

VOL. XXXV

Mrs. J. E. ZIMMERMAN.

FOR AUGUST

We have decided to allow July Clearance Sale prices to remain on LADIES READY-TO-WEAR SUITS, SHIRT WAISTS, WRAPPERS AND MUSLIN UNDERWEAR during this month; also on all SUMMER MILLINERY. We are determined to clear all these Departments of Summer Goods before the arrival of Fall and Winter Wear. If Price will move them. We have not spared the knife—still further cuts all through these Departments.

New Fall Dress Goods and Silks.

We have received our first shipment of new styles in Dress Goods for the season of 1898-99, consisting of Elegant Black Crepons, Covert Cloth, Poplins and Granit Cloths; also a beautiful selection of Fancy Silks in the new Fall Designs for the indispensable stylish silk waist every lady now has in her wardrobe. For those who contemplate a late summer trip, or are getting ready to go away to school, we have what you need—a full line of NEW FUR COLLARETTES. All New Fall and Winter Designs.

MRS. J. E. ZIMMERMAN.

HE IS A WISE MAN

WHO SECURES HIS CLOTHING FROM

J. S. YOUNG, THE MERCHANT TAILOR.

The goods, style, fit and general make up of his suits

TELL their own STORY.

STRIVING FOR EFFECT.

Men won't buy clothing for the purpose of spending money. They desire to get the best possible results for the money expended. Not cheap goods but goods as clean as they can be sold and made up properly. If you want the correct thing at the correct price call on us, we have reduced our spring and summer goods down to make room for our heavy weight goods.

Fits Guaranteed.

G. F. Keck, Merchant Tailor, 142 N. Main St., Butler

The New Cambridge,

(Formerly New Cambridge House.)

CAMBRIDGE SPRINGS, PA.

Which, after the disastrous fire of a year ago, is now opened in larger and better shape for the accommodation of guests in search of health and pleasure, presents itself in its former. Bright parlors as the most desirable hotel in which to locate when at Cambridge Springs. Free bus to and from all trains and springs. Public rooms are of large size and well lighted, including office, dining room, bath rooms, billiard room and smoking saloon. Chambers with private baths and toilets and everything that tends to make a home-like and comfortable resort. For rates apply to

HAGGERTY & WHITE, Proprietors, Cambridge Springs, Pa.

Rape Bros, JEWELERS.

We Will Save You Money On

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Silverware, 1847 Rodger Bros. Plateware and Sterling Silver Goods.

Our Repair Department takes in all kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, etc

122 S. Main St.

Old gold and silver taken the same as cash.

House Cleaning

Time is here and the War against Bugs, Moths, etc., is on. We have prepared a Bug Killer for the extermination of these pests, let us suggest that if this be mixed with the paste before papering the result will be very satisfactory. We are also headquarters for Moth Balls, Insect powder, Hellbore, etc.

REDICK & GROHMAN

109 NORTH MAIN ST. BUTLER.

Subscribe for the CITIZEN.

No Gripe

When you take Hood's Pills, the old-fashioned, sugar-coated pills, which tear you all to pieces, are not in it with Hood's. Easy to take

Hood's Pills

Thousands are Trying It. In order to prove the great merit of Hood's Cream Balm, the most effective cure for Catarrh and Cold in Head, we have prepared a generous trial size for 10 cents. It is of your druggist or send 10 cents to ELY BROS., 55 Warren St., N. Y. City.

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ARE ALL OUR HEROES DEAD?

They did not fight as other soldiers. When we heard a volley they advanced instead of going back. The more we shot the nearer they came to us. We are not to be counted among the dead. We are not to be counted among the dead. We are not to be counted among the dead.

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"It's not my way," I felt encouraged to go on. "Yes, I'm doing my level best to convince him of his folly and send him on the way he should go. He is coming to see me to-night, when I must speak to him seriously."

"You think it is wise to interfere?" put in my cousin, hurriedly. "Well, you see, I've got an inkling that the girl he loves won't look at him, and it is exactly at such a time that a man's heart may be turned back to its old flame."

"You're right," I said, with a shade of indignation. "It's none of your business."

"Oh, but it is, Connie. Jim and I are old pals, and I'm not going to have him moping about as he is at present."

"The thing is obvious enough, I'm sorry to say. Indeed, my dear old Jim is an unmitigated ass."

"He's not!"

"You mentioned that you were going to call upon your cousin," observed Jim, as we walked along.

"Yes, you better join me," said I.

"No, thanks, old man. But Heaven knows I wish I could," he sighed rather than spoke.

"What's the worry, Jim? You never were serious about Connie, were you?"

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"I'm afraid, Jim, that your matter for disagreement amounted to more than you care to tell me."

"Well, stranger, I'm feeling puzzled. You know I never had much color. You take care of yourself, then. Good-bye. Don't mind ringing; I know the way downstairs."

"Good-bye, Tom," she said.

"Her hand was quite cold, and her mouth looked wistful. 'Good-bye,' I said again, and turned to the door. I was half way downstairs when she called me back."

"Dismal Divorcement."

"What do you think? Mrs. Rodgers went to a picnic the day after her husband was buried."

"What of it? Picnics are not for pleasure, goodness knows."—Chicago Record.

In Order to Save His Life.

Mrs. Hoyle—There are a few leeches missing from my cook book.

Mrs. Doyle—Your husband probably took them.—N. Y. Journal.

A Scheme with Two Ends.

Jinks—What's the idea of sending your family away?

"Well, hang it all! I guess I want a vacation as well as they do."—N. Y. World.

It Was a Fatal Attack.

"What's that book you're reading, papa?"

"The 'Last Days of Pompeii,' my pet."

"What did he die of, papa?"

"An eruption, dear."—Facts.

Her Anxiety.

Husband—Do you realize that your clothes have cost me over \$2,000 during the last year?

She—It was all done because I wanted to look well before you, dear.—Detroit Free Press.

Pneumatic.

"They say Jinks has five bicycles."

"I shouldn't wonder. He's been doing a pneumatic business for a long time."—Chicago Post.

Yes! He's been running it entirely on wind."—Chicago Post.

About the Size of It.

Little Elmer—Pa, what is an extemporaneous speaker?

Prof. Broadhead—One who can talk fluently about nothing without any previous preparation.—Puck.

Could Not Do.

He—I thought of giving you a ring with opals and diamonds. But perhaps you consider opals unlucky?

She—(quiesly)—Not with diamonds.—N. Y. Journal.

He Agreed with Her.

She—There does exist in a man's life when he should come to a full stop.—Of course; what else are periods for?—Vegetarian.

Smarter Than a Horse.

Hewitt—You can lead a horse to drink, but you can't make him drink. Jewett—You're no horse.—Town Topics.

Mistook His Man.

Wallace—And did you make him eat his words?

Ward—No. He returned out of it and one of those fellows who would rather fight than eat.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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"Goodness! I don't see how Mrs. Pennywise can stick on so many diamonds!"

"Easy enough. They're paste."—Brooklyn Life.

Artificial Beauty.

Ella—Where does Ella get her good looks from—her father or her mother?

Stella—From her father! He keeps a drug store.—N. Y. Journal.

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FALCONRY IS THE FAD

The Famous Old Sport Revived in the East.

It Promises to Become a Greater Fad Than Golf—Intense Excitement of Hunting with Trained Hawks.

What strange fascination man can find in the old sport of falconry, that cruel swoop of a fierce monarch of the air on the track of a bird whose only safety lies in flight, is a mystery to those whose knowledge of the pastime is limited to what they have read about it in the books of sportsmen. There have been taken to this method of capturing game birds declare that this is the essence of exciting sport. They argue that the man who goes shooting with a modern breed-hunter may kill more birds, but he has only the satisfaction of knowing that he has trained himself to be expert in the killing process, while the falconer has educated one of the wild and most unlikely creatures in existence to obey his will and kill as he directs. Besides, says the falconer, what is the shooting of a bird on the wing compared with the exciting spectacle of a falcon swooping with lightning speed on a partridge that is speeding for all its wings are worth to get away.

Whatever its opponents may say, certainly it is the sport of falconry, the noble old sport which has been preserved by ancient poets and pictured on numerous canvases by famous painters, is becoming a fashionable country pastime, whose devotees are as enthusiastic over their favorite amusement as ever was a golf crank or yachting fiend. It is essentially a cruel sport, but to those who are devoted to it, the object of the killing of a bird or animal can be considered humane, and the death of a quarry by the talons of a hawk is probably as painless an end as being killed by a rifle shot.

A party of falconers will start from the country house at which the meet takes place with half a dozen or more hawks, carried on the cage, a wooden frame, on which they are transported to the field. The birds are hooded, the hood being of silver, and the falconer, ready to be freed as any instant for the flight after the game. When the covey is reached the falcon is released, and the falconer, ready to be freed as any instant for the flight after the game. When the covey is reached the falcon is released, and the falconer, ready to be freed as any instant for the flight after the game.

Up rise the frightened birds, and, seeing their enemy, the falcon, waiting to seize them above, while unknown dangers confront them below, the birds swoop their way forward, bent on escaping. It must be a fast-flying partridge that can outstrip the falcon in a race. The old bird, with the aid of the covey, know this well, and their tactics are to head for the densest bushes and seek

with a cunningly hidden bird, judge out a young one that has a sense enough only to fly blindly on in the hope of its wing saving it from the falcon's sweep. It is usually a short race. With a sweep that the falconer who is an enthusiastic watcher and adviser, as the expert cast of a line, or the yachting man the swift sweep of a boat in a race, the hawk is down on the partridge, picking up the captured bird and carrying it off to a place of safety where it can gorge at ease on the prize. Sometimes, as a reward for clever work, the falcon is allowed to continue its meal, but if other work is required of it the dead bird is added to the bag of the party and the hunt is resumed.

Rarely will a bird kill more than one bird out of a covey, a point that the falconers use to their advantage. They who assert that the sport is a cruel one, for say the falconers: "We get a great deal more sport than the man who shoots with a rifle, and he is killing only to fly blindly on in the hope of its wing saving it from the falcon's sweep. It is usually a short race. With a sweep that the falconer who is an enthusiastic watcher and adviser, as the expert cast of a line, or the yachting man the swift sweep of a boat in a race, the hawk is down on the partridge, picking up the captured bird and carrying it off to a place of safety where it can gorge at ease on the prize. Sometimes, as a reward for clever work, the falcon is allowed to continue its meal, but if other work is required of it the dead bird is