THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXIV. BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1887 NO. 34

Administrator's Notice.

Letters of Administration having been granted to the undersigned on the estate of Franklin Fisher, late of Allegheny township, dec'd, notice is hereby given to all parties knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate to present them duly authenticated for settlement. BARBARA FISHER, } Admr's
W. A. FISHER, }
Sandy Point, Butler Co., Pa.
A. E. Reiber, Atty.

Administrators' Notice.

ESTATE OF R. M. HARBISON, DEC'D.

Whereas letters of administration have been granted by the Register of Butler county, Pa., to the undersigned on the estate of R. M. Harbison, late of Buffalo twp., Butler county, Pa., dec'd, all persons who know themselves indebted to said estate will make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement to the undersigned.
J. H. HARBISON,
JOHN HARBISON,
FREEPORT, P. O., PA. Administrators.

ESTATE OF CHRISTOPHER McMICHAEL,
LATE OF CLAY TOWNSHIP, DEC'D.

Letters testamentary on the estate of Christopher McMichael, dec'd, late of Clay township, Butler county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate, will please make immediate payment, and any having claims against said estate, will present them duly authenticated for settlement.
JAPHIA McMICHAEL, Ex'r.
EUCLID P. O., Butler Co. Pa.

Executors' Notice.

Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned on the estate of Robert Hesselgesser, deceased, late of Winfield twp., Butler Co., Pa., all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate will present the same properly authenticated for settlement.
JAMES HESSELGESSER, }
DAVID HESSELGESSER, } Ex'rs.
April 18, '87. Leasureville, Butler Co., Pa.

Estate of Zephaniah Snyder,

LATE OF BRADY TOWNSHIP, DEC'D.

Letters of administration C. T. A. on the estate Zephaniah Snyder, late of Brady twp., Butler Co., Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment, and any having claims against said estate will present them duly authenticated for settlement.
J. C. SNYDER, Adm'r.
West Liberty P. O., Butler Co., Pa.

Notice.

The School Directors of Franklin township will receive sealed proposals for the building of a new school house up to the 1st of August, 1887. Bids will be received including stone-work or separate.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the house of WM. DICK, Sec'y.

To Whom it May Concern.

TAKE NOTICE—That there will be a final general meeting of the creditors of W. C. Bryson, bankrupt, according to the provisions of the Bankrupt act of March 2, 1867, Sections 27 and 28, and for the purposes therein set forth, at the office of Noah W. Shafer, Esq., Register in Bankruptcy at No. 93 Diamond street, Pittsburg, Pa., on the 18th day of July, 1887, at 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, when and where you may attend if you see proper.
J. D. McJUNKIN,
Butler, Pa., June 20, 1887. Assignee.

FARM FOR SALE.

I will seell my farm, located in Franklin township, Butler county, Pa. It contains

220 ACRES

of good, well watered land, both ridge and swamp; good grain land and good grass land, about 30 acres of good chestnut timber, three orchards,

GOOD BANK BARN,

50x60 feet, frame and log dwelling, ood spring and good spring house near house; well in kitchen, good corn crib, pig pen and all necessary improvements.

For terms, etc, inquire of me on the premises.
GEORGE C. McCANDLESS,
Prospect, Pa.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

FARM of 175 acres near R. R. station. 90 acres improved land, convenient to Pittsburg; barn is 100x60 and cost $4500—is good as new—a good 6 room frame house, good orchard. Price $3000. MIGHT PAY CASH DIFFERENCE on a trade. We have small and large farms for sale or trade. Patent and Pension cases prosecuted. Read the new pension laws and write to us
J. H. STEVENSON'S & Co's Agency,
100 Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

FARM FOR SALE

In Sugarcreek township, Armstrong county, near Adams P. O., one and one-fourth mile east of the new oil development in Sugarcreek twp. Farm contains

100 ACRES,

with bank barn, 32x60 feet;

BRICK HOUSE,

18x36 feet, 2 stories, with cellar, frame kitchen, 14x16 feet; good spring of water, farm well watered, good orchard of grafted fruit. Farm in a good state of cultivation. About

75 ACRES CLEARED,

balance in good timb er. Will sell extremely low for cash. For particulars inquire of
J. R. WICK,
Rimersburg,
Clarion Co., Pa.

JERSEY CATTLE FOR SALE,

Owin g to the death of my wife I offer at private sale my entire herd of registered Jersey cattle.
JAMES K. DAIN,
Freeport, Pa.

BEFORE YOU PAINT

you should examine WETHERILL'S Portfolio of Artistic Designs, Old-Fashioned Houses, Queen Anne Cottages, Suburban Residences, Etc., Etc., colored to match shades of Atlas Ready Mixed Paint and showing the latest and most effective combinations of colors in house painting.

If your dealer has not got our portfolio ask him to send to us for one. You can then see exactly how your house will appear when finished.

Do this an use "Atlas" Ready-Mixed Paint and insure yourself satisfaction. See our guarantee.

We guarantee the contents of every package of our "ATLAS" READY-MIXED PAINT to give satisfaction, and agree to repaint where such is not given, and limit of paint proven.

Geo. D. Wetherill & Co. White Lead and Paint Manufacturers. 56 NORTH FRONT ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SOLD BY
J. C. REDICK, Sole Agent,
Butler, - - Pa.

TO MACKINAC.

Summer Tours.

Palace Steamers. Low Rates.
Four Trips per Week Between
DETROIT, MACKINAC ISLAND
St. Ignace, Cheboygan, Alpena, Harrisville, Oscoda, Sand Beach, Fort Huron, St. Clair, Oakland House, Marine City.
Every Week Day Between
DETROIT AND CLEVELAND
Special Sunday Trips during July and August.
OUR ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLETS
Rates and Excursion Tickets will be furnished by your Ticket Agent, or address
C. D. WHITCOMB, Gen'l Pass. Agent,
Detroit & Cleveland Steam Nav. Co.
DETROIT, MICH.

THIS PAPER is on file in Philadelphia at 150 Newspaper Advertising Agency of Messrs. N. W. AYER & SON, our authorized agents.

A DRAMATIC SENSATION,

The Throbbing, Thrilling Drama, How to Save Money.

By D. A. HECK,

Author of the "The Bride Won; or, What a New Suit of Clothes Did," will be enacted every day and evening during the coming season at D. A. HECK'S

GREAT CLOTHING EMPORIUM,

No. 11, North Main St., Duffy's Block,

BUTLER, - PA.

Until further notice. This powerful work is a wonderful and variegated combination of tragical comedy, and comical tragedy and never fails to bring down the house. The actors are all Stars. The costuming will be a strong feature. The following briefly outlined is the

—PROGRAMME:—

SONG—The happy man no more reflects,
Who buys his clothing at D. A. Heck's

ACT I.—SCENE 1—Time 9 a.m: Enter young man with friend. Young man explains to his friend that the direct cause of his engagement to the wealthy farmer's daughter was his purchase of an elegant suit at D. A. HECK'S Great Clothing Emporium. Friend tumbles to the idea and is made happy with a new suit, Hat, Shirts, Collars Ties, Underwear, Gloves, Hose, Trunk Valise, Umbrella, etc. Scene closes with song, joined in by the audience.

SONG—The day will be intensely cold,
When D. A. Heck is undersold, &c.

ACT II.—SCENE 2—Time 11 a.m. Enter throng of people, old men, young men, ladies, children, managing matrons with marriarable daughters, who with one accord fairly shriek with delight at the wonderful bargains shown. The beautiful young lady, Cinderella finds some jewelery, a pair of Corsets, a pair of Kid Gloves, an elegant pair of Hose that set her off so exquisitely that a dude from Unionville and a young man from Greene City both propose, as the Greece City man has on one of D. A. Heck's irresistable suits. Cinderella decides to patronize home industries and accepts him. The Unionville dude talks of duels, suicides, &c., but decides not to leave this world while he can get clothing so cheap at D. A. HECK'S Great Emporium.

Song by company, joined by audience:

'Tis our experience, one and all,
And every one who tries it knows,
That D. A. HECK has got the call,
And takes the town in selling clothes.

ACT III.—SCENE 3.—Time ten years later:
HECK'S LARGEST EMPORIUM.

Ten years are supposed to have elapsed. D. A. HECK'S Store quadrupled in size. Butler a metropolis. Arrival of several excursions, electric trains and a number of balloons, with crowds of people to buy

Clothing, Underwear,
Hats, Caps, Collars,
Neck Ties, Hosiery,
Suspenders, Handkerchiefs,
Umbrellas, Trunks
Valises, Satchels,
Bill and Pocketbooks,
Cloth, Hair and Tooth Brushes

and innumerable other articles which space forbids to mention. Scores of prosperous men and plump matrons gather around the proctor, all agreeing that their rise in the world began from the moment they began to buy their goods from

D A. HECK.

Cinderella and her husband about to depart for Mt. Chestnut (this is no chestnut) The Unionville dude, a dude no longer but a rich business man in the city of Butler. Population 10,000, noted chiefly for being the most enterprising city in the county, and for fair dealing and for the fact D. A. HECK'S Emporium, Duffy's Block, is the headquarters for good goods, fair dealing and low prices.

All will now join in singing:—
How D. A. Heck is selling clothes,
Way down at bed rock—
Just watch the crowd that daily goes
To D. A. Heck's in Duffy Block.

Curtain falls to slow but sure music.

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into nostrils is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head. Allays inflammation. Heals the sores. Restores the senses of taste and smell.

50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N.Y.

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE
HOP PLASTER

Because possessed of fresh and active medicinal agents for the cure of pain and disease. Prepared from the complete virtues of fresh Hops, Burgundy Pitch and Gums. The greatest strengthening plaster ever invented. Apply one to Backache, Crick, Rheumatism, Kidney Pains, Stitches, Sciatica, Sore Chest, or pain in any part, local or deep-seated. Cures instantly, soothes and strengthens the tired muscles. All ready to apply. Sold by drug and country stores, 25 cents, 5 for $1.00. Mailed for price. Proprietors, HOP PLASTER CO., Boston, Mass.

Strongest and Best!

Tutt's Pills

REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Habitual Costiveness

Causes derangement of the entire system, and begets diseases that are hazardous to life. Persons of a costive habit are subject to Headache, Defective Memory, Gloomy Forebodings, Nervousness, Fevers, Drowsiness, Irritable Temper and other symptoms, which unfits the sufferer for business or agreeable associations. Regular habit of body alone can correct these evils, and nothing succeeds so well in achieving this condition as Tutt's Pills. By their use not only is the system renovated, but in consequence of the harmonious changes thus created, there pervades a feeling of satisfaction; the mental faculties perform their functions with vivacity, and there is an exhilaration of mind, freedom of thought, and perfect heart's ease that bespeaks the full enjoyment of health.

SECRET OF BEAUTY

Is health. The secret of health is the power to digest a proper quantity of food. This can never be done when the liver does not act its part. It is the driving wheel in the mechanism of man, and when it is out of order, the whole system becomes deranged, and Fever, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Jaundice, Bilious Colic and General Debility ensue. To restore the functions of the Liver and impart that beauty which always attends a healthy constitution, Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills are recommended. They are not a cure-all, but are designed solely for the disordered Liver and the diseases which it produces.

Tutt's Liver Pills

STIR UP THE TORPID LIVER.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS, 25c.

MILLER'S OIL REFINING WORKS,
ALLEGHENY CITY,
Office 328 Liberty St., Pittsburg, Pa.
A. D. MILLER & SON,
Manufacturers of High Test Oils, for export and home consumption. Would call public

— attention to our brand —
WATER WHITE **OLEINE** 150 TEST
Warranted None Better.

Gasoline for stoves and gas machines, 74, 86, 87 88, and 90 gravities. Lubricating oils.
☞ Staves and heading wanted. [4-9-'86-1y]

CANN'S KIDNEY CURE.

For Dropsy, Gravel, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure Guaranteed. Office 831 Arch street, Philadelphia. $1. er bottle, 6 for $5. At Druggists. Try it.

HOW TO GET ALONG.

Trip lightly over trouble,
Trip lightly over wrong
We only make grief double
By dwelling on it long.
Why clasp woe's hand so tightly,
Why sigh o'er blossoms dead,
Why cling to forms unsightly,
Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow,
Though all be dark,
The sun may shine to-morrow,
And gayly sing the lark;
Fair hopes have not departed,
Though roses may have fled;
Then never be down-hearted,
But look for joy instead.

Trip lightly over shadow,
Stand not to rail at doom;
We've pearls to string, of gladness,
On this side of the tomb;
While stars are nightly shining,
And heaven is overhead,
Encourage not repining,
But look for joy instead.

LANETTE.

CHAPTER I.

Captain John Hablette, in whose truthfulness we all have implicit confidence, relates the following story:—

One night several years ago, I was a passenger on a Missouri railway train that was mercilessly robbed by a party of young wretches, who not only deprived us of our valuables, but who, during the outrage, subjected us to their low flung raillery. I was not burdensomely encumbered with money and gave up, without a pang, the small amount I had, but when one of the rascals told me to take off my watch, I filed my motion for an appeal. The watch, aside from being a gold time-keeper of finest make, had been presented to me by a dear friend.

"Look here," said I, "can't you let me keep this watch? I suppose you have often heard such a request—not at all strange in your line of business—but which by granting would exhibit your remaining dregs of grace, and which I might say, might in time prove to be the fruitful meats of repentance."

I was a young member at the bar at that time, rather liked to hear the sound of my own voice, and thought that this little speech, so applicable and delivered with such emphasis, should at once gain my case, but the villain, graceful of form as well as graceless of morals, bowed profoundly and replied;—

"My dear sir, I like to hear you talk, and under ordinary circumstances would listen to you with only a moderate degree of impatience, but on this occasion I am really pressed for time. While I am accommodating and willing to grant a hearing to anyone dissatisfied with the manner in which I conduct my affairs, yet I must insist that you pay more attention to prompt delivery and less to oratory. "Ah," taking my watch, "a jeweled checker-off of time's hurrying moments. So long, sir. I wish you a safe journey."

CHAPTER II

About two years after my experience with the robbers. I went on a summer vacation to Wisconsin. One day, while threshing a little trout stream, I met a young gentleman to whom—as he was engaged in the same pastime, and has he had caught nothing—I became attracted. He was a tall, graceful young man, quick-witted, and with a face impressively handsome. We sat in the mossy shade and ate lunch together. We talked for an hour and then like American citizens, introduced ourselves. This is an American characteristic. An Englishman must know your name before he will exhibit the slightest interest in you, but an American must become acquainted with you before he cares to know your name.

"My name is Robert Gosman," said he, when I had delivered my cognomen, "but I am known as Wild Bob. I don't know why, for no one ever sees me in a hurry. Here's some very fine cabbage pickle!"

"Call you Wild Bob because you are not wild, probably," I replied. "The members of a certain bar in Arkansaw call me Coldwater John, though I don't now remember that I have ever shown any marked predilection for cold water. Pickle is first rate."

"Say, Hablett; I live about three miles from here. You haven't anything to do particularly, have you?"

"Well, anything I have to do, I do it particularly."

"I mean, have you anything particularly to do?"

"No."

"Well, suppose you go home with me. You will find the folks to be very agreeable. It is no boarding-house, understand?"

As the boarding-house I had secured was hardly up to the standard of appetite, to say nothing of association, I agreed to accompany Mr Gosman.

CHAPTER III.

The Gosmans lived in a large brick house, surrounded by tall trees. The cool yard, the spring near the house and even the barn from which issued the sharp, filing notes of a score of Guinea hens—all to me were inviting. Old man Gosman—old man through courtesy, for he was not so very old, was quiet and undemonstrative, but I could see that I was not an "unwelcome guest, a guest unbid." Mrs. Gosman was one of those women who remind me of a piece of silk. Smooth, never showing a ruffle, smiling nearly always, but so quiet of manner, and so soft of voice that sometimes, when hearing an undistinct sound in the room, I would look up, thinking that she had spoken. Miss Lanette Gosman—but how shall I speak of her? The adjective beautiful expresses much, yet how commonplace and incomplete. Did you ever notice that some girls carry sunshine in their voices? It is a fact, whether or not you have noticed it. I know that Lanette's voice was full of sunshine, for everything was brighter when she spoke. Her beauty, when she entered the room, bounded upon my vision like a glad surprise.

"Oh, yes, you must remain awhile with us," she remarked the next evening after my arrival, when Bob had renewed his invitation. "It is very lonesome here at times. When father is not at work he walks around with his hands behind him. There's nothing that makes me more lonesome than to see a man walking around that way. It always seems to me that he is in trouble; and mother, she is so quiet and easy—well, mother reminds me of a piece china, Bob, I'll declare she does," turning to her brother and growing brighter in the the light of her new found comparison. "No one would ever know that she is on the place, hardly," turning to me.

"We can't say as much for you," replied Bob. "Everybody in the neighborhood knows when you are at home."

"Am I such a romp, Mr. Hablett?"

"No!" I replied. "I—I never saw anyone more lady like."

"There now, Mr. Smarty," shaking her head at Bob.

"Oh, he says that because he can't get around it," replied Bob.

"No you don't; do you?" appealing to me with an air so bewitching that I actually felt like getting up and dancing the "Essence of Old Virginia."

"I mean it, Miss Lanette. You are lady-like"

"There now, again, Smart Jackety. But, Mr. Hablett, you haven't told me yet.

"Haven't told you?"

"No, haven't told me that you can remain with us awhile."

"Well, I am on a vacation and I much prefer this place to any other place—" in the world, I came in one of saying—"prefer it to any other place I have found."

"Thank you," she said.

As I sat there contemplating her enchanting beauty, I wondered if she could really be a flirt. Then this crushing thought fell upon rather than arose within me. "Of course she is. A girl so frank, so easily delighted, could be carried off by any clod-hopper." I had never heard it intimated that I was handsome, and my feet, with a pronounced affinity for No. 9's now seemed to be incased in 12's. Oh yes, I loved her—loved her until I was actually sick. After supper I went out alone and told myself I was a fool. I heard Lanette singing, and, addressing myself, I said: "Hablett, you are the biggest fool I ever saw. Why don't you pick up a few grains of sense as you go along? Don't you know the girl is laughing at you?"

I returned to the house, and going to my trunk—which had just been brought from my boarding house—I took out Blackstone and decided to rub up my knowledge of common law, but incorporal hereditaments, freeholds and the like were powerless to divert my mind from the engulfing channel into which it was determined to flounder. I put down the book, and as I sat musing, or rather agonizing, I heard a woman in the hall-way ask:

"Miss Lanette, whar Wild Bob ketch up wid dat cuis lookin' white man?"

CHAPTER IV.

Three weeks had elapsed, and yet I remained a guest at the Gosman farm-house. Bob and I spent much of our time in fishing, but I didn't want to fish, Fish, the mischief! Talk about fishing to a man who is almost on the verge of dropping on the ground and kicking in the agonies of fatal love! The girl's attentions had not abated, but, hang it, I could not see that they had increased. I couldn't fool along this way. I was determined to bring the case to a trial.

Late one afternoon while "moping" in the woods near the house, I met Lanette, who, with a handful of wild flowers, was returning home from a neighborhood visit, On my part, I don't think the meeting was altogether accidental.

"I saw some beautiful flowers just over here the other day," said I. "Come with me and we will get them."

Oh, what a liar. I had seen no flowers. She joined me and we proceeded along a path so narrow that it seemed impossible for me to get more than one foot in it at a time.

"How far are they?"

"Not far. Let me see. Just over there, I believe."

"Are you quite sure that you saw any?"

"Oh, yes."

"When?"

"Yesterday mor—Lanette, I expect you think that—"

"Think what?" she asked, stopping.

"Think that I am—well, let's go to the house. No, I'm going to tell you. I love you. Hold on! Oh, it's a fact."

"I didn't dispute it," she said.

"Of course not, but—" I had caught her in my arms. I had seen tears in her eyes.

"I love you *so* much," she breathed in my ear.

Ah, lightning, it is a wonder you hadn't settled me right there. Such happines must be a mistake. She would marry me! Great Cæsar! I looked around to see if any one were about to shoot at me, but saw nothing but a cow quietly grazing. I wondered if I were not in duty bound to run against a tree and kill myself I was a fool—but I was so deucedly happy.

CHAPTER V.

Our engagement was not kept secrect. The old gentleman readily gave his consent, declaring that Lanette's choice was his choice. Mrs. Gosman had very little to say but shimmering like a piece of satin, said she had no objection to me.

One day, about two weeks from the time appointed for our marriage, I decided to go over and catch a few trout. Bob was not at home, and as the distance was too great for Lanette to walk, I concluded to go alone.

"You must be back by four o'clock," said Lanette.

"But how am I to know? I have no watch."

"Couldn't you take the clock under your arm."

"Hardly."

"Wait. Bob has a watch upstairs. He never wears it, but I don't suppose he would care if you were to take it. Just wait a minute, and I'll wind it up and set it."

A few moments later she returned with the watch. I could scarcely repress and exclamation; "J. L. H." engraved on the case. I said nothing, but after leaving the house I examined the watch. It was mine, unmistakably. Could it be possible that Bob was one of the train robbers? I was so disturbed that, taking no interest in fishing, I soon returned to the house. As I neared the gate I saw that Bob had returned. Seeing me, he came forward and said:

"Lanette tells me that she let you take my watch."

"Yes, here it is."

"Of course it is safe in your hands, but—"

"But what?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing."

"Seems to be an excellent time keeper, Bob. Where did you get it?"

"Oh, by the way of a chance," he replied, but I could see that he was confused. "Ah," thought I, that night as I lay in bed, "that is doubtless one reason why you deserve the name of Wild Bob. Marry the sister of an outlaw? I shuddered. Yes, I would marry her, even though she were an outlaw herself. It was my duty though to have Bob arrested. What a thought! It would almost kill his parents. "I will wait until after we are married," I mused, "but I must discharge my duty."

The very next morning, upon taking up a newspaper, I saw that one of the Missouri train robbers had been captured. "He had in his possession," continued the account, "a number of valuable watches. When asked why he had not disposed of them, he replied he was afraid that such a step might lead to his detection, and that it had been his intention to leave the country and sell them. The chief of police of St. Louis, requests that those who lost watches during the late train robbery in this State, will please furnish him with description of proper."

Although I was satisfied that Bob had my watch, yet I wrote to the St. Louis chief of police, and to my infinite surprise, received a few days later my watch. Now I could see a difference, though very slight between my watch and Bob's, but I could not account for the same initials. This thought puzzled me: Why should he have shown such embarrassment when I asked him where he got the watch? I was determined to find out, so, accompanying Bob to his room, I related the circumstances of the train robbery and then showed him my watch.

"Why, it is just like mine!" he exclaimed. "Same initials, too. Well, it is strange, surely."

"So strange, Bob, that I don't understand it. Tell me where you got your watch. Of course it is no business of mine, but I would like to know."

"I got it from a friend."

"Yes, Bob, but why were you embarrassed when I asked you concerning it?"

For a few moments he remained silent. A cloud crossed his face. Passing his hand over his face, as though he would rub the cloud away, he said:—

"One of the best friends I ever had was James L. Harmon. This watch once belonged to him. One night he took it and gave it to me in payment of a gambling debt I took it jokingly, intending to return it, but the first thing I saw upon taking up a morning paper, next day, was that James had been killed while in a saloon. The horrible affair occurred a short time after he left me."

"Bob, you will never know what relief you give me."

"How, so?"

I related my suspicions. He laughed in genuine appreciation and said: "You don't me, John. I have not the courage to rob a bee-hive, much less a railway train, but really I am glad that that you no longer regard me a robber and that you do not necessarily believe your property to be in danger of stealthy removal while I am around."

"I know one thing, Bob."

"What's that?"

"You are the best fellow I ever met."

* * * * *

Lanette and I were married by a good old parson who talked through his nose. Everybody seemed to be happy, although the old gentleman walked with his hands behind him. The old lady wept smoothly and without a ow, but still looked like a piece of china.

Bleeding His Country.

[From Youth's Companion.]

Lord Chesterfield is better known by the "Letters to His Son," in which he shines as a master of deportment, than by his diplomacy and oratory. Yet in his day, he was called the "British Cicero," and was trusted with such fine diplomatic work as that illustrated by this anecdote:

A certain nobleman had talents, learning and influence; but he had one vanity—the desire to be thought skillful in physic and an expert in bleeding.

It was once thought necessary to have this nobleman's vote for a certain bill before the House of Lords, and the task of securing it was assigned to Chesterfield. He knowing the noble lord's foible, called on him one morning. After a brief conversation upon the weather and other trivial topics, Chesterfield complained of a headache, and asked the nobleman to feel his pulse.

The noble lord instantly laid his fingers on his visitor's wrist, said his pulse was too high, and suggested that the loss of a little blood would give relief.

"I have no objection, my lord," answered Chesterfield; "and, as I hear your lordship has a masterly hand, will you favor me by trying your lancet on me?"

The visitor, having been bled, asked: "Do you go to the House, to-day, my lord?"

"I did not intend to go," answered the nobleman, "as I am not informed as to the merits of the question which is to be debated. You doubtless have considered it; which side do you favor?"

Chesterfield, having gained the nobleman's confidence by humoring his vanity, easily influenced his judgment. He then carried him to the House and secured his vote for the bill.

"None of my friends," said the wit, "have done as much for the country as I have, for I have literally bled for it." He exhibited devotion to his party, but the act was unscrupulous, and an honest man would not have done it.

Not Anxious to See It.

A Chicago man visiting Cincinnati was being shown around by a citizen who said: "Now, let's go and and see the widows' home." The Chicago man put his finger to the side of his nose and winked, and then said: "Not much, Mary Ann; I saw a widow home once, and she sued me for a breach of promise and proved it on me, and it cost me $16,000. No, sir; send the widows home in a hack."

—Ex-Secretary Manning is at his desk in his banking office in New York.

EARLY PHOTOGRAPHY.

The First Sun Picture Ever Taken in America--How it Was Done.

There are some interesting memoirs connected with early photography in this country. Photography dawned on the world at about the same time as telegraphy and at about the same date as steam railroading. And Morse, the lesding man in the telegraph, and Daguerre, the leading man in the photograph (at first called the daguerreotype), became personal friends, and each got interested in the other's lines—a thing which very seldom happens to that class of people.

Morse, when he was in Paris trying to push his lightning messages, was introduced by Robert Walsh, of Philadelphia, the American consul at Paris, to Mons. Daguerre, who was trying to push his sun pictures. The two men took a great fancy to each other, just like two brothers; showed each other their inventions and told each other their plans. Each promised to help the other after he had first helped himself, and each kept his promise.

Daguerre never got a chance to be of much real aid to Morse in Paris, but he did what he could all the same—talked enthusiastically about the telegraph and shrugged his shoulders enthusiastically, as only a Frenchman can. But Morse, when he got back to New York, took hold of his chum Daguerre's hobby and introduced it into the metropolis. The first telegrapher may thus be said to have been the first photographer.

There was as this time in New York a fine instrument maker, almost a genius in his way, called Prosch, who had a shop in a basement on Nassau street, a very curious sort of a place; a den of scientific odds and ends, haunted by odd and scientific men. Morse saw Prosch and gave him a full idea of Daguerre's inventions, and showed him a plan of the apparatus needed to carry out Daguerre's ideas. He also gave Prosch an order to make this apparatus. Prosch set to work and made a rude affair, which was the first picture taking apparatus ever made in this country, and turned it over to Morse. And then one morning, a really memorable morning, in its way, Morse, with the aid of this rude instrument, took the first sun picture or Daguerreotype ever taken in America.

He took it off of the steps leading to Prosch's den, He placed the camera on the steps and got a pretty good picture of the old brick church (the Rev. Dr. Spring's church) opposite the city hall—on the spot now occupied by the *Times* newspaper and the Potter building. In the foreground of this picture was a hack and its sleepy horse, with its more sleepy driver

This first daguerreotype or photograph was, of course, a primitive affair, worse than a tintype now, but it was, nevertheless, a great, wonderful thing under the circumstances. It demonstrated that pictures of the earth and things and people on it, could be taken by the aid of the sun, just as certainly and truthfully as ideas could be transmitted by electricity, and really one fact was almost as important as the other. It was a truly memorable morning in New York when Morse took the first daguerreotype off of Prosch's basement steps, although it then took him nearly an hour, all in all, to complete the operation.

Professor Draper was a great friend of Morse and he got interested in this new thing. He and Morse experimented together. Draper was great on chemistry. He soon improved on the original daguerreotype, and one day he astonished Morse by taking his (Morse's) picture with his eyes open, giving the natural expression of the eyes.

This was a big step onward; for at first all the picture taken of human beings had to be taken with the eyes olosed, on account of the glare. Imagine a pretty woman sitting for her picture and having not only to hold her tongue but close her eyes—shut her eyes as well as shut up. It would be as hard that way to have your picture taken as your tooth taken.

Draper and Morse used to take their early pictures from a window of the old university building, where Morse lived. One of their successful pictures was the tower of the Church of Messiah, about the size of a playing card. The first pictures were all of them pictures of buildings, streets and so on. But at last Morse took a portrait—put the human face and figure into a sun picture. This was a a step onward and upward; for as Morse took his first object picture on the steps leading to Prosch's cellar, so he took his first face and figure picture on top of the university building, in a sort of a studio he had erected there on the roof, and which was the first protographic "studio" ever started in America.

The first lady whose picture was ever taken by the sunlight in this city was the young daughter of Prof. Morse. The next lady taken was his daughter's bosom friend, and the pictures taken of these two are still in existence among the choicest curiosities and treasures of Vassar college.

The first man in New York who made a regular business of taking pictures or photographs was the instrument maker Prosch, whom I have already mentioned. Prosch saw a big thing in it, and opened what he called a "daguerring gallery" on the corner of Liberty street and Broadway. His first sitter and customer was Professor West, of the old Rutgers female institute, who was thus the very first man who ever paid to have his photograph taken, all the other pictures up to this time having been taken as an experiment, free.

But the Professor paid for his pictures like a man, and from that time on the business of taking pictures has flourished in New York. It would make a photographer sick nowadays to think how Prosch had to get his sunlight for this first picture. He had to hang a big mirror right outside his shop, on Broadway, so as to reflect the sunlight full on the professor's face.—*New York Mercury Interview.*

—A Texas contemporary is responsible for the assertion that W. J. Bernard, of Hillsborough, is deaf and dumb, but talks in his sleep.

—Reports from Otter Tail county, Minn., say that grasshoppers are devastating grain fields, and farmers are threatened with entire destruction of their crops.

Men in Their Bones.

The doctor began to talk about skeletons. He drew a trade circular, issued by a wholesale dealer in surgical instruments and supplies, from his pocket. The circular contained an annual review of the surgical instruments and supplies market. Part way down the neatly printed page appeared this paragraph, which the doctor read:

"Skeletons have ruled firm and active throughout the year, with prices unchanged. We have been able to supply the demand for the common varieties promptly, but the finer grades were scarce, and orders for deformities could not always be filled at once. In this regard the market is still unchanged, although our broker in Paris has orders to buy everything offered at the usual rates."

The doctor read the paragraph much as boys on the street eat ice cream out of the penny goblets they buy of Italian venders, that is, slowly and with evident relish. When he had finished it and folded the circular he said:

"There is no branch of the enormous import trade of the American people so interesting as the trade in skeletons, although its magnitude and importance are not known to but few. Not that its magnitude or value make it interesting; it attracts attention solely because the article is in itself fascinating. But there are features of the trade that may not escape the eye of the political economist. For instance, this great nation of 60,000,000 of people is wholly dependent on foreign countries for its skeletons. Not but what a physician here and there may have a specimen which has been untimely snatched from the country graveyard, but the stock skeletons of the country are all imported, and that, too, simply because the pauper labor of the old world is able to string bones together for less money than an American laborer could live and pay taxes on.

ANATOMICAL KNOWLEDGE.

"The man who can put the bones of the human frame together must be an anatomist; he must know, for instance, where the collar bone is located and what its functions are. No anatomist, not even a pauper anatomist in the morgue in Paris, would be so foolish as to rest the butt of a gun containing four drams of powder and an ounce and a quarter of shot on his collar bone, and in that position fire it. Collar bones were not made for that use. Now, although possessed of so much more knowledge than some sportsmen, the Paris anatomist is willing to work for a franc a day, and the capitalist who employs him is thus enabled to sell skeletons at such a low rate that even new fledged doctors in America cannot compete.

"Incredible as it may seem, a skeleton well mounted and neatly packed in a white pine box can be had for the small sum of $300. The box can be stood on end, with the skeleton hanging from the top by a screw running down through the skull. If the box is covered with red plush and lined blue satin the simple packing case becomes a neat, attractive and economical anatomical closet. Of course, most physicians prefer a black walnut cabinet, with glass doors covered with a red curtain, but that is a matter of taste, not that I would recommend any one to purchase a $30 skeleton unless for temporary use. They are not over substantial; they cannot be polished up very nicely, and they are apt to crumble. You see, the $30 corpses are of people well advanced in life, where the calcerous matter predominates in the bones. Besides, some people have bones that are naturally more brittle than other people's. The anatomist in the Paris skeleton factory is able to tell by the looks of the subject just how far he may go in whitening the bone for mounting, for the whitening process tends to make the bones more brittle than they are naturally. The skeleton of a young person whose bones are of the right quality will stand a gread deal of work, and a great deal of work, even at at a franc a day, means an enhanced price. A first-class skeleton will bring $125, and at that figure it would be a delight to the profession, having silver plated wire articulations, and everything in style. Now and then some man with an artistic taste in such matters will have a skeleton mounted with solid silver, Although not quite so substantial or well able to stand the rough usage to which students subject such specimens, this love of the beautiful ought by all means to be encouraged.

AT MODERATE PRICES.

"The ordinary demand for skeletons is like the demand in most branches of trade. Good, substantial goods at moderate prices are what are wanted. Well whitened bones articulated with polished steel and packed in good cases at from $60 to $70 are in such demand that you couldn't find half a dozen—no, nor a quarter dozen—in the city at any one time, except shortly after the arrival of a French line steamer, when a fresh importation might increase the stock temporarily. Not less than 300 of these skeletons are sold every year right here in this city, where all the important houses are located. I want to emphasize the fact that the importing houses are located right here, because a Chicago House and a concern in Boston both advertise skeletons of their own importation, when the custom house returns do not show any consignments of such goods to either house. This attempt to take away part of New York's prestige as a trade centre ought to be discouraged.

"In addition to this staple trade in medium grade skeletons there is an increasing demand for deformities. Your skeleton with two fractures of the collar bone, if perfectly healed, would bring $5 extra, but if accompanied by the certificate of a reputable physician like myself, stating how the bone was broken, would bring $10 extra, The added price would be for the certificate as much as for any intrinsic value of your skeleton. If, now, you were afflicted with curvature of the spine, or if you were a woman and the pelvis were of a novel and unusual shape, your skeleton might, when well mounted, bring as much as $175 or $200. There are cases of deformities and abnormal growths that are so remarkable as to make the skeleton of the subject of even still greater value. I could imagine a case very easily where a man's skeleton would be of much greater value to his family than he ever was in his life time.

"Talking of skeletons reminds me that veterinary surgeons are getting to be a remarkably well educated lot of men, and require about the same appliances for study that physicians like us do. There is a growing demand for horse and dog skeletons. Horse skeletons are kept in stock and sell for from $125 to $150 There is no regular trade in dog skeletons, but when a call comes the dealer has one made to order, and charges according to the trouble. If you want one, you can probably get it for $50." —*New York Sun.*

What to Teach Our Daughters.

At a social gathering some one proposed this question: "What shall I teach my daughter?" The following replies were handed her:—

Teach her that 100 cents make a dollar.

Teach her to arrange the parlor and the library.

Teach her to say "No," and mean it, or "Yes," and stick to it.

Teach her how to wear a calico dress, and wear it like a queen.

Teach her how to sew on buttons, darn stockings and mend gloves.

Teach her to dress for health and comfort as well as for appearance.

Teach her to cultivate flowers and to keep the kitchen garden.

Teach her to make the neatest room in the house.

Teach her to have nothing to do with intemperate or dissolute young men.

Teach her that tight lacing is uncomely as well as injurious to health.

Teach her to regard the morals and habits, and not money, in selecting her associates.

Teach her to observe the old rule: "A place for everything and everything in its place."

Teach her that music, drawing and painting are real accomplishments in the home and are not to be neglected if there be time and money for their use.

Teach her the important truism: That the more she lives within her income the more she will save, and the further she will get away from the poor house.

Teach her that a good, steady, church-going mechanic, farmer, clerk, or teacher without a cent is worth more than forty loafers or non-producers in broadcloth.

Teach her to embrace every opportunity for reading, and to select such books as will