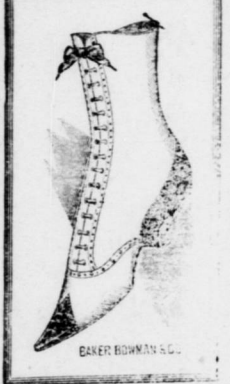


VOL. XXXIII

COME AND SEE US We are Located on South Main Street, Opposite Hotel Butler,

In the room formerly occupied by Hartell & Kemper. We have received our spring stock of Tans in different shades, Patent Leathers, Kangaroo, etc. Our stock of Ladies Fine Shoes and Oxfords is very large—all the latest style lasts to be found among our stock.



A FEW OF OUR PRICES Ladies fine dongola pat tip oxfords... Ladies fine serge congress gaiters... Ladies grain shoes pat tip heel or spring... Ladies waterproof oil grain shoes... Ladies fine calf slippers... Mens waterproof working shoes... Mens fine dress shoes lace or congress... Boys fine shoes... Misses good wearing school shoes... Childrens fine dongola pat tip shoes...

Full stock of Leather and Findings. Shoemakers supplies of all kinds. All kinds of dressing for Dongola. Tan and Patent Leather shoes at reduced prices. Mail orders receive prompt attention.

JOHN BICKEL 323 South Main St. Butler Pa. Branch Store, 125 N. Main St.

SPRING & SUMMER FOOTWEAR! Undeniably Shows the Largest Stock of Ladies and Gents Fine Shoes of the Latest and Most Stylish Patterns ever Displayed in Butler.

B. C. HUSELTON Women's 20 Century Shoes Tailor made, in lace or button, Russel or Dongola, Kid or Patent Leather Tips. We sell these beautiful and comfortable shoes at our trade winning figures, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50 and \$3.

WOMEN'S DONGOLA SHOES IN BUTTON AND LACE. Made on the latest lasts, only 75c, \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50. Easy shoes a specialty.

MEN'S AND BOYS' TANS Highest grades, Russia Calf, in all the most fashionable shades, comfortable lasts, pointed or derby toe, positively unequalled in Butler. Men's at \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4 and \$5; Boys' at \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$2; Youths' at \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75.

Mens and Boys' Fine Shoes. Plain, Square, Needle or Opera Toe; all widths. Call at \$2, \$2.50, \$3 and \$3.50. Buff and A Calf at \$2, \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50 and \$4; Boys' at \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75; Youths' at \$1.25 and \$1.50.

Always in Style. Always Saving Money. If you buy your Millinery at M. F. & M. MARKS, Colbert & Dale.

Take Care Of your physical health. Build up your system, tone your stomach and digestive organs, increase your appetite, purify and enrich your blood, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HOOD'S PILLS Professional Cards. A. M. CHRISTLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office on North Diamond Street, opposite the Court House—Lower Floor.

NEWTON BLACK, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office at No. 4, South Diamond Street, Butler Pa.

A. T. SCOTT, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office at No. 4, South Diamond Street, Butler Pa.

J. M. FAINTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office at No. 4, South Diamond Street, Butler Pa.

S. H. PIENSO, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office at No. 4, South Diamond Street, Butler Pa.

COULTER & BAKER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office in room B, Arnold Building, Butler Pa.

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W. E. BROWN, Homoeopathic Physician and Surgeon. Office 236 S. Main St., opp. P. O. Reside 315 N. McKean St.

J. J. DONALDSON, Dentist, Butler, Penna. Artificial Teeth inserted on the latest improved plan. Gold Plate and Silver Jewelry. Office over Salsburg's Clothing Store.

V. M. McALPINE, Dentist, Main St. Anaesthetics Administered.

SAMUEL M. BIPPUS, Physician and Surgeon. 90 West Cunningham St.

DR. N. M. HOOVER, 117 S. Water St., office hours, 10 to 12 M. and 7 to 9 P. M.

OUR PROMOTED. From our basement windows Look out with tears. They in the royal chambers... Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

WAS NEVER PUBLISHED. The rain fell relentlessly; the wind that swept in through the Golden Gate was piercingly cold, and the wretched toiling painfully up the deep asphalt pavement staggered as he walked and now then stopped to rest himself, and then started on his trembling, hand against the buildings that he passed. His soiled, ragged clothes were soaking with the wet, and his head and neck were smarting with the chill of death. When he had reached the summit of Nob Hill he paused and wrapped his arm about an electric light post at the corner, leaning against it for the support his feeble frame needed so pitifully. A quick firm step sounded on the pavement.

"For God's sake, give me money to buy food!" said the wretch at the post. The quick step ceased. "Why don't you say drink, and speak the truth?" said the man, running his gloved hand into his pocket and pulling out a five-cent piece. The glare of the electric light shone full upon his handsome, fresh face; the poor wretch caught his breath, and in another step forward, the money which the man tossed into his outstretched hand gleamed a moment in his trembling palm, and in another step he was upon the stones far out into the street.

"I want no gold of yours," said the wretch, with energy that shook his whole frame. "I want no gold of yours, Henry Mason." The man started; his rigid face turned livid.

"Who dares to call me Henry Mason? My name is Derwent, Thomas Derwent," the man said, hoarsely, staring about him into the night. "You are out of reach of help just now, Henry Mason," said the wretch, with a laugh. "I saw the policeman from this beat running in an optimistic mood a few moments ago, and I believe my hour of reckoning has come at last."

"Who are you?" "You know well enough 20 years ago," the wretch laughed. "Howard Scott! My God!" cried the man. "I thought you would recall me," and the wretch laughed again.

"What do you want?" asked the man, unbuttoning his hand trembling. "I need your money, not my life, Henry Mason," said the wretch, bitterly. "They will do me no good now. Listen! You live near here. I know your house. Why not open the door and let me in? I have a mystery, but I think it was more your hard, cold voice than your looks that betrayed my presence in the night."

"Don't move," Scott interposed, calmly. "You are not to go out of the door. I am not yet packed. Lead on to your house, and dare to budge one inch out of the way at your peril. I want a quiet, warm place to rest, and I have not a cent to my name. I have not a cent to my name. I have not a cent to my name. I have not a cent to my name."

"Well, I'm glad you telephoned for a policeman to take him away if he was troubling you." "One day Logan was arguing a case before Chief Justice Greene, of the supreme court, of what was then the territory of Washington. Opposed to him was a backwoods lawyer named Browne. Logan continually referred to the counsel on the other side as if his name were spelled 'Browne'."

"Pen and paper!" said Scott, fiercely, rousing himself and looking at the writing table. "Now, do you sit there across the room from me. Move or speak at your own risk."

All grade of underwear at very low prices. Largest stock of hats and furnishings for gentleman in the country. An inspection will prove this to any one satisfied.

FOR SALE. Address in Donnellville on E. W. B. E. 6 room 40 frame house, lot 100x150. Terms easy. Address: R. F. OSWALD, Fairview, Pa.

ARBUSUS. Where the wondrous shadows dim Are strewn far and wide, Under leaves of rusty brown The dainty flycatcher hides. In a rosy flush, Are waking from their dreams, Silver bright beyond the hill The winding river gleams; Busy little things are seen, Beneath the moss and leaves, The sweetest little things of the woods, Her fairy magic weaves.

END OF THE RAINBOW. BY ELIZABETH A. MOORE. Ever since Nelly could remember she had known that anyone who could reach the end of a rainbow before it faded would find great treasures. Janet, the maid, told her that she had seen the end of a rainbow once, and of course Janet knew. The stories did not always agree as to what these treasures consisted of, but whatever else there was, the "pot of gold" was always sure to be there. Whenever Nelly had seen a rainbow, in her short life of five summers, she had been strong in her conviction, so that the end of the rainbow had never been reached.

"If it you, father, dear?" a sweet voice asked, and Scott looked up to see a young girl standing in the doorway, the brass bolt still in her small white hand. She was a beautiful, sweet-faced child, with her hair braided in two long pigtails, and she was looking at him with a look of deep interest.

"What do you want?" asked the man, unbuttoning his hand trembling. "I need your money, not my life, Henry Mason," said the wretch, bitterly. "They will do me no good now. Listen! You live near here. I know your house. Why not open the door and let me in? I have a mystery, but I think it was more your hard, cold voice than your looks that betrayed my presence in the night."

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