# THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXV. BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1888. No. 40

"THE MATCHLESS."

A SPECIAL New York Hat that combines all the good points of several acceptable ones. Designed to suit all faces. It is becoming to everyone.

Comes in all the different Straws and the charming new spring colors, Sage Green, Gobelin, Golden Browns, Boreal and Electric.

It admits of many styles of trimming and each seems an improvement over the last. Our cut shows it trimmed in one of the many ways it comes from our experienced designers.

These hats are going so fast that it would be best to come immediately to see it in its many styles and trimmings. We have a very large stock just now but when a thing catches the eye and fancy of the public as it has, it is bound to go. Remember our bargains cannot be duplicated in two weeks.

We've opened, this week, over a hundred different shapes with all the new trimmings, direct from the largest house in America. Among them are the "K.M.Q." and the "Bunny."

There seems to be an impression that because we are patronized by the fashionable people, we can't make any effort to care for those whose pocket books are limited. This is a great mistake. While being obliged, by having the custom of the fashionable women, to make special efforts to provide for them, yet we think we can suit the taste and means of anyone, however odd the taste, or limited the means.

Just a word about "LELIA PITH." To those who have used it we say nothing. Their once using it insures its use always. To those who never tried it we say, "profit by the experience of many and try it."

## Miss M. H. Gilkey,

New Building, No. 62 S. Main St. THE LEADING MILLINER

## Give us Your Attention

Ye shrewd farmer in search of bargains. You are about to invest in some of the Agricultural Implements. You've found it's cheapest to buy the best. Of course you will buy where you get that the cheapest. Confess that you've seen the'a d's of some dealers and did not like them. Read too much like circus bills.

You've heard of the CHAMPION Mowers, Reapers and Binders? Then you know they're the best in the world. We've got them so cheap that you won't hesitate ten minutes if you come around. You know the merits of the Perry Spring Tooth Harrow and the imitations that are on the market. We have the genuine, and if you need a good harrow, we recommend it.

Suppose you didn't know that we sell more Novelty Pumps, iron force, P. B. R. than all the hardware firms of Butler put together. We do though.

Come around and look at our stock. You'll learn something. We have some other things too: De Haven Stoves and Ranges, Eagle Elastic Fabric, ready mixed.

General Hardware, Wire Screens, Patent Churns, etc. Our stock is not excelled in the county and we cannot be undersold.

## JACKSON & MITCHELL,

**Butler, Pa.**

## What You Eat!

Is the most important consideration of your life, and much of our good health is due to the careful and conscientious grocer.

We buy the best in the market, select all our goods with the greatest care, and claim to have as good a stock of Groceries as can be found anywhere.

We want your trade and invite you to try our Flours, Sugars, Coffees, Canned Fruits, Dried Fruits, Spices, Hams, Canned Meats, Crackers, Confectioneries, Tropical Fruits, Nuts, or anything in our store room.

Country Produce a specialty, and all new fruits and vegetables in season.

In our China Hall, in the second story of our building, we have the larges- stock of Chinaware, Glassware, Crockery, Lamps and Fancy Goods in the town.

Give us a trial, highest market price allowed for produce.

## C. KOCH & SONS,

**MAIN ST., - - - BUTLER, PA.**

## JACOB BOOS,

DEALER IN

## CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,

FLOUR, FEED, HAY AND ALL KINDS OF GRAIN.

We are now in our new store-room on S. Main St., and have the room to accommodate our large stock of groceries, flour, etc., and have built a large ware-house to accommodate our stock of feed.

We pay the highest cash price for potatoes and all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE.

**Jacob Boos,** 105 S. MAIN STREET, **Butler, Pa.**

## BARGANS in WATCHES,

Clocks,
Jewelry
And Silverware.

Finest stock of Sterling Silverware in the county, and at prices not to be equalled for cash.

Watches and Clocks repaired and warranted, at

**J. R. GRIEB'S**

No. 16 South Main St., (Sign of ELECTRIC BELL),

**Butler, Pa.**

## GREAT JULY SALE

—OF—

## DRY GOODS, CARPETS,

**AND ALL KINDS OF FANCY GOODS.**

| | |
|---|---|
| 35 cent Sateens, at | 20 cents |
| 20 cent Sateens, at | 12½ cts |
| 50 cent Barred and Plain White Goods, | 25 cents |
| 40 cent Barred and Plain White Goods, | 20 cents |
| 25 cent White Lawns, Vic., | 15 cents |
| 15 cent White Lawns, Vic., | 10 cents |
| 35 cent Yard Wide Cashmere, | 20 cents |

**GOODBRUSSELS REMNANTS.**

Some large enough for large rooms—some for small rooms, 45 c

**All Wool Extra Super Carpets, - 50 cents.**
**Best Table Oil Cloths, - - - 25 cents.**

Everything in the house at way down prices during this July sale. Remember these prices are only good up to August 1st.

We have still a large lot of Millinery goods and Trimmings. Come in and buy them at your own prices, as we are going to quit that part of the business, and they must be sold regardless of cost.

## RITTER & RALSTON.

TRY IT YOURSELF.

"It is of no use to argue the question, I am neither stubborn nor opinionated, I have simply had a lesson that will last a lifetime."

"Look here, Jack! you are like some old bachelor who has been jilted by one woman, and goes about declaring all women are false."

"Not at all! my brother Charles died of Bright's disease, brought on by using one of these so-called 'blood purifiers'—the kind you see attractively advertised in every nook and corner. It contained iodide of potassium, a drug useful in extreme cases when cautiously given under a doctor's supervision, but death-dealing to all who take it in quantity. If *your* brother had died under such circumstances, you would hate patent medicines as I do."

"I do dislike the name of that miscalled 'blood purifier,' for I have heard first class physicians say it is the cause of half the cases of Bright's disease in the country, and it is strange the proprietors have not been prosecuted for selling it. But *I* was recommending Vinegar Bitters and that does not contain any mineral, narcotic or other hurtful drug."

"Oh, nobody supposes that old woman's remedy will hurt anybody; the question is will it cure anything? I'd as soon think of taking some of my grandmother's herb tea."

"You would be better off, Jack, if you had some of that tea to tone up your system now, instead of taking a glass of brandy to make you sleep one night, and perhaps a bottle of beer the next."

"Is this a temperance lecture, Phil?"

"No, it is a Vinegar Bitters lecture. I've taken the medicine more or less for fifteen years, and look the world over, you will not find a healthier man than I am."

"What is all this nonsense about old style and new style Vinegar Bitters; are they different?"

"Yes, the old style looks like coffee with milk in it, the new style like coffee without milk. The man who made the old style for twenty years—a practical chemist—made a milder, pleasanter, preparation, adding to it here, and taking from it there, until he produced, my wife says, the finest medicine ever made. It cured her of constipation, and it cures the children of hives and all the little ailments they ever have. If my wife thinks they have worms, she doses them with old style. We always have both kinds in the house, and together they keep the doctor away."

"And you insist that the proof of the pudding—"

"Is the eating—precisely. Jack, get a bottle of the old style Vinegar Bitters—men I think, prefer old style usually—try, it, and you will then be like an old bachelor who, after railing against women for years, falls in love with a good woman at last. You will say there are good and bad patent medicines, but Vinegar Bitters is the best of the lot."

"All right, Phil, to please you, I'll try it and report results."

VINEGAR BITTERS
VEGETABLE PURELY FREE FROM ALCOHOL
A MEDICAL SPECIALTY
PURE
CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS

The only Temperance Bitters known. It stimulates the Nerves, regulates the Bowels and produces a perfect blood circulation, which is sure to restore perfect health.

GEO. W. DAVIS, of 169 Baronne st., New Orleans, La., writes under date May 26th, 1888, as follows:

"I have been going to the Hot Springs, Ark., for fifteen years for an itching humor in my blood. I have but used three bottles of Vinegar Bitters, and it has done me more good than the Springs. It is the best medicine made."

JOSEPH J. EGAN, of No. 75 West st., New York, says: "I've not been without Vinegar Bitters for the past twelve years, and consider it a whole medicine chest in our family."

A beautiful Book free.

Address, R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO., 532 Washington St., New York.

## LOOK! READ!

I have enlarged my store-room, in fact, made it almost twice as large as it was before, and have also increased my stock. I have, by far, the largest and best selected stock of

Fine Drugs and Chemicals

in Butler county, and am now in position to supply the wants of the people of this county—even better than in the past.

You will do well to call on me when in the need of anything in the line of

Fine Drugs and Medicines.

My stock is very complete and PRICES VERY LOW. In medicine quality is of the first importance, so we give particular attention to filling Prescriptions.

Our Dispensing Department is complete. We dispense only Pure Drugs of the

Finest Quality,

and our patrons may bring us their prescriptions, feeling certain that they will be carefully and accurately filled.

Thanking the public for the very generous patronage they have accorded me in the past, I hope to be able to serve them more acceptably in the future, at the old stand.

No. 5, North Main St,

BUTLER, PA.

J. C. REDICK,

SCHUTTE & O'BRIEN,

Sanitary Plumbers

And Gas Fitters, of more than 20 years experience, have opened their store in the Geo. Reiber block, on Jefferson St. opposite the Lowry House, with a full line of Plumber's Supplies,

GAS FIXTURES AND GLOBES.

HANGING AND TABLE LAMPS.

NATURAL GAS BURNERS. &c

Jobbing promptly attended to, and your patronage respectfully solicited.

## Wm. F. Miller.

Manufacturer of

Stair Rails,
Balusters
and Newel-posts.

All kinds of wood-turning done to order, also Decorated and Carved wood-work, such as Casing, Corner blocks, Panels and all kinds of fancy wood-work for inside decoration of houses.

CALL AND SEE SAMPLES.

Something new and attractive. Also

**FURNITURE**

at lowest cash prices.

Store at No. 49, N. Main street.
Factory at No. 59, N. Washington street.
BUTLER, - - - - - - - - - PENNA.

## FOR SALE.

A small farm of 25 acres, near Unionville, Centre twp., and about five miles north of Butler, is for sale on reasonable terms.

It is all cleared and good tillable ground; has good orchards, and the best of water at the door and springs in every field.

## GOOD HOUSE,

16 by 30, and good stable. Is part of the old McJunkin place on the Mercer road and adjoins E. L. Varnum and J. C. Moore, Esq. Enquire on the premises of.

JOHN WALLACE.

Advertise in the CITIZEN.


THAT VICIOUS OLD BUCKET.

How fresh to my mind are the scenes of my childhood,
As fond recollections present them to view,
The cow-stall, the pig-pen, the ten cords of fire-wood,
And all the tough chores I had to go through.

The weeds in the garden, the stones in the stubble,
The errands to run and the white beans to shell;
And (when I'd already a surplus of trouble)
The bucket that viciously dropped in the well.

The rotten-roped bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The contounded bucket that dropped in the well.

After trudging all day in the wake of a harrow,
The team I must water ere getting my grub;
Cross, foot-sore and tired clear into the marrow,
I'd sieze on the windlass to fill up the tub.

So downward that bucket demurely meandered,
And then with hard tugging it "rose from the well;"
But ere I could dump it the rope had disbanded,
And spang to the bottom the 'darnal thing fell!

Then with grapples and "creepers" and like botherations,
I bent over the well like a capital A,
And mingling my tears with devout invocations,
I sprinkled them down as I angled away.

How it caught—and slipped off—and at last caught securely!
I pulled with a joy that my words cannot tell;
And I hugged, not from love, but to hold it more surely,
The mud-covered bucket that rose from the well.

The slippery old bucket, the rotten-roped bucket,
The mud-covered bucket that rose from the well!

## SUSAN'S DARK HORSE.

Probably the meanest piece of cold-blooded deception ever practiced on a woman occured out in the Western Addition of Frisco. It seems that the belle of that important suburb of our municipality is a Miss Susan Smiffey, and whom a vigorous rumor, kept in circulation by her less favored sisterhood, credited with being a desperate little flirt—in fact what Billy Rice, the minstrel, used to call "a false-hearted crokay." At all events her affections were of sufficiently indefinite a quality as to cause her two most favored visitors to look upon each other with the most vindictive feelings common to hated rivals. These gentlemen—who were respectively a city hall clerk, with eye glasses and freckles, named Pliff, and a red-headed dry goods manipulator called Diggs—occupied the intervals devoted to gloomily sitting each other out three evenings a week in fruitless attempts to discover which of the two was really the coming man in the matrimonial race, so to speak.

Last Thursday morning Miss Smiffey, in response to a business-like ring, admitted a middle-aged party with a black beard and wearing blue goggles and a long tailed duster.

"I am taking the census, mum," he said, opening the flat book on the piano and getting out some blanks, "just look sharp, please, and answer the neccessary questions.

Miss Smiffey trembled a little, as women always do for some reason when talking to a Government officer, and said she'd try.

"Lemme see—your name's Smiffey, I believe—first name?"

"Susan,"

"Middle name?"

"Haven't got any, sir."

"Come now, young woman, no prevarication. Are you sure you haven't got a middle name somewhere, and you are trying to conceal it?"

"No, sir; indeed I haven't," said the young lady, turning very pale. "I wouldn't deceive you."

"You had better not, mum. The penalty is twenty-five years at hard labor."

"Gracious me!"

"Fact, mum. Now, then, let's see what's next. Ah! yes—how often married?"

"Not once yet."

"Ahem! Going to be, I s'pose." Been asked, eh?"

"Oh, yes, sir; several times."

"Call it six times," said the census man, making an entry. What's next? Ah, yes—is your back hair false?"

"M—m—must I answer that?"

"Of course you must. Don't trifle with the United States Government, mum. Come now——"

"Well it's sorter, that kiner——"

"That'll do; we'll call it mixed. Teeth sound?"

"Yes, sir!" with much emphasis.

"Don't get excited. Let's see—— I'll put your age down as twenty-five.

The United States never allows us to take a woman's age on oath. They will lie; can't help it, I guess."

"I'm just eighteen. I don't care whether the Government likes it or not," said the citizeness, snappishly.

"Of course, of course, they all say that. Pay attention, please. What size corsets?"

"Eh?"

"Must answer, mum. Remember the penalty. How many inches around the waist?"

"Well' if you must know, 16. But I think its just a shame—

"No remarks, if you please. Ahem! We'll call it 19. They generally throw off about three inches, I find Size of shoe?"

"Two—but I can wear one and a ——"

"I'll return you as a No. 4. That's about what a 'theer' always says. Any beaux?"

"W-w-what?"

"I say, any beaux?—and be very careful about your answer, mum. The Washington authorities are very particular on this point. Now how many sweethearts?

"Well—of course—there are some gentlemen coming—and——"

"Of course there are; I've got you down in the 'good looks' space as 'A. A. I. I. handsome.' So, of course, you have plenty of admirers. All the Government requires, is the principal ones."

"Well, said the young lady, somewhat mollified, "there is Jimmy Pliff, and Tom Diggs, and——"

"Hold up, right there." Which of 'em do you intend to marry?" said the enumerator of population, earnestly.

"Oh, neither of them. There's—ahem!—there's a splendid gentleman named Scudberry — Charlie Scudberry—perhaps you know him? He has brown whiskers and beautiful curly hair, and——"

"And do these other gentlemen—Pliff and Diggs, know of the existence—of this—this fellow, Scudberry!"

"Oh, no! I'm too smart for that, I just tag them along to buy ice-cream and caramels, and take me to the theatre. It's the biggest fun! Charley knows all about it, you see, and calls himself the—the—oh yes, the dark horse!'

"Oh, he does, does he!" roared the census man, jerking off his wig and goggles and revealing the enraged features of Mr. Thomas Diggs. "I wish him joy of his bargain, and I'll give him just six months to get a divorce from the most two-faced little cat on the Pacific coast! And he banged the door like a pile-driver behind him as he stalked out.

## An Oil-Lease Trust.

From Pittsburg Com-Gazette of July 31.

For the past three months various well known oil land leasing agents have been actively engaged in securing territory in various parts of Allegheny county. Thousands upon thousands of acres have been leased in various townships between Allegheny City and the Butler county line. The gentlemen who have been engaged at this work are considered the shrewdest in the business, and many surmises were made as to whether they were securing the territory for the purpose of ultimately working it themselves or if they were not the agents of some powerful syndicate which wanted to secure control of all the supposed oil lands in this county.

Many producers here abouts who are outside of the great oil monopoly ring suspected that the Standard was back of the move, but they could not confirm their suspicions, as the corporations which from time to time leased the territory claimed to be entirely independent of the Standard; in fact they declared themselves the enemies of that big corporation. In the meantime the territory in McCandless, Stowe, West Deer, Richland, Marshall, Franklin and East Deer township was fast being gobbled up piece by piece.

A PECULIAR FEATURE.

One peculiar feature about the records was that while the different farms were leased by a number of persons, that all the leases were eventually transferred to one or two persons as the representatives of two oil companies. The names of the latter are the Anchor and Forest Companies. The active representatives of these companies are J. J. Vandergrift, P. E. Calhoun, T. J. Vandergrift and W. E. Patrick.

Nearly all the territory leased by such well known agents as Messrs Pennypacker, Buchanan, Webber and Kildallon were in the end transferred to the representatives of the companies named above. When an oil producer of prominence was asked last night about these very significant transfers, he said:

"The Anchor and Forest Oil Companies are what is known as the Allegheny County Oil Trust. It was formed for the purpose of securing the entire control of all territory in the county that is suspected to be oil producing. This trust has been in existence for some time, and has been remarkably successful. It virtually has control of all the good farms in this county and will hold them until such time as the Standard Company orders that the drillers be put to work."

"How can the Standard give such an order?"

"For the reason that the Trust Company is controlled by that big concern in this way. The Oil Trust is a separate organization from the Standard, but the Directors of the latter company are also Directors in the trust company. J. J. Vandergrift, T. J. Vandergrift, Pennypacker, Calhoun and all the other active agents who secured this vast territory are all associated with the Standard in many ways."

"Why did the last named company wish to conceal its connection with the gigantic leasing scheme?"

FARMERS AND THE STANDARD.

"For various reasons. In the first place if the owners of the farms knew that the Standard was after the leases they would hold the prices up high and expect to get them. Then there is a prejudice exists among farmers against so-called monopolies, and they do not like to do business with concerns of that kind. They think there is a scheme on foot to deprive them of their rights. The companies who composed the trust, as well as the agents, told the owners of the land that they were the bitter opponents of the the great monopoly, and that by leasing the territory to them they would keep the Standard people out.

"The scheme worked like a charm, and the trust, alias the Standard, has succeeded in controlling nearly all the good oil land in this county. The leases are gradually being extended towards Pittsburg, and in fact there is considerable territory been gobbled up by the trust which has not yet been placed on record. These leases will be recorded in time but the lessees are in no hurry about doing it. Some day you will see a big batch placed on record that will surprise the natives of this vicinity. Some of the territory may prove unproductive but there is plenty that will pay. The trust will control both and thereby shut out all others. The members of that combination are taking no chances."

## A Little Joke of the Year '19.

Our fathers liked their joke as well as anybody. The Franklin Almanac contains the following notice and epigram:

In Caswell county, N. C., by the Rev. Mr. Graves, Capt. William Graves to Miss Nancy Graves, daughter of General Azariah Graves.

The graves, 'tis said,
Will yield their dead,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.
But if God please,
From Graves like these,
A dozen living folks may rise.

The old Roman may wave his bandana on high,
And talk to the crowds all day,
But he won't be elected when winter draws nigh,
For he isn't built that way.

—Rumor says that our poultry raisers contemplate the formation of a Cochin club.

—Nobody can paint pictures equal to the artist whose nom de plume is Jim Jams.

FACTS FOR WORKINGMEN.

How an English Workingman Lives and What it Costs.

The Providence (R. I.) *Dispatch* says: Last October the Chase Lasting Machine company sent O. E. Lewis abroad to introduce its machine, and A. E. Strickler, who is well known in shoe manufacturing circles, both in this city and Worcester, accompanied him as mechanic.

The right to make and sell the machine was sold to an English company, and Mr. Strickler was engaged to run and help introduce it. He is an American and a strong Democrat, and when he went abroad was also a rabid free trader. But soon after getting his family over there he gave intimations of wavering on the tariff question.

C. N. Prouty, of Spencer, suggested to Mr. Lewis that he write to Mr. Strickler and ask him for an unbiased, honest opinion on the condition of the workingmen there and here. This was at the time Congressman Russell made his assault on Worcester's shoe industry. The reply to Mr. Lewis' letter is so good we give the whole of it:

LETTER OF AN AMERICAN MECHANIC FROM ENGLAND.

When I left Boston I was a radical free trader, but I now see how easy it is to be misled by discussing a question that we really know nothing about, simply receiving our impressions from newspapers that represent our political party.

I can now see how easily the American workingman can be misled into voting for a measure that simply means ruin to his employer and consequently to himself. I know he votes thus nine times out of ten, because he lets political feelings overcome his reasoning power. He does not listen to both sides and calmly consider what is best for him and those dependent upon him.

DANGER MENACING THE AMERICAN WORKINGMEN.

The great struggle now going on in America between free trade and protection is of the most vital importance to the American workingman, and as I am one of them who must earn a living and support my family, am deeply interested. I am having my eyes opened to the dangers we workingmen have before us. I can conceive of no greater calamity happening to us than the adoption of free trade in America. In means that the workingman in America has got to come to the level of the European workingman and lose the many comforts which he now enjoys. The American is the best dressed, best fed and best educated, the king of all workingmen at present. All these benefits he would lose under free trade.

HE IS A DEMOCRAT BUT WILL VOTE FOR THE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

I wish I could meet every workingman in America and tell him all that I know, and have seen, and let him choose between the mode of living here under free trade and the way he lives in protected America. I have no hesitation in saying that could I do this not one of them would vote for free trade.

This must sound very strange to you, especially as it comes from one whom you have known as a most radical Democrat and free trader. I am a Democrat still, but not a tariff reformer or a free trader. Were it necessary I would vote for the most radical and rabid Republican, as long as he was no free trader. There is no measure which would injure me or my fellow workingmen as much as free trade. Any other could be repealed without loss of independence, but in my opinion it would take fifty years to recover lost ground if free trade were voted.

WHAT THE ENGLISH WORKINGMAN EARNS EACH WEEK.

I will now give you an idea of how the average workingman lives here. A skilled man receives about 23 shillings a week in all the that I have been in, namely: Manchester, Oldham, Leicester, Warrington, Birmingham and Stafford. These are all large manufacturing places of from 75,000 to 400,000 inhabitants. Masons, bricklayers, carpenters, cabinet makers and upholsterers average from 30 to 32 shillings a week, but it must be borne in mind that as apprentices they have to pay a premium of from £20 to £38 to learn the trade and this takes from five to seven years. They frequently receive no pay for the first year, and only five shillings a week for the second, with an increase of from one to two shillings a week each year thereafter.

HOW THE ENGLISHMAN LIVES.

Now, as to the manner of living, they live alike in all the places I have been in. Their houses have from four to six, perhaps seven rooms, and in many cases there are two families to a house, each family having from 3 to 7 children. There is no parlor such as the American workingman has. Only a few have a room here, which may contain a piece of oilcloth or a home-made rag-mat, with a few wooden bottom chairs, and a small, cheap looking-glass, which is their best room. The greater number have no room to spare, all the children sleeping in one room, while the youngest sleeps with the parents. Cooking is but little trouble, as no baking is done. All buy baker's bread. They could not bake at home if they wanted to, as their ranges are not adapted to it. Besides, coal costs money. They use about 112 pounds a week on an average, and this costs them about 30 cents. I assure you they don't sweat in their houses in winter, as over 60 per cent. of the heat goes up the chimney.

THEY "FARM OUT" THE CHILDREN.

A great many children are farmed out at so much a piece, the mother having to work out to help to make both ends meet. It makes me feel bad to see the poor, ragged children and wives of the workingmen, but then they can't do better, as they have all they can do to get enough to eat.

For breakfast they have bread with either beef drippings or lard, and a fortunate few have "cooking butter" (butterine or oleomargarine), with tea or coffee. All the hotels and the wealthier class of people sell their beef drippings to dealers, who in turn sell it to the work folks to eat it with their bread. It costs from 16 to 18 cents a pound, while good lard costs 18 to 20 cents. Butterine costs about the same as the dripping. This is a standard breakfast.

They take what they call a lunch to the shop. This consists of two slices of bread with one of the above mixtures between them.

OF WHAT THE ENGLISH WORKMAN'S "ROAST BEEF" IS COMPOSED.

Perhaps twice a week for dinner they have "roast beef." This sounds well, but the meat is simply the rib end of the flank, which costs from 5 to 7 cents a pound at home, but 12 to 18 cents here. A pound or two of this will make a "roast" for half a dozen or more people. They take four pounds of flour and some skim milk—and on holidays or Sundays those who can afford it add an egg—mix them in a baking pan, put the piece of meat in the center of this dough, then take it to the bake shop to have it baked. On other days they have liver pudding, sheep's head, cow's head or lights of the pig or sheep. Veal costs high. But whatever kind of meat is used the dough is used, whether boiled or baked. The neck of the beef is used for steak by the bones being removed. Sometimes it is used for pudding meat. A pound and a quarter of this, costing from 10 to 16 cents, is enough for a large family. To make beef pudding the meat is cut in small pieces, 2 cents' worth of suet added (and suet costs from 12 to 16 cents a pound); then 5 cents' worth of flour is mixed with water, and the whole boiled. With these dinners they have potatoes or greens. Such a thing as pie or pudding is only had once a year, when the plum pudding is made for Christmas.

For supper they have bread, a little cheese and beer.

Every man who keeps house has to pay $15 "rates," as taxes are called, and 4 cents a week for each child that goes to school.

If a man gets out of work and loafs for a week he either has to starve or beg or go the workhouse, as the wages he gets are so small and the cost of living too high for him to lay anything by.

HOW HIS EXPENSES COMPARE WITH THOSE AT HOME.

Now let me tell you in regard to my own expenses. It costs me fully 40 per cent. more to live here than it did in Boston. I pay $150 rent and $50 income tax. The education of my three children costs me $250 a year, not counting books. Foods of all kinds is much higher than in America. The only things that I find cheaper here are woolen goods and clothes.

I am no longer a free trader, for any one can see that should America adopt free trade, workingmen there will have to compete with workingmen who live as I have been describing to you.

They make a better and cheaper shoe here, on the average, than in America, and should the English manufacturers wake up and introduce the improved labor saving machinery, American workingmen would find it hard work to compete even with their present protective tariff.

AMERICAN WORKMEN SHOULD VOTE FOR THEIR HOME INTERESTS.

I think I have given you sufficient reasons for my change of opinion on the tariff question, and I trust that you will do all in your power to avoid such a calamity as free trade, in America. I hope every man who works for a living will recognize the fact that his employer will not vote for his ruin, and every time a workingman votes against his employer, his own bread and butter are at stake.

When a workingman hears a public speech, let him ask what does the speaker do for a living, or is he a broken down lawyer or politician? If he wants to hear a speech let him hear some manufacturer who knows what he is talking about, and he will hear something that is for his own interests.

Hoping that the American workingman will vote as is best for his own interest and those dependent upon him, I remain,

Yours respectfully,
A. E. STRICKLER,

## It Didn't Work.

He marched into an insurance office on Griswold street, pointed to his empty sleeve and said:

"Lost it at Antietam."

"Your arm?" queried the clerk.

"Certainly. I was at what is now known as Burnsides Ridge. McClellan rode up to me and told me to hold that bridge at all hazzards. I told him I'd do it or perish. Lee sent down a whole brigade against me."

"But you held it?"

"No, sir; I was wounded and forced back."

"You were! You didn't perish after promising McClellan you would?"

"No, sir."

"Then I can do nothing for you. Verry sorry for the loss of your arm, but when a man makes a square promise he should keep it. You might call next door. They always give thirty days' credit there."

## Enough to Vex Him.

"Adolphus, d'ye know that I'm a little vexed at Miss Simmons?"

"What happened, Arthur, old boy?"

"Well, you know I pride myself on my singing. We were at the piano. I'll sing one more song and go home, I said."

"Was it late?"

"About midnight."

"And what did she say?"

"She said, 'can't you go home first?'"

"And did you?"

"Yes, Adolphus. I tell you I'm a little vexed about it."

## John Bull Doesn't Like It.

From the St. James Gazette.]

The most serious business these vehement politicians have been engaged in is the Republican "platform;" and the more an English reader looks at that document the less he likes it. Evidently Englishmen have no reason to hope for the success of the Republicans at the Presidential election; and yet it is not at all unlikely that they will carry the day.

## Tit for Tit.

Servant—"The mistress says, mum, that she's not at home. Who shall I say called?"

Caller—"You may say a lady called who didn't bring her name."

—Don't the man who dies by committing suicide die of his own free will and a cord?

## Removal of Filaria From a Horse's Eye.

A Baltimore letter to the Atlanta *Constitution* says:

Recently Dr. Thomas W. Spranklin, assisted by Veterinary Surgeon John S. Colton, successfully removed a living worm or "snake" from the eye of an old mare belonging to Mr. Stansberry, of Patapsco Neck, Md. The animal, a dark bay, about fifteen and a half hands high, has been in the stables of Rice & Marshall, on North Frederick street, for several days, and has attracted a good deal of attention from the curious. The parasite is technically known as filaria oculi equinus, was three inches long and had the general appearance of a piece of gray silk thread. It had its abiding place in the aqueous humor of the mare's left eye, and was in a state of incessant motion, wriggling about after the manner of the animalcules seen in a drop of water under a microscope.

It was first noticed in the mare's eye about six months ago, when it was so small as to be barely discernible. It grew steadily until it attained present size. It was never still a moment, but kept up its activity without pause day or night. The poor old mare was kept in a state of perpetual nervous excitement by it and wasted away till her ribs protruded through her rusty coat, and her flanks were as thin as it was possible for anything of flesh to be. Many showmen visited her and offered to buy her for exhibiting purposes, but her owner would not sell.

Dr. Spranklin began his operation by securely binding the old mare so that she could not move, and then laid her down on her right side. Then her left eye was treated with a solution made of ninety-three parts of rosewater and seven parts of cocaine. Small quantities of this solution were dropped into the eye, at intervals of five minutes, seven or eight times, until partial anæsthesia was obtained and it could be touched by the finger without pain to the animal.

Then an incision was made in the eye from the canthus or corner, between the cornea or eyeball and the scierotic coat or white of the eye. The incision was made at about right angles with the eyelid, and so that it would be almost wholly covered by it when in its normal position. The instrument was kept in the wound until the aqueous humor had exuded. Then it was still retained in position, and used as a guide for a pair of very delicate forceps, whose blades were inserted into the opening.

The lance was then removed, and Dr. Spranklin, placing the index finger of his left hand upon the opposite side of the cornea, gently but firmly pushed the parasite towards the blades of the forceps. It was so very active that four or five times it wiggled away from their grasp. At last he was able to get a tight hold upon it and draw it out. It was very lively and lived for several minutes, in fact, until it was placed for preservation in a small vial of alcohol. The lips of the incision were drawn together and closed in a flap, the aqueous humor again flowed into and filled the cornea, and in less than three-quarters of an hour the old mare was back in her stall eating as calmly as though such a thing as a delicate surgical operation was beyond her ken.

Dr. Spranklin is firmly of the opinion that unless inflammation should ensue from want of proper nursing of the eye, it will soon be as well as it ever was, both in appearance and strength of sight. As to how the worm got into the animal's eye, he inclines to the idea that its germ was taken into the mare's system through water which she drank.

## A Beaver County Snake Story.

The Beaver Falls *Journal* gets off the following:

On his large farm near Wurtemburg, Herman Dolby, a well-to-do but rather eccentric farmer, has about 30 acres of land out in blackberries and raspberries, and for several seasons past has been not only greatly annoyed generally, but has suffered serious loss from the depredations of thieving berry pickers. This season, however, he has adopted a measure that so far has effectually put a stop to the marauding. On part of his farm is a deep and rocky ravine, infested by hordes of the most venomous snakes. So this season Mr. Dolby hit upon a plan by which he could utilize the reptiles, to keep thieves out of his berries. After the first thunder storm this spring, and when the warm rays of the sun began to bring forth the serpents from their winter lair, he procured a large number of shallow pans, filled them with rich, warm milk, and placed them through the ravines. The snakes swarmed to the pans in thousands, and eagerly lapped up the, lacteal fluid. This practice he kept up for several mornings, until the snakes began to look every day, at a certain hour, for the kind farmer and his milk pans, and grew so tame that they would follow after him like sheep after a farmer's boy with a salt can, many of them emitting querulous cries like a sick kitten. It was then Farmer Dolby began to get his work in. He began to place his milk pans day by day nearer his berry patch, and the snakes followed him up until the patch was reached, then the pans were placed around the edge of the field, and his task was accomplished, for now every morning, bright and early, the snakes, big and little, can be seen making from the ravine to the berry patch, where, after satisfying their hunger, they take their station on the fence, and remain until evening, when they are given another meal, after which they seek the ravine only to appear again in the morning. Thus it is that a guard of horrid living snakes is placed around Mr. Dolby's berries, and he picks and markets them without loss or annoyance. Lawrence Dundham, of Ninth avenue, who drove past the place yesterday, says he counted 130 snakes festooned along the fence, some of them being of enormous size, and among which he distinguished three hoop snakes, several rattlesnakes, and a large number of copper-heads, blind with poison.

—Physicians are disputing whether it is possible for a man to commit some who think that perhaps a man suicide by holding his breath. There are could do it, but they are all unanimously agreed that a woman could not.

## Improving Country Roads.

A writer in the *Wagon Maker*, on the above subject, concludes that it is a work too little thought of, too negligently done, and so often misapplied as to make roads worse rather than better. To see the black, mucky soil on the sides of roadways plowed up and scraped into the center, there to remain an impassible ridge during the summer, finally degenerating into an unfathomable slough of mud the next winter or spring, is enough to discourage the man who knows how roads should be made, and even force him to regard laziness in working out the road tax one of the excusable sins, if not actually a positive virtue.

In our climate, deep freezing combined with too much water is the bane of roadways. We cannot altogether prevent deep freezing, but if there be ample underground drainage, it will not effect great damage. The object, then, of the road maker should be to secure good drainage. Without this ridging the road only makes the mud deeper, and even stone and gravel do little good. It is often forgotten that the chief advantage from using an abundance of stone and gravel in road making is the incidental drainage which these afford, even when piled in the roads with no idea of this use. If the center of the road underlaid with stone, and then ridged up with earth or gravel, it does for years form a good drain to keep the roadroad dry. But sooner or later frost will penetrate to these stones and upheave them. Then the last condition of the improved roadway will be worse than the first.

The fact is often forgotten that in a dry, compacted road, well ridged up, the soil freezes deeper than it does in the fields. This is especially so where the road is exposed to winds and swept bare of snow. The drain under the roadbed should be not less than three feet, and if possible, four feet would be still better. Whether made with tile or stone, it should be laid as carefully and the covered as closely as if it were laid in the fields. Then, with good outlets and side drains to conduct the water from the center in all the low places, and with comparatively little ridging up with stone or gravel, the roadbed will be kept in good condition for years.

It is not the amount or sharpness of the ridge in the center that makes a roadway good, but the character of the surface and its uniform slope to either side.

Ruts spoil roads quicker than anything else. They are the reservoirs for water, which, mixed by heavily loaded wheels, grinding it into the soil and making mud, renders it impossible for water to break its way through. Over the drain should be a foot or more of subsoil to keep the frost out, then followed by stone to the depth of six or eight inches, pounded fine on top and covered with gravel. There will always be an outlet under the stone to the drain below, and if its outlet is kept open in low places, the surface of the roadbed will always be dry. Such a road cannot become muddy except for an inch or so on the surface.

It costs something to thoroughly underdrain a roadway and improve it after this manner, but, once done, it will last practically forever if the drain outlets are kept open. Doing a little piece each year, the people in any road district may in time have good roads, that will need only trifling attention to keep in repairs. It is far better than the wasteful way of trying to improve long sections of roadway every year, and doing generally quite as much harm as good. The difference between having good and bad roads to market does practically affect the value of their land more than most farmers think. If they appreciated this as they should, thousands of them would take a greater interest in the way their road tax is worked out than they have ever done before.

## Tomatoes.

Tomatoes are a healthful vegetable says Mrs. Parker in the *Courier Journal*, acceptable to almost every one, and can be prepared in such a variety of ways that they may be placed on the table throughout the season without the appearance of sameness, which might cause the appetite to tire of them. The following recipes are all excellent:

DRIED TOMATOES.—Select large, smooth tomatoes; peel and cut in thin slices; set on the ice or in a cold place for an hour or two; season with pepper, salt and a little oil. Serve with vinegar.

BROILED TOMATOES.—Peel large tomatoes and cut them in two; butter the bars of the grid-iron, and lay the tomatoes on; broil over a clear fire until done and well browned, season with pepper, salt, bits of butter and sugar, serve very hot.

BOILED TOMATOES.—Select a dozen tomatoes as near the same size as possible, wipe and put them on to cook in soft boiling water, when done they will be soft. Remove from water, place in a warm dish, and send to the table for each person to skin and season to wish.

CURRIED TOMATOES.—Wash one cup of rice. To one quart of stewed tomatoes add a tablespoonful of curry powder. Put a layer of tomatoes in the bottom of a baking dish, then a layer of rice, and a layer of tomatoes, sprinkle the top with bread crumbs, put over a few bits of butter, and bake in a moderate oven.

STEWED TOMATOES.—Pour boiling water over the tomatoes and remove the skin; cut them in small pieces. Stew in a porcelain kettle for half an hour, then add to every quart of tomatoes a tablespoonful of butter, a tablespoonful of sugar, with a little salt and pepper, and a teacup of grated bread crumbs. Stew fifteen or twenty minutes longer.

FRIED TOMATOES.—Cut smooth, solid tomatoes into slices, dry each slice and dust with salt and pepper. Beat an egg until very light, add a teaspoonful of boiling water. Dip each slice first in the egg, then in the bread crumbs. Put lard in the frying pan, set on the fire, when very hot drop in the slices of tomatoes, fry brown and turn, take up carefully and serve hot.

—If the human race was evolved from the apes, it at least has the satisfaction of knowing that its ancestors were intelligent—they were educated in the higher branches.

—"You can live at home and make money," declares an advert