

The Butler Weekly Times.

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EUCHRED.

Prize-Package Fiend Loses on His Little Game.

The nipping March winds have not been strong enough, nor has the ever-watchful policeman been alert enough, to drive the enterprising prize-package man from his Bowery haunts.

The wind and the package-man have succeeded in throwing dust into the eyes of the blue-coated guardians of the peace, and almost daily a number of victims are added to the long list of frail mortals who "trust to luck."

"Here you are! Only 50 cents a package, or three for a dollar. Sold again and another man made happy. What did you draw, sir?"

"A two-dollar bill!" joyously exclaimed a stylishly-dressed man as he pocketed the greenback and edged his way through a large crowd which made the corner of Canal and the Bowery almost impassable yesterday.

"Who's the next lucky man?" cried out the disburser of small fortunes, displaying a handful of envelopes.

"Look 'ere, stranger; is this thing square?" asked a tall, angularly built countryman, looking anxiously at the tempting "packages."

"Square? You bet! Watch me," was the rejoinder.

Deftly shuffling the envelopes, he dealt the countryman three, saying: "Take your choice, pardner, but remember, this is only for fun."

"To be certain," answered the other, as he tremblingly fingered the envelopes and finally selected the middle one.

"Here you are!" rang out the exultant voice of the vender, as he held to view a crisp five-dollar bill.

The countryman staggered back in astonishment and the crowd cheered the clever bit of slight-of-hand manipulation.

"Gim' me ten dollars' worth! I ought to win a pile on that," exclaimed the young man from the rural districts, hastily snatching from his pocket a roll of bills and peeling off the required amount.

From the mass of envelopes thirty were carefully counted out and handed to the excited purchaser, who in turn tendered ten dollars.

No sooner had the money changed hands than a cry of "Look out! Here come the cops!" was raised.

The alarm was sounded by the stylishly dressed young man who had captured the two-dollar prize.

The crowd scattered in every direction and the package man closed the box with a bang and was soon scudding up the Bowery with the stylishly dressed young man.

The countryman stood rooted to the spot for an instant; then, finally recovering his composure, he glanced timidly around. No policeman was in sight. He then thought of his purchase and proceeded to see how fortune had smiled upon him. One after another he tore open the envelopes, only to find that he had been duped.

They contained nothing in the shape of money.

With a sad heart and unsteady tread he walked slowly up the Bowery, bewailing his fate and vowing vengeance upon the swindler. On nearing Bayard street the forlorn youth dropped into a saloon for some liquid encouragement.

As he neared the bar his attention was attracted by the presence of two men in earnest conversation. Their backs were toward him, but he knew them at a glance. They were the prize-packageman and the stylishly dressed young man.

"Cully, you're a trump! Shake!"

"Whew! Wasn't he green!"

They both laughed heartily, shook

hands again and ordered something strong.

The countryman clenched his sun-tanned fists and bent his stalwart form for a gigantic leap. At this juncture the prize-packageman drew forth a small wad of bills. He was about to pay for the liquor when the brawny fingers of the countryman closed upon the money.

"Them's mine!" yelled the infuriated youth, "and this is yours!" dealing one after the other of the pair a right-from-the-shoulder blow which sent them sprawling upon the sanded floor. Gaining their feet they showed fight, but the lightning-like licks from the furious farmer made them seek the street as a refuge.

Pulling himself together the countryman turned to the barkeeper and said, in a chuckle:

"Them drinks ain't paid for yet, and they're standing there kinder lonesome like. Have one with me?"

They tipped glasses several times subsequently, and parted friends for the future. When the countryman on his homeward way saw the evening breezes playing with sundr-scrap of torn paper near Canal street he smiled blandly and calmly soliloquized:

"I never had so much fun for ten dollars in all my life."

A Disaster That Did Not Come.

In these days when so many startling events are coming to pass, and prophets are busy with predictions of other startling things yet to come, it is fit that we invoke the gratitude of the American people for one thing that was to have come to pass, but didn't. We mean the destruction of their beloved country. It was booked for rum. The converging and con-current republican predictions of twenty years seemed to leave no room for doubt about it. A democratic restoration was to be the signal for the beginning of the havoc. The admirable republican system of finance, the admirable republican system of revenue, the admirable republican system of civil service, and all the other admirable contrivances contributing to the making up of what is called republican statesmanship were to tumble together in a heap; the complex governmental machinery was to be dislocated; all good and capable men were to go out of office, and all sorts of bad and incapable men were to be put in; loyalty was to become a proscribed and forgotten virtue, and rebel brig-aderism was to rule the national councils. In fact the 4th of March, 1885, was to usher in a weltering ruin.

Well, the 4th of March came, according to the almanacs, and the democratic restoration came with it; but not the catastrophe. The catastrophe has not been heard of up to the latest reports, and the doomed country has had the audacity to settle down in the belief that it is not coming at all. Greenbacks pass current the same as when republican presidents sat in the White House. National bank notes are quite as good as when Mr. Sherman was secretary of the treasury. The southern rebels are exhibiting an unexpected modesty. All the southern states do not contribute as many office-seekers as the single state of Ohio contributed under the administration of Hayes. In short, the country so far from rushing headlong to the predicted ruin, is jogging along as prosily and tranquilly as if democratic rule were its logical and natural condition and it had just reached home again after a long absence. The prophets of disaster have vanished. The republican paper instead of being loud with vermillion headlines and tragical recitals are actually stupid for want of something to talk about; and the land learns, to its boundless amazement, that there is such a thing as a republican defeat.—Republican.

Charged with Murder.

Richmond, Va.—The police were busy all day yesterday working up clues and fitting together the links in the chain of circumstances surrounding the death of Miss Fanny Lillian Madison, the pretty young girl whose dead body was found in the river last Saturday. The latest discovery was the arrest of Mr. Cluverius, a young lawyer from Madison County, charged with the murder of the lady. The thing happened last evening when he was in the house of Mrs. Samuel Lunstall, near Little Plymouth, in that county.

He was at the supper table when the officers were announced. He admitted that he knew of the discovery of the dead body of Miss Madison in this city. He had just obtained the Richmond papers with that information. He also admits he was in Richmond on Friday last, the day on which the unhappy girl must have come to her death. Cluverius denies that he saw her during his stay here, or that he had any communication with the girl, either written or otherwise. He can, he says account for every hour of his stay here, from the time of his arrival on Thursday until his departure for his home on Saturday morning.

Mr. Cluverius is about twenty-three years old, and is well connected. His family is possessed of plenty of means, and will spare no expense to defend him. All who know him say that the accused is a man of irreproachable character and incapable of committing a crime, much less such a cold-blooded murder as he stands charged with.

When arrested by the police young Cluverius had with him a package containing fifteen or twenty letters, most of which were from ladies. It appears from these missives that Cluverius is quite a favorite with the fair sex. There are some very spicy letters in the batch, so the police say.

The bitter cold weather did not deter crowds from visiting the reservoir and looking in the basin where the pretty girl met her death. The keeper has been compelled to lock the gates.

The betrayed girl's career, up to this one step, which caused her sad end, has been pronounced unblemished by all who knew her. She was a member of the Baptist church as is also Thos. J. Cluverius, the young man charged with her murder.

The poor girl was buried yesterday. To avoid increasing the excitement there was no ceremony, either at the church or the grave. Her remains were followed by her aged father and nearest relatives, who wept bitterly when the body was consigned to Oakwood Cemetery.

Citizens are talking of getting up a purse to employ additional counsel to aid the Commonwealth's attorney in ferreting out and prosecuting the murderer, as the crime is considered a reflection upon the city.

Men Think

they know all about Mustang Liniment. Few do. Not to know is not to have.

Wonders Never cease.

Prof. C. Donaldson, New Orleans, La., proprietor of the museum, who suffered eighteen years with rheumatic pains, states he has spent ten thousand dollars to get cured. After trying doctors, famous baths, electric appliances and legions of liniments without relief, he tried St. Jacobs Oil, which completely cured him. It is a wonderful remedy, he says, and he has sold his crutches.

ST. JACOBS OIL
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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.
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J. T. GRAVES & SON,

At their old stand first door east Grange Store.

Their stock is composed of the latest styles of

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All the leading grades of

Collars at the Lowest Prices

They are at less expense than any other house in town and

DEFY COMPETITION,

and want a continuance of the patronage of their many old customers and will be pleased to price goods. Satisfaction and prices guaranteed.

REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

J. T. GRAVES & SON.

—THE—

IMPORTED CLYDESDALE STALLION VIVIAN GRAY.

VIVIAN GRAY No. 2494, Scotch stud book No. 1507, American C. S. B., will make the season of 1885 at the stable of Frank P. Lee, two miles north and one mile west of Foster, in Walnut township, Bates county, Mo.

DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE: Blood Bay, Black mane, tail and legs, very little white next to hoot on right hind pastern, 17 hands high, and weighs 1,700. Foaled May 1881, bred by George Armstrong, Kirkland, Wighton, Cumberland, Scotland; imported 1883, by Robert Holway, Alexis, Ills. Sire Young Clansman (942), dam Fanny (974), sired by Lord Clyde (481), grand dam sired by Sir Walter Scott (797). Young Clansman (942), the sire of Vivian Gray (2494), was sired by Clansman (150), who won the premium for the Wighton district; he by Prince of Wales (670), who won first prize at Glasgow Agricultural Society, in 1865, and first at the Highland Society Show at Inverness same year. Lord Clyde (481), the sire of dam was sired by Farmers' Fancy (300); he by Blithe (81), he by Lotty (455), who won first prize and silver medal at Glasg. He traveled Paisley district in 1854, Dalkeith in 1855 and Glasgow in 1856.

Vivian Gray is a horse of the kindest disposition, a ready server and a sure getter. He is a clean, sharp, flat bone horse, of great power and beauty, and with all good action. He has a beautiful head, well arched neck, very deep chest, is also heavily quartered, with powerful back, well sprung ribs, and round barrel a horse of two good ends and a good middle, with good bone and good feet proportionate to his great weight a very choice horse.

TERMS: \$25 to insure colt to stand and suck, \$20 to insure mare with foal, \$15 the leap, money due at time of service, insurance March 1st 1886. Anyone leaving county or parting with mare after service has been rendered forfeits insurance and money must be paid. Care will be taken to prevent accidents but will not be responsible should any occur. Mares from a distance can be accommodated with pasturage at reasonable rates. Would be glad to have all see this colt before making breeding arrangements for the season. Respectfully, FRANK P. LEE, July 4th 85.

WANTED—Ladies and gentlemen to take light, pleasant employment at their own homes (distance no objection); work sent by mail; \$2 to \$5 a day can be made no canvassing. Please address at once Globe Mfg. Co., Boston, Mass. box 5344.

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IMMENSE STOCK

Consisting of \$18,000 Worth of

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In the Next Sixty Days at Cost. This is a positive sale to quit business and the goods will go at a sacrifice. Come and see us if you want a bargain.

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WINTER GOODS TO REDUCE STOCK,
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LOOK HERE FARMERS!

ALBRANT,

OLD PLOW SMITH,

Is back to Butler and has started a

Blacksmith Shop!

On first street west of Baptist church. Bring in your plows to him. He will put on a share of first class soft center plow steel, and will harden it as good as the best.

Shoeing and Jobbing

also done. Will be glad to see all my old customers and as many new ones as possible.
IRA ALBRANT.

Important.
When you visit or leave New York City, take Baggage Express and Carriage Hire and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.
Elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1.00 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families will live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? It sends at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup For Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.
May 25-'84-'77

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