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BUTLER, PA.
 DEALER IN
DRY GOODS,
 NOTIONS, TRIMMINGS,
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We have just received and placed on sale our Spring Stock of Carpets in all grades and descriptions, from the Lowest Prices to the Best Quality.

We Especially Invite you to call and Examine Stock and Prices.

EMBROIDERIES

Just opened, a Splendid Stock of all kinds and styles of Embroideries in Swiss, Nainsook and Hamburg and Inserting to match, and we are offering the whole lot at astonishing LOW PRICES.

New White Goods of all Descriptions.
LACE CURTAINS, LACE PILLOW SHAMS,
 Lace Bed Spreads, Muslin Underwear, Skirts, Night Dresses, Chemises, Drawers, Infants' Robes.

Our inducements—We offer you the Largest Stock and guarantee you the LOWEST PRICES.

A. TROUTMAN & SON,
MAIN STREET, BUTLER, PA.

FARMERS READ THIS.
The Bissell Chilled Plow

Is made of the best material, by skilled mechanics, under the supervision of Mr. T. M. Bissell, a veteran plow manufacturer and inventor, skilled in his art, and after 38 years' experience he feels justified in claiming for these plows that they are more nearly perfect and have more points of improvement than any of their predecessors. Mr. Bissell is the patentee of the Oliver Chilled Plow, the South Bend Chilled Plow, and the Bissell Chilled Plow, which is his last and best. We also sell the Diamond Iron, North Bend and Hillside Plows.

THE CHAMPION MOWERS, REAPERS AND BINDERS,

The Hoosier Grain and Corn Drills, the best Fertilizer Drills in the market, Victor Horse Dump Wheel Rake, Starr Hand Dump Rake, the Western Washer—the best in the world—the Champion Separator and Clover Huller, the Harrisburg Traction & Portable Engines.

Buffalo Phosphate,
 Acknowledged by farmers to be the best. Also, a line of Builders' Supplies, Blacksmiths' Supplies, and House Furnishing Goods.

JACKSON & MITCHELL,
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BUY THE EIGHMIE PATENT SHIRT.
 Invented and Manufactured by G. D. Eighmie.

THE FINEST and CHEAPEST DRESS SHIRT THE WORLD.

MADE IN THE WORLD.

This wonderful invention shape & latest style, and is made from woolen, Wamlied with heavy Butcher

gives a Bosom handsome so placed on the Shirt that without break or wrinkle. sutta Muslin, and Bosom Linen.

FOR SALE ONLY BY

J. F. T. STEHLE,
 Dealer in
Hats, Caps, & Gents' Furnishing Goods,
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Agent for the Greatest Improvement in a Shirt ever Produced by man. Beware of Imitations.

CHRIS. STOCK,
 Dealer in
STOVES, TIN-WARE AND GENERAL HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

Agent for Bradley's well-known Stoves, Ranges and Heaters. Roofing, spouting and repairing done on short notice. Store on Main St., corner of North. Sign of Large Coffee Pot. No. 28-29-30.

BUY YOUR CLOTHING,
Hats, Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
 At the New Store of
JOHN T. KELLY,
 Jefferson St., East of Lowry House, Butler, Pa.

SARAFITAN NEVER FAILS.

"You claim too much for SARAFITAN NEURVINE," says a skeptic. "How can one medicine be a specific for Epilepsy, Trisepsia, Alcoholism, Opium Eating, Rheumatism, Spasmodic, and other ailments, and fifty other complaints?" We claim it is a specific, simply because the virtue of all diseases arises from one blood. In Sarafitan, a powerful and Locative properties meet all the conditions herein referred to. It is known as the

THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR

It quiets and composes the patient—rests the system—restores the vitality of the stomach and restores the system, whereby the brain is freed from morbid fancies, which are created by the blood. It is a powerful and Locative properties meet all the conditions herein referred to. It is known as the

Put a Brand on Him.

"Women are a necessary evil," he said, bringing down his fist hard on the hard counter to emphasize the heartiest remark. It was in the village store at West Milton, Saratoga county, and the speaker was the central figure of the group of bucolic philosophers. He was homely, slovenly and sixty.

GAIN Health and Happiness.

How? DO AS OTHERS HAVE DONE.

Are your Kidneys disordered? Are your Nerves weak? Have you Bright's Disease? Are you Suffering from Diabetes? Have you Liver Complaint? Is your Back lame and aching? Have you Kidney Disease? Are you Constipated? Have you Malaria? Are you Bilious? Are you tormented with Piles? Are you Rheumatized? Ladies, are you suffering? If you would Banish Disease and gain Health, Take

KIDNEY-WORT
 THE BLOOD-CLEANSER.

PERUNA

When every other remedy has failed there is hope in Peruna. Thousands have been cured by its use who had given up all hope of recovery. It is the only medicine that has adapted to the support of weakened and all the common ills of life.

PERUNA

Invariably Cures Chronic Catarrh, Neuralgia, Headache, Stomach, Nervousness, Vertigo, Sickening of the Stomach and all the ailments of the system. For Diseases of the Kidneys and all diseases caused by them, take

PERUNA

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The Inspiration of the Bible.

A lecture by H. L. Hastings, before the Massachusetts Annual Convention of the Y. M. C. Association, at Spencer, October 12, 1883.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

I said to this gentleman, "The Bible does not say any such thing!" He replied that it certainly did; but I answered that it did not say any such thing. He insisted that it did. "Well," said I, "find it." And when you ask an infidel to find anything in the Bible you generally have to find it. He could not find the place; so I turned over to the eleventh chapter of Numbers, and there read that instead of the birds being packed like cord-wood on the ground, three feet deep, the account says that the Lord brought the quails from the sea, and let them fall by the camp, as it were, "three fathoms high, or above the face of the earth. That is, instead of flying overhead and out of reach, they were brought to about three feet high, where any one could take as many of them as he chose. And this skeptical friend had got the birds packed solid, three feet deep, over a territory forty miles across. As if I should say that a flock of wild geese flew as high as a church spire, and some one should insist that they were packed solid from the ground up a hundred feet high! This is a sample of the kind of arguments infidels bring to prove that the Bible is not a book!

The book, to my mind, bears the marks of inspiration in the foresight which it exhibits. This book foretells things. You cannot do that. You cannot tell what will be next year, or next week. "The spirits" cannot tell who will be the next president, or governor, or emperor. They may tell a great many things which are past. They may tell you to root your garden, and may copy the inscription on your grandfather's grave-stone, and may tell things which are written in the family record. They may reveal many things in the past—but they cannot foretell the future. I did hear of one spiritual medium who foretold her own death, and she died within a few days. When they got the stomach-pump, they pumped out of her stomach poison enough to kill two or three. That kind of prophecy requires no omniscient foresight.

Years ago I talked with an infidel in Plymouth, Massachusetts, and he wanted me to give him some evidence that the Bible was true. After some conversation, I loaned him a little volume, an abridgement of "Keith on Prophecy." Some ten years after, as I took my seat in a railway train, he came and sat down beside me and began to talk, and he said: "If you want that book you can have it; but no one else can have it at any price." It had knocked his infidelity into atoms, and he was a believer in Christ, and a member of the church.

The revelations of prophecy are facts which exhibit the divine omniscience. So long as Babylon is in heaps; so long as Nineveh lies empty, void, and waste; so long as Egypt is the base of kingdoms; so long as Tyre is a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea; so long as Israel is scattered among all nations; so long as Jerusalem is trodden under foot of the Gentiles; so long as the great empires of the world march on in their predicted course,—so long we have proof that one Omniscient Mind dictated the predictions of that book, and "prophecy came not in old time by the will of man." We call this Bible a book; but it is really sixty-six different books, written by thirty or forty different men. A man may say, "I do not believe in the book of Esther." Well, what of that? We have sixty-five others left. What will you do with them? A man says, "I find fault with this chapter, or with that." Well, what of that? Each book bears its own witness, and stands by itself on its own merits; and yet each book is linked with all the rest. Blot out one, if you can. I am inclined to think it would be difficult to do this. This book seems built to stay together; it is inspired by one Spirit.

The authorship of this book is wonderful. Here are words written by kings, by emperors, by princes, by poets, by sages, by philosophers, by fishermen, by statesmen, by men learned in the wisdom of Egypt, educated in the schools of Babylon, trained up at the feet of rabbis in Jerusalem. It was written by men in exile, in the desert, in shepherds' tents, in "green pastures" and besides "still waters." Among its authors we find the tax-gatherer, the herdsmen, the gatherer of sycamore fruit; we find poor men, rich men, statesmen, preachers, exiles, captains, legislators, judges; men of every grade and class are represented in this wonderful volume, which is in reality a library filled with history, genealogy, ethnology, law, ethics, prophecy, poetry, eloquence, medicine, sanitary science, political economy, and perfect rules for the conduct of personal and social life. It contains all kinds of writing; but what a jumble it would be if sixty-six books were written in this way by ordinary men. Suppose, for instance, that we get sixty-six medical books written by thirty or forty different doctors of various schools, believers in allopathy, homopathy, hydropathy, and all the other "paths," bind them all together, and then undertake to doctor a man according to that book! [Laughter.] What man would be fool enough to risk the result of practicing such a system of medicine? Or suppose you get thirty-five editors at work writing treatises on politics, or thirty-five ministers writing books on theology, and then see if you can get any leather strong enough to hold the

books together when they are done.

But again, it required fifteen hundred years to write this book, and the man who wrote the closing pages of it had no communication with the man who commenced it. How did these men, writing independently, produce such a book? Other books get out of date when they are ten or twenty years old; but this book lives on through the ages, and keeps abreast of the mightiest thought and intellect of every age.

Suppose that thirty or forty men should walk in through that door One man comes from Maine, another from New Hampshire, another from Massachusetts, and so on from each State, each bearing a block of marble of peculiar shape. Suppose I pile up these blocks in order, until I have the figure of a man, perfectly symmetrical and beautifully chiseled, and I say, "How do these men, who have never seen each other, chisel out that beautiful statue?" You say, "That is easily explained. One man planned that whole statue, made the patterns, gave the directions and distributed them around; and so, each man working by the pattern, the work fits accurately when completed." Very well. Here is a book coming from all quarters, written by men of all classes, scattered through a period of fifteen hundred years; and yet this book is fitted together as a wondrous and harmonious whole. How was it done? "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." One man inspired the sacred and inspired voice speaks in it all, and it is the voice of God speaking with resurrection power.

Again, I conclude that this book has in it the very breath of God, from the effect that it produces upon men. There are men who study philosophy, astronomy, geology, geography, and mathematics; but did you ever hear a man say, "I was an outcast, a wretched, inebriate, a disgrace to my race, and a nuisance in the world, until I began to study mathematics, and learned the multiplication table, and then turned my attention to geology, got me a little hammer, and knocked off the corners of the rocks and studied the formation of the earth, and since that time I have been as happy as the day is long; I feel like singing all the time; my soul is full of triumph and peace; and health and blessing have come to my desolate home once more?"

Did you ever hear a man ascribe his redemption and salvation from intemperance and sin and vice to the multiplication table, or to the science of mathematics or geology? But I can bring you, not one man, or two, or ten, but men by the thousand who will tell you, "I was wretched; I was lost; I broke my poor old mother's heart; I beggarized my family; my wife was heart-stricken and dejected; my children fled from the sound of their father's footsteps; I was ruined, reckless, helpless, homeless, hopeless, until I heard the words of that Book!" And he will tell you very word which fastened on his soul. It may be it was, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" perhaps it was, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;" it may have been, "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He can tell you the very word that saved his soul. And since that word entered his heart, he will tell you that hope has dawned upon his vision; that joy has inspired his heart; that his mind is filled with grateful songs. He will tell you that the bliss of health has come back to his poor wife's faded cheek; that the old hate has vanished from the windows of his desolate home; that his rags have been exchanged for good clothes; that his children run to meet him when he comes; that there is bread on his table, and his heart is full of comfort in his dwelling. He will tell you all that, and he will tell you that this Book has wrought the change.

Now this book is working just such miracles, and is doing it every day. If you have any other book that will do such work as this, bring it along. The work needs to be done; if you have any other book that will do it, for Heaven's sake bring it out. But for the present, while we are waiting for you, as we know this book will do the work, we mean to use it until we can get something better.

What we most need is the book itself. It is its own best witness and defender. Christians sometimes try to defend the word of God. It seems like half a dozen people dogs trying to defend a lion in his cage. The best thing for us to do is to slip the bars and let the lion out, and he will defend himself. And the best thing for us to do is to bring out the word of God, and let "the sword of the Spirit" prove its power, as it pierces "even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit."

(Continued Next Week.)

—The men who write circus bills will be glad to learn that the new English dictionary will be thirty-seven volumes long.

—When a Dakota woman marries she retains her presence of mind as well as her real and personal estate.

—If you would be rich and happy, my son, be a broker. He makes money whether he sells or buys.

—It is no compliment to speak of an individual as a square man. If he's square he must be flat on all sides.

—It makes a red-nosed man very angry to have a little girl ask him in the presence of others if it hurts him any.

—Why were the brokers in the panic of 1873 like Pharaoh's daughter? Because they saved a little prophet from the rushes on the banks.

—An article containing a dozen hints on how to take care of a horse is going the rounds of the press, but there is not one hint as how to get the horse.

COMMUNICATED.

Portersville School.

EDS. CITIZEN:—Portersville school closed a session of seven months, on Thursday, April 10, 1884. The report of said school is as follows:

No. of scholars enrolled, 82. No. that missed no days during term, 7. Average attendance during term, 50. Progress and conduct, middling good. General condition of the school, good.

And in closing this session, I return thanks to the Directors, patrons and friends of Portersville School, for their help, sympathy and interest manifested towards me as a teacher during the past term, and I hope that the patrons of Portersville school will take a deeper interest in the future of their school, and help to build it up, and making it strong and sure in the right and proper field of education. The success of the common schools of Butler county depends in a great measure on the interest taken, and support given by the parents of the pupils, and friends of education in general. The directors may secure the services of a good teacher, one capable to teach the school well, and do much good, but if that teacher does not have the help and sympathy of all he will fail just as far as he fails to have your help. On the other hand if the directors get a school master—a person who does not like to teach, a person who has no love for the calling, and merely teaches to make a few dollars easy, too lazy to fill up the report to the secretary, almost too lazy for anything, if parents visit the school, and target the above described individual, they will cause him some uneasiness, and may be an apprehension that they will report him to the directors and cause him trouble if not present it may be in the future, for the school master only intends to teach one term in the same school, and then move on, and parents should be the cause of the removal of the school master out and beyond the limit of teaching, that he may engage in something suitable to his taste and verify his words to-wit: "I do not love teaching, I do not like long terms, I do not like the wages paid, I do not like to make out the monthly report, but I like like to have the Secretary give me my monthly order without prying into the report so made." Give the taxpayers teachers that will work in the school room, parents that will visit the school room, directors that will pay good wages for long terms, and the common schools of Butler county will be successful, so say all.

J. G. McCULLOUGH, Teacher.

Morning Households.

GLADE MILLS, May 3, 1884.

EDS. CITIZEN:—The home of Mr. Jacob Reiber, Glade Mills, Pa., and the homes of Michael Knauf and of Mrs. Mary S. Osborn, of this vicinity have recently been visited by the messenger of death.

Those families are intimately connected through intermarriage. The first visitation was at the house of Mr. Reiber on the 14th day of March, last, by which Charles W. Reiber, son of Jacob and Elizabeth Reiber, was taken to his eternal home. He died at the age of 24, and leaves a wife, a grand-daughter of the venerable Edward W. Hays of Penn township and one child to mourn his loss. Charles had been living for some time past in Allegheny City, but being in ill health, he came with his wife and child some time in February last to his old home hoping his health might be improved by a short sojourn at his father's house. But in this, he and his friends were disappointed. He had come back to his former home to die. A short time after reaching his parental home, he was prostrated with typhoid fever, under which he gradually declined until his mortal powers failed, and he peacefully closed his eyes in death, on the day above mentioned. Charles was a young man highly respected by his neighbors and acquaintances. He possessed largely those amiable qualities that win the esteem and friendship of others. Nor was this all, though he died in early manhood, the Master did not call him from earth until he had called him to make preparation for his departure. This call he obeyed, and when sixteen years of age, he publicly consecrated himself to the Lord, and united with the Presbyterian church of Middlesex. During his entire illness, and in prospect of death he was peaceful and resigned, abiding in a blissful immortality. A large concourse of people followed his remains to their resting place in the grave.

Why He Was Promoted.

It is related of an ex-member of Congress from the West, who died last month, that in 1863 he received a call in Washington from a captain in a volunteer regiment who wanted to expose some crooked things about a certain pork contract. The member received him very coldly, and made light of his grave charges, but hardly had the Captain returned to his regiment when he was promoted to Colonel and assigned to another. At the close of the war he happened to meet the Congressman, and in his gratitude he called out:

"That promotion came from you, and I thank you with all my heart."

"Oh, you don't owe me anything."

"But didn't you secure my promotion?"

"Certainly."

"And shouldn't I be grateful?"

"Not by a jugful! As Captain detailed in the Quartermaster's department, you were threatening to expose a shortage in my pork contract, by which I made \$60,000. I had you promoted to get you out of the way. No thanks, no thanks; good day."

—A rich man is generally spoken of as being "well heeled." But the youth who first ventures forth to see the rich man's charming daughter will also find the old gentleman is occasionally also well toed.

—A safety match—Marrying an heiress.

Bogus Butter.

A rare example of legislative clap-net is witnessed in the passage by the New York Senate of a law to prohibit, under heavy penalties, the manufacture and sale of substitutes for butter. This, of course, would be very pleasing to the New York Grangers if it could only be carried into effect. There is already a law in New York, as well as in many other States, which if rigorously enforced, would protect consumers and producers alike from the extensive sales of the fraudulent substitutes for butter. This law requires that every package containing oleomargarine or other similar preparations shall be plainly marked, and provides for the punishment of persons making fraudulent sales of the same for butter. As this law has been permitted to fall into contempt, the New York Senate proposes one still more impracticable, and which could be enforced only by a gross violation of personal rights.

The power of the State to prohibit the sale of these preparations, if necessary for the protection of the public health, may not be questioned. That it has been proved that oleomargarine, butterine and the rest of these substitutes for butter are not more harmful to the consumers than the lard and tallow of which they are made. These chemical compounds may be of great commercial value for other uses besides their substitution for butter. While the State may prevent their manufacture and sale, the wrong to the consumer is done only when they are passed on him for what they are not. But it is very easy to prevent this species of fraud without so violent a measure as the prohibition and sale of commodities that are not harmful to the public health.

There is no doubt that the farmers in New York, as well as in Pennsylvania, have suffered much by the competition of this substitute for dairy butter, but it is no business of the State to protect its citizens from competition as long as it is not associated with fraud. It appears from the testimony of a great many witnesses that this artificial butter is often found to be better and more palatable than the dairy butter with which it competes. The State has just as much right to prohibit the making of dairy butter as to prohibit the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine. The absurdity would be no greater or less in the one case than in the other. The New York bill only shows to what ridiculous lengths lawmaking can be carried in this land of the free and home of the brave.

As has been repeatedly shown, there is in most of the States, New York and Pennsylvania among the rest, enough law to punish the sale of fraudulent adulterations of food. But the machinery for the enforcement of the law is what the State Legislatures take special pains not to provide. The reason is that the adulterators of food and drink are too powerful an element in the State for the law-makers to offend. In order, then, to cover up the cowardice of the Legislature, or perhaps to pinch manufacturers of oleomargarine to make a trade of such bills as this of the New York Senate. There can hardly be a Granger in New York so stupid as not to be aware of the utter futility of a measure like this. But let it be proposed to establish, in connection with the police system, chemical laboratories in New York City and in several other cities of the State for the detection of frauds in food and there will be none of the eagerness for its passage that is witnessed in regard to this oleomargarine bill in the New York Senate. It is as much the duty of the State to establish these chemical laboratories for the detection of fraud in food as to maintain police for protecting the property of citizens from pickpockets and burglars. Yet as this is the only method for putting an end to food adulterations it is carefully evaded. Some of the Grangers are now urging the New York Legislature to prohibit the manufacture of oleomargarine would be loud in their protests against such an invasion of the rights of the citizens as the establishment of laboratories for the detection of fraud in butter, cheese and other commodities. But these laboratories, thoroughly manned by competent and conscientious chemists, are the only police force that can hunt down the fraudulent adulterations of the food of the public.

A Boy's Ideas of Heads.

Heads are of different shapes and size. They are full of notions. Large heads do not always hold the most. Some persons can tell just what a man is by the shape of his head. High heads are the best kind. Very knowing people are called long-headed. In this house will be cut off. And to the great relief of the young man she left the room and sent in her daughter, who, of course, was utterly unconscious of the "good looks" her mother had been putting in for her.

—The old saying that honesty is the best policy doesn't apply when a man becomes a lawyer.

—"Jumbo eats a bushel of onions daily. His appetite is similar to that of a Philadelphia girl."

—A young man calls his sweetheart "rare opportunity," because she is worthy of being embraced.

—A Maine woman married a dead man. This is the most glausy best year incident 1884 has yet produced.

—Do not let adversity discourage you, my son. Were it not for the kicks it receives the football would never get up in the world.

—Even small children have an eye for the eternal fitness of things. Give a three-year-old boy a hammer and he will immediately cry for a looking glass.

—Alcohol is a good cleanser of glass, and this may be why a Chicago editor gives the following household recipe: "To polish windows simply breath on them and then rub briskly."

—A Pennsylvania girl stepped into a newspaper office to propose to the editor and found him dexterously sewing up a hole in his coat. Under the circumstances she concluded that he was eligible.

How to Make Postmasters.

It is said that the civil service reformers at Washington are racking their brains to find a way to remove the fifty thousand post offices of the land from the debasing influence of party politics. Why would not the original custom regarding these offices answer the purpose? Whenever there was a change of administration in old times the persons who most used a post office united, without regard to party distinctions, in recommending the appointment of some person—generally the incumbent for the time being—whom they could trust to handle their letters. In some localities this custom has been followed, and has been respected at Washington so thoroughly that there are postmasters who have been continuously in service for forty years.

There is no other office under the power of the national administration that offers so little excuse for change as that of postmaster. All that is expected of the incumbent is that he shall receive, distribute and forward mail matter promptly and honestly. The office does not require a learned man. It merely needs a man in whom the people who send or receive letters have confidence. To put a professional politician in charge of a post office is to weaken public confidence in the department, for rightly or wrongly, the people believe that any man who makes a business of politics is mean enough to steal a letter or anything else which he believes will further the purposes of his party. There is no possible reason for making a postmaster anything but what the founders of our government intended he should be—the servant of the community in which he lives. Hence the fewer the changes, except for cause, in the post offices the better the government, no matter which party it represents, will appear to the eyes of the public at large.

Didn't Want to Live For Her Alone.

The other night, when one of our prominent society young men called to see his girl he found her mother sitting quietly before the fire. After bidding him "good evening" she looked him full in the face and said: "Do you really love my daughter Emma?" "Well—ah—my dear madam," stammered the youth, turning red in the face. "I have only been coming to see your daughter two months, and I really think you are a little premature in propounding such a question." "That's where we differ, young man. If the seed of your sowing now will bring forth a matrimonial harvest I'm willing to put up with you a while longer, but if you are coming here to pass away the time you had better cease coming at once." "Yes, well, really, madam," put in the youth, his voice all in a quiver, "since you press me so closely for an answer I must admit that I am very fond of Emma, and that I live for her alone—"

"Yes," broke in the anxious mamma; "that's the trouble with you young men; you waste too much time living for a girl alone, when you ought to be living with her. I'm a plain old-fashioned woman and always say what I think. Now I'm willing to give you a month longer as a trial, but if at the end of that time I don't see a spunk in the new ring on Emma's finger your visits to this house will be cut off."

And to the great relief of the young man she left the room and sent in her daughter, who, of course, was utterly unconscious of the "good looks" her mother had been putting in for her.

—The old saying that honesty is the best policy doesn't apply when a man becomes a lawyer.

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—"Jumbo eats a bushel of onions daily. His appetite is similar to that of a Philadelphia girl."

—A young man calls his sweetheart "rare opportunity," because she is worthy of being embraced.

—A Maine woman married a dead man. This is the most glausy best year incident 1884 has yet produced.

—Do not let adversity discourage you, my son. Were it not for the kicks it receives the football would never get up in the world.

—Even small children have an eye for the eternal fitness of things. Give a three-year-old boy a hammer and he will immediately cry for a looking glass.

—Alcohol is a good cleanser of glass, and this may be why a Chicago editor gives the following household recipe: "To polish windows simply breath on them and then rub briskly."

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