Near the window stood Susan, churn-

ing. Her skirts were tucked well away

from the contact of splashing butter

milk, and the music of the churn filled

up the period of silence which had

fallen on the room and its occupants,

stove, again slept, while Samanthy

"HE PESTERS THE LIFE OUT OF ME."

Susan, releasing the churn handle

gave a sharp, quick and admonishing

"It's Tommy," she replied-"Tabitha

Without more ado she volunteered ar

"Of all the imps that ever breathed

the breath of life," she declared, "he's

the worst. You've only got to live

next door to him to find that out.

Thank goodness, it's winter time now!

What with his guns and drums and

curly spaniel. You know what curly

spaniels is about wallowin' in flower

beds? They're bad enough natcheral-

geraniums was bloomin' their prettiest,

here come that there good for nothin

shakin' up the roots of 'em, and Tom-

"It was bad enough for me, but pore

Tabby there-she wa'n't nothin' but

skin and bones by fall, between him and his curly spaniel. She just

about spent the summer up a tree, with the spaniel at the foot, barkin',

and Tommy somers nigh, aidin' and

She stopped churning, raised the lid

"Tain't come yet," she lamented.

"but I guess it won't be long before it does. The kitchen's warm, but it

takes the butter longer to come this cold weather than it does in the sum-

mer time. It's funny to be churnin' New Year. I reckon I'll churn every

day this year, 'cordin' to what some

people say. Humph! I'd rather churn every blessed day of my life than be

in Tabitha Lawson's shoes. That's what I'd rather do."

"Do you know, Samanthy," she con-tinued reflectively, her eyes fixed on

some snow covered twigs, tapping, like white fingers, at the window pane,

'most people think it's an awful thing

to be an old maid with a cat, but there

are things that are worse. As for me

when I look at that Tommy, a-watch-in' of his goin's on, I thank my stars

nornin', noon and night that I ain't

married, that I ain't got no children to

worry me into my grave before my time. And if Tabby could talk, I know she'd be of my opinion. Why, one day

I heard a terrible caterwaulin' in the

She wiped off the churn with a soft,

Then she churned awhile,

abettin' of him."

of the churn and looked in.

my Lawson a-sickin' of him on!

hove but last summer.

rap on the window pane.

Lawson's boy."

carefully picked up the stitches she

window sill fast asleep.

then fell.

herself, Samanthy Allen, who sat not

THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

PARKARANANANANANANANA CLEARANCE SALE

Dry Goods and Coats COMMENCING

Tuesday, Jan. 6th, 1903.

Prices are cut wide open for this January Sale and we promise you some rousing values in Linens, Flannelettes, Dress Goods,

Muslins, Tickings, Underwear, Hosiery, Ribbons, Laces, etc.

Every Coat in Stock Must be Sold.

We slaughter the prices on Coats unmercifully in order to clean up stock quickly. Take advantage of this sale to get a peerless bargain.

.. Stein & Son,

108 N MAIN STREET, BUTLER, PA-

NAME AND AND AND AND AND AND A DOWN WITH THE PRICE! OUT WITH THE GOODS! The Modern Store

making a bargain list this week that is sure to attact all wide awake oppers. Christmas is over, and with it the rush, but these prices will

MILLINERY FIRST—All street and untrimmed hats, one-half price.

Lot \$3 and \$4 fine trimmed hats at \$2.49. Lot \$4.50, \$5, \$6 smart. handome hats at \$3.89. Lot fancy, elaborately trimmed hats at \$4.98. All the best hats in exquisite shapes and effects, \$1.00 more states of the contract o SEPARATE SKIRTS --All our separate skirts, 20 per cent. off. thile they last. You can get some bargains.

FANCY HOLIDAY GOODS—Positively none to be carried over. We will sell everything in this line at one-half price. It will pay to secure ome of these bargains and lay them away.

FURS—This is fur weather, and now is your chance to buy them right. We have sold a great many furs, but we can still suit you if you come become we are sold out.

REMNANTS OF EVERY KIND—The holiday rush has left us with odds and ends of every description. We want to turn them into money and get them out of the way. There are many desirable pieces. We have marked the prices so they will not linger.

Eisler-Mardorf Co., Mail Orders Solicited

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January Prices

Bickel's.

Nettleton's \$5.00 fine shoes in patent-colt, box-calf and vici-kid at... Packards' \$4.00 fine shoes in patent-colt, cordovan and box-calf at... Due lot Men's \$2.50 fine shoes in velour-calf, vici-kid and box-calf at Due lot Boys' \$2.00 fine shoes at...

LADIES' FINE SHOES

Repairing neatly and promptly done.

JOHN BICKEL,

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D. & T's. Big Cut in Rubber Goods. ALL NEW GOODS. We need the room for new leather goods that are

Buckle Arctic Rubber Boots

Felt Boots and Overs

DAUBENSPECK & TURNER,

C Fall & Winter Weights

Have a nattiness about them that mark the wearer, it won't do to wear the last year's output. You won't get the latest things at the stock clothiers either. The up-to-date tailor only can supply them, if you want not only the latest things in cut and fit and workmanship, the finest in durability, where else can you get combinations, you get them at

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Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, mbrane and is absorbed. Relief is \$m. ediate and a cure follows. It is not drying-does ot produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Drug rists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents.

Beef, Iron and Wine

Best Tonic?

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Price, 50c pint,

Prepared and

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Everything in the

Just Arrived

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Also

Black and White

Novelties.

Wedding Suits a

Specialty.

Call and examine before leaving

your order for suit.

COOPER.

Crystal



With all his ills, must be confessed. He promised joy and brought Ring out the old tongues! Ring out the old, ring in the new!

done. Our hearts to therefore, (It is a way we mortals have With things grown use

and old.)

All eagerly we onward press. And Fortune's empty dreams pursue ling out the old year, iron tongues! Ring out the old, ring in the new!

He takes our failures. Let him go; Let him depart. would learn What his sucbestow. ccess may he sky hath

among his Ring out the old year, iron tongues! Ring out the old, ring in Ring out the old!

That brought us sunshine of sweet I couldn't keep a flower. Just as my That brought companionship's rare



That gave us sight of faces dear, hidden ever from our view-One tear. Then ring, O iron tongues!

Prairie Pete-Did ye hear o' my New glass o' licker to my lips in 1903. resolution, Pete. Prairie Pete-Can't, eh? Waal, I reckon ye don't know that I'm a left handed

His Swear Off. Did you swear off anything on New Year's?"
"I did." "On what?"

The Merry Wag.

"I swore off swearing off."

Butkins-I don't know that you ever net my wife? Wisbin-Can't say that I ever met her, but I have seen her many times. By the way, saw her kissing a man on

nan? What do you mean by such a Wisbin-Just what I say, that's all. Butkins—You actually mean it? If I only knew who the rascal was, I'd— Wisbin-Don't get excited. It was you, of course. Supposed you'd know you, of course. Supposed you'd that at once.—Boston Transcript.

One of the witnesses in a case in

One of the witnesses in a case in a Dublin cougt was asked, "Did you sell Major Studdert a horse?" "No, sor." "Did your father sell Major Studdert p horse?" "No, sor." "Did your grandfather sell him a horse?" "No, sor." "Well, then, did any member of your family sell Major Studdert anything?" "Yes, sor." "Who did, then?" "I did, for." "And what did you sell Major Studdert?" "I sold him a mare, sor." The counsel sat down, and the court

A Lesson With His Autograph. An admirer once wrote to Lowell de scribing his autograph collection an concluding with the remark, "I would be much obliged for your autograph." The reply came, bearing with ft a les-son on the correct use of the words "would" and "should," which deeply impressed itself on the mind of the re cipient. The response read:

be obliged," and oblige you.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

No Cause For Worry. Elderly Fiance—I hope you are not impressed by the silly sentimentalists who hold that because you've married once you ought not to marry again! the bridesmaids leave the table and the disconsolate mother takes a sent once you ought not to marry again! Pretty Widow-Don't let that worry you, dear; I've no such prejudice. My own dear mother was married three with four of his best men. The men times, and I only hope that things I may follow her example. es, and I only hope that in all pick up the throne on which the bride

Choked Him off. Kraft—The boss has promised to give the a rise in my salary next week. Newitt—Sorry, old man, but I can't lend you anything.

deep outside, but the kitchen was warm with the heat of the sun and the stove. Across the shining lower panes was drawn a otted swiss curtain of immaculate whiteness. The sunlight seeping through this reflected itself in the mirrorlike brilliancy of tin pans in rows.on ANDERSON helves and in the much bepolished nickel ornamentation of the stove.

so's they won't worry about it. Least-

chance in life. She's thrown it to the

four winds of heaven. She's give up

for good and settled down to single

blessedness; that is, if you can call it

"You were just savin'." reminded

chances in life for that there scamp." Samanthy's needles ceased to click.
"How's that, Susan?" she inquired,

far away from churn and window knitting, and Tabby, the cat, who lay omfortably curled in the sun on the Presently a species of Comanche yell born mothers. There is some wimmin ! what will desert husbands for children | Samanthy, "that you thanked your and some will desert children for hustartled all three. At the same time a Tabitha, now, she is one of 'wa'n't mar"window pane, clung there for a second, It's the kind you're most 'nclined to blessedness," decided Susan quickly, Tabby sprang from the sill, walked sedately across the room, tail erect and nce from their children for three and that's what she's done. It was indignantly fluffy, and, curling herself rears or so. Then your opinion is this way: Everything was goin' on highty apt to change." into a ball on her own cushion by the

She churned hard and frowningly. "What was children born for anyow, Samanthy," she demanded to mighty pretty things they was, too, all



"TARBY SPENT THE SUMMER UP A TREE.

"I COULDN'T KEEP A FLOWER." know, "but to aggrivate the heart out tucks and ruffles and flutin's and fur of their parents from the time they begin to breathe the breath of life till the second they are born till they marry and leave her, losin' all her good looks and croup and all the rest of them toy pistols, he pesters the life out of around amongst the family, then worme the livelong summer, him and his ryin' and frettin' over them after

harm.



A SPECIES OF COMANCHE YELL STARTLED ALL THREE.

give to Tabitha Lawson! You'd never my, of his not treatin' her Tommy eve it if I told you, and to think he's done give up her last chance of marryin' for him.

"What!" ejaculated Samanthy.
"Yes; more fool she. And she ain't Tabby and another cat, with their tails tied together, hung across the clothes-line. The minit I saw it I knew who'd as young as she used to be, Tabitha done it. Tommy Lawson's ears must 'a' burned for a spell after that. The younger as time goes by. They get older. They ain't like men what time rejuvenates. No; time is cruel to wimthings I was sayin' about him wa'n't n. It brings the wrinkles and the crow's feet. It loosens their teeth and makes them deaf, lame and blind. But then, I reckon, after their beauty's gone it's the best thing for them to be blind Tabitha Lawson has done give up her

solemnity of a funeral prevails. bride is dressed with much care in a get it; her eyelashes are painted a deep ack, and she wears a heavy red vell upon a table, to which the blushing bride is led by five of her best female bride is led by five of her best remaie friends. They are seated at the table, but no one cats. The utmost silence prevails, when, finally, the mother leads off in a cry, the maids follow and the bride echoes in the chorus. Then all beside the chair of state where the sits, and, preceded by the bridegroom form in procession and walk around the room or into an adjoining parlor, signifying that he is carrying her away to his own home. The guests then throw rice at the happy couple, a custom we have borrowed from the heathen.

right. If I've heard her say once, I've heard her say a dozen times: 'Would I marry a man what would mistreat my angel? I reckon not! I'd live the balance of my life single first,' says she, 'and that settles it.'
"Well, she's got her chance to live

the balance of her life single. She's taken it. Christmas eve come around and with it presents from her 'ntended what would 'a' filled up a couple of rooms easy. You should 'a' seen them presents, Samanthy. Everything a wopins and brick-a-bracks and perfume

higher place than he has hitherto ocupled in men's esteem if but for one trait. He forms the almost solitary exception among aboriginal tribes in efusing to touch alcohol in any form. This policy of total abstinence is rigidly adhered to in the face of cold, hunger and illness and even during the excitement of ceremonial rites. ever his faults may be, judged from the white man's standard, the Ona of South America has at least the saving virtue of manliness. His ideal is one of bodily prowess, hardihood and endurance.—Scottish American.

The late Dr. Talmage once called on his lawyer and found two of his padishloners there on legal business of a

"Ah, doctor," called the lawyer in greeting, "good morning! Here are two of your flock. May I ask without im-pertinence if you regard them as black

mage dryly, "whether they're black or white, but I'm certain that if they re-

bottles and vinagarettas-that's what smell?-and silver backed brushes and combs. I couldn't begin to tell you the things that man sent to that woman, he was that fond of her. I went over to see 'em. I found her settin' in the middle of 'em with a face about as

'What's the matter, Tabitha?' says I, wonderin' how she could manage to look sad surrounded by so many pretty things what was every single one of 'em just his thought of her in some kind of shape or other.

"She was quiet a spell.' Then she ups and says: "'Yes,' says she, 'they is beautifulthere ain't no doubt about that-but, ain't sent a blessed thing to Tommy.'

And her voice sort of died away in a "She's done settled down to single nothin' what treated my Tabby so! What if he had forgotten him? What "for the rest of her natcheral existence,

whistle or a toy monkey he could pull

difference did it make? "Well, when she found her voice ag'in Tabitha commences quaverin'like: 'He forgot him! My Tommy!'
Then after another spell: 'I won't mar-Tabitha had been busy gettin' her things ready for the weddin', and ry no man, Susan,' says she, 'what for-



mas present! I've said it, and I won't! No; he might send me a world full of made in New York. Think of that-in presents, but if he forgets my Tommy "The fools ain't all dead yet, Saman-

thy. She was 's good 's her word. Just then there comes a knock at the door. 'It's him,' says she and sets stone stock still. Yes, with his beautiful presents all round her she sets there stone stock still, 's if she'd been made of marble. He knocks another time, and then he comes stealin' round to the winder, familiar 's they'd been, a-goin' to marry and all - he comes maybe as how she hadn't heard his knock on the door.

"He peeps in at her: he raps on the sorry enough for that man, standin' Lawson allus had a horror of her sec- there, his face all shinin' with smilesper, if it hadn't 'a' been too late, to go and buy the kid a toy pistol or a brass monkey or somethin', but I couldn't. It was too late. The harm had been done. There wa'n't no mendin' of it. She never turned her face to the winder, and pretty soon, his eyes sad and mazedlike, he went away.

"'Tabitha,' says I then, gentle and circumspect, because it's a dangerous thing, Samanthy, for a woman friend to tell another woman she ain't young no longer, and Tabitha had been a good neighbor, allus ready and willin' to lend whenever I wanted to borrow; but I had to speak up onct, if I died for it, I was that anxious to get Tommy Lawson a stepfather what would lick him a time or two and teach him how to treat his neighbors and their cats; 'you ain't, to say, 's young 's you used to be, Tabitha,' says I, 'and this may be your last chance on top of earth of marryin'.' "You'd be surprised to see how stub-

born a woman can be when it comes to a question of her only child, 'If I was seventy-five,' says she 'and there wa'n't no other man in the world, I wouldn't marry no man what lorgot to give my Tommy a Christmas "Humph! And she was as good as

her word. The next mornin' she didn't do nothin' but send back every last one of them presents with her compl ments, leavin' him to guess what was the matter till somebody up and told him. I reckon, and ends her last chance of marryin' in this here world by the sendin' of 'em. "Not only that, but this New Year

day, when she should 'a' been a bride, there she sets over there in her room by the fire, a-smilin' with Tommy's resents she'd sent out and bought him all around her, and him slingin's snowballs at her neighbors' windows, a-scarin' the life out of 'em; smilin' and smilin' same's them there martyrs you read about in books what, when they was roasted good and done on one She slapped down the churn handle and raised the lid for the second time. roncluded, "the fools ain't all dend-ret, but the butter's come."

"Yes, it's very sad."
"How is that."

"Why, he always held that to train wife properly you should catch her while she's young. So he did."

"Well, it seems that she had the same idea about a husband, and now there's a crisscross of training ideas ministration in his paper, yet he never asked a favor of any of the ministers. that is simply home wrecking."-Chicago Post. Why He Objected.

"But, papa," pleaded the million-dre's daughter in behalf of the poor oung man she wished to marry, "sure-y it is no disgrace to work for a liv-

to is being the one who is worked for it."-Philadelphia Bulletin.

Wigwag-My wife threatens to go on he lecture platform. Henpeckke-My wife doesn't need n

latform.-Philadelphia Record.



heads are 'Tis but in nature's way.

blessings grow We'll welcome New Year's day.

How even by

you such OUR HEADS ARE TOUCH things were

And in the citting room out there is some one cise's boy, And I suspect we may prepare wish them



Joy.

You're twenty

your bride-

While all we have we've earned.



it makes a pretty sum. greet this day with all-my heart-Hush! Here the children some.

A New Year's Proposel.

They were watching the old year
out. As he looked at the clock and sew, that it lacked two hours of mi he pressed the soft little hand he had in his and said: "Arabella, just as the new year comes

"Oh, George," she exclaimed as ha fell on his knees before her two-hours later and told her how he loved her, "this is so sudden!" His Last New Year's Call.
"Going to make any calls on New
Year's, Jack?"

"Never again. I made a call lest-North Year's that I'll never forget." "Yes. I called Peterson in a poker game after half an hour's betting, and

he had four aces."

Professional Pride. Newspaper men, from great editors down to rural correspondents, are proud of their profession, although not all sit as secure as John Black, for

many years the chief of the London Black supported the Melbourne ad-On one occasion Lord Melbourne said to him:

who forgets that I am prime minister."
"How so, my lord?" inquired Black, supposing that he had been inadver-

tently disrespectful.
"Because," replied Melbourne, "you are the only man I know who never

asks a favor of me." "I have no favor to ask," said Black quietly. "I have no favor to ask any one in the world! You are prime min-ister of England, but I am editor of the Morning Chronicle, and I would not change places with the proudest man in England-not even, my lord,

We have often wondered which comes first—the thought in the widow-

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Ask them. Call and see me and let me explain our easy payment plan. Your credit is good.

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