

FALL OPENING OF FINE FURNITURE, AND QUEENSWARE.

A stock superior to anything we have previously shown, and at prices that will interest shrewd buyers.

Gold Chairs. Nothing prettier for your Parlor than one of these Chairs. A fine assortment to select from.

Onyx Stands. Exclusive Styles in these goods, and the prices will please you.

Lamps. In Brass, Dresden China and Glass. One of these will improve the appearance of any Parlor.

Decorated China. In all the fine wares, such as Royal Worcester, Teplitz, Doleton Royal Dresden, Royal Bonn, &c., &c.

Plain White China. Nothing more beautiful for a Present than a piece of this ware, nicely decorated.

Decorated Dinner Sets. Many New Patterns and a large assortment at Popular Prices!

Brass and Iron Beds. When you want to improve the appearance of your Bed-room buy one of these Beds.

CARPETS. Get our prices before you buy - and see what we have to offer. We can save you dollars on your carpet bill.

CAMPBELL & TEMPLETON, Butler, Penn'a. Our New Fall Stock of Footwear.

Opening this Week LADIES FINE SHOES. A more varied assortment of Stylish Footwear can't be found.

Ladies Fine Shoes, Stylish, Nicely Made, Perfect Styles. We never advertise or offer a line of shoes that is not just as representative.

Men's Heavy Boots and Shoes, made at 75 cents, \$1 and 1.25. Boys' and youths' fine shoes in endless variety.

W. H. O'BRIEN & SON, Sanitary Plumbers and Gas Fitters.

Natural Gas Appliances. Jefferson St., opp. Lowry House BUTLER, PA.

THE WELL-KNOWN Artist and Photographer, formerly the head of the Wertz-Harden art gallery.

B. C. HUSELTON, No. 102 North Main Street, Butler, Pa.

ALL HANDS AGREE THAT AL. RUFF carries the Finest and Best Footwear for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Clearance Sale. We must have more room and we want to reduce our wall paper stock.

J. H. Douglass, 341 S. Main St. Near P. O.

Garfield Tea Cures Sick Headache. A word at the top of it arrested Bill.

THE KIND THAT CURES LAND NOSEGOAY.



Old Bill. A TOUCH UPON HIS SHOULDER. In the morning, in which case Bill must have been in the habit of sleeping there.

PURE DRUGS AT LOW PRICES is the motto at our store.

PAINTS OILS, VARNISHES. Kalsomine, Alabastine &c.

J. C. REDICK, Main St., North of Hotel, Butler, Pa.

Hotel Butler, J. H. FAUBEL, Prop'r.

Sanitary Plumbers and Gas Fitters.

Natural Gas Appliances.

Wertz, Art Co. will open a Studio and Photo Parlors.

ALL HANDS AGREE THAT AL. RUFF carries the Finest and Best Footwear.

Clearance Sale. We must have more room and we want to reduce our wall paper stock.

J. H. Douglass, 341 S. Main St. Near P. O.

Garfield Tea Cures Sick Headache.

There was a shuffling out in the passage, and he listened.

It was Old Bill, the company downstairs had broken up, and Mull had the heart to turn the old fellow out into the night.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

There was a shuffling out in the passage, and he listened.

It was Old Bill, the company downstairs had broken up, and Mull had the heart to turn the old fellow out into the night.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

There was a shuffling out in the passage, and he listened.

It was Old Bill, the company downstairs had broken up, and Mull had the heart to turn the old fellow out into the night.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

There was a shuffling out in the passage, and he listened.

It was Old Bill, the company downstairs had broken up, and Mull had the heart to turn the old fellow out into the night.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

There was a shuffling out in the passage, and he listened.

It was Old Bill, the company downstairs had broken up, and Mull had the heart to turn the old fellow out into the night.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

There was a shuffling out in the passage, and he listened.

It was Old Bill, the company downstairs had broken up, and Mull had the heart to turn the old fellow out into the night.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. "The letter fell from his hands."

It is a mystery. He will never be tried to rob him a second time.