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Advertise in the CITIZEN.

Regarding Fine

As a new comer requesting a share of the patronage of this town and vicinity in my line, it befits me to make a few statements. I make a specialty of the higher grades of work; I keep in stock the finest quality of goods; I recognize the fact that a good fitting suit from my house is it's best advertisement, while a misfit condemns the cutter and tailor. I shall endeavor to send out the best fitting clothes to be found. I do all my own cutting

> The prices will be as low as can be made compatible with the quality of goods I shall adhere A full line of the latest and most stylish goods in stock. Call and see me before placing

HABERNIGG, GEO. MERCHANT TAILOR.

Don't Read This Unless You Want To!

We feel confident it will pay you. Now that the Holidays are over we are busy getting ready for Spring trade. We want all persons to know where to PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. buy goods at right prices. This is the place. We sell goods as cheap as any person in the United States, if not cheap-

RETAIL FURNITURE AT WHOLE-SALE PRICES.

We give you first-class goods; what more We also do just as we adcan we do. vertise. We will sell you a Good Oak Bed Room Suit for \$19 and a fine Polished Oak Bed Room Suit tor \$25. You can't buy it elsewhere under \$35. Anything you want in the Furniture line you It was a bright April afternoon in Southwill find at our store at low prices. Come bright with blossoms, and the grapevine and see us whether you want to buy or We want to show you our goods.

Campbell & Templeton, OLD TROUTMAN STAND. BUTLER, PA.

Have You Bought Your was late for supper, and that MIS. Springer, who "boarded" me and was the chief terror of my life at that time, had come to upbraid me for my delinquen-

Cloak or Wrap for the winter yet. If you haven't don't put cy. But instead of her sharp features and finally passed out under the flower-laden old man is laid to rest there," pointing to it off too long or all the best things will be picked out.

It is a Fact That we have never shown as nice a line of Dry Goods and

Carpets as we are now showing in our new room. Why are Troutmans so busy? I wrung his hand as heartly as if I had how him all my life. It was only a few were entering a church. It was a resting There must be a reason for it or people wouldn't do their shop-

The Real Truth is

They have the correct styles, the largest and best stock to select from and the lowest prices.

Visit our store from now until Christmas and see for yourself.

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NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT. THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.



EVERYBODY USES IT.

EVERY ONE FINDS A NEW USE.

BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1891.

Clothes. "The sun's heat will give out lion years more,"

And he worried about it;

'It will surely give out then, if it doesn't before,"
And he werried about it; It would surely give out, so the scientist

In all scientifical books that he read. And the whole mighty universe then would be dead. And he worried about it. 'And some day the earth will fall into the

And he worfied about it; "Just as sure, and as straight, as from a gun," And he woried about it; When strong gravitation unbuckles h

Just picture," he sail, "what a fearful colhaps,"
And he woried about it.

The earth will become much too small for

When we'll pay thirty dollars an inch for pure space,"
And he worled about it; The earth will be rowded so much, with That there'll be no to stick out.

And no room for one's thoughts to wand

about," And he woried about it. The Gulf Stream will curve, and New England grow brrider,'

And he worried about it; Than was ever the climate of so most Florida,"

The ice crop will le knocked into smal And crocodiles block up

And he worred about it. And in less than 10,000 years, there's Our supply of lumber and coal will giv

And he worried about it; and raw. Frozen men will stand stiff with arms outstretched in awe, As if vainly beseeching a general thaw,"

And he worried about it.

RE-UNITED.

The last little toddler had scrambled own the schoolroom steps, the larger a merry game of "tag," but I was in no hurry to follow them. This was my one our of freedom out of the 24, and I rested my head on the battered old desk before and enjoyed it to the utmost.

n Missouri. Already the prairie was n the timber that fringed the stream nea by sent fragrant messages on every breeze. The day had been oppressively warm, at least it seemed so to my Northern phy-sique. Gradually the worn benches and the dingy walls disappeared, and I was busily engaged with a pitchfork in a New back to Missouri by a cheery "Hello,

I sprang up, oppressed by the fear that I cy. But instead of her snarp features and angular form, I saw an old man, white. boughs.

I had noticed a small grove of everhaired and venerable, with mild blue eyes

and ruddy face. "This warm spring weather is rather hard on us Northerners," he said pleasantly. "It's a matter of 35 years since left old Vermont, and I'm getting purty well acclimated, as they say, but I know jest

how you feel to-day. known him all my life. It was only a few months since I left my childhood's home, and I was barely 19. The old man answer ed my silence as if I had spoken. "Yes, it's good to see anyone from the

old place, isn't it? The old lady", with a tender intonation "is frying her first spring chickens, and she expects you to help eat 'em, so get your hat and hurry up. I told Mis' Spriggs you wouldn't be back this I followed him joyously to a wagon which stood at a little distance, and he

smiled at my evident delight. "You see," he said, as we jogged along, nce term begun, but we knew it wouldn't do to ask you before you'd gone the rounds of the youngun's houses. Folks here are particular about that. But you're through

ow, ain't you?" Yes, I was "through" at last. At each of he scholar's homes I had passed a night, more or less awful, and at every one I had heard of the crimes and shortcomings com mon to the rest, until I began to regard myself as a lamb quartered on a colony of On one point they were all agreed, Mrs. Spriggs was the most wolfish met and twined together in many places, wolf among them, and I was the recipient of much commiseration because, Mr. Spriggs the fresh leaves, it would have been hard being director, I was expected to board to say from which root they sprang.

under his roof, as a matter of course. I knew by sight the old gentleman who had now called for me, though I had never spoken to him before that evening. His name was Worden, and it struck me as singular that it was not associated in my mind with any sin of omission or com-mission. I concluded that it must be because he had no "young-uns" in the school, for I had noticed that parental jealousy was the chief source of the torrent of

"I suppose your children have babies of their own, by this time," I said. "Only one of 'em lived past babyhood," him many years ago.'

We were passing a farmhouse just then, and, to change the subject, I asked Mr. Worden if he knew the owner. "Ay, that I do," he answered, heartily

'One of the best farmers in the country Never could beat him on corn. Wife's the spryest little woman in the country, hain't she got a flock of poultry! High tempered? to raise such corn. Not but what he's a couldn't hide it. first-rate fellow, too. We must take folks as they are, my boy. Apples and peaches these hard times, and that was this cripare both good, but they don't grow on the pled hand. Maybe you haven't noticed it. and the old gentleman continued

happen to get hurt, there isn't a man here only have followed it over my wife's when they fall on the ice.

but would take one hoss from the plough broken heart. And I'd have been shot Recollections of Butler; or Fifty Years and ride 20 mile for a doctor, and never down before I'd have marched against it. think what 'ud become of 'tother one. There ain't no freer-hearted people under been free. I know I had no blame for my

was not among wolves! We drew up at an exceedingly pleasant blame him, though her face-it was a ally referred to some of his particular traits house, standing in the middle of a sweet handsome face once, my boyold-fashioned flower garden, which was grow old in a day.

led directly into the kitchen, a long, low never saw him alive again. room, looking out upon the orchard. Heavy was gay with scarlet geraniums. A well-

chintz-covered lounge. The table, daintily voice.

me, like myself, and I hope you've got a real New England supper to cheer him up." him again. It was enough for her to have Mrs. Worden came forward, a sweet, her boy near her once more. gentle old lady who must have been very pretty in her youth. But now the silver a note from Lionel's captain. The poor threads in her hair far outnumbered the boy was lying dead—killed within a mile brown, and her delicate face was deeply of his home. We buried him here that lined with age or care. "I have neither codfish nor beans," she

said smiling. "But perhaps you will find something to remind you of home." I glanced at the table as I took my seat. and a reserve of baked apples, rhubarb pies of the table. I smiled my thanks, as Mrs. Worden handed the bread.

"I am so tired of corn pone and soda my hand with a look of pain. biscuit," I said. "And it's so good to see "Don't," he said. "I ham and eggs that are not fried! You'll be see 'em grow together." astonished, Mrs. Worden, if you never saw a hungry boy before." She smiled again, but rather sadly, I

please me, and now she likes it better her-'Then you are not from New England?" I said, looking at Mrs. Worden. "No," she answered. "I was born in this State." The pleasant meal was over, but we still sat chatting intermittently in the fading to say, "This seems the very abode of

peace, now, but I suppose you had trouble me times during the war." I was looking at Mr. Worden as I spoke, but, instead of answering, he glanced hastily at his wife, who at that moment rose and left the room. Then he said hurriedly, "We never speak of the war here. I'll tell you why another time."

I was deeply chagrined and muttered a "It's all right, my boy, ' he answered, mean any harm.' When Mrs. Worden returned to the room her manner was outwardly calm, but her dark eyes were pitiful in their sadness.

standing in the doorway. The moon was England hayfield, when I was startled at its full, and the pink and white apple lets I carried in my pocket. blossoms looked glorified in the brilliant "It is that," said the old man, joining promise I gave you to-night that whatever 1 assented with alacrity, and we walked everywhere." first around the flower-garden then up and

down by the long rows of vegetables, and greens at the end of orchard, and as we drew near the spot, I saw that the trees were within a small enclosure. A neatly trimmed hedge of sweetbrier and wild white gate at one corner. This the old before me as I write. gentleman held open for me and I passed

were entering a church. It was a resting place of the dead. Four tiny graves were clustered together at one side, unmarked save by rose- cinating interest written for the Atlantic. bushes and sweet flowers. But near them, close together were two long mounds, marked by a double headstone. This was tradition goes to show that the last years the inscription on one side: "To the of Benedict Arnold in London were years memory of Lionel Bryce. Died August 20, of bitter remorse and self-reproach. The 1864, aged 19 years." Opposite was the great name which he had so gallantly won name of Ernest A. Worden, his age, 20 and so wretchedly lost left him no repose years, and the date of his death a few by night or day. The iron frame, which weeks later than the other. Under both had withstood the fatigues of so many try names, engraved the whole length of the stone were the words, "They shall beat marches through the wilderness broke 'we've been 'lottin' on havin' you ever their swords into ploughshares, and their down at last under the slow torture of lost

they learn war any more." The old man stood for some minutes, ilently, with bowed head, while I, bend- with Washington. He had always carefuling down, read and re-read in the bright ly preserved the American uniform which moonlight the inscription, wondering why he wore on the day when he made his it had been chosen, and noting the beauty of the flowers which adorned the graves. On one side of the stone was a climbing rose and on the other a honeysuckle. The and put it on, and decorated himself with long green sprays, reaching upward, had the epaulettes and swordknot which Wash so that, but for the difference in form of

"This is my boy's grave," the old man said, at last, "and there lies one who was almost as dear, the son of my wife's only sister. She died when he was a child, and left him to our care. My son and he loved defaced, don't buy it at any price, you may be sure that there is something wrong—it each other as few brothers do. At work or play they must always be together almay be a worthless or dangerous countermay be a worthless or dangerous counteras we understood, from the Yankee

for a minute and then went on, but falteringly:

"When Ernest was 16, he wanted to be a dector. He was a quick lad, fond of book | 25 cents. learning, and I'd given him the best chances I could. I never had much myhe answered, sadly, "and he was-we lost self, but I always meant to give the boys a fair show. And when the war broke out through the woods when he noticed two my boy was up North at a medical col-

"My wife was Southern-raised, and blame her, nor she me, though she knew sided with the North. We'd settled, long before, never to talk about it. But They were large ones, weighing over 200 after fighting begun, it was terrible hard Likely 'nough. These uncommon smart folks often are. There's Black's cousin is, make it any easier. He was out 'n' out for maybe, better natured, but he can't begin the South, as was natural enough, and he "I had one thing to be thankful for in

same tree, my boy, not or the same tree." I'm pretty spry with my left hand now, but I assented to this self-evident proposition, for years after I hurt that one—I caught it in a 'coon-trap in the fall o' '59-I couldn't "You've heard lots of talk since you've do much more 'n a baby. As you see, I been here, no doubt, but you musn't mind it. The folks here are not much on readin' out. And maybe you'll think I'm a used and preserved until the expiration of an' such, and the climate makes work easy, so they naturally talk a good deal, but thanked heaven for it. I was in a hard to the writer.

"I can't say now what I'd 'a' done if I'd boy, when he wrote that he was wearin I drew a long breath of relief. After all the blue; his country needed him, and he felt that he must go. Nor did his mother former buildings upon them we occas

almost surrounded by a blossoming orchard.

An old lady, in a neat black dress and that first day he never mentioned Ernest's said. That he was a very eccentric man, a snowy apron, smiled a welcome from the name. Six months later when the war very odd man, all who ever saw him or was at our very doors, he stood there at were in his company well know. But that We left the wagon at the barn and then the turn of the road, wearing the gray he was an impure man in mind or body is entered the house by another door, which uniform, and waved his cap good by. We certainly not correct. True he ignored all late William Timblin, Esq., a pror

"After that, mother crept around about as nodded at the open her work, day after day, scarcely ever windows, and a light stand near the door speakin' but with a scared look in her filled bookcase and a supply of papers and sound. We heard from Lionel, sometimes, magazines showed that Mr. Worden had a but, after the first letter, there wasn't a taste for "reading and such," if his neighbors had not.

word from Ernest. At last, as we sat on the porch yonder one evening, a tall man shoulder and crossed in such a way as to answer the purpose of a pair. He never The room was neat but not too prim open the gate. He was ragged and haglooking. Mrs. Worden's work-basket stood gard looking, and when my wife threw her on the bare white floor by the side of a arms around his neck and kissed him, I light rocking-chair, and a kitten was playing with a newspaper that lay on the But when he said 'mother!' I knew his tie of any kind. His shoes were generally

spread for carrier, should acar the door.

"This is Reed Hanson, mother," said he went indoor. 'Forgive me, mother. Mr. Worden. 'He's a wanderer from did what I thought was right." "She only held him closer and kissed

> "Three weeks later a soldier brought me evening, and less than a month afterward we laid Ernest beside him."

Again the old man's voice failed, and I pressed his hand in silent sympathy. 'You see now," he said gently, "why we Light bread, cold boiled ham, fried chicken and poached eggs were directly before us, here, with us; and it isn't easy-to forget." dignified. His subjects were history, general and local, geography, geology, the As we turned to leave, I lifted some of and raspberry jam adorned the other end the long sprays which had fallen to the ground, and in doing so loosened their interwining tendrils. The old man touched "Don't," he said. "The mother likes to

He closed the gate, but turmed to look once more at the gravestone, with its inscription showing so clearly in the moonthought, and Mr. Worden said, "You see light.

my wife studied up Yankee cookery just to "Neither shall they learn war any nore," he repeated, slowly. "Bless God for thet good time coming !My boy, I hope you may never understand, as I do, how much that means about evry man sittin' under his own vine and fig tree, with none to make him afraid. First thing in the morning and last at night, I thank God, most of all for peace and quiet." I looked around at that peaceful scene

> the gentle old man at my side. "That time must have been a terrible ne, indeed, for you," I said. "And you blame no one; you bear no malice." "No malice, boy," he said, earnestly. "There were mistakes, no doubt and maybe wrongs on both sides. But there was

old wounds are healing now, thank God! is voice trembling a little. "You didn't and my hand shall never help to tear them "Nor mine," I answered as earnestly, impressed by the solemnity of his manner I had plucked a spray from each of the "What a lovely night!" I said, rising and vines, and now I twined them closely together and placed them between the tab-

> ion," said I, "they will remind me of the He looked at me with the vacant place beyond the graves,

> may still, through you, be helping that cause. Thank you, my boy!" The showers of many a spring-time have freshened the grass on the old man's grave but the twisted vine sprays, dry and with-

A Traitor's Ending. John Fiske tells the old story of Bene dict Arnold's treason in an article of fast What may be new to many readers is Mr Fiske's statement that all the family

spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall In the last sad days in London, In the last sad days in London, in June 1801. the family tradition says that Arnold's mind kept reyerting to his old friendship escape to the Vulture; and now as broken in spirit and weary of life, he felt the last nents coming he called for this uniform ington had given him after the victory of Saratoga. "Let me die," said he, "in this

> -If you are offered a bottle of Salvation feit. Insist upon getting a perfect, un-

Try it. It will cure you. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. All dealers keep it. Price

-Simon Douglas, a farmer of Appling county, Ga., had a remarkable experience the day before Christmas. He was passing large bucks engaged in fighting, as he supposed, but as he approached them he dis "My wife was Southern-raised, and naturally she felt with that side. I didn't horns being completely locked. He had nothing but an ax with him, but with that he succeeded in killing both the bucks. pounds each.

—Dr. Fenner's Golden Relief is warrant-ed to relieve toothache, headache, neural-gia, or any other pain in 2 to 8 minutes. Also bruises, wounds, wire cuts, swellings, bites burns, summer complaints, colic. (also in horses), diarrhœa, dysentery and flux. If satisfaction not given money returned. A verdant gentleman whose correspo dence is limited received a letter upon the the envelope of which was the convention-

(Continued.)

DAVID DOUGAL. In speaking of Mr. Dougal's lots and the of character, but as to his general charac

modern ways and modes of life and was remarkably independent in thought and law. Mr. Timblin, we believe, lived and action. His style of dress was not of the had his office in the old DeWolfe house for eyes, as if she was listenin' to some awful Peculiar. For instance; he never wore but in 1856. Dr. DeWolfe owned but thi but this one was so thrown over one wore the common linen shirt, with irone bosom and so forth, but instead a plain coarse muslin one, opened in front and at collar generally. He never used a neck untied. His coat and vest were off in the before his office in pleasant weather and passers by who knew him would be sure to stop and converse with him, or to hear him talk. For Mr. Dougal was a philosopher, bearing the same relation to Butler it might be said that Plato bore to Athens in his day. And had Mr. Dougal opened a school as Plato did, in some pleasant garden or academy, he might have gather ed around him as many students as did the Athenian philosopher. But Mr. Dougal taught upon the street, always to attentive listeners. His conversational powers were good, his manner of speech deliberate and many years, elected first in 1840, and doing much of the business in that line. His

widow, a daughter of Mr. Potts is yet living at the age of 86 and is said to be the oldest winds, the storms, astronomy in general and the North star in particular. Mr. Dougal was considerable of a star gazer, and often at night might be seen studying the stars. His knowledge of astronomy was extensive and his discourse upon that as well as upon most all sciences was of mind. For a long time he endeavored to invent or perfect the so-called "perpetual motion," and for this purpose had collected in his office a number of small pieces of pine wood and other material, from which Daniel Heineman, father of present Henry

repeated efforts and long and patient work cover a perpetual motion.

Mr. Dougal was also tond of music. He where, but a few years before there had been strife and bloodshed, and then at at night. About 1870, he attempted to se to the music of his fiddle any pleasant piece of poetry that came under his eye, and for that purpose on one occasion he brought to the writer of this some poetry

he was practicing upon and desired to have Mr. Dougal had a great fear of fire blood enough spilt to atone for it all. The Whether this fear arose from the fire that swept away some of his houses we do not know, but after that he had a great dread premises lighting matches or cigars. It is told of him that upon one of his visits to of the city ringing, and this so alarmed Pa., to where he had removed and lived. him that he arose from his bed, hastily dressed himself and started for his home "So long as I keep these in my posess-

here on foot in the darkness of the night. nseful citizen to Butler, doing most of the early surveying, buying and selling many the youngest son, died also here about 15 early surveying, buying and selling many of its lots, and always selling on easy years ago. He at one time owned a part of the Potts lot. He will be remembered terms to all. In person Mr. Dougal was tall and erect,

taller perhaps than any of the large men coming here with him, but not so heavy or strong as some of them. He walked erect and straight, and when he moved about he moved like a monarch, always grave, rious and dignified in bearing. His complexion was rather fair, and in his youth the color of his hair must also have been end, a remarkable thing for a man of so great an age. As stated, he died November 8, 1881. Upon a photograph have a low and so the stated of the low and stated in the same of of him, taken August 26, 1873, is written, from information derived, from himself, that he was born September 23, 1778. This would make his age at death 103 years, 1 the Dickson Works, in Scranton. It is 54 month and 15 days. This photograph of feet in diameter, and weighs 400,000 him was made through Judge Wilson Mcposition and Judge McCandless standing by his side, looking down upon him with great regard. As stated, about a year before his death he went out to a farm by head east of Boule. east of Butler 2 or 3 miles, and lived with In his will he gave this farm to the people to their neck. Now they wear one-button who last cared for him. He was buried dresses, and gloves buttoned up to the near by in the German Lutheran Church grave yard there, and a monument marks the place where he was laid. Christian

we are told he died in the full faith of the Christian religion.

isters visited him in his last days and

In taking up this square next after las Dougal lot spoken of, we are following the original plan or lots of Butler, which crossed the street at No. 24, and made the old DeWolfe lot, now Doctor Balph and others, The late Dr. H. C. DeWolfe we suppose

was known to but few of our present citi-

not one of the first comers. He was one

zens. While among the early yet he was

State of Rhode Island. He built and own-The old man's voice broke. He paused broken, genuine package in a yellow wraped the brick house of which a part was torn away only last summer, by Dr. J. F. Balph, and upon the site of which Mr. Balph has now his fine new brick drug store and residence. The other part, owned by Dr. Waldron, and in front room of which is now a meat market, yet stands, and the two parts composed the old Dr. De Wolfe residence. The first office of present Savings Bank was in the room now used as a meat market. At the lower end this portion of the State. and attached to Dr. DeWolfe's residence was a small brick used as his office. In it were his medicines, and the jars he had before them that the fact that in the debright colors, exceeded in number any Doctor's office in the town then or at the present day. They were nicely arranged in rows around the room and attracted the attention of all passers by. The Doctor Doctor's office in the town then or at the attention of all passers by. The Doctor also had a huge mortar and pestle in which he ground and compounded his medicines, making a noise sometimes that could be heard at some distance on the street. Where this office stood now stands the prior to that date, says the worst storm of

> town, 50 years ago. He was at all times on his wrists. These bosom ruffles were This has a very threatening aspect.

NO.14 large, showy and waving, and when added to white pants and vest, which he usually vore in summer, made him, perhaps, the nost fashionably dressed man in the town. He always rode a fleet horse on which to visit his patients, and took pride in telling of the feats of his horse, on one occasion in rain storm to town when he was return He had a large practice and was much a gentleman in all respects. He died about 1854. One of his sons, Dr. Tensard R. De-Wolfe, is also deceased 1858. The other Mr.

Frank, Krug and Heineman buildings owned by the late John Potts, Sr., who a postoffice by, we think the late Mr. David A. Agnew, who became postmaster in 1845. Its gable end was to the street, with a recess or porch in front. After Mr. he present Frank drug store stands Next to this was the well known office

citizen living who was born in the ther stood now stands the Krug meat sho Next to this and where now stands the of Mr. Henry C. Heineman, stood the res honse, only removed last summer, an where is the large Heineman brick stood a he sought to construct a machine with a pendulum, which he tried to make vibrate, this corner let and in 1842, respected the tries corner let and in 1842, after the manner of a clock. But after raised to three stories by Mr. H. C. Heine-man. It was first used by them as a restaurant or general refreshment stand. The late Dr. Isaiah MoJunkiu had his office in part of it between the fifties and sixties. Part is now occupied for mercantile purposes and Mr. H. C. Heineman has his residence in part. The present block of two brick buildings is now one of

the largest and finest in the town. slight recollection. He died between the master of the town and was at one ti member of the Legislature. Of his sons George, John, James and Wilson K. Potts, but one, James, is now living, and who owned or lived upon the farm on top of hill While Mr. Dougal had other peculiar north of town, Mercer road, died some raits, yet he was in its early days a very years ago. This farm is same now owned by some yet living as a very active man in the political affairs of the town and county. Jan. 31, 1891.

(To be continued.) -John Wanamaker pays Manley Gillam \$10,000 per year to look after his advertising. Mr. Wanamaker gets \$8,000 per year as Postmaster General.

meeting one of them." -What is believed to be the largest

"In her young days the girls wore one; buttoned gloves, and dresses buttoned up

will save broken limbs and loss of time. It is crael to compel a horse to ase smooth shoes when the ground is frozen.

dresses, and gloves buttoned up to the

- The bees need looking after if the veather continues cold. It may be necessary to remove the hives to the cellar, — The largest county is the United States is Custer County, in Montana, which contains 36,000 square miles, being

larger in extent than the states of Ver-

mont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Dela-

ware and Rhode Island.

ed amazement that there were no shutters on the windows of the Main street stores at night, and wanted to know who watched the. His uncle answered: "The police nen." Then the boy wanted to know: "Who watches the policeman! -Brook trout fry will soom be ready for

distribution from the Pennsylvania State Hatcheries, at Allentown and Corry. Two

thousand fry will be sent free of expe

each applicant. Application may be made to L. Streuber, Erie, the commissioner in -Persons who bite their nails might be posit under the nails in an aggregation of horrible things which includes a tull line of

-Beebe, the Down-East weather sharp who won the fame by predicting the great blizzard of March, 1888, several months barber shop of our present prosperous and fashionable barber, Mr. Richard Hughes, the 1st and 15th of February. There will be snow out of all reason or prece Dr. Henry Champion DeWolfe was a prominent man as well as a physician, taking an active part in the affairs of the town. 50 years are.

-Athletic young ladies are coming to they, don't mean anything. Bless you, place. I loved the old flag as well as any they're as kind hearted! Why, if you man, but it did seem then as if I could happen to get have there is the front again, and muscular development ruffles on his shirt bosom and ruffled cuffs is quite the rage among fashionable girls.