

VOL. XXV.

SOME PEOPLE PREFER CHEAP, SHODDY BOOTS AND SHOES.

While the Great Majority of the People of Butler Co. Want Solid, Good, Reliable Boots and Shoes Worth the money they pay. The latter go to

HUSELTON'S

For their Boots and Shoes. They do it because he has the largest stock to select from; because they can and do rely on what he tells them about the goods. No two or three prices—same to all.

Our selection is large in Ladies' Shoes of all kinds at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00 and up to \$1.50. We don't say they are worth twice the money we ask for them; or to come quick, never get such a chance again; and, at your own price, and all such nonsense; but do say that nowhere can you find their equals, especially our \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$2.00 Kid-Button Boots.

We intend to extend this opportunity to you of getting these goods at any time, as we intend to keep a full stock at all times. (They are not show room sample shoes.) Hence, if it don't suit you to come this week, come next, as we intend to get them in quantities to meet the demand.

See our Ladies', Misses' and Children's Slippers. Lace Oxford, Opera, very fine at 50 cts and up. Wigwam, Lawn Tennis in Ladies', Gents', Misses and Children's.

Our sales are very large in Men's Fine Shoes, in Button Boots and especially in Congress. We have all styles, widths and prices from \$1.00 and up.

Men's, Boys' and Youths' Brogans, Plow Shoes, Box-toe Kip Shoes for oil country, at low prices. Please bear in mind that in buying at Huselton's you are protected in prices, styles and wear.

B. C. HUSELTON, BUTLER, PA. No 4 N. MAIN ST.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

H. H. GOUGHER, Attorney at Law, Office on Second Street of Butler, Pa.

J. F. Brittain, Attorney at Law, Office on Second Street of Butler, Pa.

NEWTON BLACK, Attorney at Law, Office on South side of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

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

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

Dr. N. M. Hoover, DENTIST, Office on Second Street, Butler, Pa.

G. M. ZIMMERMAN, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office on No. 4 N. Main Street, over Frank & Co. Drug Store, 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.

JOHN E. BYERS, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office No. 43 South Main Street, BUTLER, - - - PA.

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

J. S. LUSH, M.D., Has removed from Harmony to Butler and has his office on No. 9, Main St., three doors west of Lewis Hotel, Butler, Pa.

DENTISTRY, O. K. WALDRON, Graduate of the Philadelphia College of Dental Surgery, is prepared to do all the latest and best dental work at reasonable prices. Office on Main Street, Butler, opposite the Veterinary House.

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

Stewart & Patterson, A. M. STEWART and S. A. PATTERSON, Attorneys at Law, Office on Second Street, Butler, Pa.

TRY IT YOURSELF, "It is of no use to argue the question, I am neither stubborn nor opinionated, I have simply had a lesson that will last a lifetime."

"Look here, Jack you are like some old fellow who has been beaten by a younger man, and goes about declaring all women are false."

"What all! My brother Charles died of Bright's disease, brought on by using one of these so-called 'blood purifiers'—the kind you see advertised in every drug book and drug store. It contained nothing of Potassium, a drug, used in extreme cases when a man is very near death, and I took it in desperation, but death being all I got, I will never use any of these 'blood purifiers' again."

"Do as I do! I have heard first class physicians say it is the cause of half the cases of Bright's disease in the country, and the strange proprietors have not been considered for selling it. But I was recommended by a friend to try it, and it cured me. It contains my mineral, mercuric or other harmful drug."

"Oh, indeed! You are a lucky man to get such a girl as Sue."

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Indian Specters.

N. A. PHILLIPS, On the picturesque St. Lawrence River stands the modern city Montreal, and its many churches steepled tall.

Where this great metropolis is standing, in forgotten times long passed away, was an Indian village. Hatchegoy.

But centuries later, slumbered in each rival's unforgiving, changeless heart; though they might combine their leaves for battle.

They in peace could only live apart, So the friendly Senecas and Hurons were again involved in mortal fight, and from her as to battle ground and grave yard.

Son was changed the hunter's lovely site— All in vain to be forgotten by the Pioneer white man, in his haste to look upon the man he killed.

Indian-bested, blood-stained waters, But, among the city's grand attractions, One above the rest impresses me: Specters of the Indians' dead and buried, that in fancy I see dead, Interspersion with the white man's houses.

Their old-tanned wigwags on the shore; And all unmarked as they elude the Mountain, stand the ever as before.

Though these Indians long ago have perished, And their ancient glory long ago have faded, Let us not forget the warriors vanquished, Let us not forget the heroes dead.

We must also perish, and our day may mingle with the ocean's billows; And, perhaps, necessary may neglect us, Just as we neglect the Indian graves.

And when we have ceased that other river, And his war and worry all are over, Who will say that such Indian wigwags May be scattered on the farther shore?

And that heaven will be a place where all our Civil and domestic deeds will cease, And, according to our various tastes, we'll live in an eternal happy peace.

Real tea and coffee and salaratus! And here's cotton cloth and pins and thread, And here's sugar and molasses and soap! And here's cracker-cake—real cracker-cake—and knives and forks and spoons and—

But all the women were crying by that time, and all the men were tramping with their hats on their heads, and I had to own up, and then Andrews called out:

"Yere—Dave, Sue—git right down yere on yer knees and swar to the spranger that you'll not look with him an' his'n as long as grass grows and water runs, and may the Lord never desert him!"

And who could ask for a greater reward? She's All Right.

The farmer who tills Pennsylvania soil can at least console himself with the fact that he is digging the best possible kind of a living.

When I was a boy, I used to hear my father say that the best of the Pennsylvania soil was in the State of Ohio.

It was a six-footer, slim as a toothpick, awkward as a calf, and dead in love. The girl was more shy, but not to be trifled by my presence.

When I entered the front door, the young man, who answered to the name of Davy, ran out of the back. He felt confused and embarrassed, and taking his seat on a log about thirty feet from the house, he hid his face as much as possible behind a sapling.

Andrew called to him, then Mrs. Andrews called, but he put his finger in his mouth and would not come. Then his Susan went out and said:

"How Davy, what's the serious matter? He ain't meant to yere to hurt weans?"

"Then come along in. All of us will be ashamed of ye."

"Got a headache," said Davy, as he hung round the door.

"Honest?"

"Yes, orful honest. Feels like it 'ud split."

"Shucks! You're bashful! You're afraid he'll poke you at weans!"

"He won't, Davy. Pop's dan told him we're to jure, and he says it's right. He'll not lay Davy."

"Fur shore?"

"Fur shore. Come in, Davy."

She came leading him by the hand, and I did my best to put him at ease.

In this I succeeded so well that after dinner he took me into his confidence. We were lying under a tree, and I had given him the first cigar he ever saw, when he suddenly said:

"Would you—you—run away?"

"What! From getting married?"

"Yes."

"No, sir. I am a lucky man to get such a girl as Sue."

"But folks'll talk."

"Let 'em talk."

"And wink and titter and make fun."

"Pooh! What of it?"

"I've killed a bear and rattlers and wildcats, and I've had fights and rows, but this skeers me."

I got him braced up after an hour's talk, and then we took a cut through the woods to see the new cabin which had been erected for the bridal couple. It was a humble structure made of poles, with no door to the doorway and no sash in the window.

The ground was beaten down hard for a floor. There was a rude fireplace at one end, and a bedstead had been made of poles laid in crutches. Davy's mother had given him a bear skin, a kettle, a skillet and a jug, and these were placed in another corner.

That was the whole outfit. They had gone to some trouble to plidge me, and here was an opportunity to requite their kindness. There was a genuine county store about a mile away, and I got rid of Davy and went down there. I had a little talk with the store-keeper, and wrote on a list of things and tendered the pay, and his voice actually trembled as he said:

"Twelve hull dollars! Stranger, ye can't mean it!"

"Oh, but I do."

"And all free gift to Dave and Sue?"

"Yes."

"Wall, it beats sartups! 'Deed, it beats bars and wildcats! Put it that, stranger! I've seed strange things in my time, but this clutters me!"

That evening Andrews and his wife had to go over and set up with a sick neighbor, leaving me alone with the lovers. After the "putter" had been lighted, Sue said to me:

"You won't keep, will you?"

HELP THE GOOD WORK.

Protection and a Decent Standard of Living Versus British Free Trade.

Protection and a decent standard of living means good wages and a high standard of living for the American workman.

The millennium is not attainable in this world, but of all countries the one that offers the best opportunities to the poor man is America.

And progressive times the nation has known have been under the Protective Policy.

The adoption of British Free Trade, on the other hand, would mean reduced wages and a lower standard of living.

And it is not only the history and experience teach these things.

No, the system under which we have advanced and thrived as no people ever before advanced and thrived is today seriously menaced.

England's tariff system, the protective tariff, and the hopes for, and doubtless works for, the success of Grover Cleveland, who, if re-elected, would effect this and inaugurate a policy that will antagonize the American system and subvert the selfish interests of our ancient enemy.

It is not necessary to inquire into motives; the facts are all that practical men will care to know.

Sophistry will be tried on the workingman. Able men that can "make the worst appear the better reason" will be enlisted on the adverse side.

A hundred and odd years ago, when Washington and his compatriots were fighting for independence, England's pamphleters endeavored to persuade the American people that they would enjoy greater freedom under her government than they would under their own.

Americans are now informed that they would be better off under the British policy of Free Trade than they now are under the operations of the American system.

It is the old impudent lie under a new form.

One of the false notions they have given currency to is that our adoption of Free Trade wages fall what matter if things are cheap? But the cost of living does not go down with wages.

Thirty years ago wages fell, but flour ran up from 50 cents to 80 cents a barrel.

At that time, when the time called was selling at 18 cents a yard—imported from England; to-day when the workingman is in position to pay a better price, he gets his call for 7 cents a yard—American manufacture.

The times are not the same. The times of Free Trade and low wages. Today in lands where labor is paid 20 cents to 40 cents, the cost of living, on the American standard, is fully as high as it is in this country.

A country can't be the people be well-to-do where the accepted economy is to reduce wages to the minimum.

And wages in every country must inevitably be brought down to the lowest when the labor of the country is forced to compete with the unpaid wages of other lands.

Now, the maxim of the Free Traders is, "buy in the cheapest market."

The result, of course, is obvious.

When labor is diversified and home industries are developed work is plentiful and workers are well paid.

Two men jobs run after one workman. But if foreigners in foreign lands are given to do our work, because they offer to do it cheaper, to the injury of our own workers, and are reduced to enforced idleness.

The spectacle is presented of two men running after one job, at lower wages than before.

The two workmen now compete not only with each other, but with the labor of the sea also, whose miserable wages under Free Trade must regulate theirs; and the workman who gets the job at the cut-throat price must not only support himself and his family on that wage, but he must like-wise sustain the enforced idler—in the poorhouse or somewhere else.

Now, a situation of affairs is brought about when every American citizen must be practical on the question raised. The man who believes in Protection to American labor cannot consistently vote for Cleveland and Thurman, and the man who favors Free Trade cannot logically support the platform on which Harrison and Mahan stand.

There are, of course, a few strikingly foolish things at times done in this world; but to me it does seem impossible for the American people, on an issue so sharply defined as this Tariff question, is to deliberately vote for a man who believes in Free Trade.

"When it is possible," writes Mr. James G. Blaine from abroad, "for every voter of the Republic to see for himself the condition and recompense of labor in Europe the party of Free Trade in the United States would not receive the support of one wage-worker between the two oceans. It may not be directly in our power to elevate the European laborer, but it will be a lasting stigma upon our statesmanship if we permit the American laborer to be forced down to the European level."

School Children's Food.

A teacher in one of our uptown schools advised her pupils, the other morning, not to hurry over their breakfast, because, said she, "a good nourishing breakfast, eaten cheerfully, will do you more good than a successful morning's work in school."

She said, also, that when one of her good scholars made a bad failure in her lessons, she always felt inclined to say, "Why did you have for breakfast, my dear, and how was your appetite?" There is no doubt much truth in this lady's remark.

It was discovered years ago that poor children in the ragged schools get no mental benefit from the instruction given them unless they were first fed with something substantial.

In many homes, both in city and country, there is apt to be a wild hurly-burly over the children's food.

It is the course of which the breakfast receives but slight and hasty attention. Then, about 11 o'clock, when a recess is given, the young scholars, faint from hunger and exhaustion, are ready to devour any indigestible thing which they can find.

Parents who wish their children to do well at school should second the efforts of teachers by seeing that their children have proper food.

The best instruction in the world may be neutralized by immoderate and hurried meals.—N. J. Ledger.

It costs \$20,000,000 to run a Presidential campaign. What a long way that sun would go in pork and beans or some other useful article.

Death at Camp Ord.

A dispatch from Camp Ord, Co. A, 2nd Cavalry, dated last Friday said:—

At 2 o'clock this afternoon Charles Lacey, a private in Company C, of the Fourteenth Regiment, was shot and instantly killed while on duty as marker in a pit at the rifle range.

Several of the regiments had men out in the field qualifying them for marksmen's rating. Among them were the Sixteenth. Their own pit was engaged when they arrived in the field and they took the 200 yard range of the Fifth Regiment. Lacey was sent into the pit, which was too shallow to admit of his standing straight. Two or three shots were fired and no marker was put up. One of the men whistled for Lacey, but he did not appear. The detail ran out to the pit in alarm and to their horror found Lacey lying there dead with a bullet wound through his head.

He had evidently been standing with his face toward the target, as the ball entered on the left side of the neck, passed through the carotid artery and came out of the mouth.

The bleeding was profuse and death was instantaneous. Lieut. Foster, Assistant Surgeon, was immediately notified, and he with Maj. McCandless rode out to the range, one-quarter of a mile from camp, but too late to be of any use.

There were about 100 men there, placed on a stretcher and in solemn procession borne across the field to the Fourteenth's quarters.

Lieut. Brown, Inspector of Rifle Practice, feels the accident very keenly, as it happened to one of his men, but he is far from blame, as the men were not using their own range. The pits which Lieut. Brown had dug were of sufficient depth to cover a man entirely when standing erect, while that of the Fifth was shallow.

Coroner T. H. Hannon, of Crawford county, held an inquest at 10 o'clock. The verdict was accidental death. Lacey was 23 years of age and had enlisted in Company C about six weeks ago. His residence is at Beach Cliff, near Mansfield, Pa., where his remains will be taken to-morrow when the regiment arrives home.

He was single, a coal miner by trade, and lived with his father. It is not certain who fired the fatal shot, as several men had tried their skill before it was discovered that Lacey had been killed.

Another Version.

The New Castle correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch, sent the following version of the Centreville shooting to our paper:—

A young man named Hay, of Princeton, this county, was arrested by a newly appointed constable, Ab Sechler, on the charge of selling whisky without license.

While driving at Centreville, on his way to jail, Hay suddenly stopped and got out of the door of the hotel and made a dash for liberty. The horse had just sufficient "git" in him to make the race between the fugitive and the constable exciting. It was nip and tuck until Hays turned suddenly and there he was.

The constable immediately took advantage of this and drew his revolver, and demanded his prisoner to halt, which he was about to do when a Centreville constable saw the fleeing man and his pursuer with a drawn weapon. He immediately grabbed Constable Sechler, and both officers fought to establish their authority. The Centreville constable refused to listen to anything, and compelled Sechler to go with him to the magistrate's office, and, as a consequence, Hays is at liberty, and the Centreville office is bound over to answer in court the charge of interfering with an officer.

See Sting Extraordinary.

Mr. George Carson, of Gilmore, while pumping the wells on his lease in the Foster brook, last Sunday, was stung by a bee just below his right eye.

Shortly afterwards he was seized with a sensation of faintness and dizziness came over him, and believing he was about to be sick, he hastened to get down his "wells."

When he regained his senses, he found himself bruised and bleeding crawling around his boiler house on all fours. His clothes were torn to tatters, and everything about the boiler house was in a state of confusion. He has no knowledge of what had occurred during the interval, but the indications showed that the sting had produced a kind of frenzy in him that rendered him temporarily out of his head. No swelling resulted from the sting until Monday morning, when his face began to puff out and his lips rapidly increased in size. Mr. Carson is a strong and healthy man, and he believes that if the bee had lighted upon a man of less vigorous constitution the result would have proved fatal.—Der rick.

Various Kinds of Girls.

On this interesting subject we give the following to our young men readers:—

A disagreeable girl—Annie Mosely.

A sweet girl—Garric Mal.

A very pleasant girl—Junnie Roscity.

A sick girl—Sally Vate.

A smooth girl—Annetta Kacy.

A lovely girl—Ethel Hudson.

A languishing girl—E. L. Hays Date.

A geometrical girl—Polly Con.

Not a christian girl—Hettie Rodoxey.

One of the best girls—Ella Grant.

A flower girl—Ethel Hudson.

A profane girl—Sara Lane.

A musician girl—Mettie Physics.

A star girl—Meta Orr.

A clinging girl—Jessie Mine.

A musical girl—Callie Stenick.

A really good girl—Ethel Hudson.

Ah uncertain girl—Eva Nescent.

A sad girl—Ella G.

A serene girl—Mollie Fly.

A great big girl—Ella Phant.

A warlike girl—Mollie Tary.

An uncertain girl—Polly Tie.

Seeking His Reputation.

A man was seen earnestly looking into the bung-hole of a whisky barrel as if in search of something, he could not find.

"What are you doing?" asked a bystander.

"Why, I'm seeking my reputation in the place I lost it," was the mournful reply.

An Ocean Disaster.

A story of death and disaster came in from the sea last Thursday night, oppressing the country with its suggestions of mortal agony and affliction.

Sister ships, the Thingvalia and the Geiser, of the Vingvalia Lines of Scandinavian steamers, crashed together in the darkness and mist of Tuesday's early morning, and the hapless Geiser was sent to the bottom of the ocean.

Help was at hand, but the promise was illusory. The Thingvalia exhausted her forces of rescue, but the sinking of the Geiser was so rapid that comparatively few of the people who thronged her decks could be snatched from the jaws of the waves.