BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1892.

PENN'A

White-Sand

[A. STEELSMITH, Manager, Butler, Pa.]

Dealers in Illuminating, Lubricating, Cylinder and Dynamo Oils-all free from Lima Oil.

This oil is made and handled by Independent Producers not connected with the Standard Oil Co., as reported.

All orders will be promptly filled. Warehouse in rear of Nicho-

las & Hewitt's planing mill, near West Penn depot, Butler, Pa. Refinery at Coraopolis, Pa., near P. & L. E. R. R.

This oil can be secured at McCrea's Feed Store on E. Jefferson St.

most reliable drug store in this part of the State that you have to pay more for your medicines. We dispense only Pure and Fresh Drugs at all times and at

WULLER'S MODEL PHARMACY, 229 Centre Ave.,

Reduced Prices

ON

Clothing.

For the next sixty days we will sell our "Salt River" it will be necessary for me to close out my stock before leaving. as I do not suppose there will be

prices.

Men's suits worth \$20 will go for \$16,

"" \$18 "" \$14,

And Boy's suits at the same reduction.

Men's suits of clothing at greatly reduced ing. as I do not suppose there will be any use in my taking it along. I have laid in a very large stock of clothing for men, boys and children consisty of o'coats suits, pents, o'alls, shirts of every description, hats, cape gloves, collars, cuffs, mofflers, bosiery, brushes, combs, pocket and bill books, um brellas, and an immense stock of jewelry, ladies and gents gold and sil.

Winter Footwear.

Give us a call and see our goods, and of elect get our prices before purchasing else- Heck in on Deck with the larges where.

R. Barnhart & Son, if not in deed All can now be bappy by dealing at the old reliable.

General Merchants.

The Best Place

To get your Fall and Winter outfit of at the top Leading the trade, standing by high above all competition, we find the crowd is still with us. Yes DRES, GOODS, CLOAKS, UNDER- we cry for more our stock is immension bargains untouched, we will WEAR FLANNELS, BLANKETS, please you once in quantity, twice in quality and three times in price YARNS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, COR-SETS, etc., is at

-Troutman's-

They keep the largest stock, best goods and, above all, the lowest prices. CARPET, OIL CLOTHS, RUGS, LACE CURTAINS, PORTIERS, CURTAIN POLES, WIN-

DOW SHADES:

We can sell you the above named goods cheaper than you can get them elsewhere

A. TROUTMAN & SON.,

The leading Dry Goods and Carpet Ret our prices before you buy Paints, and see what we have to offer. We can save you dollars on House, Butler, Pa.

Select Your Holiday Presents from this List:

RINGS, EAR-RINGS,

SCARF PINS, STUDS,

GENTS GOLD,

LADIES GOLD,

GENTS SILVER LADIES CHATLAIN,

Gold Pins, Far-rings, Rings Chains, Bracelets, Etc,

found in a first class store

Diamonds

Watches

Jewelry

Silverware

RODGER BROS. 1847 Knives, Forks, Spoons. Triple Plate.

E. GRIEB,

Job Work of all kind done at the "Citizen Office."



Raised from the Dead

Long and Terrible Illness from Blood Poisoning

Completely Cured by Hood's Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent dy of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while as-sting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon terrible wicers broke out on her

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Salt River Sale.

We are now ready with our Fall and jewelry, ladies and gents gold and silver watches, chains and charms, spectacles, collars and cuffs, buttons, lace and scarf pins and over 1000 plain and set rings, each and every article suitable for a Christmas gift.

> Thank-giving dinners and the col line of Holiday's goods to select from.
> Our customers will find that the good old days are once more here in effect if not in deed All can now be

ouse of D. A. Heck. Now kind friends while siness men are offering 50 and 100 Connoquenessing P. O., Petersville, Pa.

per cept discounts, we can not do in we try to be just, as well as generous we sell our goods so low they cannot be sold any lower, that is why we have not got rich, but as is our usual custom we are propared to give to got the Holiday. er cent discounts, we can not do it every customer during the Holiday a beautiful souvenir. Show us the man who said there is always room vour life see what quality, quantity nd style really mean.

Wishing you a Merry Christma and a Happy New Year remain as ever your humble servant D. A. HECK, am pion Clothier, Hatter and Furnis 121 N. Main St., Butler.

DUAL DRUGS AT LOW PRICES is the motto at en

If you are sick and need medicine you want the BEST. This you can always depend upon getting from us. as we use nothing but strictly Pure Drugs in out Prescription Depart ment. You can get the best of everything in the drug line from us.

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, Kalsomine, Alabastine &c.

your paint bill.

J. C. REDICK,

Main St., next to Hotel Lowry BUTLER, PA.

IT IS A PLEASURE TO WEAR GAR-MENTS THAT ARE CORRECT-LY DESIGNED AND PERFECT Tea sets, castors, butter dishes and everything that can be FITTING. -0:0-

> THIS SATISFAC-ORDER AT

Aland's.

Handsome Fabrics for

FALL AND WINTER



CRUTCHY.



stump, beside me, and the sight of a pair of eyes, hollow, yet radiant, light-ed suddenly into starry reflectors by the coming of their owner into the glare of an electric lamp, cause me to

stop at once.

It is a girl, I perceive; a girl upon crutches. Her rags are manifest, her cloak a farce; a tattered bit of scarlet kneel before Crutchy, her arms around me, my head pillowed upon her hollow wool is wound about her head, and in me, my head pillowed upon her hollow each naked, red hand is grasped the little breast.

wool is wound about her head, and in each naked, red hand is grasped the cross-piece of a rude crutch.

"Buy my last paper." m? All about-but what she says chills me more them the biting night winds. From her blue, childish lips comes a glib enumeration of crimes no child should know—crimes from which a second ginner might



out to do one of those very foolish

"Yes. Are you for sale, Crutchy?"
"Not reg'lerly acrost a counter, 'm,'
rejoins Crutchy, in quick response to
the suspicion of drollery in my mood.
"It's you as 'u'd be sold, 'm, if you was
to buy me. I'd go dirt cheap, though,
and willin."

and willin."

"It's a bargain," I laugh, and down
the brilliant street we tramp together.

"He'll be glad if I never come back,'
vouchsafed my new possession. "He
hates me. Men allus hates women,
doesn't they?"

doesn't they?"

I glance down at Crutchy in surprise.

But the surprise vanishes as I note the child is older than I thought—a great girl, in fact, but not in stature.

"Who is 'he,' Crutchy? The clerk to whom I must render payment for my new purchase?"

ew purchase?"
"He's gran'dad; but he can't seli me 'Sides"—and the starry eyes close suffi-ciently to twinkle—"he'd be too drunk

I am already glad that I have bar-gained for Crutchy. My intuition never fails me, however mad, at times, my impulses seem. I like my new little dle of ready responses; but how

about Keith?

Keith laughs when, at home at last, I tell him what I've done; calls me all sorts of fond, nonsensical names, and, a little later, leaves me with my "odd idea," to go to the club.

"You'll not stay long, Keith?" I ask.

"Can't promise, dear, really. There are a lot of fellows of the legion to be on hand to-night." on hand to-night-' "Of the legion, Keith-that old Pa-

risian mob?"
"Ha! ha!—'mob'! You're not jealous
"Ha! ha!—'mob'! You're woman?" of the legion, are you, little woman?"
I am. But pride will not allow me
to be candid. Let him go to his
legion—am I not his first thought, for legion—am I not his first thought, for all those gay Bohemians?

"Cantholi has a new idea"—all things, to Keith, are, in some sort, "ideas"—and he means to parade it. "Big canvas—weird subject—'Ring of Death,' or something of the sort."

"I like your style so much better, Keith."

"What—'The willows green, the peb-es white, the stream a line of glimmering light'? "For shame, Keith! Where did you

ind that, you—"
"On the floor. Debris from your desk, I presume. Allow me to continue; The low hills wrapped in purple mist;

"Keith! Keith! Go to your legionare you utterly without heart?"
"She asks me that who captured it!

Oh, come, little woman, the rhymes are DEST. not so bad. I've heard worse."

Keth sleeps so late next morning that I have time to make a pilgrimage to a bazar where ready-made clothing is obtainable, return with divers packages, and trick out the flotsam washed to me by destiny; wares from the coercitation. to me by destiny's waves from the ocean of life, before my husband makes his ap-

mendicant, and moves me not a whit. They are all allike with their stock in trade, their whines, their pleas, their art ful endeavors to work upon one's sympathies; and I move on through the darkening twilight of a bitterly cold New Year's eve, until the sound of a persistent "stump, stump," beside me, and the sight of a pair of eyes, hollow, yet radiant, light red, bloated cheeks, from the breath— but let what I have named suffice! "Odd little beast—comic—make good

From whence came that mysterious influence that brought together two stoms for mutual good—Crutchy and me? In the hours, the days, the weeks that pass, no mother could console me as does this crippled child. The hid-eousness of inebriety is no new thing to her. Her face is a barometer. I fall to from which a seasoned sinner might well recoil—intelligence of most satanic nature—and yet I feel that her own utterances touch herself no more for harm than do the foul waters the waxen petals of the lilies they upbear.

as does this crippled child. The hidecusness of inebriety is no new thing to reading, and confident am I that hope is near if a smile be in the ascendant. It is smilling often of late, for Keith is working pretty hard now upon a new picture. Crutchy is his model When picture. Crutchy is his model. When his hands are steady the bright eyes grow in radiance, and all their dazzling beauty is caught upon the canvas; when they tremble and lose their cunions to me and ning then Crutchy comes to me, and there's nothing I can do but bless my little New Year's gift.

My small inheritance is all gone-Keith's money nearly so, and shorter commons than those to which we've either one of us been ever used, is quite the order of our present day. Our last domestic takes her leave, and Crutchy and I vie with each other in the culina

oast. Tea's too excitin' to the nerves

The picture is finished. Keith takes

The picture is finished. Retth takes it to the exhibition and comes home elate. It is accepted and will be "put upon the line." The demon of strong drink had not been seen for weeks. Crutchy's face is aglow with happiness, and I am coming to my old, gay self, much as a storm-blown vessel rights herself upon a calming sea. "Our idea" is the center of attraction

in the great art exhibition. Crutchy's pictured eyes go to the heart of a certain dealer. Keith, though offered a pretty penny, holds to a fixed price, and one night fetches the great sum home with him. "My little woman shall have her old

"My little woman shall have her old servants back again; and Crutchy shall have her wheeled chair!" cries Keith, flourishing a fistful of bills.

Full of our joy, we women indulge in a little dissipation; steaming coffee, and such chops as Keith affects, are set upon our lately frugal board. "And what color shall be the uphol-

stering of the wheeled chair, Crutchkins?" asks our hero, helping himself to another juicy chop.
"I must sleep on that," says Crutchy, "On the color of the chair? Ha! ha!

Well, little woman, it's not everybody that has so many thousands in the house over night—indeed, it isn't the safest thing imaginable to thus entertain this sort of visitor-did outsiders but know of it! However, I've been carefully



DEAD.

put it-all save this fiver-in the desk upstairs, and to-morrow I'll bank it, bright and early. And now I must leave you. Promised to meet my benevolent patron at the club, and talk over a new idea."

"Ke—" but I close my lips in time. I should be a criminal to suggest such an awful possibility as has flown like a devil into my brain. "Good-by, old boy, and don't stay too long away, for Crutchy and I are a slim battalion to cope with any burglarizing foe." That long, long night my searching

hand touched an empty pillow. Keith dawns. Crutchy crawls downstairs, looking white and haggard; evidently she has slept as little as have I. At noon we hear the stopping of a vehicle; my husband is brought home. We pay the men for their services, and turn to face our grief. The money has been too much for him—his flattering friends too seductive; we see it all Crutchy and

too seductive; we see it all, Crutchy and I, and sit there, silents in our anguish.

Next morning Keith tells the story
that we, being women, intuitively
know. He gropes his way upstairs,
sober, sad, suffering, and has not had time to more than cross the room when -may Heaven save me from ever again hearing the sound I now hear-there comes a shrick that resembles the cry of a lost soul. I rush up the stair while Crutchy follows slowly.

"It's gone! The money's gone! I'm bbbed!—I'm robbed!" I fall upon a chair, stunned; nor do seem to awaken from my stupor for nours and hours. Officers of the law,

But the shock and my apathy arouse my husband. Like one touched by a

my husband. Like one touched by a powerful battery, he springs into new life, and swears, by all that he holds holy and dear, to have alone with strong drink. And I know that he means it.

But Crutchy grows thinner as the days shorten; and when the sun enters Libra, i feel that the trail tenement will hold her but a little while longer.

She feel it to seed westling does.

"I couldn't do much for you, dearie," thus she pet-names me, "but what I could, I did. And when I die—" "O, Crutchie," I wail.

I scarcely hear, so great is my grief; out recollect, afterward, what I now

She lives until New Year's eve. I alwith choking sobs I bid Keith fetch
the book she loved so well; and, as he
goes to do my bidding. I place the satin
bag she asked for in her nerveless

hands. Keith comes to me, at last, and to-

dead, and read:

"DEAR ANGLE UPON ERTH. I stoled the monny. Youl find it in the Satten bag I toled you to putt in my Hand. I stoled it cause I was frade your husben would kill hisself with so much monny to spend fer drink. I was goan to keps it til new years and then giv it back and make him promuss to do Right. take it Now and tell him how it was. god bless you bothe.

"from
"CRUTCHY."

What She Wasted. Agatha Aesthete-If there were only mething in this mundane world that satisfy one's wildest longings, and fil the aching void within! Charlie Replete-What's the matter with pie?-Truth.

Little Girl-Papa is makin' a awfu fuss sniffin' around the house, and ex aminin' the drain pipes, and everythin it. -Good News.

IT LOOKED THAT WAY.



Jack's father had been describing the Desert of Sahara to him.
"Oh, I know what it's like," Jack. "It's like a great big sea-shore without any ocean to it."—Harper's Young People.

He-Only out three hours, deare and just see the ducks I bagged! Dearest (who is aware of some chang of air in the room)-But why didn't yo shoot fresh ones?-Judge. Run Down.

Sim Pathizer-You look run dow Kant Helpit-I am. My Free Press. Her Form Was Her Fortune

A bendsome figure to me.

hand. We linger over its pages, noting the many blessings showered upon us from the hand of a merciful Father; a liberal prinkling of control of the passers by. liberal sprinkling of sorrows and mistakes, many — perhaps all — readily traceable to ignorant or willful sins for neither of which can we offer the slightest excuse; and the golden opportunities unheeded, of aiding our fellow creatures by look, word, deed or example.

with a good word for everyone. Presently he met Dr. Phiddlegrease.

"A happy New Year, doctor," bawled the squire, "and many fat cases for you."

"The same to you," responded the medical man, "and many new suits on your docket."

the marred and blurred pages of the old year, or the pure, fresh ones of the new? Because only the brate lives for the moment, leading an existence of disconnected dots. The brute-like man, to whom the past has no stimulus and contains no warning, and the future no invitation, passes the annual milestones. invitation, passes the annual milestones without thought, repentance or regret. The wise man's life is as a line with a purpose in it, directed by what lies behind and aiming well at something ahead. God's labor is permanent in its results because it looks before and after, is cumulative, has its solid foundations and its spires of desire. And it we wish our life work to have any measure of the firmness and success of the Creator's great works, it must be made, like His, to grow with reasonableness out of the past and look with purpose toward the years to come. There are no times so appropriate for this wise and linking meditation as be-ginnings and endings—the close of the year when reason has action, with its lessons and promptings, behind it, and the start, when purpose has action, all fresh and unsullied, before it.

After duly considering the old year let us turn to the new, this volume of three hundred and sixty-five pages, everyone of which we shall fill with some sort of a record. As we wish it to be a satisfactory one, let us aim to make the very best of life; remember-ing that we were created in the unage of God and that, through His promised strength, we are able to do all things well that may be given us to do. In order to attain such success, however make the very best possible record on that day, thus opening the way for an improvement on the morrow, and so on. The year 1893 will be made memorable to posterity by the Columbian ex-position, in which the nations of the globe unite to celebrate the glorious

dom harvested from this great intern tional exhibit, forget the lesson taugh by the devotion of Columbus to his life

will only go to improve that pave which is already kept in very good

Year's day of 1894 we shall be able to it 'u'd mean more then. If I die afore, and it ain't too long, keep me till New Years, dearie. if you can."

Years, dearie. if you can."

Advance in the assurance that on New Year's day of 1894 we shall be able to review with gratification the individual and collective strides made during 1893. MARY M. PRICE.

"And, then, the last thing, dearie, open my Grimm's Fairy Tales, and Ju'll find something that I've wrote there."

This Heroic Wife.

Mr. Henpeck—I believe I've got the most heroic wife in the world.

Friend—What did she do?

Mr. Henpeck—A burglar came into the house during my absence. My wife low no hands but mine to touch the didn't scare worth a cent. She received him politely. I saw him. Just as I enself, reverently to rest.

With choking sobs I bid Keith fetch window and made his escape. He was a window and made his escape. He was a control of the rest o young fellow and rather good looking. Friend (who knows her)-No wonder

No Head for Business Mose Schaumberg, Jr. - Vader, a shentlemans vants to know if dot uneedle, anyvay. Mose Schaumburg, Sr.—Does dot shirt

"No; it vas choost a leedle too pig." "Of course it vill shrink! Vy don't you have some heads for pishness?"— Texas Siftings.

Remembrances. Wife (revisiting the scene of her betrothal)—I remember, Algernon, so well when you proposed to me, how painfully embarrassed you were.

Algernon—Yes, dear; and I remember so well how kind and encouraging you were, and how very easy you made it for me, after all.—Brooklyn Life.

Disputed Ownership. "Papa," said little Johnnie, "Johnnie is my name, isn'tit?"
"Yes, my boy. Why?"
"I saw Johnnie Perkins to-day, and
he said it was his, and he got real mad

you'd given it to me."—Harper's Young People. A Tight Squeeze. "I hadn't heard that you'd been ill, "Have though; been pretty close to "Is that so?"

"Yes; two doctors in the house at the ame time."—Life.

A Plan That Failed. Little Daughter—I was putting dolly's shoes and stockin's on the kitty.
"What for?"

"So she couldn't sewatch."-Good No Scandal in It. Larkin (to his wife)-Did you hear of the Rev. Dr. Thirdly's fall? Mrs. Larkin-Dearme, no! What has

Larkin-He has fallen heir to \$50,000 by the death of an uncle.-Truth. Why He Growled. Mrs. Hicks — You blow about my dressmaker, but I never say a word about your tailor.

Hicks—Good heavens, madam, you don't seem to realize that dress have to be paid.—N. Y. Herald.

What She Objected To. Wife-You are altogether too nice about everything.
Husband—I thought you liked fastid-Wife-I do; it's the fusstidious kind I object to. - Detroit Free Press.

Wouldn't Be Safe, You Know "I suppose when you marry the duke you will go at once to his home in Eng-land with him?"
"Dear me, no! I wouldn't trust myself away over there with a man I know so little about."-Life.



"Well, I don't know; look at Charley

stop chewing on New Year's day. He went a year without chewing. Then he resolved not to drink, and went a year

the New Year with resolves."

"Just so," repeated the squire, cynically; "but anyone can do what Paddiepool did on New Year's or any other day. Now look at me. I smoke from cight to ten cigars every day not beeight to ten cigars every day, not be cause I am addicted to it, but because I like to, and can stop at any time. Why

"You think not?" "Certainly," said the squire, with confidence; "no trick at all!"



the street whistling. In the evening while the doctor was scated in his comfortable library the squire was ushered in. It was his cus-tom to drop over occasionally to visit his friend and discuss social and business affairs. Upon this occasion the squire was in his usual good spirits, and came in vigorously chewing a tooth-pick. He took a seat opposite the doc-tor. Presently the latter lit a cigar tor. Presently the latter lit a cigar which the squire eyed jealously but said nothing, and soon the two were engaged in conversation. After awhile the squire rose to go and as he did so, still talking, he took a long, tempting looking cigar from his pocket. He smelled of it approvingly and then as if recollecting himself put it back. The squire continued talking attentively. Pretty soon out came the cigar again. This time he bit the end off, rolled it between his fingers and placed it in his atch while the doctor with difficulty match while the doctor with difficulty refrained from laughing outright. As the squire finished speaking he struck a light and had taken but two puffs when the situation dawned upon him. The cigar dropped from his lips. The doctor was in a paroxysm of mirth. "Doctor," said the squire soberly, as he closed the door behind him with a bang, "you'd better step around in the morning and get measured for that suit."

JEAN LA RUE BURNETT.

JEAN LA RUE BURNETT. Barred Out. Dashaway — Hello, old man, what makes you look so sad? Billboard (the tragedian)—A friend of mine who lives in a town in Connecticut has asked me up there to take New Year's dinner with him, and I

Dashaway-Why not? Billboard-I acted there last month

Wife-I've got a little New Year's Wife—I've made you a present of a beautiful sealskin cloak. See how nice-ly it fits me?—Cloak Review

How Those Girls Love One Another.

Maud—Now, when I am asked to sing, I never say: "Oh, I can't" but I always sit right down at the piano—Mamie—And let the audience find it out for themselves? Yes?—Truth. Hard on the Poor Boy. He-I drank some champagne, you know, and after awhile it went to my

She-That was the only empty place Inconsistent "I hate a jealous man!" she said;
And when he learned to treat, instead,
Her follies with indulgent air,
She cried because "he didn't care!"
—Harry Romaine, in Puck.





A FEW RESOLUTIONS.

Resolve: That you will



The Dun.

We're feeling blue about the gil
For now this man of gall
Vil fill his pocket full of bills
And make his New Year call.



Mamma-Did you? Wh

"So you gave your sister a bear thday present, did you, Tommy birthday present, did you. Tommy?"
"Yes; I always give Susie a present
on her birthday, 'cause mine comes a
week after hers."—Boston Globe.

Gross Thoughtless: Angelina—Papa's income is very large, but he spends a good deal. Edwin—It's too bad, isn't it? He seems to forget that his money really belongs to us!—Truth.

Willis-So your hired girl left rather unexpectedly. Is there anything mising? Wallace—Yes; the kerosene

Mrs. Gadds—That new minister ain't nuch on visitin', is he? Mrs. Gabb—No. I guess his wife is a purty good cook herself.—N. Y. Weekly.

Not a Visitor.

Little Country Boy-I wonder wot those city children do with themselves when they is at home?

Little Country Girl-Oh, I s'pose they sits around their flat and thinks how nice it is to be New Yorkers-God