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Our Stock is complete, And Styles correct.

Quality the best,
And prices the lowest.

D. A. HECK,

No 121. N. Main St.

BUTLER, PA



We tell a great deal about this store, but not all. Hints only are possible, and its better so; otherwise you would lose much of

the pleasure of discovery. A IIINT: If you want something new and stylish in Footwear come to us. We have every new style and the best of the old ones. If you want something for service, you are looking for our waterproof "Service" line for Men, Women and Children. No better at any

WE'RE AS CAREFUL in buying the least thing we sell as though the store's success depended on it. And it does. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link; a store is no better than the worst bargain you get in it. Nowhere else such bargains as can be found



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Jackets, Capes, Furs, Silks and Dress Goods.

Hundreds of the people who read this paper come to the city to do their Holiday shopping, and we ask all who con-template such a visit this year to come to this store.

Great Preparation has been Made,

And the collection of Novelties, Cut Glass and Silver articles, Art Pottery, Lamps, Toys, Books, Fancy Stands Pictures, etc., as well as the

More Substantial Gifts

Women's, Girls' and Boys' Garments, and goods to make them. Rugs, Portieres, Table Covers and

Innumerable other articles

suitable for the purpose, such as Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Neckwear and the like,

Are such as will make it well worth your while, and the price at tached to each and every article, whether the least valuable or the richest and most elegant, are figured on a basis that must prove it's

to the interest of your pocket book. This store means to double its usual Holiday business, and the extensive assortments of nice goods and prices appealing to the better judgement of the people at large will accomplish it

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GAS COOKING STOVES AND BURNERS. GAS LAMPS
FIXTURES, HOSE, WATER FILTERS, BATH TUB ENAMEL

W. H.O'Brien & Son's

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Repairing a Specialty,

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Makes the Weak Strong

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and tamily eathartic, 25c.

AIR ASHIONS. ASCINATING ALL ABRICS.

> OUR stock tables are fil'ed with every new style absorbed, seemed the only world of the and every becoming design living in the materials of Clothsdom, that good form demands, and good taste can suggest.

alone that are attractive. mil

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our best customers. WE don't try how cheap we can make clothes (that is easy) but how good we can make them to give you the best value possible at the least possible

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Is still the talk of the town, noth-

goods only for cash. One price to all. It will do you good to see our line of \$7,

\$8,\$9,\$10,\$12,\$16&\$20 Overcoats 120 S. MAIN ST.,



ut exception patronize us, Poorly Made Clothes always look chea chile those well made have an elegar ppearauce. The clothes we make ar o not answer this description. Cutting Your Cloth to suit the size an lape is a good thing to push along, als

C. AND D.

Mon-shrinkable

Perfect fitting Moderate prices All in Jaros Hygienic On Manuelland

All grade of underwear at very | Bible, and I was unwilling to risk an-Largest stock of hats and

this to any ones satisfacture. Colbert & Dale.

242 S. Main St., Butler, Penn'a.

mean the life of a day must surely be impossible. Was there nothing before me but isolation so complete that no whisper from the outside world could other, I felt it at that moment for the whisper from the outside world could reach me—that world which, compared with the death into which I was being American minister. To him I owed it t_{how} henceforth a new light was to stream through the fluted glass of my

Had I actually nothing to look for but the most repulsive work under the most repulsive conditions? I said there must be surely some change; that wheeling mud forever was not the doom of the world seemed lighter to me. Many was filled and my heart cheered by the multitude of friends the divine William was filled and my heart cheered by the multitude of friends the divine William any man and could certainly not be provide

which formed my supper was on the table—eight ounces of black bread. Try as I might to cheat myself with hope I reward to examine the effects of the knew that hope for many a long year operation, he found my arm so swellen there was none; that, so far as the most that he directed me to be taken to the vindictive sentence could compass it, for hospital many a long year the earth with her

No "De profundis" cry could ever ascend from the abyss to the bottom of which I had fallen. What was outside of me had nothing but the hideous. But although the visible seemed cor-ruption and the things which my soul and body, too, had refused to touch were become my sorrowful meat, yet I could not but feel that the invisible, that part of me which no bars could hold and no man deprive me of, was still my own, addid partly believe—that the world had and that in it I might and would find few positions pleasanter than mine. sufficient to support what I began to feel was, after all, the only man.

To face the actualities of the position

Godliness with contentment is un-doubtedly great gain. Contentment To face the actualities of the position was the first thing; not to cheat myself, the second. I had seen the sort of men I was to be with I set to work to study deed of all the thousands who have toilwas to be with. I set to work to study and to understand the kind of life we ed in that torturing prison house have ever been or are likely ever to be so were to live together. At early dawn we rose, receiving immediately after the nine ounces of bread

and pint of oatmeal gruel which composed breakfast; at 6:30 to chapel to one of the schoolmasters drone an intolerable position, a single book to keep the mind from cracking, through the morning prayers of the Engish church service and listen to some hymn shouted out from throats never accustomed to such accents. Then the morning hours would drag slowly on in the summer's sun and winter's blast until the noon hour; then there was the long march back from the scene of my toil to the prison for dinner. Arriving toil to the prison for dinner. Arriving men, those with seven or ten year sentences. there, each man went to his cell, closing tences, could face the prospect hopefully. his door, which snapped to, having a To them the day would come when the spring lock. Soon after a dinner is given, consisting of 16 ounces of boiled potatoes and five ounces of bread, varied on three But no such hope cheers the long timers, days of the week with five onness of meat additional. At 1 o'clock the doors were unlocked, and we marched out to our work again. At night, returning to the prison, eight ounces of black bread would be doled out for supper. Then came the hours between supper and bedtime, when, shut in between those marrow walk one required what It was to see the effects on them of hunger and to ment of mind. The first part visibly affected was the neck. The flesh shrinks, disap-

time, when, shut in between those narrow walls, one realized what It was to be a prisoner.

In the corner of the cell there was a board let into the stonework that served as bed, table and chair. There was a thin pallet and two blankets rolled up the kness bulge outward as thereby ward. together during the day in a corner of the cell that served for bedding, but so thin and hard was the pallet that one of despondent shuffle. thin and hard was the panet that one of despondent salane.

Another year or two, and his shoulders are bent forward. He carries his aloud—and my made my bones ache. Most men have arms habitually before him now; he has "God is good!" made my cones ache. Aloss her have little patience and small fortitude, and this bed kills many of the prisoners—I grown moody, seldom speaks to any one nor answers if spoken to. In the general this bed kills many of the prisonles—I and make it special to. In the general mean breaks their hearts simply because they have not the wit to accept the matter philosophically and realize that they can soon become used to any hardship. It took six months for my bones ship. It took six months for my bones to become used to the hard bed, but for the next 19 years I used to sleep as derstands that the end is coming. The sweetly on that oak board as I ever did or now do in a bed of down, only, like Jean Valjean in "Les Miserables," I had become so used to it that upon my liberation I found it impossible for a man merely keeps on in that way, wast-

time to sleep in a bed.

I have related how the Sunday after my sentence in my despair I took the carried into the infirmary to come out my sentence in my despair I took the little Bible off the shelf. The other books I had at Chatham besides the Bible were a dictionary and "The Life of the Prophet Jeremiah." Once, soon after my arrival in Chatham, I took the Jeremiah down from the shelf, but speedily put it back and made a vow never to take it down again, and I never did. It remained in view on the little shelf for 19 years while I sat there watching it rot away. The dictionary is a good book, but grows tiresome at

I thought in my enthusiasm I should potent with the government. George ever tire of the Bible, but after 10 or had been bedridden for years and was 13 years I began to grow weary of it and grew hungry for other mental food. | medical officer of the prison certified his I wanted Shakespeare, for with him to keep me company I could no longer be in the desolation of solitude. At last I solved that he would not die until I was

in the desolation of solitude. At last I determined to get my friends to try for me. I had learned the Bible almost by heart. The smallest incidents in the life of the Prophet Jeremiah were much more familiar to me than the history of the civil war, and Anathoth took on proportions which made it as real as New York and far more important. The desperate efforts I had made to keep myself from falling into the condition of so many I had seen drooping to idiocy of despair had laid them in the prison so many I had seen drooping to idiocy and death were, I felt, successful, and any occupation which kept allive the intellect could not but be beneficial. I was hungry, starving, for mental food. Never had books appeared so attractive, never was kingdom so cheerfully offered for a horse as I would have offered mine for an octavo. My friends had written for me to the government, but with no gone before.

My fate seemed inevitable, but never success. At last they had interested the American minister in London, who promised to write to the home secretary for a moment did I cease to believe that fortune's frowns would one day disappromised to write to the home secretary for me, but a year had slipped by, and I had heard nothing.

Jeremiah continued with me, and it

From his sickbed and in his health eemed he was to remain with me to he end. But a change was coming.

Can I ever forget the day it happen-Lowell and many others in my behalf lelight, the incredulity, the astonishment of that happy day? I had come in at night hungry, cold, wet and miserable. I made my way a little depressed to my cell. As I was about to step across the threshold I saw a book lying on my little wooden bed. Amazed and

astounded, I hesitated to enter. Small istounded, I nestrated to enter. Small is such a circumstance appears, the very sight of the book leght on a weakness. I feared to pick it up; a horrible dread seized me that it might be a new little and the seized me that president and of the secretary of state of the United States met the same courother disappointment. The footprint on the sand was not more suggestive nor Largest stock of hats and furnishings for gentleman in the country. An inspection will prove this to any ones satisfacture.

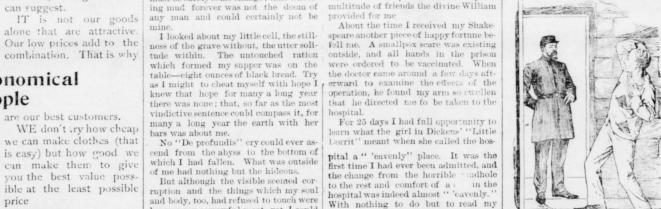
Colbert & Dale.

The sand was not more suggestive for more away inspiring to Robinson Crusee that the case and more awe inspiring to Robinson Crusee that the sand was not more suggestive for the force with the sand was not more suggestive for the force with the force wit

At last I pulled myself together, de- "Thou shalt forget thy misery and

warders tramped loudly on the floor of the long hall. A rush of or indeed anything that broke the hor-rible stillness at that hour, was star-tling. They were the feet of the reserve guard, which was never called in save when the patrol who glided around the his despair ended his misery thus.
While wondering who the unfortunate

could be I heard their steps mounting the stairway leading to my landing, and then a sudden thrill shot through me as they turned down the corridor toward my cell. My heart stood still as I thought, Can they be coming for me



Shakespeare, the cravings of hunger for the first time since my imprisonment

How true it is that happiness is al-

together relative, and that it is divided

much more evenly among men than we are willing to believe! A mere respite

transformed gloom and misery into light

After a time I began to watch the ef-

They arrived full of resolution, buoyed

During all these years I never saw my

ompanions. Mac had been sent to Portland, Noyes to Portsmouth and George

After 1883 strenuous efforts were

nade for our release.

My sister came to England that year

and remained permanently there. She worked bravely and well, but year after

year passed without result. None of us was prepared for the vindictive fury of the Bank of England. Its power was all

should not form an exception, but that

and at least comparative happiness

content as I was.

pal officer—I had known him 20 year shouted, "I want you." Then a key rat

thed in the lock, the door was thrown open and three friendly faces looked in Faint, deadly white, trembling like a frightened child, I started to my feet trying to speak, but no sound came from my lips for a moment. At last I stam-mered, "What's the matter?" Ross mered, "What's the matter?" Ross
thrust his form through the door, and
with face close to mine he said the
thrilling words, "You're free!" I cried,
"I don't believe you," and Ross said,
"Come on, my boy; it's all right."

Like one in a dream I passed out
through the door of that little cell
whose grim parrow walls hittle cell

whose grim, narrow walls had frowned on me for a score of years and had in vain tried to crush my spirit. Still like one in a dream I went down that long hall, listening only to the strange sound of my own footsteps and saying to myself: "It is all a dream. I shall awake, as I have from thousands of

owe for .- Ally Sloper

Ella-Is Charlie a blond?

The Old, Old Story.

Flossie (of Fifth avenue, who ha

lost her way)—Do not detain me. I an anxious to and my way home before

dark. Dor't repeat your avowals.
can never be more than a sister to you
Jack, our stations in life are so different

Jack (sorrowfully)—Aye, it's the olerefrain—wealth versus poverty. Ye, live on chicken, and I—I live on hash

Classified.

like dreams, and find myself again in I was led into the outer office, where some papers were read to me and then others given me to sign, but I listened or signed like one in a maze. Suddenly I saw Ross thrust the key into the outer door. That roused me, and the though flashed into my mind, Now I shall see

the ponderous gate was flung back. Ste ping out, I intuitively looked up, and a sudden awe fell upon me, for there, like a revelation, shone the milky way with courage to begin again the battle of life



"Yer bet 'e is. De man wot I bought 'im of's offerin \$30 reward 'f I brings

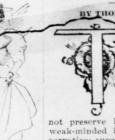


-I really don't think I shall take s though I were making a fool of my-He-Oh, everybody thinks that !-



Joan of Arc, "the English are put to rout. I am full weary, for I have fought much since daybreak. My new suit of bifurcated armor is a treasure. I cer-tainly could never have driven the British butchers back had I been hampered by my old skirts. Steel bloomers for me every time, I say."—Referee.

A THRIPPENNY TOKEN.



fluous and dan-gerous. Useless because a halfweak-minded if you need such a pre-servative; superfluous because it does not express love—nobody will argue about that-and dangerous-well, dangerous because everything useless and superfluous is dangerous, and par-ticularly because everything sentimental is dangerous.

It was not a sixpence that I split with Marian, but a silver three-cent-plece—one of the old silver bits, with a III and a big C. I found it in a handful of change one day, one of the early days of our acquaintance, and though it was then a very presumptu-ous step to take I had it cut in half, bored with two little holes and fitted (the halves) with two little gold rings. Then I gave one half to Marian and when she accepted it my heart punched me joyfully in the ribs. Goose that I was! I believe geese are

I affixed my half of that three-cent-piece to the key-ring of my watch-chain. At first I regarded it as a veritable charm against all the evils, cares and mortalities of this sinful world. Later I grew more accustomed to it, but I never quite ceased to consider it a fetish. Marian's half disappeared for a time, and though mortifled I did not dare ask after it. Later
—oh, much later—it reappeared once

more.

I could make a separate story out of the later reappearances of that dear little bit of silver. The first time I saw it again it slipped down, unobtrusively and unconsciously, attached to a thin gold bracelet, out of a soft sleeve. I did not dare to seem to notice it, but I could not manage to look unconserved and all at once there was unconcerned, and all at once there was a blush and the bracelet was suddenly and hastily restored to its hiding place up the sleeve. After that the half-threepence grew bolder; it showed itself on a watchguard and on other presents, for a time it seemed to nosbracelets; for a time it seemed to pos-sess barometric properties and would indicate what the weather had been and was going to be; but at last it finally returned to the gold bracelet and was left to exhibit itself or no without diffidence as chance might di-

It was one day during this period that Marian requested it to be demonstrated to her that I was still in possession of my half of the three pence. I pulled it out of my pocket, and it was then, as the little silver thing lay in her soft white palm, that she swore me never to part with it and to she wish it as the one indiscaphle head. cherish it as the one indissoluble bond between us. I took it quite as serious-ly as she could have wished and entered fully into the solemn spirit of the ceremony, for you may guess whether I was not flushed with happiness. I had not believed that she set such store by my first gift to her. "While you wear it," she said, "I

"White you wear it, she said, I shall always keep my promises to you. But if you part with it in any way I shall never forgive you—and I will not not—I will not care for you as you wish me to. Remember, I have warned That is the first half of the story.

Anybody can guess how the second half begins. I lost that wretched, illfated bit of silver. How, I don't know; nor can it matter now. Marian begged me to have it riveted to my key ring. I meant to take her advice but neg-



JECT I WAS SEEKING. lected the matter, until one day, lected the matter, until one day, on passing a jeweler's shop, the half-threepence popped into my head. "I will have it riveted at once!" I said to myself. I entered the shop well satisfied with my diligence. My excitement and pallor when I discovered my loss created a sensation among the salesmen and customers. The impression gained that I had been robbed of diamonds at least, and I did not dare to correct it. I scratched myself then and there before them all to the verge of impropriety, and subsequently subjected my office and my bedroom to a scrutiny which would have made the Russian police turn pale with envy; but might as well have been looking for the ten lost tribes. Do what I might I could not find that fatal fifteen mills' worth of white metal, and I do not expect that I shall ever see it again. I may add that I do not wish ing at least nerved myself to face

that next?
The one alleviating circumtone. Marian had gone on
1 stop with the Miles-Standawere giving dinners, and in the Cotton-Matherving dances for her.

found columns in the New York newspapers (oh, yes, I advertised—on principle), and I should be able to carry out the felonious subterfuge which immediately suggested itself to me, with comparatively little fear of detec-

The subterfuge was to procure an other three-cent piece, have that cut in half, hang the substituted token on ny watch chain (rivet it, this time) and present a virtuous and undisturbed brow to the world.

If I were permitted I could easily write a novel on my experiences dur-ing the next three days while I was seeking for that threepence. I am not permitted. All I may do is to strive to convey the impression of haste, de-spair, constant movement, confusion as to time and place, sense of oppres-sion, bewilderment, noise, bustle, ob-livion of identity to death those. livion of identity-to dash these in livion of identity—to dash these in with a few strong strokes, so to speak. I tried all the means suggested by my numismatic (and philatelie) counselor. I believe I even addressed a letter to the Philadelphia mint, which respectfully referred me to somebody—or somewhere also. The bridge and the elewhere—else. The bridge and the ele-vated railroads I expanded into banks, savings banks, ferry companies and street car railways; and goodness knows what other incorporated metods of gathering up the small change of a people, their treasurers and cashiers, did I visit modestly, deprecatingly, anxiously, one after the other Lidon's companies. other, I don't suppose I shall be be-



see, when people get nold of those coins they keep them for pocket pieces or have them cut in half for tokens." I began to believe him.

None the less however, shall I ever remember with gratitude the sympa-thy of the proprietors of the nickel-inthe-slot machines. They begged me to wait. It could not be long before a silver three-pence was passed for ; nickel. Alas! fate was against me. At last Sunday came. Weary and broken in spirit I went to church (a promise to Marian). The collection was taken up I sit directly behind the venerable Edward Edwards. His venerable purple hand trembled over the velvet-lined plate. When the vestryman moved on to me, there before my eyes lay the object I was seeking. It was old, it was worn and shiny, its edges were scalloped—it was the very twin of my own.
After service I visited the vestry and
effected an exchange. I leave the
casuistry of my action to others; but it is a fact that gratitude for the provi-dential assistance I had received to ward my contemplated subterfuge impelled me to a thank offering, and the heathen were spiritually richer to the extent of one dollar and ninety-seven cents after the exchange was com-

cents after the exchange was completed.

The next morning I took the three-pence to the jeweler's shop to be cut in half. I still had my tremors, for suppose Marrian took a fancy to compare the supposed halves and they did not fit? However, this was a remote contingency; I could even devise means to provide against it. On the whole, I felt like an esoteric Buddhist just relieved from an underground fast.

There is only one way to cut a coin There is only one way to cut a coin in half-from top to bottom. Mine was the right-hand half; the jeweler riveted it on my chain after rubbing the edges a little to make them seem not so freshly cut. Marian was to return the next day-Tuesday. It had been a

And now I know what you think happened. You think that when Manappened. To think that when Marian returned my apprehensions were once more aroused by the peculiar manner in which she questioned me on the subject of my half of the three-pence; that her manner convinced me that I was not only suspected but found at the state of found out; and that, at last, after en during untold agonies, I discovered that she had lost her own half-that is your supposition. How little you know Marian.

What happened was this: I wore my counterfeit pledge for twenty-four hours with great satisfac-tion to my soul. But when my dear girl came home and sat smiling beside me, the depths of my baseness were opened unto me, and I saw how mean and black they were. I could not look into her eyes and deceive her. Without hesitating I told her everything.

She heard me to the end without a word. Then she lifted her everyows. word. Then she lifted her eyebrows

said, disengaging her hand from mine, "it is absurd for me to go on wearing mine," and she pushed up her sleeve, drew off the bracelet and dropped it into a big Cloisonne bowl full of visiting cards. "Jim," she went on, "did you really miss me?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Steering Clear of Sin. Milkman-Johnny, did you put water in the milk this morning? New Assistant-Yes, sir. "Don't you know that is wicked,

hnny?"
"But you told me to mix water with "Yes, but I told you to put the water in first and pour the milk into it. Then, you see, we can tell the people we never put water in our milk."—Texas Siftings.

A Fair Partnership. Do you know where it is? Boy-Yessir. I wish I had a dime ter Stranger-Well, you conduct me to

the place, and I'll give you the dime. Boy-All right. That's a fair partnership. You furnish th' capital, an' I furnish th' brains.—N. Y. Weekly. Has It Come to This? We have boiled the hydrant water,
We have sterilized the milk:
We have strained the prowling microbe
Through the finest kind of silk;
We have bought and we have borrowed
Every patent health device;
And at last the doctor toils us
That we've get to hold the fee.

And at last the document the ice.

—Chicago Record. TOO MUCH COMPETITION.



Tillie-What ing suits are too loud .- St. Louis Re-

gorgeousness of the wedding feast.
"He comes not," she wailed.
They tried to tell her that he was un-

worthy, but she heard them not.
"My dreams of wedded bliss—"
Her voice rose to a shrick. "—are shattered. I will have to keep right on wearing shoes two sizes too small for me."—Detroit Tribune.