sample, coloring 500 lbs. to BEAN, RABE & CO., No. 835 Market St., PHILAD'A.

The Thanksgiving Turkey.

"My son," said Mistress Fox,
"You're clumsy as an ox,
Tis now Thanksgiving time,
The merry bells will chime;
But we may starve,
While Dobbs will carve
A fine fat turkey on his table;
Go bring that bird, if you are able.
You're so lazy,
For play so crazy;
No game you ever brought,
No chickens ever caught,
For a time of true Thanksgiving,
Or for our daily living."

Young Foxy felt quite sad,
When called a clumsy lad.
And just at night,
With all his might,
He ran to Farmer Dobbs' yard,
And found the turkey off his guard.
Without a word,
He checked the bird;
Then proudly slung him on his back,
And took for home the shortest track.
"Good boy, my son! You are no ox;
I'm proud of you," said Mistress Fox.
"Of name and fame you are the winner,
And we have got Thanksgiving dinner;
While Farmer Dobbs and his three men
Must dine upon an ancient hen."

A PARRICIDE IN INDIANA COUNTY, PA.

Shoots His Aged and Feeble Father in Cold Blood.

INDIANA, Pa November 12.—"I've killed the old man and I'll kill you now," was the salutation with which Joseph Sarver greeted Belle Kelly, his father's housekeeper, as he entered the downstairs room of the two-story log house in which the two lived on the township road just on the outskirts of New Lebanon, this county, Saturday night. The Sarvers, sire and son, both of whom had been farm laborers for years, had been living at loggerheads for months past, and the news that the young one had murdered his father in cold blood was not a surprise to the neighbors. The son, who is in jail now at Indiana, occupying the same cell and fastened with the same shackles that held Allison, the murderer, hung in this county a year ago, denies his crime, but there is a mass of circumstantial evidence gathered by your correspondent that overwhelms this denial and will undoubtedly carry Joseph Sarver to the scaffold.

The story of Belle Kelly, the housekeeper, one of the victims, who is now hovering between life and death within 10 rods of the scene of the terrible crime, is to the effect that on Saturday afternoon Joseph Sarver came home about 3 o'clock in the afternoon and loitered, evidently awaiting the coming of his father. He did not appear to be nervous or excited, but on the contrary was cool and quiet in his actions and conversation. About 5 o'clock he saw his father at the head of the lane leading to the log cabin, and started to meet him. The exact language that passed between the two is not known. Suffice to say that the son began abusing the father, and continued it to such an extent that the grown up son of the Widow Foster, residing in the house adjoining, fearing that blows would be struck, came out and threatened the unnatural son with a clubbing unless he ceased his tirade of abuse.

A COLD-BLOODED PARRICIDE.

"I am afraid Joe will kill me," said the old man, as he entered the single room that served as kitchen, dining room and parlor of the cabin. But Miss Kelly persuaded him to sit down and wait until the supper—which she was preparing—was ready. "There's nothing here for me," responded Joe gruffly to a similar invitation, and instead of seating himself at the family table, he went up stairs and in a few moments returned with a revolver in his hand. Fearing the violence of his own son, the old gentleman had gone to the barn, and climbing into the hay mow, remained there until summoned by the announcement that the meal was ready. Refusing to take a seat at the board, the son waited till the others had risen. Then, as the old gentleman picked up a kitten lying in front of the fire and started for the door, the unnatural wretch began his fiendish work. He extinguished the lamp on the mantel and pulling up the blind that darkened the window on the east side of the room, fired a shot in the semi-darkness in the direction of the spot where his old father was standing near the half-open door. The latter flung the door wide open and started toward the home of the Widow Foster, the son following. There was a brief silence, then the sound of another shot and in a few moments Joseph Sarver alone, drenched with rain, re-entered his father's house with the revolver still smoking in his hand.

"I've killed the old man and now I'll kill you," he said to Miss Kelly, whom he saw crouching in the dim fire-light in a corner near the foot of the stairs. He fired at the defenseless woman, the ball striking her in the left arm. Then she started to run. He followed her into the yard and fired again. This time the bullet took effect in her left cheek, coming upward toward the brain and she fell insensible. When she recovered consciousness some time after, she managed to alternately crawl and stagger to the house of Mrs. Foster, where she learned for the first time that old Mr. Sarver was dead.

STUMBLED OVER A DEAD BODY.

The widow Foster, the nearest neighbor to the Sarvers, speaking of the affair, said that she heard a pistol shot Saturday evening a short distance from her house. She went out on her porch and stumbled on a body lying near the threshold of the door. Thinking it was her son she hurried off to a neighbor's house and brought assistance, and not until the body was carried into her kitchen did she recognize the features of old man Sarver. He had been shot down at Mrs. Foster's door, as from the nature of the wound death must have been instantaneous.

After completing his work, as he thought, Joseph Sarver disappeared. A party of farmers in the neighborhood organized for pursuit, and on Sunday afternoon he was arrested in Conemaugh township while attempting to escape to the woods. "I wouldn't have been taken so easily," he said, "if I hadn't left my cartridges at home." He was taken back and viewed the remains of his father with perfect composure. Then he was brought to this place and placed in jail to await trial at court, the coroner's jury having found him guilty.

The murderer, as seen in his coop-like quarters at the county jail this evening, is not an ill-conditioned looking wretch, though there is a restless, sneaking look about his buttermilk blue eyes that does not add to his appearance. He is about thirty years of age, medium height and build, and wears scrubby, sandy whiskers.

THE CHAMPION LIAR.

"I know nothing about the killing of my father," he said in reply to a question. "I had no quarrel with him nor any of the neighbors. I am of a peaceable disposition and a member of the Presbyterian Church at West Lebanon."

"What made you leave home Saturday night."

"I was out threshing all day and in the evening started to visit a young lady over in Westmoreland beyond Livermore I got part of the way and stopped over night and had started to continue the trip Sunday, when Constable Dunlap came up and arrested me. I was not trying to escape, for I had been traveling in the road all the morning."

Beyond this he had little to say, but since his arrest he has told so many conflicting stories that none of them are believed in the slightest degree. He is married and has a wife and five children living, but he confesses he does not know where they are at present. His cruel failure to support them drove them from his home. His father, the murdered man, was about 70 years of age and bore a good reputation. Sheriff Jamison says that Sarver takes his imprisonment very unconcernedly. "He is a fickle sort of a being, and I don't know what to make of him," was the official's closing remark as I left his door in the jail building to-night. There was a great deal of quiet indignation to-night and threats of lynching are not a few, though it is not probable that such extreme measures will be resorted to, yet there is a spirit abroad to-night that bodes no good to the murderer. The the only thing in the way is that he is not getatable.

Bruin Brevities.

EDS. CITIZEN:—A very pleasant affair was had Thursday of last week, when the Presbyterians of this place met and fixed the fence around their church, planted trees and put up hitching posts, etc., and feel very proud of their new church walk.

The people feel very thankful to the P. & W. R. R., for the new sign at the station with the name of the place on it and likewise indicating the distance to Foxburg and Allegheny city.

The vote at the election here was light, Democrats and Republicans saying they did not like their party platforms and did not indorse the action of the Legislature, therefore would not vote.

But it was a comical thing to see three Prohibitionists on the election board—an uncommon sight we might say—can any other township beat that? Come, answer up, or forever hold your peace—hereafter.

We want to say (as there are so many inquirers) that the Jones family is well, and ask, how are the Smiths?

Where is "Milo" of "Road-dust theory" and the something he promised us "after a while?" Has he gone and voted the Prohibition ticket?

By the way, Mr. Editor, give us the vote of all parties, it is news for us all.

Mrs. Calvin Black, of Harrisville, and her father, Mr. Painter, were visiting Mrs. Findley, of this place, last week.

There was quite a reunion of the "Black people"—not colored—at Robt. Black's, his descendants and friends gathered in on the old couple in quite an unannounced manner with many kindly presents for them. Rev. A. B. C. McFarlaud presented the tokens of respect, all on Thursday last.

No misunderstanding in the coaling of the township school houses, that was perfectly understood.

Quite a shooting match at Captain Beck's last Saturday for turkeys for Thanksgiving.

It was certainly a mistake in the reporter of the "lecture on music" in the Presbyterian church, which was very good and generally enjoyed.

Nov. 12, 1883. JONES.

A Healthy Race.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Nov. 13.—Mortimer Daneher, aged 121 years, died yesterday at the residence of his son in Derrynane, Le Sueur county, Minn., Mr. Daneher was the last surviving brother of a remarkable family, which, for longevity, probably surpassed anything in the records of modern times. Mr. Daneher's mother died in her 101st year; his eldest brother at the age of 108; his second at the age of 117 years, 7 months and 20 days, and himself at the age of 121 years. The father was the shortest lived of the family, having died at the age of 80. The combined ages of the three brothers reached 346 years; including the mother, 446 years, and taking in the father, 526 years. Mr. Daneher had been a remarkably healthy and active man, never having been really ill in his life. Lately, however, old age kept him more or less to his bed, but he was never ill, and even got up and dressed himself on Wednesday last. He came from County Clare, Ireland, and could speak in the Celtic tongue only.

—Now that the festive fly has flown, the bald headed man can go to sleep in church without throwing a handkerchief over his head.

FOR THE CITIZEN.]

MILO ON TIME.

Almost every farmer has what he calls a "noon mark." This is generally a mark on the porch or in the door, which is a North and South line, and they suppose when the sun is on this line it is twelve o'clock. This is a mistake—It is not always noon when the sun is on our meridian. The sun now (Nov. 5), is on the "noon mark" fifteen minutes before twelve. The middle of February it was fifteen minutes slow, that is, it did not reach the line of the noon mark until a quarter after twelve, making a difference of half an hour between the two extremes. How often we hear people saying, "my clock never varies, I have a 'noon mark' and my clock runs with it the year 'round." This is proof that it does not keep time. When the sun is on the "noon mark" fifteen minutes before twelve (as it is now), the clock should be set at a quarter of twelve, not at twelve. The clocks of nine-tenths of those who live in the country or in small towns where they have no standard regulator are now *fifteen minutes too fast* because they set by the "noon mark" without taking the equation of time.

It is astonishing that so many people in the town and country think that when the sun is directly South it is twelve o'clock.

To get correct time, it is necessary to have a North and South. This may be done—near enough for all practical purposes—by taking the line of the North Star, just ten minutes after the first star in the handle of the Great Dipper has passed under the North Star, that is, the star where the handle joins the dipper. Having thus gotten a permanent North and South line, and by taking the equation of time anyone can get time as correctly as can be taken from any dial, and without any expense, and very little trouble.

If there was a little more attention paid to this there would not be such a variety of times in the country and would obviate the necessity of some waiting an hour at the church for the minister, while others annoy the speaker and congregation by coming in after the services are half over.

The great divisions of time we find in the natural laws, co-evil with creation; in the revolution of planets in their orbits making the years and seasons, and of the satellites around their planets, designating the months, and of the planets around their axes, giving day and night, to mark the alternations of labor and repose. Yet the velocity of the earth in its diurnal revolutions is constantly either increasing or diminishing, and there are only eight days in the year in which a revolution of the earth on its axes is completed in precisely 24 hours, viz: 1st of Feb., 17th of April, 15th of May, 17th of June, 20th of July, 1st of September, 31st of Oct., and the 20th of December; therefore all other days of the year as indicated by the earth's revolutions, in the alternations of day and night, are either more or less than 24 hours in length.

Let us remember when we are setting our watches at 12, because the sun is on the meridian then, that it is on the meridian at 12 o'clock only four days in the year. MILO.

HARRISVILLE, Nov. '83.

Mark Twain to Gen. Garfield.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4.—A Sunday paper of this city says the following letter, written by Mark Twain, endorsing Fred Douglass, has never been published. It is in the best vein of the great humorist:

HARTFORD, Jan. 12, 1881.

General Garfield:

DEAR SIR:—Several times since your election people wanting office have asked me to "use my influence" with you in their behalf. That was such a pleasant compliment to me I never complied. I could not without exposing the fact that I hadn't any influence with you, and that was a thing which I had no mind to do. It seems to me that it is better to have a good man's flattering estimate of my influence and keep it, than to fool it away by trying to get him an office. But when my brother on my wife's side, Mr. Charles J. Langdon, late of the Chicago Convention, desires me to speak a word for Mr. Fred Douglass, I am not asked to use my influence. Consequently I am not risking anything. So I am writing this as a simple citizen. I am not drawing on my fund of influence at all. A simple citizen may express a desire with all propriety in the matter of a recommendation to office; and so I beg permission to hope that you will retain Mr. Douglass in his present office of Marshal of the District of Columbia, if such a course will not clash with your own preference, or with the expediency and interest of your administration. I offer this petition with peculiar pleasure and strong desire, because I so honor the man's high and blemishless character, and so admire his brave long crusade for the liberties and elevation of his race. He is a personal friend of mine, but that is nothing to the point, for his history would move me to say these things without that, and I feel them, too. With great respect, General, yours truly,

S. C. CLEMENS.

His Sixty-Third Murder Case.

Hon. A. B. Richmond, the noted criminal lawyer of Meadville, has been retained as counsel for George Gordon, the negro who killed one Ashton in Bradford last summer. In accepting this case Mr. Richmond enters upon the sixty-third homicide case upon which he has been retained as counsel

—Mr. R. B. Askew, late Assistant Postmaster at Baltimore, said some time ago: "Having had occasion to try Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, I unhesitatingly pronounce it the best remedy I have ever used. A small bottle relieved me of a severe cold,

—At a standstill—peanuts.

Wooed and Won by a Giant.

PITTSBURGH, Nov. 10.—The giants now on exhibition at a museum here have had a battle. The warfare was not of physical powers, but of the heart. The contestants are Patrick O'Brien and Mrs. Annie Druse. Mr. O'Brien is a native of Ireland, 29 years of age, and claims to be seven feet eleven inches in height and weighs 360 pounds. Annie is a fit companion to her giant adorer. She was born in Germany and last May was placed on exhibition by Mr. G. O. Starr in the city of Boston. Two months ago the giants were on exhibition at Cincinnati. This was their first meeting It was a case of lightning love at first sight on the part of Patrick. His overtures to his contemporary, however, met with but little encouragement. Perseverance was rewarded and Annie lent her ear to his powerful wooing. Patrick with the characteristic generosity of his nation, presented his love with a diamond ring. From that time his star of hope was in the ascendant. The courtship was such a vigorous proceeding that the business of the museum was interfered with. The manager could not regulate matters, and the couple were dispatched to this city. The following letter to the manager of the Pittsburgh Museum was mailed the previous day:

CINCINNATI, Nov. 1, 1883.—G. O. Starr:—I have tried in vain to keep the giant and giantess from making fools of themselves and have failed. Such loving glances, tender speeches and gigantic tomfoolery is more than my nerves will stand. I send the loving couple to you, hoping you will have better success than the results of my efforts have proved.

Yours truly, P. HARRIS.

When Mr. Starr received this epistle and when the giants arrived he endeavored to culminate the loving episode, being convinced that there was true affection. He proposed marriage to the giantess, not including himself, however as one of the contracting parties, but on behalf of the masculine giant. Annie wanted the proposal from first hands. Mr. O'Brien used his influence and the citadel of affection capitulated. Gentle Annie was led to the altar by her lordly suitor on the 20th inst.

Thanksgiving Proclamation

WASHINGTON, October 27.—The President has issued following Thanksgiving proclamation:

By the Presdent of the United States of America, a Proclamation.

In furtherance of the custom of this people at the closing of each year to engage, upon a day set apart for that purpose, in a special festival of praise to the Giver of all good, I, Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States, do hereby designate Thursday, the 29th day of November next, as a day of national thanksgiving. The season which is drawing to an end has been replete with evidences of divine goodness, prevalence of health, a fullness of harvests, stability, peace, order, growth of fraternal feeling, a spread of intelligence and learning, a continued enjoyment of civil and religious liberty; all these and countless other blessings are causes for reverent rejoicing. I do therefore recommend that on the day above appointed the people rest from thier accustomed labors, and meeting at their several places of worship express their devout gratitude to God that he hath dealt so bountifully with this Nation, and pray that His grace and favor abide with it forever.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR,
President.

By F. T. FRELINGHUYSEN,
Secretary of State.

—Something for smokers—cigars.

—The worse for ware—a careless servant.

—Merely an outside matter—the handle of a jug.

—U and I are the biggest swells in the alphabet.

—With most people the book of life is a pocketbook.

—The Teuton is the gay and festive sun-flower to-day.

—Numerous Yankee sharps are living in French flats.

—Tongue and taffy are always found at picnic parties.

—It is anti-mony in trade dollars that sends them below par.

—Barbering is a business that requires a great deal of head work.

—A country paper advertises for "board for man and wife with gas."

—The Southern darkey's Thanksgiving dinner will, as usual, consist of "boned" turkey.

—Darwin says that the monkey can blush. He certainly ought to when he sees the way his descendants are cutting up.

—Mr. Thomas H Reynolds, Chambersburg, Pa., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters did me good. I used it for dyspepsia and weakness."

—We read in an exchange of a young lady having been made crazy by a sudden kiss. This should teach young ladies to be constantly expecting something of that kind, and to be prepared for it when it comes.

—A baby was born in a cemetery at Marshalltown, Iowa, a short time ago, everywhere can be seen babies borne to the cemetery because mothers cruelly neglect to procure Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, a sure cure for croup, colds and coughs.

—A breach of promise case has just been concluded at Easton, in the eastern part of this State. The plaintiff, Miss Miller, a tall slender woman of 40 years, testified that Beck, the defendant, somewhat older, and married, had kissed her "a little over 100,000 times," and the jury gave her a verdict of a a cent a kiss, or a total of $1,008 33.

The Music of His Chin.

I'm quite a music-loving man,
And would go far to hear
Some German, or an African,
Whose tones are sweet and clear.
But save me from the person who
Will evermore begin,
Determined he will put one through
The music of his chin.

I cannot sing the old songs,
Though I can get them cheap;
Their memory to the past belongs,
So let them idly sleep,
But worse than old songs is the friend
Who seeks your time to win,
And who, when started, will not end
The music of his chin.

I've heard steam whistles, brazen gongs,
And bells of every tone;
I've heard the shouts of maddened throngs,
And heard a jackass groan.
I've heard a female lecturer sneer
On wicked men and sin;
These are as naught, for now I hear
The music of his chin.

—*Eugene Field, in Chicago News.*

—The Curler's club—The barber's pole.

—A boose 'em friend—The friendly barkeeper.

—A great name without merit is like an epitaph on a coffin.

—The Democrats can't go, because they haven't arrived yet.

—Women distrust men too much in general and not enough in particular.

—The whale that swallowed Jonah was the first great performer to throw up its engagement.

—Big ablong or pear-shaped heads of jet or turtoise shell will be worn on bonnet.

—No man has enough and no matter how much he has he always wants a little more.

—The mania for pet dogs has broken out again among ladies and is worse than it ever has been before.

—Clothes are becoming so cheap that a man can now save money by by having his old coat in hock and purchasing a new one.

—A piece of cloth rolled around the feminine head seems to answer for a hat just about this time among girls of the period.

—Barbed wire fencing has fallen ten per cent. in price within the last three months. Cows have got so they use it for a hair brush.

—Mrs. Edwin Tams, Chambersburg, Pa., says she took Brown's Iron Bitters for malaria and found great relief.

—The rations of a Chinese soldier consists of rice, pork-fat, vegetables and fish. They carry tea leaves inside of their socks.

—No matter what may be the name, or how long standing the trouble, Dr. Benson's Skin Cure will always cure skin diseases. Grateful hundreds of cured patients attest this fact. $1., at druggists.

—We promise largely in our youth, but in middle life we drink the bitter beer of disappointment. We have it in us to be great, but somehow circumstances don't favor us.

—Tunbridge, Vt., has a cat with forty toes. She will probably accompany herself when she sings, although it is doubtful that the people in the neighborhood will ever get over the garden waul.

—*I buy Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills and introduce them wherever I go. Personal knowledge and experience of their effects on others prompts this act.* Rev. J. P. Fugett, Rector St. Lukes Ch., Myersburg, Pa. 50 cts. at druggists.

—A great many reformers, self-styled such, are merely men with a maggot in the brain. They have a sort of mental kink, and that is pretty nearly they do have. The world is all wrong they think, but one of the most remarkable wrongs in it is that they themselves are not sufficiently appreciated, and are compelled to live on thistles when they aught to be living in clover.

U. S. District Attorney Speaks.

Col. H. Walters, U. S. District Attorney, Kansas City, Mo., authorizes the following statement: "Samaritan Nervine cured my niece of spasms." Get at druggists. $1 50.

—At a school examination a clergyman was descanting on the necessity of growing up loyal and useful citizens. In order to give emphasis to his remarks, he pointed to a large flag hanging on one side of the school-room, and said: "Boys, what is that flag for?" An urchin that understood the condition of the room better than the speaker's rhetoric, exclaimed: "To hide the dirt, sir!"

The Hon. Billa Flint,

Life Senator of the Dominion Parliment, Belleville, Ontario Canada, writes: "I tried St. Jacobs Oil for ague. It acted like a charm. A few times rubbing with it took away all sareness and pain; far better than having them drawn at the age of seventy-seven."

—Cats and rabbits are being rapidly converted into sealskin sacques, in anticipation of the demands of approaching winter. Nothing is easier than the wearing of sealskin garments in these days of subtle inventions.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested their wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. Sept12-83-1y'eow