

VOL. XXXIV

Fall Shoes AT Fallen Prices. NEVER BEFORE IN THE HISTORY OF THE SHOE BUSINESS, IN BUTLER COUNTY. HAVE REALLY GOOD SHOES BEEN SOLD SO CHEAP. BRING THIS ADV. WITH YOU AND BE CONVINCED THAT WE DO JUST WHAT WE SAY.

A. Ruff & Son, BUTLER, PA. AND LOADS OF OTHER VALUES EQUALLY LOW. DO YOUR OWN REPAIRING. We sell a high top stand and lasts for 35c.

T. H. BURTON, T. H. BURTON. STYLE. Style is Everything Now-a-days. And we are glad that it appertains to every article in our stock.

The Wise Grocer. Will try to induce his customers to buy the very best groceries in the market, because by so doing he makes a sale that will give satisfaction.

The Butler Produce Co., C. L. MOORE, Prop'r. IF YOU GET IT AT THE BUTLER PRODUCE IT'S FRESH.

J. S. YOUNG, Tailor, Hatter and Gents Furnishing Goods. Summer heat makes the problem of looking dressy and keeping cool a hard one.

Punc-tuality is Power. Hitch your business works to a good watch. And that you buy it from E. GRIEB, THE JEWELER.

WHILE YOU ARE WAITING. For your prescription don't fail to look over our line of perfumes, we have received some very fine ones lately.

REDICK & GROHMANN DRUGGISTS. BEE KEEPER'S SUPPLIES SUCH AS Hives, Frames, Sections, Tools, etc.

No Gripe Hood's Pills. When you take Hood's Pills, the big, old-fashioned, sugar-coated pills, which tear you all to pieces.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES. P. B. & E. R. R. Schedule of Passenger Trains in effect May 30, 1897.

PITTSBURG & WESTERN Railway Schedule of Passenger Trains in effect May 10, 1897.

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD. WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DIVISION. SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MAY 17, 1897.

WEST SLIPPING DOWN THE LITTLE RIVER. sea's like glass. Come on, now, Mary. New ideas are being put into practice every day.

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THE PLACE TO BUY GAS COOKING AND HEATING STOVES, GAS BURNERS AND FIXTURES, HOSE, BATH TUBS, ENAMEL AND IMPROVED WELSHBACH GAS BURNER.

W. H. O'BRIEN & SON. 107 East Jefferson St.

SAILOR'S LOVE. BY MARGARET DELAND. So time went by placidly, without hurry, but with peace; and on Mary's part, with that deepening love.

Why Donald Hayes should have built his house so near the water, that the line of drift left by the high tide was tangled in his little picket fence, was a mystery to the Seaport. "I should think, Don, you'd have enough of that ocean week days, without any more of it at Sundays, too," remonstrated more than one friend.

"Hullo, Mary!" he called out, and she came running down the path to the river. She was a pleasant looking girl, not pretty, but fresh and honest, and with eyes that knew no secrets. As they met Dick's there was a joyous avowal in them.

"Don't let her worry if we're a day or two overdue; worrying is about the meanest business I know of." I worried about the Samuel P. Jones the first of February before news came.

MARY SPREADING THE TABLES TO DRY. "There are worse things than carrying in the water on the well," Mary said to herself, as she looked at her husband.

ON THE RIVER ROAD. which is the sturdiest craft that death sometimes bestow on those whom he loves. "There, now, Mary, cheer up, my dear," said Dick, with a smile.

"Oh, I'm all right," she said, and she looked at him straight in the eyes, and her lip quivered. "Take care of yourself, Don," she faltered. But he only laughed, because he was too happy to be angry.

"I'll never take you, Dick Wheeler!" she said, shouting and nearly crying. "and don't you ever say any such thing to me again." Mrs. Hayes said and left Dick looking dejectedly after her.

"You are tired," she said, soothingly. "You've been sitting up too long." "Nothing of the sort," Dick answered, crossly. "I am only tired of this business! Good Lord, Mary—there! I can't help it, will you take me to my room?"

"You know her dead and gone, you're only making another man miserable; and— and you'd be happier yourself." "Of course he's dead," she said, tremulously. "That isn't it; it's because I shall miss my love, don't you see?"

below. She and Don had often sat here and listened to the steady beat of the waves on the broken rocks. The light faded and faded, and the sea grew gray and cold; far off a sail leaped like a wing against the sky.

"Poor boy!" cried Mrs. Hayes, anxiously. "Don't let a sick man's mother take care of him. Well, there, Mary, it is too bad!" Mary looked sorry, and the next day she went to inquire about him.

"I don't know," Mary answered. "I hope not. But I'm afraid it is." And then, later in the evening, when they had been talking so long, her refusal was full of outraged pride.

"I don't care," she said, and she looked at him straight in the eyes, and her lip quivered. "Take care of yourself, Don," she faltered. But he only laughed, because he was too happy to be angry.

"There are worse things than carrying in the water on the well," Mary said to herself, as she looked at her husband. "You are tired," she said, soothingly. "You've been sitting up too long."

AN ALIBI OFFICE.

A Curious Institution Opened Up in Paris. Novel ideas are being put into practice every day, and if rumor is to be believed the latest thing in original conceptions has assumed the form of an alibi office.

They seemed to have been... poisoning the water... dening and swelling, but they had not touched any fly. It was now definitely the presence of the trouble all came from brown-tail moth.

This discovery was made by the employees of the gypsy motif committee, who, in the course of their work, had found that a number of pupae of the brown-tail moth had been introduced by the innocent nature of the consignees, they plucked them off and destroyed them. Then the trouble began, and as the result of the men with poisoned hands and arms.

LINCOLN AND THE DANDY. A Humorous Reminiscence of the Famous President. In some gossip from the national capital, Mr. Stoddard says: "Among the applicants for the position of Lincoln's biographer in Washington recently was a New England man who had served for a number of years as a member of the cabinet."

SIXTY YEARS LETTER-CARRIER. Hannah Brewer Equals the Queen in Her Majesty's Service. Hannah Brewer, the old Bliton post-mistress, who has just joined the ranks of the superannuated, has recently told a representative of the London Daily Mail that she has been delivering letters without intermission during the whole 60 years of the queen's reign.

Friends No More. Dottie—Can you keep a secret? George Luttrell proposed to me last night. Jessie—Oh, I'm so surprised! Have you found out what girl had just fitted him?—Cleveland Leader.

No Place for Savings. Guest—What is the price for dinner? Hotel Proprietor—Two dollars. Guest—Holy smoke! Don't you think my stomach is a savings bank?—N. Y. Truth.

Murdered It. Her Father-in-Law is playing one of your compositions for her own amusement. Composer—She's killing time all right.—N. Y. Journal.

One Feature of It. "There are some things about building castles in the air." "What is it?" "The bricklayers never strike."—Chicago Post.