

Special to the Trade. BICKEL'S GRAND BARGAIN SALE.

This sale is a grand clearance sale. I will soon start East and before going I wish to reduce my stock, so I have gone through all goods and have placed on sale a large lot of Men's, Ladies', Boys', Misses' and Children's Shoes and Oxfords to fit and suit all and at extremely low prices.

JOHN BICKEL. 128 SOUTH MAIN STREET. BUTLER, PENN'A.

ARE YOU ALIVE TO YOUR OWN INTEREST? DO YOU REFLECT THAT YOU SHOULD HAVE THE LATEST AND BEST THAT THE MANUFACTURER PRODUCES?

DOUTHETT & GRAHAM. New Clothing House, Cor. Main and Cunningham Sts., Butler, Pa.



This is a perfect picture of our new Furniture and Housefurnishing Goods house. One of the largest and most complete stores of the kind in Western Pennsylvania.

FURNITURE: We have all kinds, Parlor Suites, Bedroom Suites, Hall Racks, Dish and Book Cases, Side Boards, Dining Tables, Chairs, Baby Buggies, Refrigerators, &c., &c.

QUEENSWARE: Decorated Dinner Sets, Tea Sets, Plain White Dinner Sets, Decorated and Plain White Toilet Sets from \$4.50 to \$10.00.

HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS: Cook Stoves and Ranges, Tinware, Wood-ware, &c. Don't fail to see our new range the "Perfect," one of the best cook stoves and ranges on the market for the money.

Campbell & Templeton. Insurance and Real Estate Ag't. 17 EAST JEFFERSON ST., BUTLER, PA.



LEWIS M. EDMUNDS, M.D. BOILS, CARBUNCLES AND TORTURING ECZEMA, Completely Cured!

Buy the Galvanized Steel Aeromotor and Steel Tow... Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

SPRING STYLES READY. YOU WILL CERTAINLY HAVE A SUIT MADE TO ATTEND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

YOU WILL CERTAINLY HAVE A SUIT MADE TO ATTEND THE WORLD'S FAIR. YOU CAN AFFORD IT, WHEN YOU SEE THE SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF MATERIAL, AND THE MODERATE PRICE AT WHICH WE MAKE YOU A SUIT THAT IS CORRECT TO THE LATEST DECREE OF FASHION.

Aland's Tailoring Establishment. C. & D. ALWAYS

Take into consideration that money saved is as good as money earned. The best way to save money is to buy good goods at the right price.

COLBERT & DALE, 242 S. Main street, Butler, Pa.

Wertz, THE WELL-KNOWN ARTIST and Photographer, will open a Studio and Photo Parlor opposite the Hotel Lowry, Cor. Main and Jefferson Sts., Butler, Pa.



THE FRISBIES' FOURTH.

Mr. Frisbie set down his cup with a satisfied sigh and leaning back in his chair, smiled blandly at Mrs. Frisbie, who beamed at him from behind the coffee pot.

"To-morrow will be the Fourth," went on the head of the house, ponderously. "I have a plan to propose for spending the day. This being a day of blare and confusion and sound of fife, this music is all very painful to me, and I have stowed it as many times as I can in my head."

Small Janet had the temerity, urged and abetted by her brothers, to make faces, at a lovely turkey gobbler, who was then and there with braids flying and eyes starting from his head, was becoming very red in the face, and he was shouting and shouting.

It was Mamma, this time. Mamma was sixteen, and for herself quite a young lady. Mr. Billings, the host, had a younger brother who worked in his store, and this fellow youth immediately fell a victim to the charms of the elder daughter, Frisbie, who proudly indulged in the thought that she was taking a row, and then she here did Mamma proceed to step backward off the landing into the water.

When, after much bustle and confusion, they were all (with the exception of Papa Frisbie, who was hiding her mortification and drying her clothes) bundled into the wagons, with the prospect of a day outdoors and supper in the woods, were by the creek, where Papa Frisbie proposed to fish, there was another diversion. Clouds began to gather, and it was going to rain. It did rain, too, and they all got pretty wet, and by the time it stopped raining, they were all dripping and their clothes were dry.

James came back to bed and quiet reigned for a time. Then, about an hour before the alarm clock was due to declare itself, the boom of cannons and the rattle of firecrackers, which had been the signal for the Fourth, were heard. Papa Frisbie, who was sitting up in bed, was startled, and he called out to the boys, who were lying in bed, to get up. They all jumped out of bed, and they were all dressed and ready to go.

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that his presence was no longer required, and he started to fly. Mrs. Frisbie, who had been sitting at the table, looked up at him and said, "What a queer fellow!"

At last they landed at the yellow farmhouse in the distance. Papa and Mamma Frisbie thought their troubles were over, but when they made a mistake. Mr. Frisbie had hardly gotten settled, to smoke a restful cigar with his host, and his better half to hostess, when there was a wild scream from the barnyard, whither some of the youngsters had flown immediately upon their arrival. There was a rush to the rescue on the part of all hands.

Old Party—Thank you, Antoine—thank you very much. Ah—do they allow tipping here?

Antoine—Oui, m'sieur. Old Party—And are the guests liberal?

Antoine—Non, m'sieur, ze rule is ze ozaire way.

Old Party—Very well, Antoine, here is a cent for you. I do not wish to break the rules.—Harper's Weekly.

Portrait of a Lady. Excellent likeness of the woman who does not talk about other women.—Detroit Free Press.

he opposed sedition's utterances with all his might. Mr. Splog, who sat directly in front of the speaker's stand, "Thank you," returned Mr. Hicks.

"A humble son of toil," promptly corrected Mr. Splog, who sat directly in front of the speaker's stand.

"No, sir," Mr. Hicks' collar began to tremble.

"I reckon it's just as well," commented Mr. Splog to a friend.

"My parrot is a patriotic bird," said Brekkus.

"Boggs must have a poor memory. He has been owing me five dollars for a year."

"Why is it that when a woman loses her husband she becomes so attractive to men?"

MR. HICKS' ORATION.

Mr. Isham G. Hicks accepted with becoming modesty an invitation to deliver the Fourth of July oration at Kichy-hasset Corners. He composed his address with infinite pains, and practiced his gestures assiduously before the mirror.

The valley of the Thames boasts of but one tall, overhanging cliff, and rising from this lofty plateau (twenty-three miles west of London) the noble gray walls, battlements, and towers of Windsor make up the most slightly object in the whole landscape of England.

Standing on the roof of the great central tower of the old gray Keep of Edward, Plantagenet, and repaired in due season to Splog's grove, where the celebration was held, Mrs. Hicks, owing to indisposition, did not accompany him to the Corners.

"The successful orator," he bragged to his wife, "must thrill his audience with the spontaneity of his eloquence and the sublimity of his conceptions, and that is exactly what I propose doing. I have always held that the office should seek the man, but if the idea of next November should find me the people's choice, why—er—ah—"

"I suppose so," assented Mrs. Hicks. Mr. Hicks was at Kichy-hasset Corners sometimes on Independence day, and repaired in due season to Splog's grove, where the celebration was held.

"This was maddening; but Mr. Hicks remained high, stoically.

"No, sir," Mr. Hicks' collar began to tremble.

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LIBERTY BELL AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

As an angel's fingers pressed there, As an eagle's wings carried there, Softly chiming from the steeple, "Rest ye, rest ye, O my people!"

How the spirit of Columbia into every heart has grown, Best is told by you White City—symboling East and West are come together—there is neither pole nor zone.

After the usual preliminaries were gone through with, Mr. Hicks advanced upon the rostrum and began: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am but a humble son of toil—er—er—I mean, a soiled son of—"

"A humble son of toil," promptly corrected Mr. Splog, who sat directly in front of the speaker's stand.

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