

BETWEEN SEASONS.

Cleaning up Winter Goods at reduced prices and at the same time showing new spring stuffs.

Rare Bargains in Marked Down Dress Goods.

- Lot 25c Dress Goods—reduced to 15c. Lot 40c and 50c Dress Goods—reduced to 25c. Lot 75c Dress Goods—reduced to 50c. Lot \$1.00 Dress Goods—reduced to 75c.

Jackets and Capes Sacrificed.

Must be cleared up regardless of cost. Some are half price—many less than half.

Embroideries, Laces and White Goods.

The well made and dependable kind, bought before the advance.

- New Edgings and Insertings—3c a yd. up. All-overs and Tuckings—25c up. Lace Inserted all-overs—\$1.00 up. White India Linens—at old prices.

New Percales, Gingham and Seersuckers at old prices.

L. STEIN & SON, 108 N. MAIN STREET, BUTLER, PA.

Blizzard and Icicles

Will soon be here; don't let pneumonia and doctor's bills be the first to arrive. Fortify yourself with one of our \$8 Suits and one of our \$9 Overcoats or one of our \$7 Frieze Ulsters.

There's The Rub. Schau & Nast, LEADING CLOTHIERS, 137 South Main St., Butler.

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. Not cheap goods, but goods as cheap as they can be had for and made up properly.



G. F. RECK, 142 North Main Street, Butler, Pa.

PAPES, JEWELERS.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, SILVER NOVELTIES, ETC. We repair all kinds of Broken Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc. Give our repair department a trial.

Stop and Think Before You Act.

WALL PAPER?

Our Mammoth new line for 1900 is arriving daily. Never before have you seen its equal in designs, colorings, quality and price.

Picture and Mirror Framing a Specialty.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Room Mouldings, and Window Shades.

Patterson Bros., 236 North Main Street, Butler, Pa. Wick Building. Peoples' Phone 400

subscribe for the CITIZEN

Furniture and Carpets

We are preparing for a large spring trade. Stock growing larger every day; not only Furniture and Carpets, but everything necessary to furnish a house complete. Quality and price right, and all goods marked in plain figures.

COUCHES—Here is more than twenty kinds to select from.

Prices will soon be higher. We offer you any Couch in stock at old prices. Best value we have in a full sized Couch, nicely tufted, springs are all wire tied and we guarantee them not to break down.

EXTENSION TABLES—One of solid Oak, 6 feet long; size of top 34x44 inches.

Has five nicely turned legs that fasten on with a bolt. Can easily be taken apart, as screws to pull out first-class table at a reasonable price.

DINNER SETS—Open stock pattern. Buy all the set or a little at a time.

Pink decorated with a neat Gold tracing, guaranteed not to craze. The 100 piece set costs—\$12.00

COOK STOVES—A medium size Cook Stove of extra weight, and one that we guarantee a first-class baker and good sized oven.

A popular size for a small family has a large fire box, very desirable Stove for the—Price \$17.00

Campbell & Templeton

BICKEL'S MONTHLY STORE NEWS.

The month of February, usually a dull month, will be a busy month at this store.

FELT AND RUBBER GOODS.

We have a large stock of Men's, Boys' and Youth's Felt Boots and Overs which we do not wish to carry over and will be closed out at a big reduction.

MEN'S FINE SHOES.

Men's fine Box Calf, Winter Tans and Cordovan Shoes, Lace or Congress, hand sewed soles, all the latest styles, to be closed out at one half their regular price.

LET THE LOSS BE WHAT IT MAY.

Ladies' fine Shoes, latest style lasts, more than half are hand sewed, lace or button, leather or cloth tops and we will let them go at a quick price—all good sizes.

SWEEPING OFFERS IN MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES.

We wish to call your special attention to this department as we are offering extra big bargains in Children's School Shoes; also a large stock of Children's fine shoes at a big bargain.

JOHN BICKEL, 128 SOUTH MAIN STREET, BUTLER, PA.

HUSELTON'S BARGAINS made BUSINESS.

WE HAVE BOTH.

On January 2nd this store started the most vigorous clearing out sale ever made. Every odd lot of shoes and broken sizes to be closed out, and prices to do it, and do it quickly.

Ladies' Fine Shoes.

One lot strictly up-to-date patent leather tip, C, D and E widths, lace, now \$2.50, now \$1.50.

Men's Fine Shoes.

These include our best and most desirable lines, such as Winter, Fox, Calif, Emmet, Wax Calif, Vici Kid—neavy soles. Sold at \$5, now \$3.50.

Ladies' Warm Shoes and Slippers

In great variety at reduced prices—50c, 75c, 90c and \$1.

Men's Heavy SHOES

In Bala, Congress and Creamsters at \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50. Made to our special order and warranted. High cut in oil grain and kip box-toe at \$1.75, \$2 and \$2.75.

Boys', Youths' and Little Gent's Shoes in great variety, regular or high cut, at prices that will surprise you.

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

HAVE YOUR Prescriptions and Recipes Filled

REDICK & GROHMAN'S. And you can depend on getting the best result.

109 N. Main St., Butler, Pa

IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?" By Charles M. Sheldon.

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CHAPTER XI.

Righteousness shall go before him and shall atone for his sins.

The bishop was not in the habit of carrying much money with him, and the man with the stake, who was searching him, was surprised to find a small amount of change he found. As he uttered it the man with the pistol savagely said: "Jerk out his watch! We might as well get all we can out of the fellow."

The man with the stake was on the point of laying hold of the chain when there was the sound of footsteps coming toward them.

"Get behind the fence! We haven't half searched him yet. Mind you keep shut now if you don't want to be hurt!"

"The man with the stake made a significant gesture with it, and his companion pulled and pushed the bishop down the alley and through a ragged wooden screen at the end of the street.

"What's the use?" The man on the stone spoke suddenly. "I've reformed a hundred times. Every time I go down deeper the more I begin to feel as you do now. It's too late."

"No!" said the bishop, and never before the most entranced audience had seen a man so full of conviction. He said to himself: "I am so strongly all the time he sat there during the remarkable scene he prayed: 'O Lord Jesus, give me the souls of these two for whom I am praying.'"

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on the step just below. He took another step down, still sweeping the floor that stood out on his forehead, although the day was frosty and the air chill. The saloon door opened again, and three or four men came out. A child went in with a pail and came out a moment later with a quart of beer. The child went by on the sidewalk just below him, and the odor of the beer came up to him. He took another step down, still sweeping desperately. His fingers were purple as he clutched the handle of the broom.

Then suddenly he pulled himself up one step and swept over the spot he had just cleaned. He then dragged himself by a tremendous effort back toward the floor of the porch and went over into the corner of it farthest from the saloon and began to sweep there. "O God," he cried, "if the bishop would only come back! The bishop had gone out with Dr. Bruce somewhere, and there was no one about the settlement that he knew."

He swept in the corner for two or three minutes. His face was drawn with the agony of the conflict. Gradually he edged out again toward the steps and began to sweep there. He looked toward the sidewalk and saw that he had left one step unswept. The slight seemed to give him a reasonable excuse for going down there to finish his sweeping. He was on the sidewalk now, sweeping the last step with his face toward the settlement and his back turned partly toward the saloon. He swept the step a dozen times. The sweat rolled over his face and dripped down at his feet. By degrees he felt that he was drawn over toward the step of the near end saloon. He could smell the beer and run now as the fumes rose around him. It was like the infernal smell of the lowest hell, and yet it dragged him, as by a giant's hand, nearer its source.

He was down in the middle of the sidewalk now, still sweeping. He closed the space in front of the settlement and even went out into the gutter and swept that. He took off his hat and rubbed his sleeve over his face. His lips were pale and his teeth chattered. He trembled all over like a palsied man and staggered back and forth, as if he were already drunk. His soul shook within him.

He had crossed over the little piece of stone flagging that measured the width of the alley, and now he stood in front of the saloon, looking at the sign and starting into the window at the pile of whisky and beer bottles arranged in a great pyramid inside. He moistened his lips with his hand and then stepped forward, looking around him stealthily. The door suddenly opened again, and some one came out. Again the hot, penetrating smell of the saloon swept out into the cold air, and he took another step toward the saloon door, which had shut behind the customer. As he stepped forward he saw a tall figure come around the corner. It was the bishop.

He seized Burns by the arm and dragged him back upon the sidewalk. The frozen man, now mad for drink, shrieked out a curse and struck at the bishop savagely. It is doubtful if he really knew at that moment what he was doing, but he felt that he was doing it. The blow fell upon the bishop's face and cut a gash in his cheek.

He never uttered a word, but over his face a look of majestic sorrow swept. He picked Burns up as if he had been a child and actually carried him up the steps into the settlement. He placed the man down on the floor, and then he turned and put his back against it.

Burns fell on his knees, sobbing and praying. The bishop stood there, panting with cold, his hands on his knees, as if he were a slight built man and had not been a great weight for one of the bishop's strength to carry. The bishop was moved to pity and said to himself: "Pray, Burns—pray as you never prayed before—nothing else will save you."

"O God! Pray with me! Save me! Oh, save me from this hell!" cried Burns, and the bishop knelt by him in the hall and prayed as only he could.

After that they arose, and Burns went into the hall and stood by the door that evening like a humble child, and the bishop went his way, older from that experience, bearing on his body the marks of the Lord Jesus. The only thing he was learning something of what it means to walk in his steps.

But the saloon! It stood there, and all the others lined the street like so many traps set for Burns. How long would the man be able to resist the smell of the damnableness? The bishop was out on the porch. The truly he was impregnated with the odor of beer. "How long, O God, how long!" the bishop prayed.

Dr. Bruce came out, and the two friends talked over Burns and his temptation.

"Did you ever make any inquiries about the ownership of this property adjoining the settlement?"

"No; I haven't taken time for it, but I will now if you think it would be worth while. But what can we do, Edward, against the saloon in this great city? It is as firmly established as the church or politics. What power can ever remove it?"

"God will do it in time, as he removed Sodom," replied the young girl gravely. "Meanwhile I think we have a right to know who controls this saloon so near the settlement."

"I'll find out," said Dr. Bruce. Two days later he walked into the business office of one of the members of Nazareth Avenue church and asked to see him a few moments.

"Dear sir," the bishop said. "He was cordially received by his old parishioner, who welcomed him into his room and urged him to take all the time he wanted."

"I called to see you about that property next to the settlement, where the bishop and myself now are, you know I am going to speak plainly, because life is too short and too serious for both to have any foolish hesitation about this matter. Clayton, do you think it is right to rent that property for a saloon?"

Dr. Bruce's question was as direct and uncompromising as he had meant it to be. The effect of it on his old parishioner was instantaneous. He looked at the bishop and said: "The hot blood mounted to the face of the man who sat there, a picture of business activity in a great city. Then he grew pale, dropped his head on his hands, and when he raised it again Dr. Bruce was amazed to see a tear roll over his parishioner's face."

"Dear sir, did you know that I took the pledge that morning with the others?"

"Yes, I remember."

"But you never knew how I have been tormented over my failure to keep it in this instance. That saloon property has been the temptation of the devil to me. It is the best paying investment at present that I have, and yet it was only a minute before you came in here that I was in an agony of remorse to think I was letting a little earthly gain tempt me into denial of the very Christ I had promised to follow. I know well enough that I would never rent property for such a purpose, but I have failed to do so for you to say a word more. Clayton held out his hand, and Dr. Bruce grasped it and shook it hard. After a little he went away but it was a long time that he remembered that he learned all the truth about the struggle that Clayton had known. It was only a part of the history that belonged to Nazareth Avenue church since that memorable morning when the Holy Spirit sanctified the Christian pledge. Not even the bishop and Dr. Bruce, moving as they now did in the very presence itself of divine impulses knew yet that over the whole settlement was brooding with mighty eagerness, waiting for the discipline to arise to the call of sacrifice and suffering, touching hearts long dull and cold, making business men and money makers unsteady in their absorption by the one great struggle for more wealth and stirring through the church as never in all the city's history the church had been moved. The bishop and Dr. Bruce had already seen some wonderful things in their brief life at the settlement. They were to see far greater things more and more as the revelation of the Divine power than they had supposed possible in this age of the world.

Within a month the saloon next the settlement was closed. The saloon keeper's lease had expired, and Clayton not only closed the property to the whisky men, but offered the use of the building for the settlement work. The saloon keeper was a man who had been growing so large that the building was not sufficient for the different industries that were planned. One of the most important of these was the pure food department suggested by Felicia. It was not a month after Clayton turned the saloon property over to the settlement that Felicia found herself installed in the very room where souls had been lost as head of a department not only of cooking, but of a course of housekeeping for girls who wished to go out to service. She was now a resident of the settlement and found a home with Mrs. Bruce and the other young women from the city who were residents. Martha, the violinist, remained at the place where the bishop had first discovered the two girls and came over to the settlement certain evenings to give lessons in music.

"Felicia, tell us your plan in full now," said the bishop one evening when in a rare interval of rest from the great pressure of work, he with Dr. Bruce and Felicia, had come in from the other building.

"Well, I have thought of the hired girl problem," said Felicia, with an air of wisdom that made Mrs. Bruce smile as she looked at the enthusiastic little being. "I have thought of a new current of human life was flowing in a great stream past the settlement house, and those who had work were hurrying to it in a vain effort to get into it. There were going down in the midst of that current, clutching at last hopes, dying, literally in a land of plenty, because the boon of physical toil was denied them."

There were various comments on the part of the residents. One of the newcomers, a young man preparing for the ministry, said: "Why didn't the man apply to one of the charity organizations for help to the city? It certainly is not a very far cry from the fact that this city allow any Christian people would knowingly allow any one to go without food or fuel."

"No, I don't believe that it would," replied Dr. Bruce. "But we don't know the history of that man's case. He may have asked for help so often before that finally, in a moment of desperation, he determined to help himself. I have known such cases this winter."

"That is not the terrible fact in this case," said the bishop. "The awful thing about it is that the few good men had not had any work for six months."

"Why don't such people go out into the country?" asked the divinity student.

Some one at the table who had made a special study of the opportunities for work in the country answered the question. According to the report of the places that were possible for work in the country were exceedingly few for steady employment, and in almost every case they were offered only to men without families. Suppose a man's wife and children were ill. How could he move or get into the country? How could he pay over the meager sum necessary to move his few good people? There were a thousand reasons probably why this particular man did not go elsewhere.

"Meanwhile there are the wife and children," said Mrs. Bruce. "How awful! Where is the place, did you say?"

The bishop took up the paper. "Why it's only a few blocks from here. This is the Penrose district. I believe Penrose himself owns half of the houses in that block. They are among the worst homes in this part of the city, and Penrose is a church member."

"Yes; he belongs to the Nazareth Avenue church," replied Dr. Bruce in a low voice.

The bishop rose from the table the very figure of divine wrath. He had opened his lips to say what seldom came from him in this way of the settlement, but he had rang and one of the residents went to the door.

"Tell Dr. Bruce and the bishop I want to see them. Penrose is the name of the Penrose. Dr. Bruce knows me."

The family at the breakfast table heard every word. The bishop exchanged a significant look with Dr. Bruce, and the two men instantly left the table and went out into the hall.

"Come in here, Penrose," said Dr. Bruce, and he and the bishop entered the visitor's room. They closed the door and were alone.

Clarence Penrose was one of the most elegant looking men in Chicago. He came from an aristocratic and noble great wealth and social distinction. He was exceedingly wealthy and had large property holdings in different parts of the city. He had been a member of Dr. Bruce's church all his life.

This man faced the bishop and his former pastor with a look of agitation on his countenance that showed plainly the mark of some unusual experience. He was very pale, and his lip trembled as he spoke. When had Clarence Penrose ever before yielded to such a strange emotion of feeling?

"This affair of the shooting—you understand. You have read it. The family lived in one of my houses. It is a terrible event. But that is not the primary cause of my visit." He stammered and looked anxiously into the faces of the other two men. The bishop still looked stern. He could not help feeling that this elegant man of leisure could have done a great deal to alleviate the horrors in his tenements, possibly have prevented this tragedy, if he had sacrificed some of his personal ease and luxury to better the condition of the people in his district.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To Be Dreaded. She—I trust, Jack, our marriage will be against your father's will. Jack—I'm sure, I hope not. It would be mighty hard for us if he should change it.—Brooklyn Life.

Between Ma and Pa. When a child says a particularly bright thing, its mother looks at its father as much as to say, "See how much you owe my family!"—Athens Globe.