

D. E. JACKSON.

203 S. Main St. - Butler, Pa. Everybody's Delighted. Who are in a lot of Seasonable Goods. Having bought a large Stock of Fall and Winter Goods...

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE. Or if you want Blankets, Comforters, Underwear, Ladies' or Gents' Flannels, Cotton Flannel or anything in this line. COME NOW before the Stock is broken, but DON'T FORGET to examine our large stock of Dress Goods...

Full Again.

We mean our wall paper department, full and overflowing 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.

J. H. Douglass.

Near Postoffice, Butler, Pa.

Clean-up Sale

Now on Winter goods at big sacrifice. Fine Camel Hair underwear at \$1 worth \$1.50. Large sizes only. Better grades at \$1.25, cheap at \$1.75. Pioneer Mills goods in coats at \$1 worth \$1.50. A few fine all wool scarlets left which we offer at 75c, good value at \$1.25. Nice Natural wool goods worth \$1 we will close out at 62 1/2 cts. Don't miss it.

COLBERT & DALE,

Butler, Pa.

Haentze's Nervaline.

A PURELY VEGETABLE MEDICINE FOR THE NERVES. An effective cure for inflammation and irritation of the bladder, kidney and liver, neuralgia, sciatica, catarrh and other ailments...

GO TO REDICK'S

FOR Pure Drugs, Paints, Oils, Glass, Fine Toilet Articles, Patent Medicines, And all other Articles Kept in a First Class Drug Store.

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Patent Variable Friction and Belt Feed. Steam Engines, Hay Presses, Shingle Mills, etc. For Sale at Low Prices. Catalogue, A. S. FARQUHAR Co., Torr. Pa.

L. S. McJUNKIN,

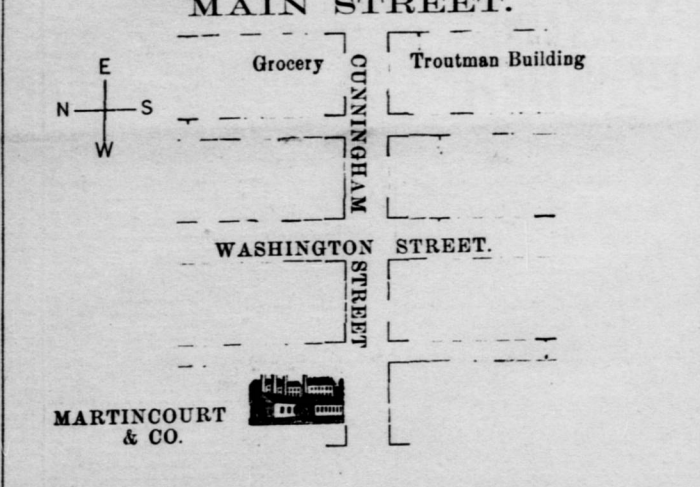
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Here we are down on Cunningham St. Almost everybody knows where we are, but if you do not, please look at the above map. Walk down Cunningham St. on the right hand side till you come to 216 and you will find us. Here we have lots of room and pay no rent and more than doubled our sales last year and expect to increase them as much this year. All who came last year to see if we had as large a stock and sold as cheap as we advertised said we were too modest in our declarations and said they did not expect to find half as much, even after reading our advertisements. You know us now and of course will continue to deal here, but we must tell you we have twice as large a stock now as when you were here before and still cutting prices lower. To those who have never been here, we want you to come too. We don't advertise to blow. If you don't find more stock here at lower prices than you ever expected after reading our advertisement we will pay you for your time that it takes to walk down here from Main St.

Remember, we keep every thing in our line. Horse collars \$0.00, team work bridles \$1, work harness \$18, buggy harness \$6.00, wagon single trees, ironed, 25c, double-trees, shafts, wheels, poles, shafts, cushions, tops, harness oil, curry combs, brushes, paint, springs, dashes, lap dusters, robes, blankets, whips, carts, buggies, spring wagons and everything, and Kramer wagons,—the best wagons made.

Come and see us. Look over our stock. We want to get acquainted with you. Remember, it was us who first brought down the prices of buggies in Butler county for your benefit, relying on increased sales to make up for small profits, and the public has stood by us in a way that makes us little everybody.

S. B. MARTINCOURT & CO.

S. B. Martincourt, - J. M. Lieghner.

SOMETHING ABOUT DRY GOODS & CARPETS.

DO YOU NEED—Are you going to buy a new dress this spring? DO YOU WANT a new Jacket in all the new colors and styles? DO YOU WANT anything in the Notion line? DO YOU WANT Fresh, Clean Goods, the latest and choicest styles? DO YOU WANT any kind of Brussels, Velvets, Moquett, in the choicest designs, made up with beautiful mink borders in first-class style? DO YOU WANT an Ingrain, 3 ply, or Cotton Carpet of any kind? DO YOU WANT any Lace Curtains, Portieres, Curtain Poles or Window Shades?

AND ABOVE ALL,

Then Come and See Us, We Can Save You Money.

TROUTMAN'S

Leading Dry Goods and Carpet House. BUTLER. - - - PA.

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF

BE UP TO THE MARK. 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.

Thrift is a good revenue. Great saving results from cleanliness and SAPOLIO. It is a solid cake of scouring soap. Try it in your next house-cleaning and be happy.

Looking out over the many homes of this country, we see thousands of women wearing away their lives in household drudgery that might be materially lessened by the use of a few cakes of SAPOLIO. In an hour is saved each time a cake is used, if one less wrinkle gathers upon the face because the toil is lightened, she must be a foolish woman who would hesitate to make the experiment, and he a callous husband who would grudge the few cents which it costs.

DALRYMPLE'S LOST DAY.

Edgar Fawcett's Eccentric Tale of a New York Club Man. All of his Family Except Himself Had a Strange Falling-A-Groome Tale of Hypnotism with a Very Satisfactory Termination. "My family," John Dalrymple would say, "have the strangest of fates, nearly all of them except myself, on the paternal side."

That some body would always try to tempt him. At the Gramercy, that small but charming club, of which he had been for years an honored member, he made a point of interrupting him when he began on any of his long series of family anecdotes remained a standing joke.

But the widow's money had doubtless lured to her side the gentleman who had got poor Dalrymple out. A number of years ago, when his late occurrence which was chronicling took place, it was not so easy as it is now to make sure of a foreigner's credentials and antecedents.

Dalrymple, who he was rich, but then her money could not have attracted her unless she was rich. But she was not so rich as she seemed to be. The Dalrymple had been a member of the club for several years. His first words, low and grave, ran thus: "Can it be possible you don't recall that our game of cards was interrupted by a great wind which carried away the top of the house? It had lost a day out of its life—there could be no doubt of that. If he had moved about the club all of yesterday afternoon, he had been there for a long time. He had been there for a long time. He had been there for a long time."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Dalrymple. "I never was intoxicated in my life, Lawrence Sumner said. You got out to know that I played cards last night up in the card-room, and finally joined Dalrymple. His first words, low and grave, ran thus: 'Can it be possible you don't recall that our game of cards was interrupted by a great wind which carried away the top of the house? It had lost a day out of its life—there could be no doubt of that. If he had moved about the club all of yesterday afternoon, he had been there for a long time. He had been there for a long time. He had been there for a long time.'"

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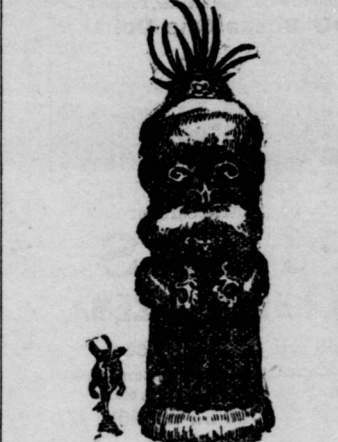
MY DEAR OLD FELLOW, IT WAS PRETTY DEAR.

acts were performed by them that they could not possibly remember afterward. Here the speaker paused, soon continuing, however, in a lower and more reflective tone: "Yes, my family have had the strange falling (that is nearly all of them except myself on the paternal side) of—" But he said no more. The tension was loosened, and a great roar of laughter rose from the whole committee. How often every man there had joked him about that marvelous budget of stories which he infallibly began one day and one day only! And when the familiar formula sounded forth it was all the funnier to those who heard it because of the solemn judicial circumstances in which it again met their hearing.

The plaintiff was honorably acquitted. As for De Pommeret, as every word that Dalrymple had said concerning his past life in France happened to be perfectly true, the count never reappeared at the Gramercy. His engagement with Mrs. Carrington was soon afterwards broken off by the lady herself, and for a good while it was rumored that Dalrymple had repeatedly made it optional with Dalrymple whether he should once more become her accepted sweetheart.



BIDDY-BEDD, THAT MUST BE AN INJURIOUS CHARGE OR A MISTAKE.



WHAT BIDDY SAID.—Judge a Lie Out Somewhere.

First Little Biddie.—Please, sir, gimme the job. I've got a little sick brother who is a cripple and is blind. Second Little Biddie.—Let me shine 'em up. I'm sick little brother's name is Johnnie. I've got a sick brother who is a cripple and is blind. I don't want to be under no obligations to such a liar as he is, and I can see better than he can, and he ain't got no bobs in the fist, please.—Texas Sittings.

At the Delicate Class. Instructress.—Now, young ladies, sit like this. Relax all your muscles, but keep your thoughts on posture and endeavor to feel that you are breathing through every pore in your body. Feel just like a great big sponge gradually absorbing sunlight. Ethel (to friend).—Do you feel like "a great big sponge?" Nellie? I'm sure you ought to, for you let me pay all the tax-fares this morning.—Munsey's Weekly.

Wholed the Insult. First Walter.—Dar's some mighty mean folks in Boston. You notice did hatchet-faced man what I've been waitin' on. Second Walter.—What's de matter wid 'em? "He insulted me with a dime." "What did yer do?" "I accepted it wid indignation."—Texas Sittings.

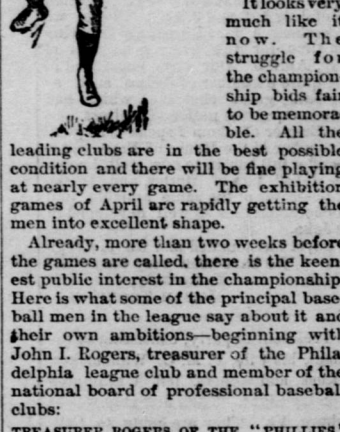
A Woman of Business. Husband.—Did you write to your aunt about that proposed visit? Wife.—No, I telegraphed. "Telegraph?" "Yes, and I told the operators to be sure and get it off this week because it was important."—Good News.

Repeats in the Hunt. "You are very much run down," remarked the foxhound to the antiseptic dog. "I don't care a cent," was the flip-pant reply of the bag as the man who was dragging it yanked it over a stone wall.—Munsey's Weekly.

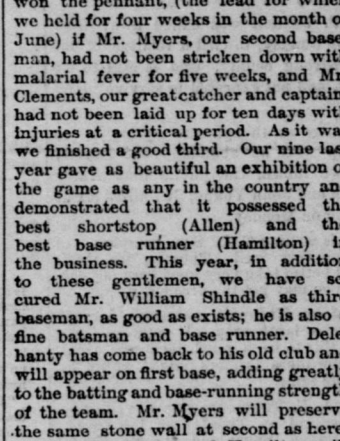
Tales of Two Cities. Omaha Man (proudly).—Thousands of Nebraska cows have to be milked twice a day to supply Omaha alone. Chicago Man (lively).—Pooh! Thousands of Illinois cows have to be milked four times a day to supply Chicago.—Munsey's Weekly.

THE BASEBALL OUTLOOK.

The Authorities Say 1891 Will Be a Great Year. The Old Interest Returns with the Reorganized League, and the Season of a Great Fight—What Matters, Boston and Others Say. [Copyright, 1891.] ALL 1891 be an old-time year of baseball, with crowds of howling thousands out at every game and tremendous and exciting distribution of championship honors?



We expect it to win the pennant or come very close to it, because we will continue the policy that has always characterized our club to get the best possible team work, as a whole, out of them, rather than individual stunts of "star" playing. Some years ago we followed the plan of engaging ten or twelve extra young players every spring, keeping them for one or two months of the season in the hope of getting one first-class player out of the experimentation. It was by that method that we discovered the likes of the late Charles J. Ferguson, James G. Fogarty and others of equal or approximate excellence. Under the guidance of Mr. Wright, our manager, we had a harmonious aggregation, and with rare exceptions as generally a first-class player appears on the "diamond." In practice they were taught to study each other's mannerisms and peculiarities, and the proof of the value of this system was manifest last season when left without a manager by the great affliction that occurred to Mr. Wright in the month of August. They were under the direction of Mr. Allen, our shortstop, who became manager pro tem, behaved and conducted them, selves both as players and gentlemen, as well as if under the personal direction of Manager Wright. Despite these drawbacks we still believe that we held for four weeks in the month of June if Mr. Myers, our second baseman, had not been laid up with malaria fever for five weeks, and Mr. Clements, our great catcher and captain, had not been laid up for ten days with injuries to his right arm. As it were we finished a good third. Our nine last year gave a beautiful exhibition of the game as any in the country and demonstrated to the world what we were the best shortstop (Allen) and the best base runner (Hamilton) in the business. This year, in addition to these gentlemen, we have secured Mr. William Shields as third baseman, as good as stable; he is also a fine batsman and base runner. Delahanty has come back to his old club and will appear on first base, adding greatly to the batting and base-running strength of our team. Mr. Myers will preserve the same stone wall at second as heretofore. Thompson and Hamilton will guard right and left fields, and Mayor, a natural born outfielder who last year was obliged to play at third base and who did it well, will astonish our patrons by some excellent fielding and throwing. He is also a timely batter. Clements will do the most of the catching, assisted by young Gray who is now being trained as a substitute. We will very likely need another catcher in case of an accident and have already our lines out to secure one. Our pitching department we think we are very strong. Gleason can hold his own anywhere and Thornton, (whom we secured from the Milwaukee club) will exchange for Victory and Schirrer, is a pitcher whom we will be surprised to find better than ever than the first set. Daper, left-handed twirler, bids fair to do his share, and young Schults is as yet only an experiment, but we have no doubt that he will be a valuable member of our team. The league teams seem to be more evenly matched than usual, and the struggle for supremacy should be a very close one. A. H. SOXEN.



"SPRING, SPRING, GENTLE SPRING"—AND THE WINTER IS REMOVED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH.

A DECIDED STRIKE.

"I HATE THIS CLUB TO NIGHT." "I HATE THIS CLUB TO NIGHT." "I HATE THIS CLUB TO NIGHT."

I—THE IMPENDING DISASTER.

"I HATE THIS CLUB TO NIGHT." "I HATE THIS CLUB TO NIGHT." "I HATE THIS CLUB TO NIGHT."

II—THE IMPACT.

"I HATE THIS CLUB TO NIGHT." "I HATE THIS CLUB TO NIGHT." "I HATE THIS CLUB TO NIGHT."

III—THE REBUK.

"I HATE THIS CLUB TO NIGHT." "I HATE THIS CLUB TO NIGHT." "I HATE THIS CLUB TO NIGHT."

IV—THE REBUK.

"I HATE THIS CLUB TO NIGHT." "I HATE THIS CLUB TO NIGHT." "I HATE THIS CLUB TO NIGHT."

Not a Heavyweight.

Cholly—Arthur is badly hurt; do you know what accident befell him? Bessie—The poor thing was blown up by a Weekly.

And She Named the Day. He (awkwardly)—Ah, Miss Mabel, I hope you understand my feelings! She—I'm sure I'm 'mille in the dark! He—Then (desperately) suppose we strike a match.—Life.

The Milk Supply. "Dalrymple don't get much milk from their cows in the winter, do they?" "No; they get most of it in the spring."—Jury.

No Harm Done. Guest—Walter, your finger is in the soup. Walter—No matter, sir, I can wash it.—Jury.