

VOL. XXVIII

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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Dr. N. M. COVER, 127 E. Wayne St., office hours, 10 to 12 M. and 3 to 5 P. M.

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L. BLACK, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

E. N. LEAKE, M. D., J. E. MANN, M. D., Specialists.

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J. C. ROESSING, PRESIDENT. H. C. KLINEMAN, SECRETARY.

LOYAL S. McJUNKIN, Agent.

A. E. GABLE, Veterinary Surgeon.

LOOK AT YOUR SHOES! DON'T YOU NEED A NEW PAIR? JOHN BICKEL, HAS JUST WHAT YOU WANT.

If you are in need of shoes or slippers of any kind, no matter what style you may want, call around and see us and we will suit and please you.

We can now show a better and finer selection of ladies and misses fine shoes than ever before.

Repairing neatly and promptly done either in leather or rubber goods.

Leather and Findings.

JOHN BICKEL, Number 128 S. Main Street.

The Shoe Trade Centers at HUSELTON'S. Why shouldn't it? The people quite as naturally drift to the store that best serves their interests.

Ladies our prices will open your eyes as well as your purses. Below are a few prices: Ladies kid button boots, handsome styles, only \$1; ladies genuine dionga boots, very fine, only \$1.50.

OUR "NEW FINISH" KID BUTTON SHOES!

Opera and Common Sense, is a shoe that can scarcely be distinguished from the genuine French Kid article and is very durable, splendid fitting and most elegant appearing.

It has eclipsed any line we ever offered in point of popularity. All sizes in stock. Mail Orders Filled Promptly. AL. RUFF, 114 South Main Street, Butler, Pa.

AMANDA'S BURDENS. They All Vanished After She Discovered Her Riches.

HE WAS no longer a little Mandy. She had grown to be a large strong girl, with red cheeks and brown eyes.

John nodded in a matter of fact way. "Show Miss Amanda how it is that you write," said the mother, fondly.

"I do wish we were rich!" she would often exclaim, looking positively homesick in her discontentment.

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ALBERT EDWARD.

It is come at the Duke of Richmond's country house in the month of June.

"I'll watch her till she goes by, and if she reads what I've written on that stone an' don't shriek nor faint dead away, then I'll make up my mind she can't love me!"

"Not the most profitable system. Owner—Let me see; it's about a year since we started publishing scandals and other trashy news, and receiving false advertisements."

HER ANGELIC COUGH.

By Means of It She Set the Whole Congregation Goging. She had of those sweet, angelic faces, with great, prayerful gray eyes, and no one would think there was anything of the joker about her.

Did you ever see anything so queer as a tree with buds just ready to open in the spring and summer days?

Algie—What an unromantic girl Miss Charlie! She shocked me terribly last night.

Snodgrass—Swayback is a remarkable man. He thinks he can sing.

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THE LOVE TEST.

John—'I'll watch her till she goes by, and if she reads what I've written on that stone an' don't shriek nor faint dead away, then I'll make up my mind she can't love me!"

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One of Thousands.

Theorizer—I can't understand it, I really can't. Here you left a comfortable home in Europe and came to this country because you wanted to be your own landlord, yet you settle right down here in a big city and pay more rent for a dingy shanty than you paid in Europe for your whole farm.

A Satisfactory Criterion. I've been looking for a man I pass your looking for, Mr. Brier Sinyum? Brier Sinyum—It's a fellow named Dolgrouse, which he's mad 'cause I wouldn't let him 'f cents. When he dishevels sole one marker out, 'fo' de wah, dat nighd didn't fetch but seven hundred dollars, an' dat's my opinion of a now."

A Gouty Conscience. Tiff Dolgrouse, who's dabbling again one day last week. He had a nice lunch fixed up, but upon arriving at the creek he discovered that he had lost it, so he retraced his steps. Meeting a large, satisfied-looking negro who was picking his teeth, Tiff asked: "Did you pick up anything in the road?"

Accommodating. "They tell me you and your wife have separated. How come it to pass?" "To please others."

Things That Take Time. Breece—Howser, you've had that newspaper two hours; aren't you nearly through with it?"

Doing Time for Time. Prison-Visitor—And what brought you here, my poor man?"

Seeing Things Grow. The Rapidity with Which the Gladiolus Springs into Life.

Positive Proof. Returned Emigrants—Have you believe my statement that I reached the north pole?"

Best They Could Do. Mr. De Quaker—So the Westends have gone to New York. They move in the best society, I presume.

On Her Feet. Miss Spry—Jane lends the smell of powder.

A Safe Offer. Entertaining Boy—How you believe the paper-felder a button manufacturer at Barnevill will pay \$200 to effery man killed in a railway accident if he wear six "dove buttons" from Lucina."

Stretches Bestness. Old Gent—I understand, sir—in fact, I know—that you and my daughter are edging very rapidly toward matrimony.

Smithers Knew. Miss Wilkins—Ah, what a change one little woman can make in a man's life. Mr. Smithers—Exactly; and what a heap of change she requires while doing it—Jury.

Revivalist in the course of an animated exhortation exclaimed: "Ah, but Heaven is my home!" Just then a voice in the rear of the hall shouted: "I thought you lived in Chicago!"—Judge.

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Assessing His Employee.

Sampson was a clerk for one day only at the mammoth establishment of William Bosson, in Dallas, Tex. Bosson, although very wealthy, is also very illiterate. He was writing a letter, when he looked up and asked Sampson Jennings, who was at the next desk: "How do you spell indictment—with a 'c' or an 's'?"

"All the clerks I ever had except you know had a new man stands at the desk formerly occupied by Sampson Jennings,"—Texas Siftings.

Change to Save Money. Agent—I am informed, sir, that you are about to build a new house, and I should like to sell you a book on architecture.

Must Be Contented. "Gentlemen," remarked Jones to the seconds of a man who had had unintentionally offended, and who had called to make arrangements for a duel, "I will fight your principal with swords, pistols or any other weapon he may select, but I insist on one condition on no account must a drop of blood be shed. I have just joined the anti-vice-society."—Judge.

An Intference. Little Fanny (to her twin sister)—Mr. Smith kisses Aunt Flora last night. I heard her say so.

Maamma (overhearing)—Come to me instantly, Fanny. What do you mean by telling such a story? Fanny (stoutly)—Well, I heard auntie say she had something from Mr. Smith's own lips, and what else could it have been?—Harper's Bazar.

A FREAK—A BLIND PAINTER. Mr. Smith's picture hangs in my room. I heard her say so.

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