# THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

### VOL. XXVIII

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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## MAIN STREET. Troutman Building Grocery X WASHINGTON STREET. STR EET MARTINCOURT

Here we are down on Cunningham St. Almost every- She wrapped the baby in blankets tight And leaped at once with her burden light body knows where we are, but if you do not, please look at the To the eager hands that were opened wide Fronting the crest of the crimson tide! above map. Walk down Cunningham St. on the right hand The infant, happy and safe at last, Was guite unharmed by the peril pa side till you come to 216 and you will find us. Here we have But the sister who saved her, though breathin lots of room and pay no rent and more than doubled our sales was beyond the reach of all mortal skill! last year and expect to increase them as much this year. All Nor left the ghost of a dimple there. who came last year to see if we had as large a stock and sold No trace remained of her eyes so brightas cheap as we advertised said we were too modest in our declarations and said they did not expect to find half as much, Be must go through the Valley of Death al 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 "But now I'm tired and feel some pain, And I hear a voice like the far-off rain, 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 col-

lars 50c, team work bridles \$1, work harness \$18, buggy har- But had left unsethed the stainless heart. ness \$6, wagon single trees, ironed, 25c, double-trees, shafts, The watchers whispered below their breath wheels, poles, shafts, cushions, tops, harness oil, curry combs, And a poet, standing in silence near, Spoke out in a tremulous voice, yet clear brushes. paint, springs, dashes, lap dusters, robes, blaukets, "The fame in reverence dared not touch. The loyal heart that had done so much. 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 like everybody.



BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1891.

THE DEATHLESS HEART. The flames ran riot o'er roof and wall and wrapped the house in a lurid pall. Chrough the glare and smoke, through the dia and heat. All eyes upturned in the crowded street Were filled with pity and yearning fear For the children thought to be dying there! fust at that moment of speechless dread at an upper window the curly head Of a girl of twelve in the red light shone. Round her weeping brother of five years old. The people urged her to leap in vain While the sparks came down like a flery rain, And the boy was dropped 'mid the widening glow To the haven of outstretched arms below! The girl rushed back through the eddying smoke And never a word to the watchers spoke, But swiftly again to the window came, of his coat.

And her hair, where the sunbeams loved stray, Like sudden darkness had passed away! For his healing art and his wish were vain To bring her back to the world again! "Oh! thank you, doctor, but don't mind me, I know you, sir, though I cannot see. "Twe saved our Robbie and baby, too-

"Or is it-because I know He's near-Oh! tell me, sir, is it Christ I hear? "Our Saviour will take me to His kind breast 'Where the weary cease'-you know the rest.' With the words unfinished, but smiling said. The girl sank back on the pillow-dead! When her body was wrapped in its winding "Pwas found that the terrible smoke and heat

"For more than all triumphs of earthly art Is one grand deed of a deathless heart." -William H. Hayne, in Youth's Companio

AN EXCITING BOAT RIDE. Chrilling Experience on Shadow with a Raving Maniac. "Good morning, sir-a lovely day." I started rather guiltily from the stoopunknown colloquist had accosted me. In truth and in fact I was engaged in examining the padlock moorings of a graceful little boat, whose keel lay on the shore, and meditations to ing position in which the voice of my

First Student (at classical school)-I say, George, what a wonderful race those old Greeks were. Think of their the shore, and meditating to myself how very agreeable a row across the crystal lake would be through the in my veins as it dazzled across my triumphs in art, architecture, philosoace of the purple August daybreak. phy, literature-Second-Huh! Nothing remarkable visio "Good morning" I responded, turn-ing to meet the inquiring gaze of a tall, gentlemanly-looking personage, ap-parently about thirty-five years of age, "Put up the knife, your royal high-ness," I said, counterfeiting an off-hand about that. They didn't have to spend the best years of their lives lea ease that I by no means felt. "Where's Greek .- Good News. parently about thirty-five years of age, who stood leaning against a little gate. He was dark and handsome, with pierc-ing eyes, forehead slightly bald, and a jet-black mustache, twisted jauntily away from a small, nervous mouth; and his dress was tasteful and faultless in the last degree. He had taken off his light straw hat to greet me, and now stood apparently awaiting some more the use of it between friends? Let's talk about the queen." Waiter-I expect you to pay in ad-Guest-What do you mean, sir! Waiter-No offense, sir, whatever; quite sure, if I could only maneuver so as to reach it. "No, not about the queen," said the stood apparently awaiting some more definite explanation on my part. "I beg your pardon, sir," I stam-mered, rather confused; "I-I hope I am not trespassing on private grounds?" "Why cir, non one underlicht on poor maniac; "that grieves and afflicts me." He closed his knife as he spoke. "But, do you know," he continued, "I "Why, sir, you are undeniably on grounds," returned the smiling, "but I think we am haunted private 'Haunted?" I said. stranger, smiling, "but I think we won't call it by any such harsh name "Yes-haunted by a horrible, ugly old woman-a witch, or negress, a fe-male fiend. Now do you know," he as trespassing. You are staying in the neighborhood?" "I am staying at the Lake house for the summer," I explained; "and I sup-pose my morning walk has led me fur-ther than I at first intended?" said, moving close up to me, and speak ing in a low, mysterious voice, "she won't let me alone?" "No?" "She won't. Sometimes she climbs "You are about six miles from the up among the stars at night, and sits there winking through my bedroom house, sir," returned my companion, courteously. "And judging from your occupation when I came down to the gate, you would not object to crossing window all night long. Sometimes she comes jumping down from the clouds back by water?" I laughed and acknowledged the fact. "To tell the truth, sir, I was just among the raindrops, and sometimes there she is now, with three pair of fins and a face like a fish's!" thinking how cool and pleasant a short row would be. In fact, if the boat had not been fastened I should He uttered an eldritch screech, as he ooked down into the clear, shining most assuredly have braved all conse quences and boldly adventured the ex "Let's escape from her," I exclaimed, vigorously seizing my oars. "She can't follow us on dry land, that's certain. "I think we can overcome that objec-tion," said the stranger, quietly turning to an old ruined tree, whose gnarled Pull away." "No, she can't. We might hide among the wood, only, if she should turn into trunk overhung the transparent tide, and drawing a key from its hollow depths. "Suppose we get up an appe-tite for breakfast together? I am not a squirrel and jump up and down among the trees—she does sometimes." "Well, then, we'll borrow a gun and dispose of her," I said, still pulling desan inexperienced oarsman myself, and I suppose you understand the art of propelling on the water?" perately toward the shore, while the perspiration, cold and clammy as midpropelling on the water?" "Just give me an opportunity, and see if I don't indicate my education in aquatic matters," I said, in high good night dews, streamed down my temples. "What are you in such a deuce of a hurry for?" demanded my companion, rather morosely. "Hold on a little, humor, springing into the fairy-like lit-tle shell, followed by my new ac-quaintance. "Really, sir, this is an uncan't you?" I checked my exertion. Evidently he was in no humor to be trifled with. expected treat. I scarcely know how to thank you sufficiently for your "No hurry at all," I said, as calmly as possible; "only, you see, the old witch is following you up pretty closely, ourtesy. "Then do not attempt it," said the and-" gentleman, inclining his head with a dignified, high-bred politeness which impressed me more and more in his "We are too near the shore," he interrupted, abruptly. We were within a few rods of the favor. "I assure you the gratification is entirely mutual. Pull to the right a dog's tail? clustering bushes that I knew con-tained help. Oh, heaven, could I but reach their friendly shelter. How like little; we shall get entangled in yonder floating sheet of water lilies, if we are a mass of lead my heart sank in my bosom as I saw him catch up the oars not careful. Upon my word this is a most perfect morning for the water." it?-Puck. and strike out once more in the con-It was, indeed. Across the diamond trary direction glitter of the lake the golden splendors of an August sunrise were just begin-ning to be reflected, and in the dis-But as he turned his head away caught up the sheathed knife and flung "Why?" it hurling upon the shore. "What's that?" he demanded, turn tance a range of dim, misty mountain peaks leaned against the horizon like far-off sentinels, almost losing their outline in the blue radiance of the ing quickly round. "It's your witch," I said, as unconcernedly as I could. "Don't you think we ought to go ashore and see what has loudless heavens "I wish I were an artist!" broke albecome of her?" His eyes roved restlessly along the ost involuntarily from my lips. My companion smiled. green bank. "I don't know; what do you think?" "Need a man be an artist to enjoy the beauties of such a scene as this?" "Why, she is your enemy. No doubt it was she who spread the report of your death. You ought to address her he asked. "A little more toward yonder out in the channel, and you can pull as hard or as easy as you choose. The in a conciliatory manner; and if you could once bring her to terms, what would prevent you from assuming your proper station once more in England." boat will almost move of herself, in He threw down his oars and leaned "That's very true. Here, head her in back in the stern, adjusting his straw hat so as to shield his eyes from the too thought of that before." Poor fever-brained lunatic! Even in vivid glare of the morning sunshine. "One scarcely thinks of civilization in such a secluded spot as this," he mur mured, lazily. "I suppose there isn't a living soul within a mile ofcus, always the long, silver-green tresses of the wil-lows almost touched my throbbing excepting birds and fishes." "I suppose not," I assented. "But, nevertheless, the forms and be cast aside. May I know whom I have had the pleasure of helping to an bour's pleasure?" "Traitor-spy! double-dyed villain! you have been deceiving me. Your hour's pleasure?" I drew my card from my waistcoat y pocket, and handed it across, with a pocket, and handed it across, with a smile. "Vernon Cheveley, eh? A very pret-tv name. sir. I congratulate myself on

He sprang toward me like an infuri-ated tiger. At the same time the shore seemed to become alive with hurrying figures, and with a last impulse I caught up the rope that lay coiled in the bottom of the boat with one end af-fixed to an iron hock and threw it desmaking your acquaintance. Will you reciprocate your frankness?" He bowed low as he presented me with a crumpled bit of brown paper that he extracted from an old eigar case. Upon it was inscribed, in staring letters fixed to an iron hook, and threw it desperately shoreward. I could see a tall form plunging waist deep into the water to grasp at it; and then the cling-

of red ink, the one word: "Albert "Albert-who?" I involuntarily ques-"Albert, sir!" returned my companion, starting to a sitting posture, no more and regarding me with stern dignity. "Prince Albert, sir! Albert of England,

otland and Wales!" I stared at him, aghast. Was the

man mad, or dreaming? "To your knees, sir!" he said, with a sharp, sudden imperiousness. "Have you no reverence for royalty?" I obeyed his quick sign almost before I knew what I was doing. He smiled complacently, at the same time draw-ing a gaudy tinsel star from his pocket, dream

and gravely affixing it to the left breast "Yes, my friend," he went on, im-

by disseminating the idle tale that I it. I am not dead; and, what is more, I never shall die. I am privileged with the gift of everlasting existence. As long as I wear this jeweied star death I felt the cold percent.

can never come near me!" I felt the cold perspiration oozing from every pore in my body; I could almost feel myself grow pale as I be-came fully convinced that I was out upon the solitary lake alone with a madman! I had heard, when first I came to this mountain retreat, that came to this mountain retreat, that there was a large asylum somewhere in the vicinity, but I had never given the affair a second thought. Now I was reaping the consequences of my own folly and recklessness.

His dark, piercing eyes roved rest-lessly from object to object. Suddenly they rested on my appalled counten-"You don't believe what I am say-

ing?" The remembrance of what I had often read and heard about the ex-

pediency—nay, the positive necessity— that existed for indulging monomaniacs to the top of their bent, in whatever whim might possess their minds, oc-curred to me, and I hastened to reply: "Of course I believe it! Why shouldn't tances, and as I left you a million

"Ah, why shouldn't you, indeed? But people are so skeptical nowadays. Now, when Victor Emmanuel was The Way of the Paragrapher. staying at my house and Pope Pius came down by way of the Mediterra-

nean-take care! where are you gobrain. Miss Thurston, refuses to crys I had thought to take advantage of the new path into which his troubled seventy-five cents in it for me. How would something about hungering and mind had wandered to divert our course a little more shoreward; but his Thurston for your society do? unning, roving eye was upon me in an

instant. "It—it is getting very hot here," I stammered. "I thought, perhaps, we should find it cooler on shore." "Ah-h-h!" he hissed, putting his face chiropodist while I am In the city. Friend-Have you corns?

"No.' so close to mine as to glare up into my eyes, under the very shadow of my wide-brimmed hat; "you're a traitor and "Bunions?" "No." "Why, then, visit a chiropodist?" "I want to have it to say that I had a

a hypocrite, like all the rest of 'em! But I'm prepared for you. See?" And with a burst of laughter, so dissonant that the very tide seemed to tremble and quiver, he flashed a long, sharp knife in the air, describing a

A HEAD OF DEATH. The Third in the Thrilling Series of "Possible Cases." Physician's Remarkable Story-How an Iron King Came Near Losing His Rea-son-The Mystery of a Rare

ster told us after dinner: I had had a busy

Italian Mirror ing arms of my terrible companion were wreathed around me, and I knew This is a story that Dr. Clarke For-

"Better? Yes-no-I can't tell.

rning-some twenty patients, on on the heels of another-and now that "Here, at a little inn, snug in bed; the last had departed, and noon was but you've had a stormy time of it. What on earth possessed you to go in a boat with that poor gentleman?" long past, I began to think hungrily of my luncheon. But just as I got up to leave my consulting room my servant "Mad, isn't he?" I asked, with all the entered and handed me a visiting card upon which was engraved the "Mr. Alexander Carathwaite." " frightful occurrences crowding back upon my mind, as one may remember the hideous fantasies of a troubled can be but one Alexander Carathwaite thought I, "and he is Alexander Carath waite, the famous iron king and million-

"Mad as a March hare, sir; thinks "Mad as a March hare, sir; thinks he's Prince Albert. They say he's the aire." "Show him in," I said to my serv. "Show him in," I said to my serv. worst case in the asylum, sir escaped last night, and has been wandering about the shores all the morning." "Is he safe at last?" "Is he safe at last?" Show him in, i start by seat of him-the person who presently seat of him-self opposite me struck me as a singu-larly healthy-looking invalid; tall, ro-with a clear, ruddy skin and a bust, with a clear, ruddy skin and a

bright gray eye. However, "What is the trouble?" I asked. "Well," he answered, "it's a queer case; but to put it briefly, I'm afraid the trouble's here," and he tapped his "Let me hear your symptom

NB. So ended that long, frightful morning among the peaceful solitudes of Shadow lake; but I carry an everlasting "It's a long story," said he, "and I must begin it at the beginning." Therewith he plunged his hand int memorial of it in the shape of a single lock of hair that gleams, white as sil-ver, among the chestnut luxuriance that curls over my temples. While I live, and while that lock retains its ghastly whiteness, I shall never remem-ber my peril and deliverance without a shudder.--N. Y. World.

Modified Views.

Mr. Fortymillion-That's so. I guess I'll have to change my will. Having no relatives, I had concluded to divide my wealth among my friends and acquan-

Mr. Nocaste-Um-er-a good deal depends on the man, you know.-N. Y. Weekly.

She-Why so silent and preoccupied, Mr. Gaggs? He—The theme that agitates my

At Her Feet.

man at my feetonce in my life."-Light.

Advantages of the Past.

The Shad Season

If I can make the correct turn 加戰 in a play upon your name, there is THIS, MY DEAR, IS A MAGICAL GLASS.

you see, it's a mirror. The glass is believed to be a specimen of mediæval Venetian work, and the frame is unquestionably a magnificent bit of Maiden Lady-I think I will visit a

The whole affair was no bigger than a lady's hand. The glass unusually thick, and fluted round the edge, was veined and spotted and bleared over with a fine bluish mist, like the eye of an aged man. The frame was indeed magnificent. Oval in shape, and apparent ly of pure gold, -so soft, at any rate, that you could have indented it with your finger-nail—it was sculptured with no fewer than five exquisite nude fe-male figures, disporting themselves in fantastic but graceful attitudes amid a profusion of delicately chiselled fruits and leaves. Three of these figures reclined upon tiny golden couches, in eac of which was set a lustrous ruby; the other two rode upon conventionalised lions, and each lion held a pearl be tween his teeth. At the base a pair of dolphins twisted their tails together,

and formed the handle. Upon a scrol at the handle end were incised the date, 1561, and the initials, E. D.

NO.28 downstairs and take a bite. Perhaps you would like a chop and a glass of wine yourself?" "Oh! no, thank you; no, thank you. INFERIOR SEEDS.

I They Are Sown a Good Crop Need Not Be Expected.

Ha

Seeds that are good may fail to grow, I shan't be able to eat with any appe-tite until this fear is off my mind." While I swallowed my hasty luncheon I thought the matter over. It puzzled me a good deal, but suddenly, as I was folding up my napkin, an idea struck me which, I hoped, might clear the whole matter up. whole matter up. Rejoining Mr. Carathwaite in my of-not more than suggestive guides as to

conclusion that this is a case for a One of the reasons for a failure of "I am quite at your orders," he re-specialist with you." "I am quite at your orders," he re-sponded. "Do you think it's the brain or the eve?"

whether clover, bean or squash, he will find that some seeds are either small, or light, or both, indicating that they did not mature. It is natural that a we entered my carriage, and were will tell us." "There ture, as the seed vessels do not have all their seeds of the same age, and at a Union square, the proprietor of which, time when the greater part are ripe Mr. Maverick, is esteemed, as every-body knows, one of the most learned authorities in antique curios in America. "Here we are," said I, getting out of

I shan't be able to eat with any appe-

whole matter up.

the carriage. "Will you come?" "But what are you going in here for?" shell. Such imperfect seeds are the most easily removed of all by means of

questioned Carathwaite. the fanning mill, and there is but little "To consult our specialist," said I. the fanning mill, and there is but little excuse for such being in any abundance

My patient looked mystified, but he followed me into the shop. I presented my card, and asked to see Mr. Mavrick. In another minute we were closeted with him in his private

"Will you hand Mr. Maverick your mirror?" I demanded of Carathwaite. Maverick took the mirror, and looked it over. He studied the frame through magnifying glass. "This is a bit of work from the hand of Etienne Del-andae" he announced presently. aulne," he announced presently, "one the better, after it has passed its first of the most skillful goldsmiths of the winter.

aulne," he announced presents of the sixteenth century. I don't know where you got hold of it, but I may tell you that it is infinitely valuable. I have never seen a finer specimen of Delaulne's handicraft, nor one in a better state of preservation." where the class?" I queried. "We preservation." "And the glass?" I queried. "We are especially interested in the glass." "The glass," said Maverick, "is prob-ably Venetian. "I must examine it a little." He went to the window, and began to the meslves are good, that is, come from

scrutinize the glass, twisting it about, and peering at it from various angles. "Ah, yes, I thought so!" he exclaimed circumstances, but are poor because "Ah, yes, I thought so!" he exclaimed all at once. "Come here, gentlemen," they are lacking in those go to make up a profitable plant. It is he called to us.

a poor seed that will under the most favorable conditions only produce an inferior plant, whether in blossom, He held the glass off at a certain oblique angle,



when I hold it like that, what do you

Carathwaite simply uttered a long ow "Ah-h-h!" "Why, I see a human skull," I said. "A most perfect image of a human skull. I would swear it was the genuine reflection of a real one. How it gets there I can't for my

1

ther's embrace

don't! !-- act! ! ! -- silly! !

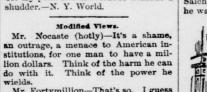
foliage, seed or fruit. The seed is poor in possibilities.-American Agricu BUCKWHEAT AND BEES. The Japanese Has Been Found Superior to All Other Varieties. to All other varieties. Ever since I have been engaged in bec-keeping I have been hearing of the good reputation of buckwheat as a honey plant. The good qualities of the common and silver-hulled have been discussed, and now we have a new candidate for public favor in the Japanese buckwheat. This is the fourth season that it has been before the public. It has been weighed in the balance and found superior to all other known vari-eties. The grain is large in size and gives very much larger yield of grain. The

qualities that

will o Head

The

an interior pocket of his coat and brought forth a small tissue-paper par-cel. "This," he explained, as he unwound the paper, "is rather a valuable antique. It came as a present to my wife the other day from the earl of Salchester, whom we entertained when he was in America a year op so ago. As



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JAMES N. MOORE. ORNEY-AT-LAW AND NOTARY PUB e in Room No. 1, second floor of Husel

IRA MCJUNKIN. Attorney at Law, Office at No. 17, East Jeff

W. C. FINDLEY, Attorney at Law and Real Estate Agent. Of e rear of L. Z. Mitchell's office on north side Diamond, Butler, Pa. H. H. GOUCHER. Attorney-at-law. Office on second floor of Anderson building, near Court House, Butler.

J. F. BRITTAIN. Atty at Law-Office at S. E. Cor. Main St, and Diamond, Butler, Pa.

NEWTON BLACK. Att'y at Law-Office on South side of Dia

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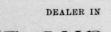
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BUTLER, PA.

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## BOOTS AND SHOES.

114 South Main Street.

Butler, Pa., April, 1891. TO THE PEOPLE OF BUTLER COUNTY: PATRONS AND FRIENDS:-

Another season is upon us and you will be wanting new shoes suitable to the season. If you will spare us a few moments of your time, it is in regard to Shoes we wish to talk to you, believing it will be to our mutual advantage. We have this Spring a larger and better stock of Boots and Shoes than ever before. We believe we can supply you with anything in our line that you may need or want, and as the prices of Shoes are largely governed by the expense under which they are sold, let me call your attention to the fact that our expenses are lower than those of any Boot and Shoe firm in Butler. Consequently we can and do give our patrons the best value for their money. We deal only with the best manufacturers, those who originate the styles and make shoes to wear. Owing to our long experience, good standing and cash buying, we are enabled to get our goods at the lowest cash prices, another fact to your advantage. Our shoes are also comfortable and stylish, qualities that are often as much desired as service. We will not enumerate any of our prices here, as the few we would have room for might be considered leaders, and we have no leaders. Our shoes are all equally cheap. But we would consider it a favor if you will call and examine our goods and allow us to quote prices. Good treatment will be yours. We consider it no trouble to show goods. Thanking you for past favors, and again asking for a share of your valued patronage, and in consequence of such, bespeaking entire satisfaction and a continuance of the Very Truly Yours, same, we remain. AL. RUFF.

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF THAT CAN BE RELIED ON BE UP Not to Split! TO Not to Discolor! THE MARK BEARS THIS MARK. TRADE MARK NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT.

THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.



but the last geutleman who ate shad here got a bone in his throat and died without paying, and the boss took it out of my wages.—Texas Siftings. An Unkind Remark.

Mrs. Peterby-Jones' wife ran away last night.

Mr. Peterby—Did she, really? Mrs. Peterby—Suppose I ran away from you, what would your friends say? Mr. Peterby-Humph! I guess they yould ask me to set up the wine.-Texas Siftings.

A Knowing Young Woman. He (ardently)—I love you. She (complacently)—I know it. He—I cannot live without you. She-I know it. He-I want you to be my wife. -I know it. She He-Well?

She-I "no" it.-Life. He Cotched Him.

Col. Bluff-You might as well ac-knowledge that you stole the chickens, uncle. I found a piece of the brown coat you wore that night in the hen Uncle Ebon (triumphantly)-Now, I cotch you, colonel. I didn't w'ar a

brown coat dat night .- Puck. BREAKING A DOG.



Smith-Well, Hans, why in the world have you got that bolloon tied to your Hans-He vos got a bad habit ofe

keebin' he's tail mit he's legs between, unt I preak him ofe dat bad habit, ain'd shape? One View of It. "Is the tattooed man a great man, papa?" asked Willie. "Not necessarily," replied his father.

"I supposed he must be to have so rations conferred on him."-Munsey's Weekly. It Wouldn't Hurt It.

Great Man (angrily)—So you want my autograph, eh? I'm getting pretty tired of this thing, and have got to put a check to it. Borem-Oh, well, sir, I'd just as lief

have your name on a check .- West Getting Back on Him. Mr. Golden Rool-If King Umberto provokes this country too far, Uncle it off." Sam can take a terrible revenge. I wa

"In what way?" Mr. Golden Rool-By sending all his ubjects back to Italy .- Puck. How He Proposed. Mr. Slowboy-Miss Passe, what do you think is the best name for a girl?

Miss Passe (looking deep into his eyes) -That of the only man she ever loved. -Light. Gloves and Gloves. Spartacus-Do you ever put on the

gloves? Adolphus-Oh, yes. Every time a girl will let me.-Munsey's Weekly. Glad of It. Englishman (with pride)-Sfr, I am

Heaven!-Harper's Bazar.

"It is a beautiful piece of work," said I, laying it aside, "and I envy you the possession of it. But what has it got to do with your visit here?"

"Everything," he returned. "It's this way." He paused for a moment; from a bookcase a volume entit "Manual Arts of Medizval Italy." He ran over a few pages, found his place, and read aloud: "Venetian lookingthen he went on: "Last night, after din-ner, I picked that little mirror up, and I said jokingly to my wife: 'This, my dear is a magical glass. If I hold it over my waisteoat, thus, and you look in, you

And, always laughing, I held it over her breast, and looked in."

"Yes?" I prompted, as he paused again. "Well, doctor, instead of my own said. "I will take it out in telling the

"Well, doctor, instead of my own face, what I saw reflected in that glass was a grinning death's head—a skull. I saw it just as plainly as I see you now. I looked at it steadily without moving, for, I should think, three minutes. It waite again. When he needs medical never varied. A human skull in abso-lute detail—eyes, nose, teeth, even the notorious humbug Blank.

very seams between the bones perfect-SIDNEY LUSKA (HARRY HARLAND) ly distinct. I'm not a superstitious man, but I confess the sight gave me LOST COURAGE. the gooseflesh. If I vere superstitious, I don't know what I might think. I'm not a drinking man, either, or else I should believe it was a touch of de-Virium tremens. As it is, I'm at an utter loss to account for it in any way except on the theory that it's the beginning o me mental disease." He spoke ner-

vously and looked at me anxiously when he had done. He was plainly in "white funk." 'Humph! You say you saw it steadily for two or three minutes?" I in

"Then did it disappear?" "It did not disappear till I moved. As soon as I moved the death's head disappeared and I saw the reflection of

Best, you my own face." long enough. For at least six months I have adored you. I can never stand by my own face." "Have you ever had any similar ex-perience before? Ever fancied you saw an object just before you that had in reality no existence?" "Never in my life."

"Is your digestive apparatus in good

"In such perfect shape that I'm never eonscious of possessing such a thing." "And your general health?" "Superb.'

"Superb." "Let me feel your pulse." His pulse was firm, regular and proper in time. "Show me your tongue." His tongue "Show me your tongue." His tongue was pink and clean. "Open your eyes wide and look towards the light." His eyes were steady in their gaze, the pupils contracted readily and the dropped spontaneously and the dropped spontaneously upon my ap-proaching my finger.

"Did you tell your wife what you had "Now, Jack, you ki seen?" I asked. "No; I didn't want to alarm her. She noticed that I stared at the thing in rather a startled manner; but I laughed roung to talk of anything but nonsense,

I was silent for awhile, toying with the mirror and wondering what the

case might mean. "Well, what do you make it out to "Well, what do you make it out to be?" he inquired. "Oh" I replied, "I can't say as yet. I haven't sufficient data. The trouble may be in your optic nerve; it may be

in your liver, and it may be elsewhere still. I should have to put you through a lengthy examination. And just at this moment I am too tired and too hungry to begin one. If you will give me time to eat some luncheon I'll be in

better trim." "Oh! certainly, certainly. Only can't you tell me at once whether you think I am going to lose my reason?"

Englishman (with pride)—Shr, I am an Englishman. American (with feeling) — Thank Vocaroni - Harney's Barar

"Ah, that was the art of the Venetia glass-workers," said Maverick. He crossed the room and took dow

JAPANESE BUCKWHEAT.

quality of the flour is equal to that of glasses of the sixteenth century were often ornamented with grotesque de signs-serpents, skeletons, skulls, some-of buckwheat as a safe investment, is a magical glass. If it hout to ver may waits coat, thus, and you look in, you and behold the face of the woman I love." So Mrs. Carathwaite laughed and looked, and of course she saw her own face. Then to carry on the face, I said: 'Now let me see whether it will show me the face of the man you love.' And, always laughing, I held it over her breast, and looked in." ground into buckwheat, and it changed the appearance of the whole farm. The following year I poticed this piece of ground remarkably clear of weeds. Low places in corn fields are occasion-Low places in corn helds are occasion-ally drowned out by beavy withs in June, and produce both honey and cakes for their owner. Japanese buch-wheat is advertised by seedsmen for one

dollar per bushel.-Prairie Farmer. NOTES ON CORN GROWING.

Do NOT put strawy stable or barn-

yard manure on light soils for corn. The manure will increase droughty conditions to such an extent that it will

do more harm than good unless the season is unusually wet.

IF your team crowds together in the

enltivator, trampling the corn, tie the outside ring of each bit to the end of a stick four feet long, using a string of

such length that the stick will hang

just under the jaws. This was draw

IF the ground and air are dry, com-press the soil above the corn; but if the ground is wet and daying slowly, do not compress it. If compression is un-avoidable, as it is when the two-horse

planter is used, loosen the ground with

The frequency of cultivation should not be measured by days, but by con-dition of soil and atmosphere. Cultiva-tion should be ofteh enough to keep weeds below the surface, to prevent

the formation of a crust on the sur-

face, and to keep broken near the sur-face the continuity of the crevices be-

tween the soil particles.-American

Mrs. Hiffier-Jack and Amy's meet ing and falling in love, she told me

was very romantic. Miss Murray-Yes. They were set sick on the Etruria together.-Munsey's

The Tryst Discovered. The Tryst Discovered. Primus—I saw Dudley's wife consult-ing a lawyer alone to-day. What's up? Secundus—She is estranged from Dud-ley. She has just heard that he prom-ised to meet his first wife in heaven.—

She Could.

Crushed Opponent-Is there anyone in the world who can beat you at an

argument? Successful Opponent-Just come home with me and meet my wife.-Munsey's

He Is Dead. Mrs. Scriblets-I see that the Aristo

the manuscript has been published. Mr. Scriblets-I fear that the pay-ment for it will be too late to do Mr. Aristotle any good.-Puck.

An Implied Refusal.

An Implied RefearL Harry-Did she positively refuse yout Jack (dejectedly)-Not exactly. When I asked her if she ever thought of mar-rying, she said she had never yet had a men ask her about it.-Epoch.

For the Collection "The government ought to coin half cents," growled Mr. Myser. "Would you go to church then?"

"Would you go to church then?" asked his wife.-Jury.

Agriculturist. A Tale of the Sea.

Weekly.

Life.

Weekly.

the horses apart.

the smoothing harrow.