

C. & D.

WE Have the largest stock of hats and outfits for men, boys and children in the county.

WE Are especially strong in underwear for Fall and Winter. Besides many standard makes in all grades, we are exclusive sellers in this county of the celebrated Stoneman handmade underwear.

WE Deal directly with the manufacturers and our goods are fresh, strictly reliable and prices the lowest as we save the consumer the middle profit.

WE Mark all goods in plain figures and have one price for all.

COLBERT & DALE, 242 S. Main street, Butler, Pa.

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Everybody Delighted. Who are in need of Seasonable Goods. Having bought a large Stock of Fall and Winter Goods, and owing to bad weather and worse roads, they have not been going out as fast as they ought to

CUT PRICES AWAY DOWN, as we must on account of scarcity of room close them out to make room for Spring Goods.

Now is your chance. Or if you want Blankets, Comforts Underwear, Ladies' or Gents', Flannels, Canton Flannel or anything in that line.

COME NOW before the Stock is broken, but DON'T FORGET to examine our large stock of Dress Goods, which are included in this CUT, Also Fancy and Dress Flashes, Black Satin and Gros Grain Silks, all Marked Down.

Full Again.

We mean our wall paper department, full and overloading with our immense and choice stock of paper hangings. You must help us out, we haven't room for half our goods, until you relieve us of some of them.

We have the choicest selection of patterns in every grade from Brown Blanks at 10 cts to Glits at from 20 cts to \$1 per double bolt.

Examine our Stock. J. H. Douglass, Near Postoffice, Butler, Pa.

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Extraordinary Bargains are offered here in UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, GLOVES, HANDKERCHIEFS, MUFFLERS,

Everything in furnishings for ladies, children and men. Compare our prices with what you have been paying and see if you can't save money by dealing with us.

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Insurance Co. of North America, incorporated 1794, capital \$3,000,000 and other strong companies represented. New York Life Insurance Co. assets \$60,000,000. Office New Huseton building near Court House.

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SANTA CLAUS'LL TAKE CARE OF US



And you will find his headquarters at the store of J. F. T. STEHLE, No. 136, S. Main St., where he will show you a full line of Rocking Horses, Shoofly Rockers, Galloping Horses, Sleds, Clippers, Doll Carriages, Wheelbarrows, Childrens Chairs, Daisy Rockers, Tables Desks, Blackboards, Folding Wire Beds, Baby-jumpers and Swings, Iron Banks. Toys of all kinds.

EVERYBODY Has a chance to play Santa Claus this year. Prices within the reach of all, and now is the time to buy Holiday Goods while they are new, fresh and novel, at J. F. T. STEHLE'S.

We are Leaders in our Line. FURNITURE Ever shown in Butler county. Do you want CHEAP GOODS? Come and see us. Do you want MEDIUM PRICED GOODS? Come in. Do you want FINE GOODS? We are in it. A new line of RATTAN GOODS for Gents, Ladies and the Little Ones just received. Whether you want to buy or not come and see us.

E. S. DREW, 128 E. Jefferson St., - - - Butler, Pa. EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF THAT CAN BE RELIED ON Not to Split! Not to Discolor! BEARS THIS MARK. TRADE MARK. ELLULOID MARK. NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT. THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

DIRT BREEDS VERMIN. Of a good house-wife, who uses SAPOLIO, it is well said: 'The mouse is muzzled in her house.' Try it and keep your house clean. All grocers keep it. Cleanliness and neatness about a house are necessary to insure comfort. Man likes comfort, and if he can't find it at home, he will seek elsewhere for it. Good housewives know that SAPOLIO makes a house clean and keeps it bright. Happiness always dwells in a comfortable home. Do you want cleanliness, comfort and happiness? Try SAPOLIO and you will be surprised at your success. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The Watch on Christmas Eve.

Close by the chimney, on Christmas eve, Are huddled two tiny forms; The rafters creak and the windows shriek, And the night is wild with storms. Has entered a childish breast, And faith-to-night must be lost in doubt, And the spirit laid at rest.

"Are you sure he'll come?" says a tiny voice, "Oh, you are certain quite! Oh, what could we do if it shouldn't be And nobody came to-night!" But the sweeter tones of a childish trust Break in on the other's doubt; "Oh, never you fear, you'll see him here When the midnight bells ring out."

"Perhaps they have told us a story, though You see we're such little boys; I should feel so bad, if I thought they had, That I'd hate the Christmas toys. Do you think he'll care for the wind and rain, The way he's getting old-- With that heavy pack on his poor hump-back, And the night is so very cold!"

"I tell you the reindeer brings him here, And the load of toys is light; His coat is warm, and he laughs at storm; I know he'll come to-night, I say, There never can be a doubt, I say, Oh, never a cause to fear; Our watch will keep while the others sleep, And we're sure to see him here."

But the minutes drag, and the small heads droop, The watch through the parlor door Two shadows creep while the bright eyes sleep. For the bold night-watch is o'er, They lift each form in its glowing warm And put the watchers to bed.

THE CHRISTMAS WREATH. BY FRANCIS HENSHAW BADEN. Three little faces were pressed close to the window watching with eager interest the great brown stone house across the way.

There were little children at the windows of that house too; bright, beautiful, rosy, merry little ones who were, so different to those in the lamby frame opposite, who, pinched and pale and sad, had a wistful look in their sweet eyes as they saw the happiness of those they were watching.

"Oh, isn't it jolly for them! And ain't it nice to be rich, and have lots of friends?" exclaimed George, who for the time forgot his own dreariness in seeing the joy of his neighbors.

"Oh, yes, indeed. That big box is full as ever can be with goodies and dolls," said little May, who had just seen a servant, with the assistance of a servant, carried in a large box.

"Christmas is grand over the way. I know that boy will have a gun, and a sword, and a drum. Oh, mamma, mamma, will Christmas ever come so to us?" George asked, with a longing look in his great blue eyes.

The mother's lips quivered, tears filled her eyes, and for a moment she could not answer. George saw his words had made his mother's heart sad, and springing into her lap, he clasped his arms about her neck and pressing kisses upon her sad, pale face, said:

"We don't mind if we are not rich, mamma! Do you mind? We can wait for a good time, and then we'll be a big man. Then, mamma, we will have it. Don't cry; please don't."

The mother forced back her tears, saying: "My little man, as long as my darlings are well and happy, I am content. But oh, I do wish some one would send my little ones something to make their Christmas merry."

"Mamma, God won't forget us. Oh, I'm sure He won't. Something good will come to us, I think. If it only gets well-- I mean if I could run about with the other children-- that would be the best thing I could have for my Christmas," said May--lovely, patient little May. She was an angelic child. Hopelessly crippled since infancy, never playing with other children, she was when only eight years old, so full of thoughts beautiful, good and wise, that her mother felt she was not long for earth. And though from her suffering and loneliness she was debarred to the others, she was when only eight years old, so full of thoughts beautiful, good and wise, that her mother felt she was not long for earth.

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Christmas Bells.

Dear are the sounds of the Christmas chimes In the land of the ivied towers, And they welcome the dearest of festival times, The English firelight falls, And bright are the wreathed evergreens now That gladden our own home walls, And hark! the first sweet note that tells The welcome of the Christmas bells.

They are ringing to-night through the Norway firs, And across the Swedish fells, And the Cuban palm-tree dreamily stirs To the sound of those Christmas bells. They ring where the Indian Gargolis sit, They ring where the rice-fields wide; They swell the best hymns of the Laps and Poles, To the praise of the Crucified.

Sweeter than tones of the ocean's shells, Mingle the chimes of the Christmas bells. The years' come not back that have circled away With the past of the Eastern land, When He plucked the corn on the Sabbath day, And healed the withered hand, But the bells shall join in a joyous chime For the One who walked the sea, And ring again for the better time Of the Christ that is to be.

Then ring! for the earth's best promise dwells In ye, O joyous prophet bells. Dressing the Tree. The first thing to do is to get your Christmas tree. This is not so easy a matter as one might suppose. Spruce and balsam are the two kinds of evergreens used. There is much difference between them. The balsam has a little thicker growth of branches and the needles are finer and softer. Spruce is a more stately and will stand heavier articles on its branches. Having selected the tree, something before Christmas Eve, as is the custom, the question is where to keep it so that the children will not see it. A cool, dark home cellar is the best place, or the roof of the house may be used.

"I really should like a Christmas tree for the children," said the mother, with a little moan the other day. Perhaps she did not know that a tree could be nicely trimmed for the modest sum of \$1. Of course, this does not include any of the pretty colored balls or flying angels which add so much to the beauty of a tree, but the \$1 Christmas tree will be thought pretty by many little ones.

For the top of the tree a little 10-cent Santa Claus is bought, then three cents worth of white cotton is pulled into little bits and scattered over the tree to represent snow. Fifteen cents will buy a little lot of pink and white pop-corn, and this is strung on a thread and fastened over the tree with excellent effect. Next, for ten cents a dozen little peppermint candies are purchased and tied to the tips of the branches, and for the same amount a yard of tinsel may be bought, and for two cents some crimson or blue yarn.

The tinsel is to be cut into little stockings six inches long, sewed together with a big needle and thread, and filled with tinsel and cotton, and sewed with a few candies in bright motto papers. The candies should cost 25 cents, and be a mixture of lemon and spice drops, and the bright paper five cents. There will be many more of these than needed, and they can be twisted into little balls and hung on the tree. Then, with the 20 cents left, buy colored candies at five cents a dozen and little tin holders at three cents a dozen; add these to the tree, placing them on the tip of the branches, and light them up on Christmas night. The tree will look charming, and the stockings and candy canes will do for presents.

Expensive Christmas trees are not difficult to have, but few--even those who have money--know how to trim one to advantage. First get a tree that will reach to the ceiling, and place it in a dark corner in a box made for the purpose. Cover the firm with crystallized paper to represent snow, and place a circle of fairy lamps in pink and green and blue and yellow about the base. Purchase as many colored balls as you like; hang the large ones by single strings from the branches and the small ones in chains from one branch to the other. Get six or ten dozen large-sized candles and little crinkled tin holders and place two or three on each branch, varying the colors. Candy and china angels and Cupids and pretty maids swinging add to the beauty of the tree.

Paritane Horror of Kissing. Many ridiculous anecdotes are told to illustrate Paritane's theory of this planet and natural salute--one of Rev. Brown, an English divine, who was known as the author of a Biblical Concordance. He courted his wife seven years before he asked if he might kiss her, and she answered, "Let us first ask a blessing," he said, after which he kissed her.

"Why, it's good!" he exclaimed. "Let us return thanks." They were married in a few weeks. This brings to my mind the saying of a young woman concerning a suitor whom she had rejected. In summing up his qualities she said: "He was good looking, he was educated, he was devoted, he sent me flowers--I always thought I'd love a man who sent me flowers--but," she concluded in a tone of disdain, "he hadn't sense enough to kiss me when he had the chance."

The New Road Law. A correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch writing from Harrisburg, says that the Road Law that the State Road Commission will propose to the next Legislature, will contain the following features:-- In every township road commissioners shall be elected by the people. They will hold relatively the same position to the people as the school directors, honorary, rather than political or pecuniary. These commissioners will appoint road trustees, as many as they think fit, to act as trustees, the master will be paid wages for each day he works, and will be held strictly accountable for the duty assigned, to him.

It will be required that farmers shall notify the commissioners not later than April 15 of each year whether they desire to work out the amount of their road tax. If so, the road masters will notify them in the middle of the next day and place where they must report for work. If they are not there at the appointed time the master must promptly hire somebody else and notify the commissioners, who will settle the full cash tax from the absentee. If they will do the same if he does not work, but does not perform the work in a proper manner.

This is a critical time to correct.

Christmas Bells.

I heard the bells on Christmas day Their old familiar carols play, And wild and sweet The words repeat, Of 'Peace on earth, good-will to men.' And thought how, as the day had come, The bells on earth, good-will to men. Now rolled on, The unbroken song Of 'Peace on earth, good-will to men.' Till ringing, singing, on its way, The world revolved from night to day, A voice, a chime, A chant sublime, Of 'Peace on earth, good-will to men.' But in despair I loved my head-- 'There is no peace on earth,' I said; 'For hate is strong.' And mused the song Of 'Peace on earth, good-will to men.' Then pealed the bells, more loud and deep 'God is not dead; nor doth He sleep! The Wrong shall fall, the Right prevail, With peace on earth, good-will to men.' --Longfellow.

Get the Stockings Ready. Get ready the stockings to be hung quick, for Christmas is coming, and with it St. Nick. His reindeer, impatient to be on the way, already laden sleigh. St. Nick in his furs and in haste to depart stands ready to whistle the signal to start, and then on the snow clouds alights in the sky. St. Nick and his wild reindeer will hitherward fly. Then down through the chimney he'll venture, and fill them with toys and nice sugar plums. The children are counting the days till he's here, and nightly bright visions of Christmas appear. So haste with the stockings, o-o-o and do it quick, o-o-o quick for Christmas--mas is coming, and with it St. Nick.

Marriage in a Hack. The ancient dictum that the course of true love never runs smoothly has had a new and exciting illustration in Kentucky. A couple who had determined to wed in spite of the objections of the girl's father. They accordingly started for the county town for the purpose of procuring a license. At the Court House the license was refused. Nothing daunted the pair secured a County Clerk in an adjoining county where they were successful. Then a Squire was found, and the party started in the hack at breakneck speed for Newport.

While en route the bride espied her father down the road driving like mad. She stopped to look at him, but he never got inside the corporation lines. The hackman had his horses going in a wild gallop. At last they approached the line. The couple stood up and clasped hands. Squire Hatten leaped himself against the side of the hack and clapping the fond hands watched for the line. By this time the father was within ten feet yelling as the hack dashed across the line and while it was rocking like a boat in a storm Hatten married the couple.

The father being a sensible fellow he married himself beaten, accepted the situation gracefully, gave the couple his blessing and returned home with them. Verily, love laughs at obstacles.

A Farm That Ran Away. About the last thing in the world that one would expect to lose by its running away would be a farm. Yet in Holland there has certainly been one case (and there may have been many more) where a farm literally ran away from its owner and was taken home by canal boats. As every one knows, the whole land of Holland lies lower than the ocean, and is only protected by the immense dikes which are a wonder of the world; also, by great pumps, moved by steam or wind, that pump up the water which steals under the dikes and returns it in the sea through the many canals. In the case referred to, where a canal had been dug, the water slipped silently behind its protecting dike, or work of art, and the water of a large farm, and undermined it, while the farmer was thinking of no danger, until one day a great storm arose, and behold, the water had separated the farm from the rest of the land, and the poor farmer had to be rescued by the canal boats.

Caught a Sucker. Artesian Ward used to tell about two New England brothers, says Bill Xye, who met after a separation of ten years and saluted each other as follows: "Hallo, Henry! Py George, how be you?" "Oh, tolerable for an old man. How be you?" "Well, I'm just a middlin'. What's the news?" "Oh, nuthin' speeshal. Member that old boss I used to yer?" "Shol Yis, yer, of course. What of him? Is he dead?" "No, I sold him."

"Thundah!" "Yis, Got \$150 for him." "Well, well, well! Must he be picked up a sucker, didn't ye? Who did ye sell him tew?" "Gees."

"My patience! I never could guess in fifty years. When I'd sell him, 'twas Henry!" "Well, sir, I sold him to mothah."

I thought not enter on my list of friends I thought graded with polished manners and fine sense. Yet wanting sensibility, the man Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm. --Casper.

St. Fenner's Golden Balm is warranted to relieve toothache, headache, neuralgia, or any other pain in 2 to 8 minutes. Also, rheumatism, sprains, swellings, colds, colds in horses, diarrhoea, dysentery and flux. If satisfaction not given money returned.

I have always thought of Christmas time as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; it is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when his mighty Founder was a child himself. --Dickens.

When you get into a tight place, and everything goes against you, it seems as if you could not hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that's just the place and time that the tide will turn.

The story of the Frenchman who, on engaging a new valet, instructed him that a part of his duties would be to awaken his master at an early hour every morning and tell him under what form of government France was at that moment existing, will have to give place to some story of a German burgomaster who stipulates to be told business each day in what new role his Emperor has appeared. William's latest character is that of lecturer on pedagogy; and it cannot be denied that the royal deliverances about schools and school teaching have at any rate commanded a wide audience. If the Berlin correspondents are to be trusted, Germany is in a state of agitation seldom equaled, the occasion being his Majesty's rough and ready treatment of the Teutonic idol, education.

Presumably Kaiser William is aware of the danger which besets a king who undertakes to extend his scepter over intellectual realms. Probably he bears in mind the dreadful example of James I. of England, who his historians call a fool chiefly for the reason that the author of "A counterblast Against Tobacco" claimed to be a Sol's mon. One so fond of saying sharp things as is the Kaiser must smile, possibly a little grimly, when he recalls Buckingham's celebrated proposal, under the royal company that included the merry monarch himself, for an epithet upon Charles II. Here lies our sovereign lord, the King. Whose word no man relies on; Who never said a foolish thing; And never did a wise one.

A Christmas Song.

The Christmas bells, in many a chime, Their joyous peals are ringing, And sweet in our ears peals chime The children's voices sing. To Christ we raise our thanks and praise For all the love He bears us; For his dear sake our hymns we make, And swell the Christmas chorus. We bless His birth who came to earth, And in his cradle lowly Received the earliest Christmas gifts-- The Christ-child pure and holy. He gave our friends, our joy He sends, He ever watches o'er us, He bends His ear our song to hear, And loves our Christmas chorus. Still, "Peace on earth, good-will to men," The heart's-true words are singing; And "Peace on earth, good-will to men," Through earth to-night is ringing. We catch the strain with sweet refrain "God is not dead; nor doth He sleep! The Wrong shall fall, the Right prevail, With peace on earth, good-will to men." --Longfellow.

An Emperor On Education. The story of the Frenchman who, on engaging a new valet, instructed him that a part of his duties would be to awaken his master at an early hour every morning and tell him under what form of government France was at that moment existing, will have to give place to some story of a German burgomaster who stipulates to be told business each day in what new role his Emperor has appeared. William's latest character is that of lecturer on pedagogy; and it cannot be denied that the royal deliverances about schools and school teaching have at any rate commanded a wide audience. If the Berlin correspondents are to be trusted, Germany is in a state of agitation seldom equaled, the occasion being his Majesty's rough and ready treatment of the Teutonic idol, education.

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He Peeped Through a Keyhole. In the German town of Heidensooper met with a singular accident on the night of the 23rd ult. It seems the old girl's daughter has been having a young man call on her for some time, but some how or other he never could get a sight of him, but like a good parent he was naturally anxious to see the man who had his daughter's friendship, if nothing else. He thought the matter over for a while and finally hit upon a plan. On the night mentioned the young man called about 12 o'clock the old girl thought it about time to take a peep at him, so he arose from his bed and taking a candle, sailed down stairs clad in nothing but a shirt. He approached the sitting room, ready to get a look through the key-hole. To prevent the couple inside from seeing the light of the candle, he held it behind him, but unluckily in stepping down, the candle came in contact with his shirt tail and in a instant the garment was in a blaze and the old man was merrily burning all over. He will recover--Beaver Falls Tribune.

A Long-Felt Want. Able Editor--Want a position, eh? Do you understand the tariff question? Applicant--I'm--to tell the truth, I don't know anything about the tariff. "Are you familiar with international law?" "No, can't say that I am."

"Have you followed up the various African and Polar explorations, and have you all the localities at your finger ends, so that you could write columns after yourself on the subject without exhausting yourself?" "I--I never took any interest in such things."

"I--I thought you thoroughly familiar with English, French, German and Russian politics?" "Don't know anything about European questions, and don't want to."

"Young man, take that desk there. I shouldn't wonder if you could make a paper that sensible people would like to read." --Ez.

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