

VOL. XX

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Jury Lists for January Term.

List of Traverses Jurors drawn for a Special Term of Court, commencing the second Monday of January, being the 15th day of Jan., 1883.

Union Woolen Mill.

BUTLER, PA. H. FULLERTON, Prop'r. Manufacturer of BLANKETS, FLANNELS, YARNS, &c.

PRATT'S

Forty-fifth Great Annual Sale of BOOKS at AUCTION.

Every evening and private sale during the day, for a short time, at BORDLAND'S AUCTION ROOM.

PURE TEAS

From the Districts of ASSAM, CHITTAGONG, CACHAR, KANGRA, VALLEY, DARJEELING, DEHRADUN, and others. Absolutely Pure. Superior in Flavor. The Most Economical.

BUTLER COUNTY

Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

Office Cor. Main and Cunningham Sts.

J. C. ROESSIG, PRESIDENT. W. M. CAMPBELL, TREASURER.

H. C. HEINEMAN, SECRETARY. DIRECTORS:

J. L. Purvis, Wm. Campbell, A. Troutman, J. M. Sadder, S. Vanderlin, Wm. Wilson, J. W. Adams, Buffalo twp. farmer.

Planing Mill

AND Lumber Yard.

J. L. PURVIS. L. O. PURVIS.

S. G. Purvis & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Rough and Planed Lumber

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

FRAMES, MOULDINGS, SASH, DOORS,

FLOORING, SIDING, BATTENS,

Brackets, Gauged Cornice Boards,

SHINGLES & LATH.

PLANING MILL AND YARD

Near German Catholic Church

OLD COUNTRY TEA HOUSE!

ESTABLISHED 1848.

THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE

RETAIL GROCERY

IN THE UNITED STATES

ORDER OF \$25 AND UPWARDS, freight prepaid.

Orders of \$50 and upwards, freight prepaid.

Orders of \$100 and upwards, a discount of 2 1/2 per cent.

Orders of \$200 and upwards, a discount of 3 per cent.

Orders of \$300 and upwards, a discount of 3 1/2 per cent.

Orders of \$400 and upwards, a discount of 4 per cent.

Orders of \$500 and upwards, a discount of 4 1/2 per cent.

Orders of \$600 and upwards, a discount of 5 per cent.

Orders of \$700 and upwards, a discount of 5 1/2 per cent.

Orders of \$800 and upwards, a discount of 6 per cent.

Orders of \$900 and upwards, a discount of 6 1/2 per cent.

Orders of \$1000 and upwards, a discount of 7 per cent.

Orders of \$1100 and upwards, a discount of 7 1/2 per cent.

Orders of \$1200 and upwards, a discount of 8 per cent.

Orders of \$1300 and upwards, a discount of 8 1/2 per cent.

Orders of \$1400 and upwards, a discount of 9 per cent.

Orders of \$1500 and upwards, a discount of 9 1/2 per cent.

Orders of \$1600 and upwards, a discount of 10 per cent.

Orders of \$1700 and upwards, a discount of 10 1/2 per cent.

Orders of \$1800 and upwards, a discount of 11 per cent.

Orders of \$1900 and upwards, a discount of 11 1/2 per cent.

Orders of \$2000 and upwards, a discount of 12 per cent.

Orders of \$2100 and upwards, a discount of 12 1/2 per cent.

Orders of \$2200 and upwards, a discount of 13 per cent.

Orders of \$2300 and upwards, a discount of 13 1/2 per cent.

Orders of \$2400 and upwards, a discount of 14 per cent.

Orders of \$2500 and upwards, a discount of 14 1/2 per cent.

Orders of \$2600 and upwards, a discount of 15 per cent.

Orders of \$2700 and upwards, a discount of 15 1/2 per cent.

Orders of \$2800 and upwards, a discount of 16 per cent.

Orders of \$2900 and upwards, a discount of 16 1/2 per cent.

Orders of \$3000 and upwards, a discount of 17 per cent.

DARBY'S

PROPHYLACTIC FLUID.

A Household Article for Universal Family Use.

For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Sallow, Erysipelas, Sore Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and all Contagious Diseases.

Persons taking this fluid will never be known to spread where the fluid was used.

For Erysipelas, Sore Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and all Contagious Diseases.

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SELECT.

Christmas at Jones' and Brownes.

CHAPTER I.

They always had a Christmas treat the Jones'.

They never indulged in anything of the kind at the Brownes'.

"They always had a 'jolly time,' and received every friend that called at the Jones'.

"They invariably put out a basket at the Brownes' (and the callers were resigned, inasmuch as it gave them a little more time at the Jones'.)

"The young people were always planning and arranging for an evening at the Jones'; they never suggested a meeting at the Brownes', or dreamed of storming that ambuscade for a frolic.

Tom and Kitty Jones were the most useful, as well as the most popular, young people in the village; always in demand, because, as their friends declared, "they were so cheerful and helpful; so easy and affable; always ready to adapt themselves to circumstances; never evasive or sensitive, etc.; etc.; never worried about the Jones' cottage—designated by the neighbors 'Cheerfulness'—was cosy, homelike, comfortable, filled with sunshine, books, pictures, music, birds, flowers, cheerfulness, and contentment.

True, we must admit that the grass in the front yard was worn under the lammoak and on the croquet ground.

The sunshine that was ever welcome had strewed a trail of brilliant color, which brightened the eyes and cheeks of the inmates.

The books looked as though they had been read, but the lines of beauty which they had lost reappeared in intellectual lines in the human faces, which seemed to have a story to tell.

Mrs. Brown declared that it gave her a nervous chill to see a nice book marred, and so the key to the Brownie library was always lost.

Mrs. Jones said: "a good book was such a help and genuine treat that she would always be impatient to pass it on to her friends."

The Jones cottage would have absorbed her enthusiasm, and, with time to reflect, she would have assumed a dignity equal to the occasion, and we would have had no story to tell.

The Madam and "Miss Amelia" had gone to the city to do a little shopping, leaving Master Arnold in charge of the house, as fortunately he was detained at home by a sprained ankle.

Now if Tom Jones had been detained at home disabled Kitty would have considered any shopping a secondary matter, and would have made it her special care to get up a child's doll or toys through fear that the child might injure them, or put its books away until the child has entirely outgrown them, or as older children do, wait until they have formed bad habits, or any unlively characteristic, before commencing to form good habits or a lovable and helpful disposition.

But what a time we have getting Kitty Jones into that home.

With his mother and sister absent, having sent the second girl to the library for a book, and being unable to walk, when she referred to a song that had been written for the occasion he insisted upon hearing the song.

In fact, during the few moments conversation that ensued, Arnold Browne was suddenly seized with intense surprise—surprise that he had never realized that a beauty Kitty's tone was, how sweetly she sang, and, in fact, how delightfully such a merry, cheery voice and such fresh, genuine, unaffected enthusiasm would be in this somber home; and when she rose to go he thanked her for coming with so much earnestness that she actually blushed with surprise, and forgot to remember how much afraid she had been that it would spoil the luxury of doing good that Christmas frolic, and when he offered to come over in a day or two to assist his brother with the decorations she did not object.

CHAPTER III.

When under the influence of the contagion of Kitty Jones' enthusiasm, Arnold Browne promised to deliver her message, and assured her of his mother's and sister's co-operation, he never

No, dear, I think not, for I think it quite doubtful that they will accept; but if they do, it will require more than three or four fastidious persons to spoil one of our Christmas frolics.

Come, go right over. Never wait to suppress generous impulse.

"That's a fact; and a little, I think it is your duty to do a little missionary work and educate young Browne out of his primness for he is a real kind hearted boy. The other day, when we were out skating, and little Bob Hunt broke in, Arnold Browne was the first one to fish him out, although he looked his superb skating coat," exclaimed Jones junior, who was making some frames for some Christmas pictures.

"Is that so?" exclaimed Kitty; and from that moment, after the manner of enthusiastic young girls, she commenced to make a hero of Arnold Browne; and eventually he becomes the hero of our story.

CHAPTER II.

And this is the way it began to happen—in fact, I don't see how it ever could have happened in any other way, unless the 'fates' had long ago decided that it should happen, and so arranged the threads that a final tangle was inevitable.

It was not long before the day in which it actually did happen, that same wonderful introduction to friendship that ends with a ring, a bridal veil, and a marriage bell; and a kind Providence it was for the Brownes that guided to their home at that very opportune moment Kitty Jones.

In many homes, where the home-life is selfish, precise, and exacting, it is the way in which buoyancy and enthusiasm, the sons have been driven to the gaming table and saloon, and thence to prison and suicide.

But if such a result had occurred in the Brownie family, I could not have told you of it to-day, for at the merry Christmas-tide the stories should be cheerful and bright.

But possibly you are waiting to know what happened. A very little thing, nothing more than that Kitty Jones threw a crimson shawl around her shoulders, tied on a 'lovely' hood just received from a friend, and started in some haste to deliver her mother's message to Madame Browne.

And as she passed him, and made the most of the Madam and "Miss Amelia" had gone to the city to do a little shopping, leaving Master Arnold in charge of the house, as fortunately he was detained at home by a sprained ankle.

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dreamed that it would cost him such an effort to keep his promise. It all seemed so easy and simple when just 'they two' were talking about it. But after this young lady had gone her voice, in a manner, and eyes so haunted him that the young gentleman, for almost the first time in his life, found himself indulging in the luxury of today dreams. Then he hobbled across to the window opposite the Jones' front gate, just in time to see Miss Kitty carefully tucked into a sleigh by Paul Hunt, who had just returned from Yale, and that awoke in him the sudden consciousness that the angel of his future wore the prosaic name of Jones.

It happened that evening at the dinner table that the paternal Browne had an additional line of firmness about his mouth, as he had made up his mind that this year he would not be wheedled into any Christmas nonsense.

Mrs. Browne was tired and nervous, Miss Amelia unusually dignified. Conversation lagged, until finally, during the interim between roast beef and dessert, Miss Amelia suddenly summoned sufficient energy to ask:

"How have you passed the day, Arnold?"

"Oh, very pleasantly," was the quick response, and then, to the intense surprise of himself and his entire family, Arnold Browne, perceptibly and unmistakably, blushed—blushed so consciously that he almost longed for a moment of unconsciousness, and if he had been in a girl would have been delighted to see it.

Madame Browne was nothing if she was not suspicious, and as she saw that blush a suspicion darted through her mind. Cigars? Smoking? Had he dared? Yes, she was sure she could detect the smoke even now, and she fairly gasped: "Arnold Browne, have you been smoking in my house?"

"Why, no, mother, I have not," cried Bridget to go for them, "I'm afraid; and oh, my, she went and left the door open, and oh, burglars—tell me quick, Arnold, if anything is missing that your father may notify the police."

Mrs. Browne looked over his glasses, and readjusted them, and then walked deliberately to the wine closet and counted the bottles.

No, it was neither wine nor tobacco. The good angel of the Christmas tide had saved their boy from falling into the temptations which have often wrought such destruction with homeless boys, by sending at the right moment a pure, unselfish, young girl to become the motor of his life.

"Nothing quite so dreadful as either cigars or wine, but only a girl, a pleasant call from Miss Kitty Jones, who called on behalf of her mother, to ascertain if you would like to unite in their Christmas festivities. It seems that they are in the habit of providing a tree with cheap presents for the benefit of the poor children in the neighborhood."

"And she made you believe, I suppose, that she did not know you were alone—pretended that she did not see us drive off, (Mrs. Browne was so painfully conscious that whether she walked or rode she ever imagined that the eyes of the entire neighborhood were upon her.) The artful little puss, Arnold, after all the trouble I have been to bring you up properly, I hope you will never choose such a house-keeper as Kitty Jones. Mrs. Jones may be very benevolent, but she is not a particle stylish; and in my opinion Miss Catherine saw us leave and came over to spy around a little and have a sly flirtation with you."

"Of course she did," said Miss Amelia, whose special objection to Kitty Jones was that she was pretty and popular.

But all this did not make our friend a particle angry, for a whole orchestra of little voices in his heart seemed to take up the questioning refrain: "Did she come to see me for a little flirtation with me—with me—with me?" and alas! after the manner of rich young men, he concluded that she did and was glad of it.

CHAPTER IV.

Christmas Eve! The poem of our civilization; the sacred hour when friendship, love and religion keep holy night; when the prosy practical men and women become ready to enter the kingdom of heaven, because, of variety, a little child doth lead them.

Christmas-tide; the sacred, happy hour when avarice and self are banished, and the golden rule is brooded on our altars, recited at our firesides, and chanted in our churches.

And the children, who had been waiting for the echo of the divine benediction, "Peace on earth, good will to men." From city to hamlet, from village to farm, from palace to cottage; eye, and from cottage to cheerless hotel, let the sweet message receive practical emphasis, "God give you a merry Christmas."

And none have brought richer gifts to the altar than our girl friend, Kitty Jones—unselfish love and labor, genuine enthusiasm—"a merry heart which is better than medicine," the courage of hope and the helpfulness of love, and yet, possibly, she was not entirely unselfish. She had learned so thoroughly the luxury of doing good that she refrained from doing good that would bring pain. She used the money sent her by her uncle for a diamond ring for mittens for little cold hands, shoes and stockings for little aching feet; yes, dolls and tin trumpets for eager little hearts, some paints and brushes for an embryo artist, and enough shawls, strings, pencils, etc., to set up little crippled Tim Johnson in business.

It was only a matter of taste you may say. She had learned to enjoy the gleam in happy eyes more than the sparkle of costly gems, and would that her taste might become so universal that at least one Christmas-tide should come and greet in all the world no hungry, shivering, starving human being, and come it would if every man

of fortune could enjoy one such scene as that in the Jones' cottage to-night. The scene recalled to the memory of the old gardener the gala days of his childhood in the mother country, until yielding to the influence of the hour and the persuasion of the children, he would tell them a story, made the following little speech, which we give entire:

"CHILDREN AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Faith and I'm sure ye will take no exceptions to me addressin' the childer first, as this is the childer's night—the real Christmas gift of the blessed Christ-child."

"Well, childer, allow me to express my hearty congratulations that at last, ivry blessed one of you is in the fashion. Yis, fashion of the genuine nobility—the great lords and ladies of the blessed old country—and thim grate folks in Ameriky who has their clothes all dark this fine night, or nobody but their own immediate connections to see their Christmas tree. Well, they might as well be out of the world, because, you see, they're inire to be in vate their intire acquaintance to help 'em make merry, and I say, long live our beautiful Miss Kitty, who sits the beautiful fashion in Ameriky."