

Silver Ware Free!

Handsomely triple plated hand engraved Teapots, Cakestands, Fruit-stands, Butters, Creams, Spoon holders, molasses, sugars, castors, Porcelain and alarm clocks and other articles both ornamental and useful.

GET A CARD.

Purchase your overcoat for Men, Boys and Children. Suits, Pants, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Suspenders, Gloves, Mitts, Overalls, Jackets, Sweaters, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Telescopes, Watches, Chains, Charms, Rings, Pins, Brushes, Pocket and Bill-books, Purse, etc. and when your purchase amounts to \$15.00 you get your choice of any of the above articles.

D. A. HECK,

No 121, N. Main St. BUTLER, PA.

B. & B.

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 contemplate 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 gifts 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 which each and every article, whether the least valuable or the richest and most elegant, are figured on a basis that must prove it to the interest of your pocket book.

This store means to double its usual Holiday business, and the extensive assortment of nice goods and prices appealing to the better judgment of the people at large will accomplish it.

BOGGS & BUHL,

ALLEGHENY, PA.



W. H. O'Brien & Son's

107 East Jefferson Street.

Harness Shop!

Harness of all Kinds Made to Order.

Repairing a Specialty,

AND PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

BLANKETS AND ROBES.

CASH PAID FOR HIDES.

No. 111 East Cunningham St., BUTLER, PA.

(The old Times Office.)

FRANK KEMPER, Agt.

Glove Sale!

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Dec. 16, 17, 18.

We will have a Special Kid Glove Sale—including our well-known "Perfection" and "Boston" Gloves—at 80 cents.

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Dec. 19, 20, 21.

Special 19 cent Sale,

25c mittens at 19c. 25, 35, and 40c handkerchiefs at 19c.

25c and 50c four-hand ties at 19c. 50 and 75c wings at 19c.

25 and 35c birds at 19c. Ladies 25c vests at 19c. Childrens 25c underwear at 19c.

Swearing reductions in Millinery.

M. F. & M. MARKS,

113 to 117 S. Main St. Butler Pa.

DIAMONDS WATCHES JEWELRY SILVERWARE

RODGE'S BROS. 1874

E. GREB, JEWELER.

No. 139, North Main St., BUTLER, PA.

Peculiar

In combination, preparation and process, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses peculiar curative powers unknown to any other preparation.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today.

Hood's Pills

Are the best of their kind.

AIR FASHIONS.

ASCINATING ALL ABRICIS.

OUR stock tables are filled with every new style and every becoming design in the materials of Cloths, demands, and good taste can suggest.

IT is not our goods alone that are attractive. Our low prices add to the combination. That is why

Economical People

are 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 price.

ALAND, Tailor.

It's All In Th Making.



wherever they fit well or not. That is what we care for.

Poorly Made Clothes always look cheap while those well made have an elegant appearance.

The clothes we make are put together thoroughly. No slop shop work is tolerated. Try us and see if we do not answer this description.

Cutting Your Cloth to suit the size and shape is a good thing to push along, also the cutting of our prices to suit the demands of the public.

Call on us for our large and elegant stock of Foreign and Domestic Wools. Call and examine our large stock.

COOPER & CO

Cor. Diamond, Butler, Pa.

C. & D.

Under-Wear Points

Thorough protection

No irritation

Non-stretchable

Perfect fitting

Moderate prices

All in Jaros Hygienic

Underwear.

Colbert & Dale.

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

BURTON'S NEW STORE

Is still the talk of the town, nothing but the most

favorable comments on our method of doing business.

Our Customers DELIGHTED.

We Aim to Please.

goods only for cash.

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

\$8, \$10, \$12, \$15, \$20 Overcoats

\$20, \$30, \$40, \$50, \$60, \$70, \$80, \$90, \$100

121 S. MAIN ST., BUTLER, PA.

CHRISTMAS AT BLACK MAMMYS.

There's going to be Christmas, children. But it's not the same as the Christmas I speak of. It's not the same as the Christmas I speak of.

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BILLY'S CHRISTMAS.

Zeph Davis didn't agree with the world at all.

He found very few things which met his unqualified approval, and the more persons he found agreed upon a certain point the more certain was he to discover the utter weakness of their position.

He was very slow and he looked at the world from the heights occupied by a superior and complacent being. It amused him to see all the women agreeing on certain lines of home ornamentation.

It provoked him to find all the men united on theories of improvement, dress and behavior.

He particularly resented the universal surrender of the race to the spirit of Christmas.

"It's all hokky poky," said Zeph. As Christmas approached and he wondered if he would not break his usual habit and make some conventional preparation.

She remembered a very pleasant party in these seasons when a girl, but had been unable to recall the name of the party.

And her little boy, now six years old, added to her uneasiness. He had caught something of the season's inspiration from the children who drifted past his cabin home and from the activities at the great house of the aspirer when he went up there on day to do an errand for his mother.

He was full of questions which his mother could not entirely answer and which he could not understand when his father was at home.

But down through his infant consciousness at last filtered the conviction that he and his household were outside the little cabin at the reign of Santa Claus.

He had no doubt the day had a great and joyful significance to the aspirer's children, and that Santa Claus came down a chimney and gave presents to all the good boys and girls in the world.

Only, of course, his house was not included. The gentle sway of the Christ child could not naturally enter the little cabin at the edge of the woods.

Yet he had an unformed, pathetic little regret that it was so.

Zeph was in town Christmas eve and staid a little later than usual, though that did not trouble his wife much.

He was in the habit of going home to his mother, and he had not intended to do so on this occasion.

He was quite superior to the noisy music which he could not understand personally by imitating strains.

It was altogether an unmitigated folly to him.

"Look at that pretty lively, I reckon," said his wife as Zeph came in and prepared for supper.

He wore none. He looked upon it as a waste of time to go to the store to buy a new pair of shoes.

"What's that?" asked Zeph, inquiring of the boy, his blue eyes large and bright.

"Oh, toys, and them things!"

"What things?" again, but hesitatingly.

Zeph glanced warily at the boy and then he looked at the woman.

"Shakes and red mittens and some wooden soldiers and dummies and picket' looks."

"The boy had never seen the stores, for he had never been in town, but he had in his mind a very vivid picture of the place and its glories.

And he looked very straight at his father as that picture took form.

"Many people in town?" questioned the wife. She had seen those splendor on Christmas eve, and she had counted on seeing them again.

"The street was full of teams. Couldn't get more'n 60 cents for that coxskin and had to take the first one I could get for 50 cents if I took it in cash.

"So I traded for some truck and some home. They tried to sell me a lot of plunders, but I don't go on none of those things."

"What plunders, pop?" asked the boy. The resources for trimming his fancy stores were really very slender.

He needed more material, with which to do. It seemed so real to him.

"Oh, a tin horse and wagon and a candy bird and a woolly little sheep that says 'bah'."

"Big sheep, pap, or just a lamb?"

"Naw. About so high." And Zeph measured a span from the top of the table to the floor.

"That changed the whole interior of his wonder cave for the boy. Those treasures were smaller than the natural size. If he could have them, he would have them larger."

So his wonderful creations were depicting delightful shape. It was quite a picture he found himself arranging when his mother and father came to the kitchen, where she was finishing the supper work.

"You're sound asleep, Billy. Go to bed."

And he hurried into his little cot, hoping he could carry the dream unbroken. How they danced before him, those excellent animals! How gravely the horses moved in the stable!

It seemed that in tin soldiers should become live dogs and bark along, and how sweet it all was, for this was morning, and Dan, the dog, was barking, and some noises he heard in the woods across the road.

This was just the same as any other morning to Zeph, and he was dressed in a flood of sunshine, shivering a little and complaining that his wife had no better fire. He looked out on the deep snow and knew the hunting would be excellent.

Just after breakfast a sleighload of people passed, their bells jingling with tempting music. Presently he saw the horses stopped in front of the square's farmhouse, when they gazed with amazement at the sight of a man in a top hat and a woman in a long dress.

They were the folks from Burr Oaks, said Zeph's wife, as she closed the door and wondered if her other dress was as good as that one.

The boy stood there at the window, with his chin on the sill, and tried to recall his dream, from which the daylight had ejected him. He saw the sleigh with a black and white horse and a driver in a top hat and a woman in a long dress.

THE KNEELING CATHEDRAL.

Christmas eve in old England was a time of vigil. All were on watch, as were the ancient shepherds, waiting for the appearance of the star.

A custom which yet prevails in some of the remote portions of the British islands is to carry coal and hot cider into the church and there offer them up to the largest apple tree as a gift to the king of the cherubs.

The Scotch Hogmanay. If you want to make a Scotchman's blood tingle, pronounce, if you can, that outlandish word, "Hogmanay."

It is one of the earliest times the giving and receiving of gifts and the offering of presents to the king of the cherubs.

It is the thought and the gift that counts, and not the value of the gift.

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It is the thought and the gift that counts, and not the value of the gift.

VOICES OF THE BELLS.

Listen to the Christmas bells! While all the world is praying, They are peeping, swelling, tolling, And this is how they say:

We are the voices of good and true, We are the tongues of peace and truth, We are the voices of love and joy, We are the voices of hope and faith.

We are the voices of good and true, We are the tongues of peace and truth, We are the voices of love and joy, We are the voices of hope and faith.

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