

BICKEL'S! The time of the year is here when you want to purchase your winter footwear.

- November Price List. Men's double sole and tap working shoes. Men's high cut heavy sole box toe shoes.

RUBBER GOODS. Men's Storm King rubber boots. Men's rubber boots (regular height).

FELT GOODS. Men's felt boots and overs. Men's felt boots and overs.

JOHN BICKEL, 128 SOUTH MAIN STREET, BUTLER, PA. HUSELTON'S! Showing of FALL and WINTER Footwear.

WORLD'S BEST MANUFACTORIES. Women's Shoes. Men's Fine Shoes.

Women's Heavy Shoes. Children's School Shoes. We sell "Queen Quality" Shoes for Women and The Famous Mrs. Jenness Miller's Shoes.

B. C. HUSELTON'S, Butler's Leading Shoe House. Opposite Hotel Lowry.

STRIVING FOR EFFECT! Men don't buy clothing for the purpose of spending money. They desire to get the best possible results for the money expended.

G. F. RECK, 142 North Main Street, Butler, Pa. NOW! That the dread house cleaning is over the next and more important work is picking a new carpet.

\$1.00 Axminster Rugs, Neatest thing for the money ever shown in Butler at DUFFY'S STORE, MAKER OF MEN'S CLOTHES, PAPER'S, JEWELERS. Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spectacles etc. We have a large and well selected stock. We Repair all kinds of Watches.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

The Register hereby gives notice that the following accounts of executors, administrators and trustees have been filed in this office according to law and will be presented to the court for settlement on Saturday, the 24th day of December, 1900.

Thousands are Trying It. In order to prove the great merit of Ely's Cream Balm, the most effective cure for Catarrh and Cold in Head, we have prepared a general trial size for 10 cents.

Butler Savings Bank, Butler, Pa. Capital and Profits - \$50,000.00. Surplus and Profits - \$100,000.00.

THE BUTLER SAVINGS BANK IS THE OLDEST BANKING INSTITUTION IN BUTLER COUNTY. We solicit accounts of all savers, merchants, farmers and transient traders.

WIDOW'S APPRAISEMENTS. The following widow's appraisements of personal property and real estate set apart for the support of her children and decedent have been filed in the office of the Clerk of Butler County, Pa.:

Widow of Frank J. Snyder, per prop. \$200.00. Estate of Isaac Meals, Clerk of C. C. Isaac Meals, Clerk of C. C.

WANTED - SEVERAL BRIGHT AND honest persons to represent as Managers in this county. Salary \$1000 a year and expenses. Straight, honest, no more, no less pay. Position permanent. Our references, anywhere in any town. It is mainly new work, with no old stock.

THEY THAT SIT IN DARKNESS. A STORY OF THE AUSTRALIAN NEVER-NEVER. BY JOHN MACKIE.

CHAPTER XX. "FOR NOW THAT I AM BLIND!" The fact that Clements had made for me and the rest did me a world of good. At length Clements said:

CHAPTER XXIII. CAUGHT IN THEIR TRAP. When that morning I had left the cave and scolded the crooked, with the sense that wild hope of falling in with the squatter's party, and bringing back help, it was Norah Mackenzie who first missed me, and it was the conduct of Snowball that first made her suspect something wrong.

CHAPTER XXIV. THE MURDERER. And now the murderer was out, and the man who had been in the cave, Norah Mackenzie said that I must be seen by the blacks and necessarily killed. She scolded poor Snowball for not having a gun, and said of the party with my intention.

CHAPTER XXV. THE PARTY GRADUALLY came down from the cave, and sat on the breastwork as to keep a lookout. The chief, who was a white haired, rakish looking individual with broad, sunken cheeks, and a heavy, heavy and horrible fashion and who had several possum skins hung on various parts of his body, looked with not a little surprise at the "White Man" who stood within a few paces of him, cool and collected. She was probably the first white woman he had ever seen.

CHAPTER XXVI. "Lala natcha cooramora takanya?" she said. "Wala, shanki carabinyi," he replied, shaking his head. The girl tried another tack. The savage did not understand what she said, but he had taken her hands together and turned, turning the tips of his fingers downward, said, "Yola che an?"

CHAPTER XXVII. "You are very, very good to come to me like this," I said as steadily as I could. "But you must not get any more of me one else. He mightn't like it, you know." She had caught and held both my hands, and as she spoke her fingers tightened on mine.

which was not ashamed of proclaiming itself. It surely was no wonder that in the sudden joy which came to me I should have uttered such a cry. But it must have been my good angel that came to my aid just then—aye, even though it took the form of that hideous ghoul, the horror of whose presence crushed down again upon my soul.

CHAPTER XXVIII. "You have helped me to bear my loss, but of course we must forget all this, for now that I am blind!" "I have eyes for both of us," she cried. "It is your woman's pity that speaks now," I rejoined. "You will live to thank me yet for speaking like this. If I loved you less, I might let you sacrifice yourself, but I want you always to think well of me. It was too bad of me to think it was Jack you meant when you referred to 'some one' in the cave. But you remember the party you played for him on the Macartur? You think too much of others."

CHAPTER XXIX. "I don't think that when I saw you going to withhold the little help it was so woefully positive, justified me, but perhaps you forgot that it was in order to save us you risked your life, and—and me with this."

CHAPTER XXX. "I don't think it would—to you," I said. "I don't think it would—to you," I said. "I don't think it would—to you," I said. "I don't think it would—to you," I said.

CHAPTER XXXI. "I don't think it would—to you," I said. "I don't think it would—to you," I said. "I don't think it would—to you," I said. "I don't think it would—to you," I said.

CHAPTER XXXII. "I don't think it would—to you," I said. "I don't think it would—to you," I said. "I don't think it would—to you," I said. "I don't think it would—to you," I said.



With her arms around my neck she had kissed me twice upon the lips.

She drew my head gently toward her and kissed me.

CHAPTER XXXIII. "The Office Boy's Revenge." A young lady who is employed in one of the tall office buildings has a young man acquaintance whose name is James. A few days ago the office boy was busy, and she scolded him. A day or two later he marched into the inner office where she was at work and handed her one of Mr. Jones' calling cards.

CHAPTER XXXIV. "Are you Miss Jones?" he asked. "Yes." "Well, I'm a constable, and I've got a Judgment of \$1250 against this office."

CHAPTER XXXV. "And now the young lady wonders if she carelessly left any calling cards on her desk or whether it was a coincidence and the constable had the same name and used in the cards in his business—Chicago News."

CHAPTER XXXVI. "The Lever That Busted Him." A young man who is now well up the list of high salaried officers of a big manufacturing company said several days ago that he owed his first opportunity to show his ability to the fact that he was not afraid to soil his clothes. He was one of half a dozen young men just graduated from scientific schools who entered the shops of this company as students. They were expected to show that they were practical workmen, but most of them preferred theory to practice.

CHAPTER XXXVII. "I was charmed," he said in his soft, graceful way, "to hear the clever anecdotes from our distinguished counsel to be so woefully positive, justified me, but because I could not conceal my real feelings any longer."

CHAPTER XXXVIII. "I don't think it would—to you," I said. "I don't think it would—to you," I said. "I don't think it would—to you," I said. "I don't think it would—to you," I said.