



"THE MATCHLESS."

Special New York that combines all the most perfect of new and reliable... Miss M. H. Gilkey, New Building, No. 62 S. Main St. THE LEADING MILLINER

Give us Your Attention

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

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 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 largest 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 warehouse 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.

"Nothing Succeeds Like Success!"

WHY? BECAUSE LOOK at our SUCCESS in BUTLER

Then Look Back 30 Years Ago When We Commenced.

Now Look at the Way We Do Our Business,

THEN REASON HOW CAN it be OTHERWISE? WHEN WE CARRY THE STOCK WE DO

THE LARGEST

And Most Complete in Butler, ranging in Quality and price from the Cheapest to the Finest, all Reliable, Well Made Goods, besides we Guarantee all we sell

Call and be Convinced.

H. SCHNEIDEMAN, No. 4, Main St. OLD RELIABLE CLOTHIER.

BARGAINS in WATCHES, Clocks, Jewelry And Silverware.

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

Watches and Clocks repaired and warranted, at

J. R. GRIEB'S, No. 16 South Main St., (Sign of ELECTRIC BELL) Butler, Pa.

MOTHER'S GRAVE.

FOR THE CITIZEN. The frosts of dreary winters three Have robed in white my mother's grave...

EURANIA'S BOYS AND HOW THEY KEPT HOUSE.

(MARGARET SIDNEY IN WIDE AWAKE) Continued from last week. "All right. Now let's find that quarter. North never I think to look for it again."

"The brothers were on their knees investigating the carpet surface when the door bell was pulled suddenly, bringing up the two heads suddenly to a listening position."

"He won't murder us if we don't open the door," said Julian, shaking dreadfully under his blouse. "But he'll hang round here all night, and break in and kill us in our beds," said Chris with cheerful determination.

"What's the matter with your old bell?" "It's broken. We were just going off if you hadn't come."

"We haven't got any cook or second girl," answered Chris calmly. "So there isn't any one to go to the door."

"Yes, father and mother, and Charlotte are away," cried Julian in a burst with the best of the news. "Are you sure Charlotte is gone?"

"I'll run home now and ask my mother." "Step in at my house, Jack, that's a good fellow, and tell my folks I'm going to stay over night at the Stebbins'."

"I'll write that down," said the girl, dropping her broom. "Miss Higgins'll tend to it. What's the name?" and she went over to the table, and began laborious work with a stubby pen.

"All right," said the girl, wiping the pen on her thumb nail. "Send her right up," said Chris with an important air as he went out.

"You go along down to the kitchen," said Chris ignoring the paper and pointing to the basement stairs. "Where's the lady?" asked the person with survey of as much of the interior as she could manage.

"The lady—your mother—boy?" said the new cook, bringing her gaze to his countenance. "I'd like to see her."

"Where is the bigger boy?" asked the woman, "and the lady? I've been all over this house, and I can't find a person, crossing herself, 'can I find at all—'"

"Chris running home from school, delighted with his executive ability, rubbed his eyes to see a cab before the door, and a trunk marked 'C. R. C.' on the rear four boys ran down, while the cat jumped up into the middle of the deserted bed and rolled herself into a sleepy ball."

"The children broke out with the measles," she said not pausing in the act of paying the cabman. "Take the trunk up to the upper hall."

"I don't want to go to the Stebbins' house," said Chris, "I don't want to go to the Stebbins' house, I don't want to go to the Stebbins' house, I don't want to go to the Stebbins' house."

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PRESIDENTIAL SOLILOQUY.

I looked to the East and I looked to the West. And I saw Ben Harrison a-comin', With terrible majority a-marchin' on before...

Then strip off your coats, boys, roll up your sleeves. Free trade is a hard road to travel; Then strip off your coats, boys, roll up your sleeves.

If the offices will furnish ammunition? The blasted manufacturers are raisin' of a muss. But the postoffice boys are all a-workin'.

THE HAPPY PEOPLE. They Are Not Always to be Found in the Palaces of the Great.

ONE OF TALMAGE'S SERMONS. BROOKLYN, July 15.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., took for his subject to-day 'The Good Humor With Our Circumstances.' His text was Hebrews, chapter xiii, verse 12: 'Be content with such things as ye have.'

I should ask some one, "Where is the good humor to-day?" he would say, "At Brighton Beach, or East Hampton, or Shelter Island." "Where is New York, to-day?" At Long Branch. "Where is Philadelphia?" At Cape May. "Where is Boston?" At Martha's Vineyard. "Where is Virginia?" At the Sulphur Springs. "Where the great multitude from all parts of the land?" At Saratoga, the modern Bethesda, where the angel of health is ever sifting the waters.

THE FIRST HARRISON CAMPAIGN. Atlanta Constitution. To describe the excess and enthusiasm of that day is impossible. One occasion, in Tennessee, Parson Brownlow straddled the roof of a cabin while on his journey, with a coonskin in one hand, which he was pretending to eat, and in the other a cupful of red dirt.

HE USED to be a Boy Himself. The other day a show came to Little Rock, and was shamefully opposed by Uncle Isom. While standing near the tent he saw a crowd of low-spirited boys grieving on account of financial depression.

Bierstadt, a Rubens, and a Raphael, you still have free access to a gallery grander than the Louvre, or the Vatican, or the royal gallery of the noonday heavens, the King's gallery of the midnight sky.

Ab! my friends, you never make any advance through such a spirit as that. You cannot fret yourself up; you may fret yourself down. Amid all this grating of tones I strike this string of the gospel harp: "Goddess, bring me a crown of glory, and bring me a crown of glory, and bring me a crown of glory."

Only the Force of Habit. "Does the razor hurt you?" "No reply." "Is the draft to strong?" "No reply." "Shall I shut the door?" "No reply." "Think Cleveland will be re-elected?" "No reply." "A awful fire in New York last night?" "No reply." "Share you pretty close?" "No reply." "Getting very warm now." "No reply." "That was a heavy thunder storm last night?" "No reply." "Shampoo?" "No reply." "Trim your hair up a little?" "No reply." "Hair oil?" "No reply." "Brilliant on the mustache." "No reply." "Bay rum?" "No reply." "Then the country barber, who was all alone in his breezy shop, was down and shaving himself—Puck.

A Silly Little Girl. A woman weighing something like 200 pounds, came into the Grand Central Station the other day clinging to the boy arm of a little man, who would probably tip the beam at 90 pounds in his winter clothing. He led the way to the ladies' waiting room, deposited the woman on two chairs, and started out. "You won't be gone long, will you, dear?" she gasped out. "I feel so timid."

Original (?) Dan Rice. Dan Rice, the once famous clown, is spending the summer at Long Branch. He is a changed man since his marriage to the wealthy Texas widow, and is now a very different man. "My wife is one of the finest women that ever lived," said Rice, "and she is the first person who could control me. Moody and Sankey and many other leading evangelists tried to reform me, but my wife had no trouble doing so."

When to Cut Hay. The farmer seems to think that it is all very well for man to write about hay with the bloom on and an odor like southern breezes over a bed of violets, but when it comes to feeding the old cow he wants to see her chew on something that will keep her busy and will last awhile. The green-tinted hay stack melts before a herd of cows like a snow bank in a hot sun, while the dry old yellow article remains a monument in the hay field until the green grass makes its appearance once more. To be sure, the cows are somewhat this, perhaps, and no profit has been made out of the cows in milk, but there has been no worry about having ground feed or fodder corn to help carry the herd through the winter. Some men can suck consolation out of mighty dry substances.—American Dairyman.

Bring in the news! A reporter can go through the streets and ask a hundred people, what's the news? and ninety of them will say, "nothing special." And yet fifty of the ninety know something which, if not found in the next paper, will astonish them and disappoint them more, and perhaps make them madder than hornets. Do be afraid to speak out your information. If you are going away, don't wait until you have gone and returned, but let the editor know it, and thus help to make a newswy paper.

EARLY GATHERED. Field her white hands on her breast. Press warm kisses on her brow, She is wrapped in that deep rest. Countless hearts have longed to know. Speak her praise in accents low. If you speak her praise to-night, Let the stars and angels be in awe. So let not his vestiture white. Bring sweet roses, pure and pale, Sweeter in their faintest bloom; They will put a mournful tale—"Early gathered for the tomb."