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PENN'A

White-Sand

[A. STEELSMITH, Manager, Butler, Pa.] Fealers in Illuminating, Lubricating, Cylinder and Dynamo

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

All orders will be promptly filled. Warehouse in rear of Nicho-1... & Hewitt's planing mill, near West Penn depot, Butler, Pa.

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Are You One Of The Lucky Ones Who Will

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THE KIND

-Troutman's-

For the next two weeks. Remember it is not our fault if you come too late, it will commence Jan. 25 and continue till Feb. 4.

Carpets, Cloaks, Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Dry Goods, Flannels, Ginghams, Calicoes, etc.

See our big bargain counter on left hand side entering store.

YOURS RESPECTFULLY,

A. Troutman & Son,

Leading Dry Goods and Carpet House, Butler, Pa.

product to expect for instance that you can buy an article at 50 cts, as good FRANK KEMPER, as one you pay \$1.00 for, this would be losing money.

It is Simply a Matter of Business BLANKETS,

With you to buy from a reliable house and one that you know has only one price, a house that gives one man as much as his neighbor for his dollar—no

two prices.

Houses that are slways advertising goods at \$1.00 worth \$2.00, and all this kind of bosh as a rule are dangerous places to make money in, it is used by them as a catch to get you in their net.

It would not be safe for you to take part in any scheme where the merchant is going to lose money and you make, for fear the merchant would make the money and you lose it.

We carry the largest stock and best rubber goods of any house in Butler, we give a new pair of men's ruther boots if not satisfactory to the customer free of charge, ask one of these little follows to do this, see what he will say to you, we have all these cheap or should say dear rubbers, men's at 25 cts., chil's 10 cts., etc., and that is all they are worth or all any of them are worth.

of them are worth.

Our stock in men's, boy's and youths' boots and is not equaled in Butler. Men's fine shoes at - extra fine calf shoes at -Ladies' fine button shoes at
" grain button shoes at

" slippers at
" flannel lined shoes
All these not half price, but regular price.
"Sold ladies' flannel lined shoes and slippers in great variety, we tell you hat goods are and give you the lowest price. No old rusty job lots in this pock, all clean freeh goods. Come and see us.

25 cts. and 50 cts
To c

C. HUSELTON.

Diamonds

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RODGER BROS. 1847 Knives, Forks, Spoons-

GENTS GOLD, LADIES GOLD, GENTS SILVER LADIES CHATLAIN, Gold Pins, Ear-rings, Rings, Chains, Bracelets, Etc, Tea sets, castors, butter dishes and everything that can be found in a first class store,

E. GRIEB, 10,000 Norway Sprince, 4 to 5 inches high, \$20. 10,000 Balsam Fir, 4 to 8 inches high, \$25. 10,000 Arbor Vite, 8 to 15 inches high, \$25. 10,000 Scotch Pinc, 4 to 8 inches high, \$40. Over 200 varieties, 7,000,000 for saic.

FOREST TREES 100,000 White Cottonwood, Vellow Cottonwood, 100,000 Vallow Cottonwood, 100,000 Sugar Maple, 4 to 8 inch, \$30. 100,000 100,000 Sugar Maple, 4 to 8 inch, \$30. 100,000 (a inch, \$37. We sold \$6,000,000 inc). 1822. We must sell twice as many this year. Our pursery is overstocked with all virieties and sizes of fruit.

EAR-RINGS

STUDS.

Job Work of all kind done





HELPLESS AND SUFFERING, FAINT AND WEAK FROME

DANA'S.

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THAT CURES



LOOD PURIFIER THAT CURES.

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA

HARNESS, And everything in horse and buggy furnishing goods-Harness, Collars, Whips.

Dusters, Saddles, etc. Also trunks and va-

short notice.

The largest assort-200 ment of 5-A Horse - 1.00 and 1.25 blankets in town will

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 our Prescription Department. You can get the best of every-

Our store is also beadquarters for PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, Kalsomine, Alabastine &c.

Get our prices before you buy Paints, and see what we have to offer. We can save you dollars on your paint bill.

J. C. REDICK, Main St., next to Hotel Lowry, BUTLER, PA.

SEE These Prices on EVERGREENS.

EVERGREEN NURSERIES.

Garfield Tea or recomes the total teachers Completion to the Description of the Descripti

THE DEACON'S WIFE. How Mrs. Bradley Helped to End

Mrs. Bracley had come up to Berk shire with her husband and many others or attend the annual convocation of their church. While she rested in her room after the morning session she heard a conversation which interested her, between two men on the veranda

Through the half-open blinds she recognized one of them as Deacor Bates, a sturdy farmer delegate who had shown much good sense in the few words he had spoken in the business

"Whether farming can be made to pay or not depends a good deal upon the sort of a wife a man has," Deacor Bates was saying, and this was the sen-tence which arrested Mrs. Bradley's

"If he has to run the farm and the house too and depend upon hired help he can't lay up anything. One of my neighbors is in that fix; his wife don't know how to work herself; she trust everything to help and she spends he time gadding about. Things go at sixes and sevens; their butter and poultry are the poorest in the market. I are sorry for him. I believe I've got the sorry for him. I believe I've got the best wife in the country, myself," he went on, tipping back his chair against went on, tipping back his chair agains'
the house and clasping his hands over
the back of his head; 'she beats every
thing there is going for work. She
'tends to everything herself; is up a'
daylight and sometimes before, and
her butter is tip-top; we get the biggest
prices going. She's a splendid cook too. I never need go away from home to get good victuals, now I tell you Well, the fact is she is as smart as a steel trap at anything she takes hold of. She makes all her own clothes and most of mine and boards the farm hands and once in awhile takes some city boarders. I never would 'a' beer so forehanded if it hadn't 'a' been for her. And she's always at home sum mer and winter; I don't b'lieve she's been off the place only to go to church these twenty years."

"Poor drudge!" Mrs. Bradley ex-claimed to herself as the dinner bell put an end to the conversation.

It so happened that in the course of that summer Mr. and Mrs. Bradley, wishing to find comfortable quarters for a few weeks in the country, near enough to the city so that Mr. Bradley could go in and out conveniently, were directed to Berkshire and to the house

the tea table in the cool dining room of the Bates family one July evening that Mrs. Bradley identified the deacon as the man with an extraordinary wife. Mrs. Bates did not look in the least like the busy, bustling worker Mr.
Bates had pictured. She was a small,
pale woman with gray hair and wistful brown eyes. Her low-spoken
words were few, and her manner apathetic, as if life had lost its flavor if it

Bradley had opportunity to prove that Deacon Bates had spoken truly of his wife. Her house was a model of neat ness, her "victuals" were truly delicious, and each day she turned core. She followed, amazed.

Not since the first years of her married life had "Dan'l" offered to do any of her work. What had come over him?

When Deacon Bates had a model of the core of other pair of hands, which was truly incredible. "A working machine, Mrs. Bradley thought as she watched the treadmill round of skimming milk churning, baking, dreading poultry washing, ironing, cooking and washing dishes, beginning at sunrise and not by any means concluded at sunset Sometimes in the twilight the tired woman rested a few minutes, ther Mrs. Bradley, pitying the narrow life, would try to awaken her interest in an article in the newspapers, or a bif from an amusing book, but the weary listener usually nodded in the midst of it.

you?"
"It was when the convention was held at Berkshire. I happened to overhear your husband sounding your praises."
Mrs. Bradley hoped that at last she

farmer's wife, so she exerted all her Repairing done on powers of pleasing; she praised the flower garden, remarked on the fine chicken, and admired the luxuriant minded and less inclined to talk than usual. There was silence for a minute, while she worked as if her life depend-25 cts. and 50 cts

be found at Kemper's.

while she worked as it ner ine depended upon getting done at a certain moment. Mrs. Bradley was just thinking how useless it was to try to get anyonance of such a wooden woman. thing out of such a wooden woman, when suddenly Mrs. Bates, without lifting her eyes from her work, jerked

"Mrs. Bradley, I should like to know -would you mind telling me-what it was Daniel said that day up to Berk-

"Who? Mr. Bates? Oh, he said he had the best wife in the whole coun-

And then, searching her memory,
Mrs. Bradley gave a faithful report of
what she had heard.

It was curious to note the effect of

her words in the light which came into the sad eyes, and the faint flush which stole over the faded checks. "Did Daniel say that?" "Yes, he did, and I quite agree with him," and then remarked to herself: "Poor creature, she has a heart after all."

Bradley sat alone on the front piazza, that Deacon Bates, his chores all done, came and sat on the upper step. He was a man of much shrewd intelligence, who read his weekly religious paper from end to end, and liked occa-sionally to discuss an article or a doc-

trine with a bright woman like Mrs. Bradley.

His wife was still busy in the kitchen, as the rattling of milk pans occasionally testified. Mrs. Bradley's thoughts fol-lowed the tired worker; her kind heart longed to make the weary life of this woman different. If only somebody would speak a few plain words to her husband, she reflected, and get his eyes

nusband, she reflected, and get his eyes opened.

"Why not do that yourself?" said her inner voice. She shrank from that, though, telling her conscience that perhaps she would sometime if she got a good opportunity.

The deacon, taking off his hat, ran his fingers, meditatively, through his

his fingers meditatively through his gray locks, and opened up on an article he had read that afternoon on the com-

parative merits of a trade or profession compared with farming.

"In my opinion," he declared, after descanting at some length upon the subject, "the farmer has the best of it every time; it's a healthy, independent cort of life and he describe hear to work. sort of life, and he doesn't have to work like a slave the year round. In the winter he can get time to tinker at odd Cures Constipation if he's so disposed."

on, no, there's plenty of work, but isn't hard. In the fall, after the berries are put up, comes the drying of apples and pumpkins. Then there's sausages to make and lard and fallow to try out. When all that's done there's to try out. When all thats done there's a lot of sewing and knitting and carpet rags. My wife makes her own carpets, and my clothes and the boys', all but our Sunday coats. Then it takes a lot of cooking to keep three or four

worse for women than it is for men."

"But it seems to me that the lot of the farmer's wife is less desirable than that of her husband. According to you get some time to rest."

In the afternoon Mr. Bates drove to town, and, as Mrs. Bradley had the day before said she wished to match some worsteds, he took her along the your own.

drudge. She seems to have no time for these little rest places, and the conse-quence is, all is dreary and monotonous. It is no wonder she loses her mind and has paralysis, for her work is never

Deacon Bates sat silent a minute while he thoughtfully stroked the gray stubble on his chin; then he said, slow-ly: "I d'n know, may be it's so. I never thought about it in just that way." ly: "I d'n know, may be it's so. I never thought about it in just that way." Mrs. Bates came around the corner of the house just then and took down some clothes from the line in the side yard. Her husband watched her mechanically as she folded and placed them in the basket.

"Your wife is a marvel to me, accomplishing all she does." Mrs. Bradley

plishing all she does," Mrs. Bradley said as she watched her; "but she looks worn; she will break some day suddenly, I fear. It would make a wonderful difference in this house to have her busy hands and feet still forever, weuldn't it?"

The deacon turned and looked at Mrs. Bradley half wildly, as if such a thing had never before crossed his mind. Then he got up, strode over to the line just as his wife was about to lift the heavy basket of clothes, and taking it from her carried it into the house. She followed, amazed.

cious, and each day she turned off an amount of work, assisted only by one other pair of hands, which was truly there now and sat down on a low

of it.

One evening after tea, as Mrs. Bradley wandered about the place, she came upon Mrs. Bates, who was out under the apple tree engaged in picking chickens.

She did.

The deacon was a good man. He was not going to spare himself now that his eyes were getting wide open. He went back over the years when they first came to this farm, when "Cynthy" was came to this farm, when "Cynthy" was young and bright. She used to talk and you?" Mrs. Bradley said, as she watched the swift fingers travel over the plump chicken. "I heard that you were perfectly remarkable, but I had not imagined that one so persistently industrious existed."

"You heard that of me?" Mrs. Bates exclaimed, with more interest then also years should suddenly leave its place. exclaimed, with more interest than she had ever before displayed. "How could had ever before displayed. "How could had then, that dreadful thought about farmers' wives becoming insane. He had read enough to know that melancholy is one species of insanity. What if that state should be slowly coming upon his wife, for certainly she

grew more silent and sad year by year. It must be that she did work too hard, for when he came to reckon it up and tell over to Mrs. Bradley all the work she did summer and winter, it was more than he had supposed. How could she get any time for reading or going out? And now that he thought of it she never went anywhere, except to church, and not always there, because often she was too tired. How different it used to be! Once she frequently went to town with him and they occasionally took tea with a neighbor or drove in to the tea with a neighbor or drove in to the sewing society. But of late years work had been so pressing that there had been no time for going or inviting company. He had just gone on buying more land and more cows and employing more men, so adding to her labor, while she had but the one helper she used to have when the farm was small. And as if this was not enough he had encouraged her to go on taking summer and as it this was not enough no had encouraged her to go on taking summer boarders occasionally, as she had her self suggested long ago, one year when the crops had failed. And he pretending to think she did it all because she loved work so much. That was all stuff! loved work so much. That was all stuff!
He had seen her stand in the door
and look after him, when he rode
off to town on a pleasant afternoon,
and he had heard something like a sigh
just as he started. The dear, patient
woman had not complained or said
sharp words; he wished she had, then
maybe her pig-headed husband might
have seen things as they were. The
truth was, the love of money had taken
possession of him, and he had sacrificed
everything. He had not even hinted to
his wife that she must spare herself,
and he had forgotten to speak words his wife that she must spare herself, and he had forgotten to speak words of praise. He hated himself! For, although he had been mean and selfish and grasping, he still loved the wife of his youth. What would all the money and land he had scraped together be to him when he had laid her in the old have less graying. The study former

burying ground? The sturdy farmer, as he sat there thinking these sharp as he sat there thinking these sharp truths in the gathering shadows, realized for a moment the desolution of going on without her. He bowed his head and prayed with all his soul that he might be forgiven, and that he and his wife might go together hand in hand down the hill to the gate that leads out of life to life eternal.

The desiress heat settled down when leads out of life to life eternal.

The darkness had settled down when Deacon Bates got up and went into the house. He had gone over everything, had reconstructed affairs on a new basis and made several plans. He would have no difficulty in carrying them out, for his word had ever been law in his own house. The severated them out, for his word had ever been law in his own house. If he suggested anything it must surely be done, and this not on account of tyranny, but because of the old-fashioned reverence for her husband as head of the family, which Mrs. Bates had always maintained and instilled into the minds of her children. "Father knows best," was her unvarying decision.

It was not like Deacon Rates to say.

It was not like Deacon Rates to say.

was ner unvarying decision.

It was not like Deacon Bates to say much about his good resolutions, but to proceed to put them in practice as ing on.—Judge.

In was ner unvarying decision.

Second Quidnunc—Yes; they had the fire bell rung while the funeral was going on.—Judge.

In was ner unvarying decision.

Second Quidnunc—Yes; they had the fire bell rung while the funeral was going on.—Judge.

In was ner unvarying decision.

rnen Mrs. Bradley could not resist | rapidly as possible. There was no light in the sitting-room when he enstreamed in at the long window. chair. Her mild, pale face upturned in the white light sent a pang through the heart of the self-convicted man. He went over to her and laying his hand on her head said:

"Come, mother, you better not wait up for the boys. I'd go right to bed if I were you." He continued to smooth her hair as he said it, and Mrs. Bates presently sat up straight and wonder-ing. It was long since her husband had lost the habit of bestowing little endearments; he used often to do this

the possible that all this is added to the work of the summer? I do not wonder that according to statistics and large proportion of the women confined in lunatic asylums are farmers' wives. It is a dreary life, making a woman into a perfect drudge."

"Well, I don't know," the farmer answered, musingly, "we must earn our bread by the sweat of our brows. The Bible says that work's good for us. I guess it is, and a wise provision of Providence. I don't know's it's any worse for women than it is for men."

"But it seems to me that the lot of the farmer's wife is less desirable of the summer's wife is less that so the summer's wife is less the summer's wife is less that so the summer's wife is less that the summer's wife is less that so the summer's wife is less that so the summer's wife is less that so the summer's wife is less t

on their way:

'I'm much obliged to you, Mrs. Bradley, for giving me a hint about my wife last night. I've been blind and dumb as an old bat. 'Nough said. Things'll be different. Now I want to ask an of the fence and talks. At noon he takes a nap in his chair or reads his paper a few minutes; but the second of the second o on the fence and talks. At noon he takes a nap in his chair or reads his paper a few minutes; but according to my observation a farmer's wife is a drudge. She seems to have no fire factors.

> "Oh, you must settle that something sort of ladylike; black, I guess; and get some of that soft white stuff, such as you wear, to go round her neck, and some ribbon and all the trimmin's." some ribbon and all the trimmin's."
>
> A more dazed woman than Mrs.
> Bates could not be found, when her
> husband that night, after every one
> else had gone to bed, presented her
> with a roll of handsome black cashmere.
>
> "And Cynthy," he said, "you must
> have it made up nice like Mrs. Bradley's with some ribbons a-floatin' in the
> wind."
>
> "What's the matter with you Dan'12"

"What's the matter with you, Dan'1?" is wife asked, anxiously. "Whatever does all this mean?"

"It means, little woman, that I've been an old brute. I've let you slave yourself 'most to death with not a
mite of fun thrown in. Now it's going
to be stopped. I'm going to take care
of you the rest of the way. What
would you say now to takin' a trip out
west next month to see your sister
Hannah?" It was too much. Mrs. Bates could

stop, while her husband murmured as he stroked her bair: "Women are curious. I looked for you to laugh instead of cry, Cinthy."— Mrs. C. M. Livingston, in N. Y. Ob-

do you mean?"
"I heard him say that he would make Rome howl when you left."
"Oh, indeed! Well, I won't leave you Johnnie."-Texas Siftings.

"Dear me! Don't you hate it?" "No'm. I go twice a week with the governess. I like it."
"But doesn't the dentist hurt you?"

"No'm. 'Tain't my teeth he fixes. It's the governess'."—Good News. Little Dot-That is a picture of San on. Hasn't he awful long hair?

Little Dick-That's wot made him Little Dick-I don't know, but I gues it's cause he never went to a barber shop. Papa says barbers talks folks half to death.—Good News.

Mutually Agreeable.

Mr. Borey—Oh, how I should love seek the sunny south in this chill weather.
Miss Dibbsey (upon whom he has

Out of the Question. Brushe-I have just done a water color of Col. Bluegrass.

Mawle—Indeed; is it good?
Brushe—All but the nose. Of course
that was almost impossible in water

colors.-Truth.



"You know the report we printed ast night about Mawson's death?" said

"Yes," said the editor-in-chief. "Well, he was in here this morning asking us to deny it." "And what did you say?"
"I said we'd be very glad to when he presented proof that we were in error."

why He Stole.

Judge Duffy—If you know of any mitigating circumstances you are at liberty to state them.

Prisoner—I don't know of any except that I took to stealing because I didn't want to loaf around the street corners and be taken for a detective.—Texas Siftings.

A Chance to Rise

Butcher—I name of the story because in the sale of the

size, and will give you three dollars a Applicant-Will I have a chance to



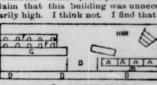
has not spent \$200 on his buildings, and he has the reputation of having the are all in. She don't know a word about it yet."

Mrs. Bradley was delighted; she would be glad to help. What woul

I have shown in Fig. 1 a practical building with yard attached. The building is a plain one. It is 20 feet in length, 8 feet in width, 10 feet high in front (south), 6 feet high in back (north), with shingle roof. Walls are front (south), 6 feet high in back (north), with shingle roof. Walls are inch oak boards nailed to perpendiculars, with the cracks battened. The floor is double and tight. It is two feet from the ground giving space unhot weather or even in rainy, damp days. It makes the building and floor very dry, and this means good health



gets the benefit. In summer the sun is nearly directly overhead and the rays do not have so much effect inside, consequently it is not so hot in the build-



In a Pastoral Country. Isabel had spent the most of her five

The teacher told the story of Lot's wife, and Isabel listened very attentively. The teacher ended the story by saying: "For all I know, the pillar of salt may be there now."

"Dear Thomas," was the old man's reply, "if all you went to the city for was to pile up rocks, you might have stayed at home and helped me to build a stone wall around the six-acre field."—

Texas Siftings.

He Told Her. Mother (putting the boy out of the pantry)—How many more times will I have to tell you to keep out of that pre-

The floors should be always covered several inches deep with sand; it will answer also for dusting purposes. It is a deodorizer; the droppings are easily concealed or covered up and absorbed by the sand about them. The plan of the windows is a good one, being lower down and in a row. The sun in winter is low and the windows are just the right height to admit the rays, striking direct on the floor. The flock gets the benefit. In summer the sun is those great inland fresh-water seas

HISH

HISH

enemy, while the inhabitants trembehind their barricaded doors. Proceing to the midst of the village, party halted, while one of their metals of the received the record of the deal

party halted, while one of their number recited the record of the deady sins, by way of exoresing the evil spirits supposed to be hovering about. While all this was in progress none of the people ventured out of the doors except one bold and incredulous fellow who put his head out of a window and entered a protest against having his rest so unwarrantably disturbed at the dead of the night. No attention was paid to him, however, and the firing party resumed operations and kept of while halt is necessary for a ventilator. The building is large enough for 35 fowls to do well. Never overcrowd a house, no matter what else you do; disease will come soon enough without inviting it in this way.—J. W. Caughey, in Ohio Farmer.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Why cannot you secure private customers for your eggs and thus add a big percentage of profit?

Is the house overcrowded? This out the poorer specimens and give the others more room. The flock will pay better.

Hawks may be caught by putting a Hawks may be caught by putting a the electric bell which summoned the conditions of the party halted, while one of the deady spirits are recited the record of the deady spirits are provised to the hovering about. While all this was in progress none of the poole ventured out of the doors except one bold and incredulous fellow who put his head out of a window and entered a protest against having his rest so unwarrantably disturbed at the dead of the night. No attention was fived to doors and window and entered a protest against having his rest so unwarrantably disturbed at the dead of the night. No attention was apid to him, however, and the firing party have not the firing party halted, while one of the doors and window and entered a protest against having his rest so unwarrantably disturbed at the dead of the night. No attention was advised to the household were also and hour, when, the critical protection was a large to the firm and the transmer of the pooles at atom that is bound to constitute the protection of the cleverest performances

He—Dear Fanny, it is now a year since we we married. How well I remember when were plighted our troth under the when were plighted our troth under the rustling leaves.

She—I remember all that, but I don't remember to have heard as yet the rustling of that dress you promised me on that occasion.—Texas Siftings.

A Lively Storm.

First Boy—Woo! This is a awful term in it? Just hear the wind!

Second Boy—Pop read in the paper that this was only the tail end of a big storm that's movin' across the country. First Boy—Well, mebby it is, but it's switchin' its tail pretty hard, ain't it?—Good News.

On the Ocean Greyhound.

Capt. Saylors—I'm sorry to say,
madame, we're delayed. The vessel's broke her shaft, ma'am.

Mrs. J. S. (sympathetically)—Oh,
dear! Can't you fix it with this hairpin?-Chicago News Record.

Billson—Hello, Jimson! I've caught you at last. I've been trying for three weeks to get hold of you, so as to pay you that ten dollars I owe you, but every time you suddenly disappeared.

Jimson—Eh? Have you been wanting to see me for that?

"Of course."

NO.16

Village Boy—We played theater today, an' it was great fun.
Father—What part did you play?
Boy—I wasn't in the act. I was one
of the musicians. We had a drum, an'
three horns, an' six combs, and some
ropes stretched over a barrel for the
big fiddle. It sounded just like a theater orchestra.—Good News.

refuse you?
George—Yes.
Juck—But try again. A woman's "so"
tometimes means "yes."
George—But she didn't say "no;" she

Treth.

Delicate ristery.

Rich Banker—I hope you appreciate
the fact that my daughter is a noble
self-sacrificing creature and will make you an excellent wife!
Prospective Son-in-Law-Ido, sir, and
I assume that she inherited those very
desirable qualities from her esteumed
father.—Fliegende Binetter.

Small Boy (sobbing)—No more, mamma. They're all gone.—Detroit, Free Press.

"Of course."

"Great snakes! I thought you want any easily for a week, and you have all gone.—Detroit, Free ed to borrow more."—N. Y. Weekly.

at the "Citizen Office."