



WALL PAPER!

Believing that it is best to close out each season's styles before the ending season begins, even at a great sacrifice, I have marked over two-thirds of my entire stock of paper hangings, the largest and best selected line in Butler,

AT HALF PRICE

The balance of the paper was marked so low before that half price would be giving them away. These you will get below cost notwithstanding their former cheapness. Just imagine Browns at 80 a double bolt, Whites at 10 and 12c, Glits 15 and upward. Buy now for your fall papering, you will not get such bargains then.

My Wall Paper, Stationery and Art Store is easy to find.

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E. Jefferson St., next to Lowry House, Butler, Pa.

Wir sprechen auch Deutsch.

Dry Goods

AT LOWEST PRICES AT THE NEW STORE OF

D. E. JACKSON.

We are new comers, but have come to stay. We buy our goods at lowest cash prices and as we sell for cash only. We are enabled to sell goods at the smallest possible margins. We could quote prices on clean, new goods, no trash, from all parts of our store, especially on the following goods. Dress Goods, White Goods, Prints, Ginghams, Shirtings, Muslins, Lace Curtains and Curtain Poles, Corsets and Corset Waists, Ladies', Children's and Gents' Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves and Mitts, Kid Gloves, Ribbons, Silk and Velvet, Black and Colored Silks, Cloth Caps, Band Wraps, Jerseys and Jersey Jackets, Table Linens, Napkins, Towels, &c., &c., but as new goods are arriving all the time, we would not likely have the goods now quoted, but possibly have them at still lower prices as the season advances. We are proud to say that in this city and county our goods and prices have met with approval and commendation, although subjected to close scrutiny and comparison with the goods offered by others. We solicit your patronage, and will do all in our power to make our transactions pleasant and profitable.

D. E. JACKSON, Butler, Pa. Next door to Heinenman's.

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All our summer goods must be closed out to make room for all stock, and if you want real, genuine bargains come and see us, for we are offering them on all summer goods, clothing, straw hats, underwear, furnishing goods. Everything must go.

RACKET STORE,

S. Main St., Butler, Pa.

DOLLARS

Save as good as dollars earned, and the wise will take advantage of our closing out sale of

SEASONABLE GOODS.

We dont want to carry over one piece, and if low prices will sell them, we sha'n't. Light Colored Stiff Hats, Summer Underwear, Straw Hats and Light Colored Neckwear are all to go.

Look alive now and don't get left.

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Practical Slate Roofers. Ornamental and Plain Slatings

All kinds done on short notice.

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THIS PAPER

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IRA McJUNKIN, Attorney at Law, Office at No. 11, East Jefferson St., Butler, Pa.

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All first class goods at rock bottom prices. One price and square dealing with all.

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All Kinds of Musical Instruments. SHEET MUSIC A SPECIALTY—Pianos and Organs sold on installments. Old instruments taken in exchange. Come and see us, as we can save you money. Tuning and Repairing of all kinds of Musical Instruments Promptly attended to.

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF THAT CAN BE RELIED ON Not to Split! Not to Discolor! BEARS THIS MARK

BE UP TO THE MARK TRADE MARK

CELLULOSE MARK.

NEEDS NO LAUNDRING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT. THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

See lives like Morse shoes. The more worn the better. Busy wives who use SAPOLIO never seem to grow old. Try a cake.

A complete wreck of domestic happiness has often resulted from badly washed dishes, from unclean kitchen, or from tidies which seemed light as air. But by these things a man often judges of his wife's devotion to her family, and charges her with general neglect when he finds her careless in these particulars. Many a home owes a large part of its thrifty neatness and its consequent happiness to SAPOLIO.

See lives like Morse shoes. The more worn the better. Busy wives who use SAPOLIO never seem to grow old. Try a cake.

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MICK TADDY'S REVENGE.

YOUTH'S COMPASSION. "And why, my dear, will not be my wife, Kathleen?"

"Why, because I'm a black!"

"Black!"

"Niver!"

"No, Mick, niver!"

"Gives you for fesses for him? such a fool, Kathleen," said the black man, looking at her with a scornful expression.

"Black is no fess at all!"

"Don't be botherin' me, Mick," said Kathleen, in a pleading tone, with tears hanging on her long lashes that fringed her gray eyes.

"There's some other boy in my way?" he exclaimed, almost fiercely.

Kathleen turned her head slightly, and a little flush came to her cheek.

"Is it not that same that sits ye?"

"And it is," said Kathleen, faintly.

"Is the black man's name—white-faced fool that chooses rather to dance round another fool with a brush in his hands, than to be here, hard work with the two stoutest legs in the county?"

"This is a black man," she said, pointing to the man who was the subject of her scorn.

"Niver!"

"It surely can't be Faddy Looney, that's the black man, and what's the name of the black man, with curls and pink cheeks like a girl, and a cough like a sick colic dog?"

"It's just him, Mick."

"That's the black man and his laugh. Look at that two hands of mine, as strong as iron and as black as coal; hands that had shot two hundred horses, and they were twenty-five years old. And my father with two hands of his, and he was a black man in the bank for me! Look now at me with a hand and sixty pounds of flesh on my bones, and two arms that can thrash any three leads in the county! Am I like him?"

"Yes, Mick, indeed."

"As poor as him whose father has been enough laid by to bury his family?"

"Yes, Mick."

"This will ye marry me in place of him?"

"Niver!"

"And why niver?"

"Because I love him and he's so pretty, Mick," said Kathleen, with a winning frankness, and blushing deeply.

"This'll be the last I'll put out the small bit of honey on the little fire in his hand," said Mick, with a look of scorn.

"Yes, Mick, enough to hate a lad less than ye!" Mick was never a coward, and he was now one! If he were to fight, search for one that's equal for size and beauty, small chance for Mick's one!

"I'll do that, my jewel!" said Mick, greatly mollified by this shrewd comment. He drew a heavy sigh, and as he walked away he said, mournfully, "God bless ye, Kathleen, for ye're a good girl, poor, white-chested, low-colored thing a lover."

Teddy and Kathleen had long had secret plans for emigrating to America—the terrestrial haven of the Irish. And now Kathleen, being seized with fear of the powerful young man, had abandoned the wedding and the departure. So quietly and quickly was their plan carried out that they had not even time to tell their neighbors how they were made.

Many are the gay dreams of wealth and pleasure that dance in the brains of young emigrants, which are rarely broken or never fulfilled. Teddy and Kathleen were comparatively rich, for they had with them a goodly sum of money, and two big wooden boxes, and "twisty pounds of money."

Perhaps the innocent boy expected to find applicants waiting to engage him to tend flocks and to shear them at Castle Gerald. Perhaps Kathleen in her ignorance, thought of stepping at once into a bright little house of her own, with a looking glass and a rocking chair ready to rest and receive her! But there was no call for shepherds, and Teddy was not strong enough for rough work on a farm or a railroad, nor yet for tending the close air of a factory.

They tried first one place and the another; one kind of work and then another, till their "fortune" of one hundred dollars was gone. That they were broke, neither of them knew, till they had reached the great city of New York, where they were sent Kathleen ten pounds, with which they went West. Next, Teddy fell ill, and they wrote again, and the other grandfather sent a hoarded five pounds, and with that they came East again!

In the meantime Mick grew moody and gloomy, and his parents began for his reason. They urged him to go to confession—a ceremony he had seldom gone through, as his sins had never troubled him much. But he went to the priest to please his mother.

His mother's old father asked all sorts of questions to learn what the trouble that was pressing on his heart.

"Have ye ever loved anybody and hid him in the bog?" he asked.

"Deed, I have!" replied Mick.

"Have ye ever stole money, or its value?"

"Deed I have! don't that, that, for I've got more myself nor most of them here!"

"Have ye hid agin yer enemies?"

"Deed I have! I've a better way o' settlin' them. I jist put my right fist and knock 'em down without the trouble of 'lyin' agin 'em!"

The priest rebuked this spirit, and asked if there was a grudge in his heart against any fellow-creature.

"Flinty o' 'em, yer Honor."

"Go this hour and ask their pardon," was the good advice of the old man.

"Faith, the one agin whom I an avilist is far away—beyond my power, yer riverence."

And so he said this, the thought darted into his mind that if he could jist get over the sea and give Teddy a line thrashing he would feel better. "I'll take yer advice, holy father, and hunt him on the other side o' the 's."

And at once the gossip about Mick's low spirits was turned into a new channel. It was now said that he was conscience-struck about the curse he had prayed down upon Teddy Looney, and was going to America to ask his pardon as a penance.

When asked by an old friend if he had really forgiven Teddy, he replied: "Yes, have I, still I got within arms' reach o' him; and then he'll find out what Mick Taddy's revenge is—will he!"

So Mick left his forge, his anvil and his leather apron, and set sail, to the great grief of the many who had always found a sting in the hot-headed, warm-hearted fellow.

The street lights burned dimly in a dingy part of the city of Lowell, when a stalwart fellow, with a strong Irish brogue on his tongue, stepped into a grocery and asked, "Would ye be tellin' me, sir, where lives a rich gentleman in these parts by the name of Looney?"

"I don't know of any gentleman in the city of that name," was the reply.

"Did ye ever hear the name in these parts?"

"No; except a party up Dash lane, in one of the factory tenements."

Then Mick, thinking these poor people might direct him to their rich namesake, followed the grocer's direction, and soon found himself mounting a stately row, very broad of which creaked beneath his ponderous tread.

He tapped at the door to which he had been directed, and in a moment it was opened and he saw dimly by the light of a poor lamp a woman with one child in her arms. Everything in the room was very poor but very clean.

"Is this Miss Looney?" he asked.

"Yes, yer honor," replied the woman, softly.

"I'm new come from Colony, Ireland, missus, and I'm looking for old friends by your name. They're people in fine circumstances, and I thought ye might direct me to 'em."

The woman caught her breath, for the voice was familiar, and she rose up and laid her child down and asked the stranger who her visitor stood in the doorway.

"Och, dear Colony!" she gasped. "I'm from that same, myself, but I never heard another one in this place blessed enough to be born here, dear old Colony!"

"The wife's name, afore she married, was Kathleen Byrne, and she married a fable sort o' young man, and some say they got rich here. If he heard right he had a factory of his own in this place."

"Here the pale woman gave a groan, and threw her arm over her head.