THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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BARGANS in WATCHES,
Clocks,
Jewelry
And Silverware.

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

Watches and Clocks repaired and warranted, at

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

GREAT SALE
TO QUIT THE BUSINESS
All Our Immense Stock of
MILLINERY,

Consisting of all the new thing in Hats, Bonnets, Flowers, Feathers, Tips, Plumes, Ornaments, Silks, Velvets, Plushes, Ribbons, Satins, and everything comprised in a first class

MILLINERY STOCK.

We intend to close out all the above goods by July 1st and will sell them at prices that will enable us to do so. Remember you have a full line

OF NEW GOODS

to select from. Also the greatest bargains ever offered in

Dry Goods and Carpets,
AT
RITTER & RALSTON'S.

A SPECIAL New York Hat that combines all the good points of several ace-ptable ones. Designed to suit all faces, it is becoming to everyone.

Comes in all the different Straws and the charming new spring colors, Sage Green, Gobelin, Golden Browns, Boreal and Electric.

It admits of many styles of trimming and each seems an improvement over the last. Our cut shows it trimmed in one of the many ways it comes from our experienced designers.

These hats are going so fast that it would be best to come immediately to see it in its many styles and trimmings. We have a very large stock just now but when a thing catches the eye and fancy of the public as it has, it is bound to go. Remember our bargains cannot be duplicated in two weeks.

We've opened, this week, over a hundred different shapes, with all the new trimmings, direct from the largest house in America. Among them are the "K.M.Q," and the "Bunny."

There seems to be an impression that because we are patronized by the fashionable people, we don't make any effort to care for those whose pocket books are limited. This is a great mistake. While being obliged, by having the custom of the fashionable women, to make special efforts to provide for them, yet we think we can suit the taste and means of anyone, however odd the taste, or limited the means.

Just a word about "LELIA PITH." To those who have used it we say nothing. Their once using it insures its use always. To those who never tried it we say, "profit by the experience of many and try it."

"THE MATCHLESS."

Miss M. H. Gilkey,
New Building, No. 62 S. Main St. THE LEADING MILLINER

The Greatest Spring Stock
IN BOOTS, SHOES and SLIPPERS BUTLER HAS EVER SEEN, NOW OPENING AT
HUSELTON'S,

All fresh clean new spring styles did not buy out anyones old Stock, neither do we advertise fictitious amounts in goods bought thinking it sounds big, No tricky drives, no deceitful leaders, no tempting baits, no auction goods or old sample lots, but uniformly low prices on every article and same price to all.

One element in our spring Stock of Shoes speaks to you with special force, the beauty of the Styles, the excellence of the Stock and workmanship, as to prices you can't tell what Shoes are by reading prices you must see the goods especially when unscrupulous dealers will advertise for instance: Ladies' fine Kid Button Shoes worth $1.75 selling for $1.00; Mens' fine Shoes worth 2.50 selling at $1.50, this is an old jew trick in trade that has been discounted long ago, people don't take any stock in such trickery.

Ladies' fine shoes unusually large selection especially in hand turns, they are glove fitting, very soft and easy to the foot, our $2.50 turn French Kid Vamp boot is a beauty can't be matched in the county, cheaper turns we won't use as they are worthless, then the finer grades at $3.00 3.50 to 4.50 in all widths both in common sense and Opera lasts, our Kid Button at $1.25, 1.50, 1.75, 2.00 and 3.00, McKay sewed flexible soles are daisies, no sheepskin genuine Kid, the 1.50 boot is selling as fast as we get them in, warrant every pair, they are stylish, as good as other dealers sell at 2.00. See our bright Dongola very fine stock, is tough, will not scuff in wearing like some Kid does. Ladies Grain Button boots the best you ever saw at 1:00 and 1.25, Pebble Goat 1:50, 1:75, and 2:00

Ladies' fine shoes with Patton leather tip, now very stylish for street wear $2 up to $3. Old Ladies' wide easy shoes in Bals. and Cong. up to No. 8, Slippers, in Opera 50 cents, best in the land for the price.

Lawn Tennis Shoes in Mens' Womens' and Childrens'. Wigwam Slippers, very easy and comfortable, cheap, our full line fine Slippers is not in yet, is a little early, will tell you about them later on. Misses' and Childrens' fine Shoes in Spring heel and heel, in Kid Goat and St. Goat, high tops, Misses' Kid $1.00 and upwards, 1½ Childrens 50 cents and up, extra fine Shoes for Ladies that wear small sizes 1 to 2, Shoes for Baby's 25 cents and up.

Mens' fine shoes very fine style $1 00, 1.25, 1 50 to $2 00, extra fine Calf Shoes $2 00 to 3.75. Kangaroo, one of the most popular Shoes of the day in McKay Day sewed and Hand sewed in an endless variety of styles and prices.

All those in Button Bals. or Cong. all widths tip narrow toe or full plain toe, we show the best and finest shoe at $1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50 3.00 in Butler.

Boys' and Youths' in Calf, Veal, Calf-grain in regular and extra high tops, new goods, seamless at $1 50 to 2 00 and 2 25. Plow shoes. Bals, and Cong. Boys Button 1·5 1 25. Mens' Plow Shoes, lace and Brogans. Hob Nailed at 90 to $1 50. Calf Boots $1.90 to $3 00. Leather and Findings, large stock. We do all kinds repairing, we use the best lines in the market in Boots & Shoes, we have positive proof of this in their excellent wearing qualities, and still better some of our little competitors have lately been making every effort to get some line of Shoes and have so far failed. We control all the lines we use for this town. Come and see us, will save you money. No trouble to show our goods.

B. C. HUSELTON

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

G. M. ZIMMERMAN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office at No. 45, S. Main street, over Frank & Co's Drug Store, Butler, Pa.

J. F. BRITTAIN,
Att'y at Law—Office at S. E. Cor. Main St, and Diamond, Butler, Pa.

NEWTON BLACK
Att'y at Law—Office on South side of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

IRA McJUNKIN,
Attorney at Law, Office at No. 17, East Jefferson St., Butler, Pa.

Dr. N. M. Hoover,
Office over Boyd's Drug Store.
DIAMOND BLOCK, - - - BUTLER, PA.

W. R. TITZEL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
N. E. Corner Main and Wayne Sts.
BUTLER PENN'A

Dr. S. A. JOHNSTON,
DENTIST, - - BUTLER, PA.
All work pertaining to the profession executed in the neatest manner.
Specialties:—Gold Fillings, and Painless Extraction of Teeth, Vitalized Air administered.
Office on Jefferson Street, one door East of Lowry House, Up Stairs.
Office open daily, except Wednesdays and Thursdays. Communications by mail receive prompt attention.
N. B.—The only Dentist in Butler using the best makes of teeth.

JOHN E. BYERS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office No. 65 South Main Street,
BUTLER, - PA.

SAMUEL M. BIPPUS,
Physician and Surgeon,
No. 10 West Cunningham St.,
BUTLER, PENN'A

DENTISTRY.

O. K. WALDRON, Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College, is prepared to do anything in the line of his profession in a satisfactory manner.
Office on Main street, Butler, opposite the Vogeley House.

J. S. LUSK, M.D.,
Has removed from Harmony to Butler and has his office at No. 9, Main St., three doors below Lowry House. apr-30-tf.

L. S. McJUNKIN,
Insurance and Real Estate Ag't.
17 EAST JEFFERSON ST.
BUTLER, - PA.

C. F. L. McQUISTION,
ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR,
OFFICE ON DIAMOND, BUTLER, PA.

Stewart & Patterson.
A. M. STEWART and S. A. PATTERSON. Contractors and Builders, are both men of years of experience in fine house building and framing.
All persons thinking of building will do well to see them and look over their designs.
Residence on Fairview Ave., Springdale. Postoffice, Butler, Pa.

FOR SALE
A large frame boarding house, good location and doing large business. Terms easy. For further particulars inquire of
L. S. McJUNKIN, 17 E. Jefferson St.,
7-29,tf Butler, Pa.

For Sale.
The undersigned Administrator of Ebenezer Christy, dec'd, late of Parker twp., offers at private sale a farm of 117 acres, situate in Washington twp., near Hilliard's Station. It is all cleared and in good state of cultivation; well watered, and has a two-story frame house, and log barn, large orchard, and good out buildings
ALSO, a 75 acre piece in Washington twp., near the Allegheny slope coal mine, with railroad running through it, two-story frame house, partly cleared and balance good timber.
ALSO, a farm of 80 acres in Parker twp., between Annisville and Eldorado, one-half cleared and other half well timbered with chestnut timber, good land, but no buildings.
All the above pieces are underlaid with coal, and will be sold either for cash or on time.
For further particulars enquire of
G. W. CHRISTY,
32--3m North Hope P. O., Butler Co., Pa

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.
A rare chance to buy a good farm, situated in Winfield twp., Butler County, Pa., on the Butler Branch of West Penn Railroad, and within half a mile of the station and village of Delano, containing
One Hundred Acres.
Seventy-five acres of which are cleared and the balance in good timber, has a two story frame house of five rooms, cellar, wash-house, spring-house, bank barn, and orchard of a good variety of fruit. The land is in a high state of cultivation, it is rolling but is not broken by hills, and is well adapted for stock raising as there is living water in every field, and the fences are in good repair.
Terms easy. For further particulars enquire of
AUGUSTUS JACKMAN,
4-20-3m Herman, P. O., Butler Co., Pa.

SALESMEN WANTED
For the HOOKER NURSERIES, established 1835. Steady employment and good pay. Send for terms at once. H. E. HOOKER CO., Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED!
TO CANVASS FOR ONE OF THE LARGEST, OLDEST ESTABLISHED, BEST KNOWN NURSERIES in the country. Most liberal terms. Unequaled facilities. GENEVA NURSERY. Established 1846.
W. & T. SMITH, GENEVA, N. Y.

LOOK! READ!
I have enlarged my store-room, in fact, made it almost twice as large as it was before, and have also increased my stock. I have, by far, the largest and best selected stock of
Fine Drugs and Chemicals
in Butler county, and am now in position to supply the wants of the people of this county—even better than in the past.
You will do well to call on me when in the need of anything in the line of
Fine Drugs and Medicines.
My stock is very complete and PRICES VERY LOW. In medicine quality is of the first importance, so we give particular attention to filling Prescriptions.
Our Dispensing Department is complete. We dispense only Pure Drugs of the
Finest Quality,
and our patrons may bring us their prescriptions, feeling certain that they will be carefully and accurately filled.
Thanking the public for the very generous patronage they have accorded me in the past, I hope to be able to serve them more acceptably in the future, at the old stand.
No. 5, North Main St.,
BUTLER, PA.
J. C. REDICK,

Hop Plaster Instant Relief. Speedy Cure.
A peculiar and successful combination of Soothing, Strengthening and Pain-Killing agents—fresh hops, hemlock gum and pine balsam. Pain, soreness or weakness in the back, side, kidneys, chest, shoulder, neck, limbs or muscles are all instantly relieved and cured. Warranted the best plaster known,—sweet, reliable, infallible. Sold everywhere. 25c., five for $1. Mailed for price. HOP PLASTER CO., Proprietors, Boston. DEATH TO PAIN.

The Rhyme of the Doglet.

Two lovers lingering on a stooplet,
Beneath the stars so still and grand—
In dreams he saw the wedding hooplet
Of gold upon her tiny hand.

He slightly leaned upon his canelet,
A timid youth, and frail to see,
And in his heart he felt a painlet,
For love was young, and so was he!

They had partaken of a creamlet,
As lovers will while they are twain,
And now were busy on the schemelet
Of where and how to meet again.

Meanwhile, unto the lone back yardlet
Her father sneaked; a chain let go,
Alack, fond love, and alack, bardlet,
That must relate this tale of woe!

* * * * *

The youth went bounding, like a goatlet,
With yell and shriek he outward sped,
The dog returned. A piece of coatlet
Hung from his mouth. Love's dream was dead.

UNCLE JACK'S IDEA.

Uncle Jack Dalrymple was the best natured old soul in the parish. His home was a trim little house at the end of the village, the front of which in the summer time, with its two windows above the door and narrow porch beneath, and the vines overhanging the roof, looked not unlike the face of an old woman in a green bonnet.

Here the flowers bloomed, bees hummed and Dame Nature, as if pleased with her surroundings, seemed to do her best.

Uncle Jack's vegetables, pigs and chickens thrived and nothing came to mar his enjoyment until the sad day when his sister Debby, who for many years had been his housekeeper, was laid under the turf in the churchyard.

For two months Uncle Jack lived alone; but, one evening, after thoughtfully smoking his pipe, he jumped up with the sudden exclamation, "I've got an idea!" Having performed an extra ablution, he donned a clean shirt, combed the side locks over the bald place on the top of his head, put on his Sunday coat and hat, locked the kitchen door, and started for the other side of the village.

Here had lived Dr. Bell, an old physician, who had retired from practice, and had moved to the city. With him had lived for several years, as housekeeper, Barbara Fleury, who, on account of a certain infirmity of temper, had been nicknamed "Barbara Fury," and the name had fitted her so well, that many persons who knew her were not aware that it was not her real name. With the exception of this one fault, she was a model in looks, neatness and industry, and was also a most excellent cook.

Barbara, who had come to look upon the doctor's house as her home, sat wondering with many misgivings on this particular evening, what sort of life she would be likely to lead in the next town, at her sister's house, where the rooms and accommodations were small, and the children numerous. Hearing a rap, she opened the door and found Uncle Jack. "Good evening, Miss Fury.

"My name is Fleury," she responded in icy tones.

"Why, so it is," said Uncle Jack, rather shaken, but smiling blandly. "It's quite a nice evening, Miss Fluery."

"It will do," she said coolly, standing to hear his business, and not inviting him to sit down.

"I was feeling," he said with a little hesitation, sort of lonely, and thinkin' you might be feelin' the same, I thought maybe you'd think it no harm for me to offer you a little of my company."

The possibilities of the situation struck Miss Barbara at once, and its superiority to anything else that was likely to offer was equally clear, and in a moment she had decided in the affirmative.

"Take a chair and sit down," she said in a tone greatly modified.

"I don't care if I do," replied Uncle Jack. "The truth is, Barbara," he said, bolting into the subject which he had previously thought might take him an hour or two to arrive at, "I was thinkin' if you was willin', we might as well join hearts and hands, and let one roof cover us. I've a comfortable home as you know, I've a pen full of as pretty pigs as you'd see in a day's ride, I've been lucky with my chickens—"

"And I reckon they scratch and make more dirt than pays for their keeping," she said.

"Well, if you come and take charge you can do as you like with them. Sister Debbie always got the chicken money, and I reckon I'll not be less generous to my wife, ha! ha! ha."

"I'm able to keep myself, and need be no man's wife to get a livin', even if I never do another stroke of work," she said tartly.

"Of course, of course," said Uncle Jack, "I meant no reflections, but if I take a wife I keep and pay for her, and if she has money of her own, she may bury it in a vault, give it to the heathen, or buy a silver mine; it's all one to me. I thought as I could'nt get along alone, maybe I'd take a partner, and concluded to give you the first chance. Now, what do you say?"

"I ain't use to makin' up my mind in a minute, and like to turn things round a little before I make a bargain. I won't say yes to-night, but if you are of the same mind to-morrow, and come around about this time, you'll get your answer."

Uncle Jack took this as a dismissal for the present, and with a smiling good night departed, rather encouraged than depressed, for, thought he, "if she did not think well of it, she'd have said no, and done with it at once."

Uncle Jack was as punctual as the clock the next night at the appointed place, and after having the subject sifted from one side to the other, his Dulcinea finally gave in by saying, "She supposed she might as well make up her mind to it; livin' with him wouldn't likely be much worse than some others she knew of."

"I suppose, Barbara, you wouldn't be willin' to go to the parson's to-night?"

"Not much!" she replied, with a perceptible sniff. "I'm not in such a hurry as that to make a fool of myself."

"How about to-morrow then," he asked anxiously.

"This time next week and no sooner. I don't see anyhow what started you on this track at your time of life."

Uncle Jack smoothed down his beard. "There were several things seemed to combine. First, there was the blossoms all comin' out at once, and somehow or other they always make me think of brides and grooms and weddings. Then the robins are buildin' nests by the hundreds, you might say, but I don't know but that I got the first idee from Shakespeare."

"Jake Spear! and what business is it of Jake Spear, whether you get married or not? If there is anything in this world I hate, it's a man that don't know his own mind, and is afraid even to sneeze without he gets leave."

"Shakespeare isn't a man," mildly replied Uncle Jack, "or I suppose he is too, either a man or a woman, ain't quite sure which it is; but Shakespeare writ a book I've been readin' lately, and there was one piece struck me called—called"—he was about to say, "The Taming of the Shrew,"—called—well, it was a kind of a story of a man who wanted a wife, and was determined to have her, and he got her and she turned out first-class. His name was Peter something, and her's was Katherine. Then there was another fellow and when he got married they called him 'Benedick, the married man,' and that's what I'll be next week, by your leave, my dear, ha! ha!"

"For a man to want to be called Benny or Dick, when his name is Jack, is silly, and I'll give you fair warning you need't expect any such nonsense from me."

"Just as you please, just as you please," returned Uncle Jack, serenely. "As Shakespeare says, 'A rose by any other name will smell as sweet.' But tell me what shall I do to the house; inside I mean?"

"Nothing at all," said Barbara. "I will have no old women gossips prying around. It's not likely to be clean, but there'll not be dirt enough to choke one before I can get it put to rights."

"It's not so bad as you may think," said Uncle Jack. "Debby kept it spick-span clean, and I've tried not to let it get much behind. But you shall do what you like about it."

Uncle Jack took his leave. He met at his own gate his nearest neighbor, Joshua Wilson, who often came in to take a smoke with him.

"Walk right in Joshua," he said blithely, "I'm glad of your company."

Uncle Jack lighted the lamp, and Joshua struck with his holiday attire, asked if he'd been to a funeral. Uncle Jack roared

"If you'd said a wedding, you'd been warmer. The truth is, Josh, if you wait till this day week you'll find me settled down with a wife."

"That's startling," said Joshua, "I was thinkin' if you was going to keep chickens you'd need to get married. It takes a woman to tend to them. But who's the lucky woman?"

"Barbara Fury."

"Bab Fury! For the land sake! Why man, are you crazy? that cantankerous old sarpint?"

"Hold on," said Uncle Jack, "I don't allow to have my wife called names if I can help it."

"Now Uncle Jack, you know you have no better friend in the world than me, and I wouldn't be doin' my duty if I didn't speak discouraging of such a team as that. You might as well yoke together a lamb and a tiger for you know as well as I, what she is for temper."

"Yes, I know; but I've got an idee that we're goin' to suit, that is, after we get used to one another."

"I kinder enjoy," said Joshua, "a good smart shower in summer time; it freshens the arth and clears the air. I get that kind at home from my wife. It comes hot and heavy, but it's soon over; while a regular cold northeasterly drizzle that gives you crawls up your back, that's too warm for a fire and too cold without one, I hate, and it there is anything that will wear the life out of a man it is an infernal scold. Think well, Uncle Jack, and be thankful for a little warning."

"I'm not easy scared, Joshua; come to see me this day three months, and we'll compare notes."

Joshua Wilson was not the only one in the villiage thunderstruck by Uncle Jack's choice. He had calls and friendly warnings by the dozen; but to all he returned the same answer, "that he expected to abide by his choice."

The wedding came of at the time appointed. Barbara was escourted into the house by the front door in Jack's best manner.

"Welcome home, my dear," he said, giving her a rousing kiss, to which she responded, "Don't be a fool, Jack, but tell me where I can lay off my bonnet."

"Look at this first," said Jack, opening the door of the little parlor and pointing to an iced cake which stood on the table, He had ordered it from the city, and the two doves billing on top had been his own suggestion.

"It was baked in the city, What do you think of it?"

"Then you may know it is only fit for the pigs. Made of stale eggs and strong butter," and she walked up to take off her things.

Uncle Jack's eyes twinkled.

"Not fit to eat; only good for the pigs," he repeated. "Well, here goes!" and raising up the cake he marched out to the pig pen, and tossed it over to the pigs. Then he brought in the plate, placed it on the table and sat down to read his newspaper.

Barbara evidently found things more to her mind up stairs than she had expected. There were piles of soft blankets, comfortables, and bedding of the very best, while everythink was as clean as a new pin.

Seeing the plate, she asked, "What did you do with the cake?"

"Gave it to the pigs, and they really seemed to like it," he said, in his usual tone.

"Can't you give a civil answer to a civil question?" she said, tartly.

"Why, my dear, you said that it was only fit for the pigs, and as I don't propose to feed you on anything but the best of food, I took it right out to them."

"Jack Dalrymple! you are enough to provoke a saint!" and she flounced out into the kitchen, where she found the tea kettle singing and the table spread for supper.

"It's one or two things," she admitted to herself; "either Jack's a fool or I have met my match."

So the days wore on, Jack always assenting to Barbara's proposition, however absurd, which often caused considerable damage and derangement; but Uncle Jack never lost his temper, though he was often the greatest sufferer through her whims.

One afternoon she had been chasing the chickens from her flower beds, and, as Uncle Jack headed them off, he remarked, "Them's fine chickens, Barbara."

"Fine chickens, indeed! I wished everyone of them had their necks twirled," and in a rage she dashed into the house.

"Hum!" said Uncle Jack. Into the chicken coop he went, and ere long nearly a dozen hens lay in a row outside.

"Would you like me to help you to pick them?" he asked innocently, putting his head in at the kitchen door.

"Talk sense and I'll answer," she replied snappishly.

"I thought," he said mildly, "that they had better be got ready to-night, if they was to go market in the morning."

"What chickens? Jack Dalrymple, what do you mean? You have never gone and killed all my chickens?"

Opening the door and seeing the row of headless chickens lying in full sight, she sat down and cried.

"Why, Barby," said Jack, a little more scared than he cared to show, "Did you ever ask me to do anything that I did not humor you if I could? I hated awfully to kill them Shanhais but I heard you say that you wished their necks were twisted, and as they was yours, I did as you wished."

"The finest chickens I ever saw," mourned Barbary, "and layin' eggs so steady, too. I'd rather they'd scratch up every green thing in the garden than lose them."

But without saying more, she went out with Jack to pick the chickens. Barbara's face was still very grave as she stood looking at the chickens, ready dressed for market, lying on the kitchen table.

"Do you know, Barby," asked Jack, his eyes twinkling, "what is the reason these chickens will have no hereafter?"

"No," she said, shortly.

"Because they have had their necks twirled (next world) in this, ha, ha, ha!" But no smile appeared in Barbara's face

Uncle Jack harnessed up the light wagon next morning and went off to market and returned by noon. He brought with him, tied in pairs, a dozen chickens of the choicest breeds he could find, and placing them in the coop and throwing them some corn, he went into the house.

The subdued look was still in Barbara's face, making Jack mentally exclaim, "She hasn't got over it yet."

He handed her a roll of bills.

"There's your pocket money Barby," and went to hang up his coat.

"Come with me" he said taking her by the hand, and leading her out to the coop. "Now I want you to take all the pleasure in these you can. I'll build you a chicken yard and fence it in so you will have no trouble."

She glanced at them and them at him. Her lip quivered.

"You are better to me than I am to you."

"Not a bit of it," he said, putting his arm about her and kissing her. I am well satisfied with my part of the bargain. I had an idee, and I carried it out, and as I said before, I am well satisfied."

As they sat together after tea, Barbara said, "You are always talking, Jack, about your idee; what do you mean by it?"

He gave her a curious look.

"I am afraid you wouldn't like to hear it."

"I'll take the risk, for it is something I'm mixed up in, isn't it?"

"Well, you are warm in the game, as they say. And as you promised not to mind, I'll let it out," You see, I wanted a wife, and as I looked around, I thought of you. Now, I heerd you wasn't easy to get along with," stammered Jack, feeling as if he was about to touch a lighted match to a bomb shell.

"Go on Jack," she said composedly, "I know worse things about myself than you can tell me."

"I had an idea," he continued, "that maybe the reason you wasn't always—always—easy-like in your mind, and maybe a little—rough," striving for a soft a word as possible, "might be, because other folk are cross-grained to you;" so thinks I, "if Barbara is treated right, she'll come around; the good's all in her, just ready to be drawed out, and so I've found it."

"I have always heard that Jack Dalrymple was a friend to everybody, and that everybody was friendly to him; but I never knew how good you was until I had a trial of you; and I want to say once for all, that I am going to be as good a wife to you as I know how, and if the old Adam crops out now and than, as of course it will, just shut your eyes as you have done all along, and shame me out of it. And if there is anything you would like me to do would give you pleasure just let me know."

"There is one thing I would like, if you will agree to it." said Uncle Jack. "We have been married now about three months and I would like to give a tea-party—just a few of the nearest neighbors to supper; and I would like if you would be just as pleasant to Joshua Wilson as you can."

"He never liked me I know," she said.

"That was because he never knew you."

Barbara laid herself out for that party, and outdid Uncle Jack's fondest expectations. Such waffles, stewed chicken, peaches and cream and other delicacies had never been seen in that house before.

Joshua Wilson was placed at the right side of the hostess and received specials attention, which so astonished him that he could hardly eat for wondering; and he gazed at Uncle Jack in a dazed sort of a way, that the host could hardly keep his mirth from exploding. As he bade him good night he said, "What was that you called her, Josh? "Cantankerous old sarpint,' wasn't it?"

"Hold on, Uncle Jack, I'll surrender! For the first time I can wish you joy of your wife, with all my heart. Such a change really makes me feel as if the millennium might have begun to dawn.—*Youth's Companion.*

—Ernest Butler, of Millersburg, Ky., has a friend in the Indian Territory who six months ago sent him an Indian pony. He was kept confined in the stable until the last four weeks. When he got out he wandered off through the several States, swam several rivers, and arrived in the Indian Territory last Monday. He traveled in four weeks, 1200 miles.

"Always Sunrise Somewhere."

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

There is always sunshine somewhere!
Though the night be round thee drawn,
Somewhere still the East is brightening,
With the rosy flush of dawn;
What though near the bat is flitting,
And the raven croaks his lay;
Somewhere still the sun bird's greeting
Hails the rising of the day!

Let us lay to heart the comfort
In this sweet reflection found,
That however dense our darkness,
Somewhere still the world around
Dews are glistening, flowers uplifting,
Wild birds warbling as re-born;
Lakes and streams and woods and mountains,
Melting in the kiss of morn!

Ne'er was night, however dismal,
But withdrew its wings of gloom;
Ne'er was sorrow, but a day star
Hinted of the morrow's bloom;
Ne'er was woe, but in its bosom
Was the seed of hope impearled;
There is a sunrise somewhere
Speeding, speeding round the world!

The Presbyterian Centenary.

Thursday week was the centennial day of the Presbyterian Church and the members of the two General Assemblies united in great mass meetings in the Academy of Music and Horticultural Hall Phila. The ceremonies began in both buildings at 10 o'clock that morning and the crowds in attendance at both were enormous. The immense Academy of Music with its seating capacity of over 3,500 was jammed to suffocation, and every inch of standing room was occupied by a struggling mass of humanity anxious to have a part in the first reunion of the two great bodies of the Presbyterian Church in America since the division more than a quarter of a century ago. In the Academy of Music the Rev. J. J. Bullock, D. D., Moderator of the Southern General Assembly, presided, and seated with him on the platform were the Rev. Wm. H. Roberts, D. D., Stated Clerk of the Northern General Assembly; Rev. Joseph T. Smith, D. D., of Baltimore, ex-Moderator of the Northern Assembly; Rev. Jas. McCosh, D. D., President of Princeton College; Rev. Jno. Hall, D. D., of New York; Rev. Chas H. Stoddard, editor of the New York *Observer*, and many others. Mrs. Cleveland occupied a seat in the upper right hand box. She was with the family of Rev. Charles Wood, of Germantown, whose guest she is during her stay here, and bore the battery of opera glasses aimed at her with perfect composure, and was evidently a deeply interested listener and spectator.

The great audience was apparently made up in equal proportion from representatives of the two assemblies, and when Rev. Dr. Bullock was introduced as presiding officer there were thunders of applause. He was presented by Dr. Smith, ex-Moderator of the Northern Assembly, and when Dr. Smith said in welcoming the Southern guests that the audience should remember that the members of these great assemblies were Presbyterians above all things, and that the brethren from the South had crossed Mason and Dixon's line almost without knowing where the division was, there was another round of enthusiastic applause. They were of the same ancestry, the same faith, the same glorious history. Then the 5,000 people rose and sang "Praise God, from Whom all Blessings Flow."

Dr. Bullock, as the representative of the Southern Assembly, made a brief but eloquent address. He cordially reciprocated the fraternal sentiments of the brethren from the North, and said that whatever might be the final disposition of the question of organic union, there was no feeling of alienation or prejudice or want of faith in the doctrines of their sister assembly. There was no obstacle that he knew to fraternity and fellowship.

Then the congregation sang "All People That on Earth Do Dwell" and "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." Rev. Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, was the first orator, and spoke for an hour on the "History of Presbyterianism." "The Work of Presbyterianism for the Future" was the subject of an address by Rev. T. Dwight Witherspoon, of Louisville, Ky.

A great audience also crowded Horticultural Hall, adjoining the Academy, and here, too, there was the same commingling of the blue badges of the Northern Assembly and blue and white of the representatives from the Southern branch. The same fraternal feeling was manifest among the commissioners of both bodies. Rev. Dr. Charles L Thompson, of Kansas City, the Moderator of the Northern Assembly, was in the chair, and seated with him on the platform were eminent divines representing both branches. The opening ceremonies were brief but fervent, and when Moderator Thompson introduced Congressman Wm. C. P. Breckenridge, of Lexington College, there was much enthusiasm. He spoke on "Calvinism and Religious Liberty" and eloquently sketched the work of the Church in advancing civilization and great moral truth. His references to Church union were received with extreme warmth. When he had finished there was a whirlwind of applause.

Rev. Howard Crosby, D. D., followed with an address on "Presbyterianism and Biblical Scholarship." He defended the verbal inspiration of the Bible.

The Academy and Horticultural Hall were both jammed this afternoon, although rain was falling heavily at 3 o'clock, the hour at which the ceremonies of the reunion celebration was resumed. Hon. Wm. Strong, ex-Justice of the United States Supreme Court, was in the Chair at the Academy meeting, and around him were grouped some of the many distinguished Presbyterian divines and laymen of both General Assemblies.

The first speaker was Hon. John Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, who spoke on the "Adaptation of Presbyterianism to the Masses." The address was a theological analysism of the religious system that shows that all things work together for good to them that love God, and repudiated every phase of skepticism, infidelity and agnosticism. "Calvin may be our father, but Paul was our grandfather," was a sentiment that brought a round of applause.

Rev. J. S. McPherson, D. D., of Chicago, spoke on "Presbyterianism and Education." He began his speech: "Fathers and brethren of these two—alas two—but for this historic and let us hope prophetic day—one re-united General Assembly." The big audience broke out into hand clapping at this allusion to the possibility of organic union.

At the conclusion of Dr. McPherson's address the great congregation sang "Jesus Lover of My Soul." Mrs. Cleveland, who had arrived during the speaking, and occupied a seat in the Prince of Wales box, rose and joined in the singing. She remained to the close of the exercises which lasted until 6:20 P.M.

"Calvinism and Human Progress" was the subject of an address by Congressman James S. Cothrad, of South Carolina. If Calvinism is "Narrow," said he, it is because it seeks to enter by the straight and narrow way; it is "illiberal" in that it makes no compromise with error; it is "intolerant" of sin, but not of sinners. The speaker in a few brilliant sentences, sketched the conflict of the civil war, the division of the Church and the present movement for reunion, and continued: "Its solution depends upon our own worthiness. If as Christians we have faith, hope and love, and as citizens courage, fortitude and patience, that kind Providence that has ever watched over his people will not forsake us in this emergency. But if on account of unworthiness it be decided by that Providence that not unto us be the accomplishment of that sublime purpose—if by reason of blood guiltiness the privilege of rearing the sacred temple of union be denied us, let us hope and pray that those who come after, our children, and our children's children, be freed from the passions that so easily beset us, may not only behold that land of promise from its Mount Pisgah's height, but go in and possess it, a grand, puissant, militant, united Church." A storm of approbation went over the vast concourse as the South Carolina Congressman took his seat.

The last address of the afternoon was by ex-United States Senator S. J. R. McMillan, of Minnesota, who spoke on "Presbyterianism and Republican Government," and the exercises came to a close with the benediction by the Rev. Dr. Frances L. Patton, President elect of Princeton College.

The Hon. L. Marye, of Virginia, presided at the afternoon meeting in Horticultural Hall. Rev. Dr. John Hall, of New York, spoke on the subject of "City Evangelization—Its Necessity," and was followed briefly on the same subject by his alternate, Morris K. Jesup, of New York. "City Evangelization—Its Methods," was the subject of Rev. Moses D. Hogue, D. D., of Richmond, Va. Rev. S. J. Niccolls, D. D., of St. Louis, made a very vigorous address on "Preaching to the Masses.". The closing address was made by the Hon. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, Ky., who spoke eloquently and earnestly on "Lay Efforts Among the Masses."

The centennial celebration closed with immense missionary mass meetings in the Academy of Music and Horticultural Hall. Gov. Alfred Moore Scales, of North Carolina, presided at the Academy meeting. An address on home missions was made by Rev. George P. Hayes, of Cincinnati, and one on foreign missions by Rev. Matthew Hale Houston, D. D., of Baltimore, a Commissioner of the Southern Assembly. Rev. Chas. L. Thompson, D. D., of Kansas City, delivered an eloquent address on "Historic Presbyterian Characters," and the closing address was by Rev. Jerry Witherspoon, D. D., of Nashville, Tenn.

Gov. Beaver, of Pennsylvania, presided at the Horticultural Hall meeting. Rev. Dr. Walter W. Moore, of the Union Theological Seminary at Hampden, Sydney, Va., spoke for home missions, and Rev. Charles S. Pomeroy, of Cleveland, made an address on foreign missions. Rev. Givens B. Strickler, D. D., ex-Moderator of the Southern Assembly, delivered an address on the "Children of the Covenant," devoted to the cause of missionary work among the young people. Rev. W. P. Breed, D. D., of Philadelphia, delivered the closing address.

At the conclusion of the two meetings the members of both assemblies exchanged fraternal greetings and the spirit of fellowship was marked. The members of the Southern Assembly will return to Baltimore to-morrow morning. The Northern Assembly will resume its business sitting to-morrow, and the regular order of the day will be the question of organic union.

They are Overworked.

We see that the Mississippi editors are overworked. It is stated that a moulder of public opinion in one of the towns there didn't commence work one day last week until 8:30 A.M. This what he did before dinner: Wrote a column editorial in support of the Mills free trade bill, drank a quart of whiskey, and killed the editor of a "vile and slimy contemporary." We cannot but regret that the life we lead here is devoid of such excitement. True we sometimes refer to a contemporary as "a worthless sheet," but we never kill the editor. On the whole we get along very well up in this settlement.

A Shocking Kiss.

Two young ladies of South Chester, Pa., went into a store where there was a galvanic battery, and the proprietor asked them to try it. Each grasped a pole of the battery, and wondered why no shock was felt. The proprietor suggested that they kiss each other. They did so, and then there was a shock indeed. One of the young women shrieked and fell over backward. The other made no sound, but fainted. Cold water brought them both around, none the worse for the kiss.

—A Philadelphia doctor says, "If you want to make your wife healthy, make her cry once a fortnight."

—A law suit in Indiana brought to the front a single woman 42 years old who stated that she had been engaged 29 times, but that every chap backed down when the pinch came.

—A Maryland widow named Hallets set a bear trap at her smokehouse door, and the first catch was the man who was courting her. He had packed up 100 pounds of bacon to carry off.

—Most of 4,200,000 needles daily consumed in this country come from Redditch, Eng. A Brooklyn N. Y. firm's output is about one-sixth of the above sale.

The Approach of Summer.

The festive goat is browsing
On the hoopskirt in the lane,
And the organ grinder's grinding
In the street his plaintive strain.

The robin in the orchard
Is singing all the day,
The froglet in the evening
Thrills his tender roundelay.

One day we wear an ulster,
Next day a duster thin,
And so we think the summer
Is beginning to begin.

Her Lesson.

The wife of a prominent citizen, a year or two ago, was turning over a box of jewels, when she drew out a string of opals.

"I value that necklace above my rubies or diamonds," she said to a friend.

Her companion looked at them.

"Why, they are not real!" she exclaimed.

"I know, a poor imitation. But I will tell you their story, and you will understand why I value them: My husband when I married forty years ago, was a poor school-teacher in a Western town. We lived for a year happy in a little house, keeping within our means. We had a few good friends, intelligent, unpretentious people, whose habits were simple as our own. We met them often at quiet dinners or teas, in which there was no display, but hearty cordiality and much real enjoyment

"But I had a secret ambition to enter a rich and fashionable set in the town, though I saw no way to accomplish it.—At last, the mother of one of my husband's pupils, a wealthy and influential woman, asked us to a reception which she gave. I was greatly excited; examined again and again my black silk gown and lace collar, wondering how they would look among the other rich costumes.

"One day, passing a shop, I saw in a window this necklace of opals. Ah, if I could own such magnificence as that! I went in to look at them closely, and asked the price.

"Twenty dollars,' the man replied.—'They are paste, of conrse,' he added, 'but only an expert could detect it."

"Twenty dollars! Why could I not take the money we had laid by for the rent? It would be supposed, I reasoned, that the jewels were worth thousands, and consequently my right to enter fashionable society would be settled. For I was so ignorant that I thought social position depended on dress.

"I bought the necklace. Then I convinced myself that it needed a handsome gown to set it off. I bought,