BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1891.

partment, ful. and overflowing with our immer and choice stock of paper in gings. You Pr must help us out, we haven't room for bail our goods, until 187 E. Wayne St., office hours, 19 to 12 M. and you relieve us of some of them,

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secret of our increasing business. We've lots of good things for you this season in fine foot-wear. Our Spring Stock sparkles with advantages to you Ladies' Fine Shoes—fine and pretty styles at \$1, \$1.25; grand at \$1.50;

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an imposition on the public.

Ladies' Lace Shoes—Patent Tips, Cloth Tops; also Button Shoes with Cloth Tops on opera and common sense lasts are quite the style. Patent Calf Dongola Top is a pretty new shoe we are showing. Some of these bave patent calf quarters.
Our stock of Ladies' Low-cut Shors and Slippers can't be equalled. An

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Spring Heel Shoes for Ladies and Children in Button Boots and Low-Cut Shoes from 50c., 75c., \$1, and \$1 25; intents' at 25c, 50c., and 75c.; elegant styles and best of goods.

Men's and Boys' Stoes—In this line as in all others we double discount See our Men's Veal Congress, stylish at \$1, sizes 6-11; then take

a lock at those fine lines at \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50. You never saw their equal. They are made to my order by the lest manufacturers in this country. See our Men's English Cordovan Kangaroo Casco Calf, made on all the improved lasts, plain and tip, all widths.

Look at our immense stock of Brogans, Plow Shoes, Creedmoor's Box
Toe Shoes at \$1, \$1 25, and \$1 50. They are dandies; no foolishness by telling you this shoe was sold for \$2.75, but will sell it to you for \$2.
but will sell you a better one at the small sum of \$1.50. These prices and

the fine styles are leading the trade, and leading lots of customers to our store every day. Don't fail to come in and see us. We will interest you. B. C. HUSELTON, 102 N. Main St., Butler.

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ments en our store room and at present our stock is too large as we have not the room and in order to accomplish our purpose we have marked our goods so remarkably low that it will be an inducement for every person visiting our store to make a purchase.

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A full and complete stock of ladies front lace shoes with scollop fronts with a story or two.

Now, though the widow Marjorie and patent leather trimmings all sizes and all widths. Ladies button shoes, fire dongola, with cleth tops, dengola tops, bright finished tops, with patent leather questioned, plain toe or patent leather tips—all styles—all materials and all prices.

Clark was fifty-two good summers old (though she might have prevarieated if questioned on that subject before a

MISSES SHOES

heel or spring feel- and kind of stock desired and the latest patterns from Rochester's largest shoe factories.

Taven's wing, she was a decidedly wholesome creature to look upon. She had round, plump, white arms, as any

MENS SHOES

pairs of Men's fine calf shoes, Congress or English Balmorals at \$2 former price \$2.75 and many other bargains which space will not permit me to speak about. A larger and more complete stock of men's kip plow shoes, Brogans, Creedmoors, Eurekas, box toe shoes of all kinds at prices larger larger and more complete stock of men's kip plow shoes, than ever.

The above are not leaders in the sense of being a few articles singled last ten years; but the number who The above are not leaders in the sense of being a few articles and gone away sorrowing matched process of their extremely good values, but fair special mention because of their extremely good values, but fair specially the number of those who had signed. Mrs. Marjoric Clark she remained, and seemed to be perfectly imens of the entire stock. They are leaders in another sense. They lead numbers of people to come to us for their shoes and we please and suit them

Boots and Shoes Made to Order. Repairing neatly and promptly done either in leather or rubber goods At all times a full stock of oilmens box-toed boots and shoes.

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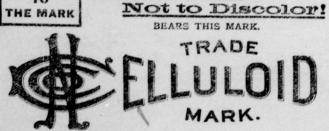
Veterinary Surgeon. Kip and calf stock. Shoe uppers of every description. Blacksmith aprone. When in need of anything in our line give me a call. Orders by mail will receive same attention as if brought in person

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THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

MET AT THE GRAVE.

A Decoration Day Episode with a Pleasant Ending.



lady,in common with the rest of

some enough for any widow to enjoy gazing at. Though his mustache and erial were snow white, his form, six good feet in height, was erect and vig-orous and he walked with a stride that if it did not show the elasticity of youth at least betokened a liberal supply of vitality. The widow Clark got to peeping through her blinds at her neighbor as he walked past and then to wondering when she should make his

But Captain Mageddon (for that it seemed was his name) did not display any anxiety to make acquaintances. He lived all alone in his little house and seldom went out of it. A colored boy made his bed and did his cooking. He the postmaster every day in the cheeriest manner possible. He was quite a favorite at the resort known as "the order his supplies, and where he was wont at times to regale the assortment of prominent citizens there assembled

judge and jury), and though there were streaks of silver here and there in the locks that had once borne the hue of the one could see who watched her knead ing the dough on baking day. She had, moreover, smooth fresh cheeks, with

happy so.

Perhaps it was a memory of her vanished girlhood that caused the widow to feel a trifle piqued at the captain's obvious indifference. Other tenants of the captain, a next door neighbor for six months, and he had never even called on her. True, he bowed with a grave courtesy whenever they met, and often exchanged verbal salutations with her respecting the condition of the weather and so on. But it was all done with a cold politeness that harmonized very ill with the widow's neighborly feelings. If anyone had told her she had fallen genuinely in love with that soldierly figure and earnest, manly face, she would have been vastly indignant.

But there came a day when this kindly interest (to call it by no warmer name) was changed into something closely resembling dislike, and a very stormy interview took the place of any have wished. Deep down in her heart

Mrs. Clark cherished a passionate regard for a lot of fat hens that she kept fenced in in her trim backyard. One morning the captain's big re riever, a shaggy brute with a matter the fence, put three of the fattest hens to death and so eternally scarified the others that they could do nothing but He down and gasp for air. The widow caught the brute in the act. She forgot he was Captain Mageddon's dog—forgot everything except the wanton slaughter he had wreaked. She grabbed him pluekily by the collar, armed herself with a broom handle and in two minutes the dog, having been dragged onto him to fill the air with his howls.

In about ten seconds Capt. Mageddon

across the lot that separated the two houses. "Madam," he said rather brusquely, "why on earth are you beatbrusquely, "why on each ing my dog?"

"Because," retorted the widow, angry for being caught in so ridiculous a situation, "he killed my hens! Because—take that, you brute!" with a final thump as the dog flew between his master's legs and crouched there, too?"

"My boy lies there," answered the old warrior, pointing to a slim marble slab. "He was too young to face that hell of war. But he rode by my side like a hero in that last mad charge at like a hero in that last mad charge at

ace that dog and my colored boy. Tom, ringing through my ears now. Strike

world, and I don't like to see either of them hurt." home, father, he yelled, as no world, and I saw him no more them hurt."

nder the biossoms, the Blue; Sunder the garlands, the Gray.

Episodo with a Ending.

HEN the tall, military-looking stranger moved into the modest dwelling next to the widow Clark's, that excellent lady, in common lady, in common with them have to see their heads eaten of the heas I care about," she snapped. "I's not the value of the heas I care about," she snapped. "I'don't like to see their heads eaten off by a great, roaring cannibal." The captain could not help smiling a little, which exasperated her the more. "And I'll make bold to tell you, Capt. Mageddon," she added, "that it shows a poor spirit for a man to claim he has only a dog and a nigger for friends, when he might have—"

Worli, and I don't like to see their value of the window was thoroughly angry. "It's not the value of the heas I care about," she snapped. "Captain," said the lady, with almost motherly tenderness. "There are two of my darlings sleeping over there—boys of mine who died for their flag as yours did. Their father sleeps with them now. You and I must not grieve for our dead. They are perhaps happing the properties of the water of the water of the water of the real part of the water of the

that the widow Clark never neglected. In the little cemetery, eight miles away, lay her two boys—twins, of seventeen, they were when they left her on that We have but three holidays commemthey were when they left her on that bright morning, oh! so long ago. She never saw them alive again, and they rested there now, under the soft grass. The husband and father who had brought them home lay there also, now, and when Memorial day—that most sacred, perhaps, of all American days—came around, the widow laid her blossoms and wreaths on the three mounds. came around, the widow laid her blos-soms and wreaths on the three mounds. Every year, as the day came around, she hitched up the chunky old mare to



WHY ON EARTH ARE YOU BEATING MY where the dear ones slept. This she was a little late. The sun had gone down behind the hills when she drove down the smooth graveled road. The turf looked fresh and inviting. She strewed her flowers on the mounds precious task—and sat there for an hour, thinking of those who had rested there so long and so silently. She felt no grief now; a calm gladness, rather, that she should be able to care for their

sleeping place so well. A feeling of loneliness came over her as she rose to go. The dusk was gathering over the deserted city of the dead. Slowly the old horse toiled up the incline. Suddenly the reins wer tightened. The woman who was driv ing gave a little gasp of astonishment. She peered through the shrubbery. The stalwart man sitting upon a mossovered stone with his white head

The old mare stopped. She stood stock still for five minutes. The man never moved. The dusk grew deeper and the moon peeped out. Moved by an impulse she could neve afterwards explain, Mrs. Clark slowly descended from the buggy. She moved noiselessly over the grass. proached the stooping figure. "Excuse ne, Capt. Mageddon," she said, soft-



FIGURE.

descended his front steps and walked prise, Mrs. Clark," he said.

The traces of tears upon the stern

"I am sorry, madam," responded the old soldier gravely, "that he killed your hens, and I will pay you for them, glad his fair hair streaming in the breeze. I his fair hair streaming in the breeze. I hens, and I will pay you for them, glad-ly. He deserved the beating, and I can hear his splendid cry of triump that he gave as the ball struck he

might have—"
Here the widow Marjorie felt herself giving way. With a last wrathful look the desired within her door and slammed mature in years, who had seen life in mature in years, who had seen life in all its varied phases—love, joy, grief, passion, all the emotions that carry a soul from the cradle to the inevitable After that, when she passed the captain she looked across the street and pretended not to see him. The captain continued to salute her gravely, as before. In this way things went on for a HAROLD R. VYNNE. HAROLD R. VYNNE.

THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY.

conflict were incomparably less capa-cious than those which were imperiled by the war of the rebellion. The right of the British parliament to tax the colonies, though reasserted in principle, had been practically disavowed by the repeal of the stamp act, and no one now e off to-day than are the sense of the w Canadians had they remained subject to the mother country. But independence having once been attained, and the exhaving once been attained, and the ex-periment of republican government having been entered on, it was of vast importance to the colonists themselves and to the world at large that the exand to the world at large that the ex-periment should prove successful. In the eyes of Europe, Americans had become trustees of the republican idea, and until they were tested by a gigantic civil war, it was uncertain whether they were worthy of the trust. When we decorate the graves of those who fell on the union side of our tre-mendous contest, we honor the men who demonstrated that strength and stability are not incompatible with free institutions, and that even civil war, which transformed the Roman republic into an empire, has left liberty intact on this side of the Atlantic. There was at the outset some objec-

tion to the general observance of Decoration day, on the ground that it antipathies which found vent in the fratricidal struggle. It was predicted that honor would be paid alike to those to those who died on behalf of the defunct confederacy. This has, in fact, proved to be the case. The pious ofdees of gratitude and of affection are vith fire and blood, has arisen from the performed at the graves not only of the vearers of the blue, but also of the vance guard in the march of progress, wearers of the gray. The effect, how-ever, of the simultaneous commemora-tion of the gallant deeds of the victors and the vanquished, has been to heal ather than to deepen the animosities of the survivors.

THE NORTH AND SOUTH.



ove—in paradise. —Lina J. Walk, in Christian at Work. Hard on the Sallors. "Is Decoration day noticed on shipboard?" asked a landsman of a sailor.
"Oh, yes, sir; often."

"Yes; the captain makes a deck ora-

tion whenever he feels like it."-Judge. De Mortuis Nibil Nisi Bonum Necrologist-What is there to say about old Dornale; he was in the leg-islature for a time, wasn't he? Editor—Yes; but there is no use hurt-

ing the family's feelings!-Puck. It Made Him Mad. "What is Faber swearing so energeti-"He's cross because his article on "The Evils of Profanity' was crowded

Customer-What's the difference between these woolen undershirts? Dealer-One is half cotton, an other is whole cotton. N. Y. Weekly.

out."-Judge.

NO.30

THE COLONEL'S BOB.

IN MEMORIAM

Men from the wintry lands.

ed graves
Like hope at the side of peace.
And the robin builds her nest

And so in brotherhood

We scatter the buds of May:
Let the flowers fall over one and all.
For we know no bine nor gray.
And there is no cost and west,
And there is no north or south,
For the paim and pine together twine
Over the cannon's mouth.

Will S

the wonder and admiration of the world. The spirits of those who died to perpetuate the curse of slavery, looking down from the calm heights of eternity,

down from the calm heights of eternity, rejoice no doubt, upon this day, in the defeat of their cause. They were none the less heroes that they died in vain, and as such, we will honor them.

To us, the people of the generation of Peace, "Memorial day" bears a lesson of patriotism as well as gratitude. Upon this day should be recounted the blo-

of patriotism as well as gratitude. Upon this day should be recounted the biography of our heroes, for in them is our
history. North and south, east and
west, should with one accord glory in
the manhood of her citizens, whom it
needs out the occasion to change into

needs only the occasion to change into the soldier in defense of national honor and the principle of government by the

people and for the people. We honor the soldier as the defender of the flag that is over us, and the embodiment of the civilization within us. The true

citizen only can be the true soldier, and

citizen only can be the true somer, and love of country should be instilled into the minds of the young as second only to love to their Creator. The same theme should prevade the teachings of the public school, the great conservator

of our liberty, and any attempt to per-vert them, and make them the imple-

vert them, and make them the implements of any sect or party, should be sternly resisted as foreign to our national principles. Patriotism should be the creed and the watchword of our people. Politics is to patriotism what

people. Folities is to parriotain what theology is to religion, and with our theology sound, our religion of patriot-ian pure, Memorial day will be ob-served by our children and children's children as the anniversary of a national

"But how do you know?"

"You must study into it."
He went to the parlor, took the fam-lly Bible from the table and was missed

r some time, when he came running

I have found it out; the moon is not

was made before the cows were."-

must find out for yourself.'

"How can I find out?"

resurrection.

LOU V. CHAPIN.

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

fruits of the

A Peculiar Memorial Day Celebration at South Forks. South Forks intended to celebrate this Memorial day. When South Forks "celebrated" it was usually a thing to be remembered, and on such nights the wives and children went early to bed, not knowing at what hour of the night they might be obliged to hurry into the road, there to await the final ending of the celebration.

Just now, however, the male popula-tion of South Forks was gathered quiet-ly around Jake Connor's stove, listenng to Bill Jay's harsh-voiced mono

ing to fall Jay's marsh-voiced logue.

"I tell yuh, boys, he's a spy an' a coward an' the sooner South Forks es red uv 'im the better! Why, boys, I kem right up te 'im th' other day an' stuck my face right up te hisn't, an' ses I: 'Colonel,' ses I, 'we don't see much of yuh te South Forks,' an' he jes' booked at me an' walked off—didn't dast say a word. an' walked off—didn't dast say a word.
"Now I heerd—" Here Bill's voice grew mysterious and he glanced sharply

catranged,
And the aboth and south are one.
For where the bayonet gleaned
Poliows the furrowing plow,
And the hand of time, with touch sublime,
Has smoothed was a rugged brow. Here are the clustered graves
Of those whose race marched down
In the cold moon's light to the famous height
Of beleagered Beston town.
And there are the grassy tembs
Unmained by tengue or pen,
Of these whose stress left household fires
To fight as Marion's men.

MEMORIAL DAY. Its Observance Should Teach the People of This Generation.

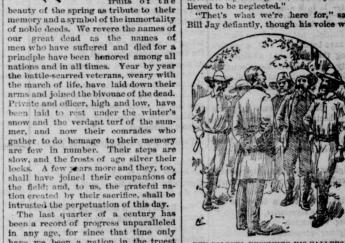
N THIS year-of our Lord 1891, our Lord 1891, the celebration of Memorial day is also the silver Jubilee of Peace. For

paie, siender gentieman stepped out upon the piazza.

"Pepper him, boys, ef I give yuh the word," said Bill Jay under his breath. The colonel must have heard the ominous click-click of several revolvers at these words, but his face did not abruses a be struyed cless to them. change as he stepped closer to them.
"Good morning, gentlemen," he
marked quietly. "You have favor
me with an early call this morning." twenty-five years, upon every recur-

men, to tell you that I received word that you intended to visit me to-day to decorate my son's grave, which you believed to be neglected."

"Thet's what we're here for," said



ers who fought so bravely and who "I am sorry that there should be ill feeling between us," continued the colonel. "I will say nothing about the cowardice—the cowardice," he repeated

> "That is not the grave of my son, for I have no son," raising his voice as I have no son," raising his voice as there arose an angry murmur of disbelief among the men. "I never had a son. But that is the grave of my faithful old war-horse, Bob, who carried me through battle after battle, bearing as fully his share of danger, privation and hardship as a son of mine could have done." The quiet voice lost its steadiness for a moment.

deserved honor you have unwittingly paid to my dear old Bob. And now, gentlemen," he continued, after a mo-ment's pause, "having settled this little matter, let me invite you to walk in and partake of the refreshment that Jason has spared no pains in preparing. A hard

assumed an expression more nearly akin to shame than many of them had known in long days past.

As the colonel ended with a smile there was a moment's silence; then Bill Jay turned to the men behind him.

"Boys," he said, "I think thar's been a triflin' mistake here, an' we're ready to own up to it like men. Now, afore we freeze onte th' colonel's invite, le's give three cheers fer th' colonel—an' three cheers an' a tiger for the colonel's Bob!"

KATE A. BRADLEY.

The Veterans.

They meet and call each other "boys".
On Decoration day;
Yet every face is marked with years
And all the heads are gray.

—Jud.

Oil Ponds in the Gulf Between the mouth of the Mississipp river and Galveston, Tex., 10 or 15 mile south of Sabine Pass, is a spot in the gulf of Mexico which is commonly called "The Oil Ponds" by the captains of the small crafts which ply in that vicinity. There is no land within 15 miles, but even in the wildest weather the water at this spot is comparatively calm, owing to the thick covering of oil which apparently rises from the bed of the gulf, which is here about 15 to 18 feet beneath the surface. This strange refuge is well known to sailors who run on the small vessels trading between Calcasien, Orange, Sabine, Beaumont Calcasien, Orange, Sabine, Beaumont and Galveston. When through stress of where they run for "The Oil Por An Authoritative Decision.

Tommy came running to his father one day with a weight of trouble on his good illustration of the effects of "oil

ipon a troubled sea. Where Will It End.

"Sadle says that the moon is made of green cheese, pa, and I don't believe it." "Don't you believe it? Why not?" "I know it isn't." "Those must be the veterans," sho "Yes; and those immediately follow ing are the sons of veterans," he re-"Is it, papa?"
"Don't ask me that question; you "But there seems to be another com-

pany, of very small boys."
"Yes; those are the sons of the sons of veterans."—Judge.

"Well, I suppose you are going to celebrate Decoration day in the proper spirit?"

"Yes. I'm going to the ball game,"—

around—"I heerd thet he's got a grave in his backyard—his son's grave, mind yuh, thet fit in th' war on th' other side,

yuh, thet fit in th' war on th' other side, an' th' cuss won't put a flower on it, er let anyone say a word about it te 'im.

"Now I say, boys, let's go up thar temorrer an' dekerate thet thar grave an' et thar's a word said agin' it—" a significant gesture finished the sentence.

The great white house was very silent and deserted the next day as a band of men rode up to the gate, fastened their horses and entered the grounds.

Just how the colonel had secured the ill-will of South Forks would be hard to

Just how the colonel had secured the ill-will of South Forks would be hard to say, unless by that silent reserve that in the mind of the uncultured stamps the "aristocrat," a species to be as speedily exterminated as possible; but it was an ugiy-looking body of men that stood around that lonely grave behind the house and laid their rough decorations upon it, giving little though orations upon it, giving little thought to the sacred ceremony they were per

Bill Jay, as they were preparing to de-

I see!" with a glance toward the flower-decked grave.
"I feel that it is due to you, gentlemen, to tell you that I received word



cowardice—the cowardice," he repeated as there was a threatening movement in the crowd, "of men who will come upon another man's property with the direct intention of assaulting his personal feelings, if not of doing him bodily injury," with a significant glance at the now half-concealed weapons. "I will say nothing of this, but I feel it my duty to tell you that you have been misinformed.

of their high courage, too, should not be forgotten upon this anniversary. Mists of prejudice have been dispelled

> has spared no pains in preparing. A nard morning's work is apt to make one both hungry and thirsty. Walk right in gentlemen!"
> Coolness and bravery will command the admiration of the lowest, and gradually the ugly faces of the crowd had assumed an expression more nearly assumed an expression m