

WILLIAM ALAND, ARTISTIC CUTTER, TAILOR, 30 S. MAIN ST., BUTLER, PA.

HENRY BIEHL, 11 NORTH MAIN STREET, BUTLER, PENNA. DEALER IN Hardware and House Furnishing Goods.

THE STANDARD ROTARY SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES, (2500 Stitches Per Minute.)

Colbert & Dale, 70 S. Main Street, Butler, Pa. Do Not Be Puzzled

New York Bazaar, Kramer Wagons, Buggies, Carts, Wheel Barrows, Brammer Washing Machines, New Sunshine and Howard Ranges, Stoves, Table and pocket Cutlery, Hanging Lamps, Man-ufacturer of Tinware, Tin Roofing and Spouting A Specialty.

WHERE A CHILD CAN BUY AS CHEAP AS A MAN.

There is no Doubt

As to where you should buy your new dress, it economy is the object you have in view, and you will agree with us, after you have examined our line and prices in Silks, Satins, Cashmeres, Serges, Henriettes, Broadcloths, Flannels, English Suitings in plain and novelty plaids.

UNDERWEAR For Ladies, Gents, Misses and Children which we know can not be equaled any where for value and price.

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, AND LACE CURTAINS

CLOAKS Ever brought to Butler, to convince you that the place to do your trading is with us, we ask that you call and examine prices and be convinced.

TROUTMAN'S, Leading Dry Goods and Carpet House, Butler, Pa.

Buy good gifts for your children, your fathers, your mothers, your sisters, your brothers, your cousins, and your aunts.

NIXON'S HOME, 28 S. McKean St., Butler, Pa.

EITENMULLER HOTEL, No. 86 and 90, S. Main St., Butler, Pa.

Hotels and Depots, W. S. Gregg is now running a line of carriages between the hotels and depots of the town.

Ritter & Ralston's, OPEN DAY AND NIGHT—Horses fed and boarded.

GRIEB & LAMB'S MUSIC STORE, NO. 16 SOUTH MAIN ST., BUTLER, PA.

All Kinds of Musical Instruments, SHEET MUSIC A SPECIALTY

Pianos and Organs sold on installments. Old Instruments taken in exchange. Come and see us, we can save you money. Tuning and Repairing of all kinds of Musical Instruments Promptly attended to.

Something to Say.

To everyone this week, and it will be to your interest to read and think of it.

We have the most complete line of children's hats, from the solid all round school caps at 25c, to the finest and noblest hats made.

We have the largest stock of reliable underwear in the county, and are at our popular low prices.

We have everything in the Furnishing line.

We like to have people look at our goods and get the prices.

Do Not Be Puzzled

What to buy for a Christmas Present, but step into the

New York Bazaar

And see the mammoth display of useful articles. We will mention a few articles here:

Fine silk handkerchiefs, linen and lace handkerchiefs, silk and cashmere mufflers, silk and plush neckties, fine dress shirts, collars and cuffs, suspenders, cuff buttons, scarf pins, and an endless variety of fine jewelry suitable for ladies wear, knit gloves for ladies and gents, new styles in ladies neckwear, a fine silk or cashmere dress, a cloak, a fine linen table cloth, a nice pair of towels, make very useful presents.

Remember the place,

THE NEW YORK BAZAAR, The Wide Awake and Popular Store Opposite Postoffice.

Butler, - PA.

Willard Hotel,

W. H. REIHING, Prop'r, BUTLER, - PA.

STABLE IN CONNECTION, SAMPLE ROOM FOR COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS

SAMPLE ROOM. LIVERY IN CONNECTION

Hotel Voageley (Strictly First Class.)

HENRY L. BECK, Prop'r., J. H. FAUBUS, Manager, Butler, Pa.

Diamond - - Hotel,

FRONTING DIAMOND, BUTLER, PA. THOMAS WASSON, Prop'r.

Good rooms, good meals, stable in connection, everything first class.

NIXON'S HOME, 28 S. McKean St., Butler, Pa.

Meals at all hours. Open all night. Breakfast 25 cents. Dinner 35 cents. Supper 25 cents. Lodging 25 cents. SIMON NIXON, Prop'r.

EITENMULLER HOTEL, No. 86 and 90, S. Main St., Butler, Pa.

Near New Court House—formerly Dominion House—accommodations for travelers. Good stable in connection. (4-10-13) H. EITENMULLER, Prop'r.

Hotels and Depots, W. S. Gregg is now running a line of carriages between the hotels and depots of the town.

Chargers reasonable. Telephone No. 17, or leave orders at Hotel Voageley.

Good Livery in Connection.

New Livery Stable.

New Stock, New Rigs. —OPEN DAY AND NIGHT—Horses fed and boarded.

PETER KRAMER, Prop'r, 39, W. Jefferson St., Butler, Pa.

Wm. F. Miller, IN

Manufacturer of Stair Rails, Balusters and Newel-posts.

All kinds of wood-turning done to order, also decorated and turned wood-work, such as Cutting Corner blocks, Panels and all kinds of fancy wood-work for inside decoration of houses.

CALL AND SEE SAMPLES. Something new and attractive. Also FURNITURE at lowest cash prices. Store at No. 40, N. Main street. Factory at No. 20, N. Washington street. BUTLER, - PENNA.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

A. T. SCOTT, J. F. WILSON, SCOTT & WILSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW

Collectors a specialty. Office at No. 3, South Diamond, Butler, Pa.

JAMES N. MOORE, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

Office in Room No. 1, Second floor of Union Block, East side of Diamond.

P. W. LOWRY, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Room No. 2, Anderson Building, Butler, Pa.

A. E. RUSSELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office on second floor of New Anderson Block Main St., near Diamond.

IRA McJUNKIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office at No. 11, East Jefferson St., Butler, Pa.

W. C. FINDLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND Real Estate Agent.

Office at No. 11, East Jefferson St., Butler, Pa.

H. H. GOUCHER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office on second floor of Anderson building, near Court House, Butler, Pa.

J. F. BRITAIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office at S. E. Cor. Main St. and Diamond, Butler, Pa.

NEWTON BLACK, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office on South side of Diamond Street, Butler, Pa.

JOHN M. RUSSELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office on South side of Diamond Street, Butler, Pa.

C. F. L. McQUISTION, ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR, OFFICE NEAR DIAMOND, BUTLER, PA.

G. M. ZIMMERMAN, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office at No. 45, S. Main street, over Frank C. O'S BUGH Street, Butler, Pa.

SAMUEL M. BIPPUS, Physician and Surgeon.

No. 10 West Cunningham St., BUTLER, PENNA.

W. R. TITZEL, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

S. W. COURT MAIN AND NORTH STS. BUTLER PENN'A.

DR. S. A. JOHNSTON, DENTIST, - - BUTLER, PA.

All work pertaining to the profession, executed in the most perfect manner. Specialties: Gold Fillings, and Painless Extraction of Teeth. Vitrified Air administered. Office on Jefferson Street, one East of Livery House, 13 N. Main.

Office open daily, except Wednesdays and Thursdays, from 10 o'clock to 12 o'clock. Prompt attention given.

Office on Main Street, Butler, Pa.

L. S. McJUNKIN, Insurance and Real Estate Ag't

17 EAST JEFFERSON ST., BUTLER, - PA.

E. E. ABRAMS & CO Fire and Life INSURANCE

Insurance Co. of North America, incorporated 1794, capital \$5,000,000, and other strong companies represented. New York Life Insurance Co. assets \$30,000,000. Office New Huseton building near Court House, Butler, Pa.

BUTLER COUNTY Mutual Fire Insurance Co. Office Cor. Main & Cunningham Sts.

J. C. ROESSING, PRESIDENT. WM. CAMPBELL, TREASURER. H. C. HEINEMAN, SECRETARY.

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LOYAL McJUNKIN, Gen. Ag't, BUTLER, PA.

BUY YOUR HOMES

Money to Buy Homes. Monthly payments less than a fair rate. Payments decrease yearly. In event of death, prior to completion of payments, balance of contract refunded.

Money to Loan. Real estate bought and sold on commission. Wanted houses to rent and rents collected.

L. G. LINN, No 38 South Main St., Butler, Pa.

Over Linn's Drug Store.

BARGAINS

Wall Paper. For the next sixty days we will offer bargains in all our gilt and embossed wall papers, in order to reduce stock and make room for Holiday Goods.

J. H. Douglass, Near Postoffice, Butler Pa

Subscribe for the CITIZEN.

CHRISTMAS AT BRACE-BRIDGE HALL.

ANOTHER OLD SCENE BY WASHINGTON LIVING.

When I woke next morning, it seemed as if all the events of the preceding evening had been a dream, and nothing but the identity of the ancient chamber convinced me of their reality. While I lay musing on my pillow, I heard the sound of little feet patter on the floor, and a whispered consultation. Presently a choir of small voices chanted forth an old Christmas carol, the burden of which was:

Rejoice, our Saviour he was born On Christmas day in the morning.

I rose softly, slipped on my clothes, opened the door audibly, and beheld one of the most beautiful holiday groups that a painter could imagine. It consisted of a boy and two girls, the eldest not more than six, and lovely as angels. They were going the rounds of the house, singing at every chamber door, but my sudden appearance frightened them, and they made haste to retire. I remained for a moment playing on their lips with my finger, and now and then stealing a shy glance from under their eyebrows, until, as if by impulse, they scampered away, and as they turned the angle of the doorway, I heard their laughing in triumph at their escape.

Everything conspired to produce kind and happy feelings, in this stronghold of old-fashioned hospitality. The window of my chamber looked out upon what in summer would have been a beautiful landscape. There was a sloping lawn, a fine stream winding at the foot of it, and a tract of park beyond, with noble clumps of trees, and herds of deer. At a distance was a neat hamlet, with the smoke from the cottage chimneys hanging over it, and a church, with its dark spire in strong relief against the clear sky. The house was surrounded with evergreens, according to the English custom, which would have given almost an appearance of summer during the winter months. The light vapor of the preceding evening had been precipitated by the cold, and covered all the trees and every blade of grass with its fine crystallizations. The rays of a bright morning sun had already begun to melt the snow, and a robin perched upon the top of a mountain ash, that hung its clusters of red berries just before my window, was basking himself in the sunshine, and piping a few querulous notes, and a peacock was displaying all the splendor of his tail, and strutting with the pride and gravity of a Spanish grandee on the terrace walk below.

I had scarcely dressed myself, when a servant appeared to invite me to family prayers. He showed me the way to a small chapel in the wing of the house, where I found the principal part of the family already assembled in a kind of gallery, furnished with cushions, hassocks, and large prayer books, the servants were seated on benches below. The old gentleman read over from a book in front of the gallery, and Master Simon acted as clerk and made the responses; and I must do him the justice to say, that he acquitted himself with great gravity and decorum.

The service was followed by a Christmas carol, which Mr. Bracebridge himself had constructed from a poem from his favorite author, Herrick; and it had been adapted to a church melody by Master Simon. As there were several good voices among the household, the effect was extremely pleasing; but I was particularly gratified by the exaltation of heart, and sudden fall of grateful feeling, with which the worthy Squire delivered one stanza; his eye glistening, and his voice quivering out of all the bounds of time and place.

"Thou that crown'st my glittering breath With goddess's smiles, bid me drink Spiced to the brink, Lord, tis thy plenty-dropping hand That soles my joy, And giv'st me, when the occasion serves, Twice ten for one."

I afterwards understood that early morning service was read on every Sunday and saint's day throughout the year, either by Mr. Bracebridge or some member of the family. It was now almost the end of the case at the seat of the nobility and gentry of England, and it is hard to be regretted that the custom is falling into neglect; for the duldest observer must be sensible of the order and serenity prevalent in those families, where the occasional fastenings of a beautiful form of worship in the morning give, as it were, the key-note to every temper for the day, and attunes every spirit to harmony.

Our breakfast consisted of what the Squire denominated true old English fare. It was a simple, but excellent, and ever over-moderate breakfast of tea and toast, which he consumed as among the causes of modern effeminacy and weak nerves, and the decline of old English heartiness; and though he admitted them to his table to do honor to the occasion, he never ate a bite of bread, or a morsel of cold meats, wine, and ale, at the sideboard.

After breakfast, I walked about the grounds with Frank Bracebridge and Master Simon, as he was called by every body at the Squire's, who were escorted by a number of gentlemen, who had gathered together about the establishment, from the fishing parties to the steady old stag-hounds—the last of which was a pair of race that had been in a family time out of mind—they were all well, and in a dog-whistle way, as they were called by the noble and, in the midst of their gambols would glance an eye occasionally upon a small watch he carried in his hand.

The old mansion had a still more venerable look in the yellow sunshine than by pale moonlight, and I could not but feel the force of the Squire's idea, that the formal terraces, heavily loaded with balustrades, and clipped yew trees, carried with them an air of proud aristocracy.

There appeared to be an unusual number of peacocks about the place, and I was making some remarks upon what I termed a flock of them that were basking under a sunny wall, when I was gently corrected in my phraseology by Master Simon, who told me that according to the most ancient and approved tradition on a house, I must say a number of peacocks. "In a family way," added he, with a slight air of pedantry, "we saw a flight of doves or swallows, a bevy of quails, a herd of deer, or a troop of cranes, a school of foxes, or a building of rooks."

It was a matter of course, that I should be told the story of the old family, which was told me by Sir Anthony Fitzherbert, who wrote to me on this subject, and he will presently set up his tail, chiefly in a day of my own, and I am sure, at the fall of the leaf, when the tail feathers will be worn and hide himself in corners, till his tail come again as it was."

I could not help smiling at this display of moral erudition on so whimsical a subject, but I found that peacocks were birds of some consequence at the Hall; for Frank

Bracebridge informed me that they were great favorites with his father, who was extremely careful to keep up the breed, partly because he was informed that they had handed down from days of yore. The villagers differed their hats to the Squire as he passed, giving him the good wishes of the season, with every appearance of heartfelt sincerity, and were invited by him to the hall, to take something to keep out of the cold of the weather, and I heard himself uttered by several of the poor, which convinced me that, in the midst of his enjoyment, the worthy old cavalier had not forgotten the true Christmas rule of charity.

We had not been long, when the sound of music was heard from a distance. A band of country lads, without coats, their sleeves decorated with green, and clubs in their hands, were seen advancing up the avenue, followed by a large number of villagers and peasantry. They stopped before the hall door, where the music struck up a peculiar air, and the lads performed a curious and intricate dance, advancing, retreating, and striking their clubs together, keeping up a kind of music, which was whimsically crowned with a fox's skin, the tail of which dangled down his back, kept capering round the skirts of the dance, and rattling a Christmas box with many antic gesticulations.

The Squire eyed this fanciful exhibition with great interest, and the sound of music was a full account of the origin, which he traced to the times when the Romans held possession of the island, proving that this was a local descendant of the sword-dance of the ancients. "It is now," he said, "scarcely extinct, but has accidentally met with traces of it in the neighborhood, and I had encouraged its revival, to follow up the truth, it was too apt to be forgotten by rough village-pops, and broken hearts in the evening."

After the dance was concluded, the whole party was entertained with lawn and leaf, and stout home-brewed. The Squire himself mingled among the rustic, and was received with awkward demonstrations of deference and regard. It is true, I perceived two or three of the younger peasants, who were raising their tankards to their mouths, when the Squire's back was turned, making some signs of a grimace, and giving each other the wink; but the moment they caught my eye, they pulled back their faces, and were evidently conscious of their fault; however, they all seemed more at their ease. His varied occupations and amusements had made him well known throughout the neighborhood. He was a visitor at every farm-house and cottage, mingling with the farmers and their wives, and with their daughters, and like that of a vulgar bachelor the humble bee, tolled the sweets from all the ripe lips of the country round.

The whole house indeed seemed abandoned to merriment, as I passed in my way to the dining-room, I heard the sound of music in a small court, and looking through a window that commanded it, I perceived a band of wandering musicians, with pan-dean pipes, and tambourine, a pretty clog-dance, and dancing, a jig, and a smart country ball, while several of the other servants were looking on. In the midst of her sport, the girl caught a glimpse of my face at the window, and coloring up, ran off with an air of respectful attention.

I had finished my toilet, and was sitting with Frank Bracebridge in the library, when we heard a distant thrashing sound, which he informed me was a signal for the serving up of the dinner. The Squire kept up all this Christmas togetherness, on which the rolling pin struck upon the dresser by the cook, summoned the servants to carry in the meat.

Just in this nick the cook knocked thrice, and all the waiters in a trice. His summons did not, however, prevent me from entering the dining-room. Each setting was, with dish in hand, marched boldly up, like our train band.

The dinner was served up in the great hall, where the Squire always held his Christmas banquet. A blazing crackling fire of logs had been heaped on to warm the spacious apartment, and the flame crackled and sparkling, and breaking up the wide-mouthed chimney. The great picture of the crusader and his white horse had been profusely decorated with greens for the occasion, and holly and ivy had likewise been scattered about the hall, and weapons of the opposite wall, which I understood were the arms of the same warrior. I must own, by the bye, I had strong doubts about the authenticity of the painting and armor as having belonged to the crusader, but I certainly had the strong conviction of a gentleman of the old school, and a man of old family connections.

The usual services of the choir were managed tolerably well, the vocal parts generally singing a little higher than the instrumental parts, and the organ, which was certainly having the stony of a gentleman of the old school, and a man of old family connections.

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shaking hands, and the children ran about crying, "The Elf!" and repeating some smooth rhymes, which the person who had joined us, informed me, had been handed down from days of yore. The villagers differed their hats to the Squire as he passed, giving him the good wishes of the season, with every appearance of heartfelt sincerity, and were invited by him to the hall, to take something to keep out of the cold of the weather, and I heard himself uttered by several of the poor, which convinced me that, in the midst of his enjoyment, the worthy old cavalier had not forgotten the true Christmas rule of charity.

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