

**SPLENDID SPRING DRESS GOODS.**  
Large Assortment, Choice Selections.  
**THE MODERN STORE.**

Yours in plain and fancy, all colors, 50c to \$1.50 a yard.  
See our special worth \$1.00 at 75c a yard.  
Full length colors and fancies, special at 50c to \$1.25 a yard.  
Mohair and Sealings, 50c to \$1.00 a yard.  
Full length colors and fancies, special at 50c to \$1.25 a yard.  
See our special line at 50c to \$1.00 a yard.  
Full length colors and fancies, special at 50c to \$1.25 a yard.  
All the new weaves, such as Polaris, Crepe De Paris, etc.  
Fancy silks for shirt waist suits, splendid assortment, 65c, 75c to \$1 a yard.  
Lingerie, all colors, all sizes, extra good quality.  
China and Habutai wash silks, all colors, extra good quality.  
For price, 27 inches wide, at 50c to \$1.00 a yard.  
See our special construction Black Tulle, 30 in. wide, 50c a yard.  
See our special construction Black Tulle, 30 in. wide, 50c a yard.  
**OUT MILLISERY LEADS.**—You can't go wrong here. We will give you the best.  
Everything that has and no exception. We are adding to the best.  
Trade. Watch the people who wear it. Military and suit. They will tell you.  
You will find it your next best bet. We are making friends daily.  
In our Military department.

**EISLER-MARDORF COMPANY,**  
221 Send in Your Mail Orders.  
BUTLER, PA.  
OPPOSITE HOTEL ARLINGTON.

**Karo**  
The NEW STRUP with a NEW Delicious Flavor.  
At all grocers, 5c.  
See product on box.  
Karo Products Co., New York, N. Y.

Drying preparations simply developed by catarrh; they dry up the secretions, which adhere to the membrane and decompose, causing a far more serious trouble than the ordinary form of catarrh. Avoid all drying inhalants, fumes, smokes and snuffs and use that which cleans, soothes and heals. Ely's Cream Balm is such a remedy and will cure catarrh or cold in the head easily and pleasantly. A trial size will be mailed for 10 cents. All druggists sell the 50c. size. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren St., N. Y. The Balm cures without pain, does not irritate or cause sneezing. It refreshes itself over an irritated and angry surface, relieving immediately the painful inflammation. With Ely's Cream Balm you are armed against Nasal Catarrh and Hay Fever.

**ALICE of OLD VINCENTNES**  
By MAURICE THOMPSON  
Copyright, 1930, by the GOVERNMENT PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHAPTER II.  
A LETTER FROM AFRICA.  
LITTLE FATHER BERT was sitting at the table in the parlor at the time that Alice of Old Vincennes, the fact that no mention of him can be found in the records is not stranger than many other things connected with the old town's history. He was, like nearly all the men of his calling in that day, a self-effacing and modest fellow, a person quite unaware that he deserved attention. He and Father Gilbert, whose name is so beautifully and nobly connected with the stirring achievements of Colonel George Rogers Clark, were close friends and often companions. Probably Father Gilbert himself, whose fame will never fade, was there had today as obscure as Father Bert but for the opportunity given him by Clark to fix his name in the list of heroic patriots who assisted in winning the great northwest from the English.

**FARMER'S GARDEN**  
TEST YOUR SEED CORN.  
A Simple Method of Making Sure That It Is All Right.  
When we consider that a bushel of seed corn ought to produce 400 bushels of corn, worth from \$120 to \$100, and that there is talk of low vitality and scarcity of good seed in some portions of the corn belt this year, the importance of testing carefully needs to be urged. The Iowa experiment station has adopted a very convenient method of testing.



**BOX WITH FOLDERS.**  
The corn belt this year, the importance of testing carefully needs to be urged. The Iowa experiment station has adopted a very convenient method of testing.

**K E C K**  
Merchant Tailor.  
Spring & Summer Suitings  
JUST ARRIVED.  
142 North Main St.  
**K E C K**

**THE GREAT "RUB-DOWN."**  
**FOUR-FOLD LINIMENT.**  
For Sore Muscles, Pain in Back, Sore Throat and Sprains.  
AT ALL DRUGGISTS. 25c, 50c, \$1.00

CHAPTER III.  
THE YOUNG MAN ROSE.  
"The wine and the liquor" was the reply. "Much drinking will be done. The men have had a dry face for some time, you know, and are as thirsty as sand. They are making ready to enjoy themselves down at the river house."  
"All the poor souls" sighed Father Bert, speaking as one whose thoughts were wandering far away.  
"Why don't you read your letter," Father Bert said.  
The priest started, turned the soiled square of paper over in his hand, then thrust it inside his robe.  
"It can wait," he said. Then, changing his voice: "The squirrel you gave me were excellent, my son. It was good of you to think of me," he added, laughing his head back at the young man.  
"Oh, I'm glad if I have pleased you, Father Bert, for you are so kind to me always, and to everybody. When I killed the squirrel I said to myself: 'These are young, juicy and tender; Father Bert must have these,' so I brought them along."  
The young man rose to go, for he was somewhat impressed that Father Bert must wish opportunity to read his letter and would prefer to be left alone with it. But the priest pulled him down again.  
"Stay awhile," he said, "I have not had a talk with you for some time."  
"You will not drink any tonight, my son," Father Bert added. "You must not do you?"  
The young man's eyes and mouth at once became as bright as the sun. He was evidently not pleased and felt rebellious, but it was hard for him to resist Father Bert, whom he loved, and he obeyed him without a word.  
"You are a good boy," said the priest, his voice sweet and gentle, yet positive to a degree. Rene did not say a word.  
"I am glad that you will not taste liquor this night," Father Bert went on, grasping the young man's arm firmly. "Promise me, my son; promise me!"  
Still Rene was silent. The men did not look at each other, but gazed away across the country beyond the Washab to where a glory from the western sun flames in the sky, and a great cloud fragment creeping along the horizon.  
"Oh, men, I must go," said Rene presently, getting up to his feet and evading Father Bert's hand, which would have held him.  
"Not to the river house, my son?" "No, not there. I have another letter; one for Mame's Roussillon. It came by the boat too. I go to give it to Mame Roussillon."  
Rene de Ronville was a dark, weather-stained young fellow, neither tall nor short, wearing buckskin moccasins, trousers and tunic. His eyes were dark, his hair, which he kept very well under heavy brows, a razor had probably never touched his face, and his thin, curly hair crinkled over his forehead. His nose, which was straight, his mustaches sprang out quite fiercely above his full lips, almost sensual in their curve, and his eyes were active and intelligent in their gaze.  
"You are a good boy," said the priest, his voice sweet and gentle, yet positive to a degree. Rene did not say a word.  
"I am glad that you will not taste liquor this night," Father Bert went on, grasping the young man's arm firmly. "Promise me, my son; promise me!"

Rene de Ronville, much better. You will be as fit as a fiddle after a little more training." She slipped past him while speaking and made her way back again to the main room, whence she called to him.  
"Come here. I've something to show you."  
He obeyed, a sheepish trace on his countenance betraying his self-consciousness.  
When he came near Alice, she was taking from its pocket a book on the wall a rapier, one of a beautiful pair hanging side by side.  
"Papa Roussillon gave me this," she said, with great animation. "He bought them of an Indian who had kept them a long time. Where he came across them he would not tell. But look, how beautiful! Did you ever see anything so fine?"  
Guard and hit were of silver; the blades, although somewhat corroded, shone almost like steel and were of delicate engraving, while in the end of the hilt was set a large oval turquois.  
"A very queer present to give a girl," said Rene. "What can you do with them?"  
A captivating flash of playfulness came into her eyes, and she swung backward, giving the sword a semi-circular turn with her wrist. The blade sent forth a keen hiss as it cut the air close, very close to Rene's nose. Rene's hands were up before his face.  
She laughed merrily, standing beautifully poised before him, the rapier's point slightly elevated. Her short skirt left her feet and ankles free to show their graceful proportions and the perfect pose in which they held her supple body.  
"You see what I can do with the colichearme, eh, M. Rene de Ronville?" she exclaimed, giving him a smile which fairly blinded him. "Notice how very near to your neck I can thrust and yet not touch it. Now!"  
She darted the keen point under his chin and drew it away so quickly that the stroke was like a glint of sunlight.  
"What do you think of that as a nice and accurate piece of skill?" she asked, her eyes sparkling.  
She again resumed her pose, the right foot advanced, the left arm well back, her limbo, finely developed, body leaning slightly forward.  
Rene's hands were up before his face in a defensive position, palms outward. Just then a chorus of men's voices sounded in the distance. The river

**Good Peas For Home and Market.**  
F. Williams Kane of New Hampshire probably knows more about peas than the next man. Here is what he has said about some of the newer varieties:  
"Gradus" or "Prosperity"—An early wrinkled, large podded pea of excellent quality, maturing from four to eight days later than the Alaska. Vines two to three and a half inches long, containing three to seven large peas. Recommended for its size and quality, also fine appearance in the market as compared with other varieties. It is especially well adapted for home or market use.  
"Claudit"—A new early, wrinkled pea. Vines two and a half feet, pods three to three and a half inches long, containing six to eight peas. Very prolific; quality good. Highly recommended for home or market use.  
**Oklahoma Cattle Breeders Organize.**  
Oklahoma has a newly organized Oklahoma Cattle Breeders' association. Professor Curtis Stillwater, was elected president and J. W. Gandy, secretary-treasurer. It is proposed to exhibit a herd of Oklahoma Shorthorns at St. Louis.

**EYTH BROS.**  
Our Big Line of Spring Wall Papers are all in, and are the finest ever shown in Butler. Prices Are Low. Big Lot of Room Mouldings and Window Blinds.

**SPRING CLOTHING.**  
We are now showing our new styles in Clothing. They are certainly beautiful. The famous "Hamburger & Sons" clothing for spring far exceeds anything we have ever shown. They all have added shoulders, firm fronts, and hand worked button holes, and are fully equal to the very best custom made suit. See our window display of new goods. Do not buy old styles in.

CHAPTER IV.  
THE RIVER HOUSE.  
"Here is a letter for you, Father." Rene was occupied with their trading, trapping and missionary work, were late finding out that was existed between England and her colonies. Nor did it really matter much with them, one way or another. They felt secure in their lonely situation, and contented themselves with their simple, domestic implements, blankets and intoxicating liquors to the Indians, whom they held bound to them with a power never possessed by any other white dwellers in the wilderness. Father Bert was probably subordinate to the Indians, who were the dominant power of Vincennes, and it can scarcely be doubted that he left Father Bert on the Washab while he went to live and labor for a time at Kaskaskia, beyond the plains of Illinois.  
It is a curious fact that religion and the power of rum and brandy worked together in the hands of the French in giving the French peas almost absolute influence over the wild and savage men by whom they were always surrounded. It is a fact that soldiers tried to control it, but soldiers of fortune and reckless traders were in the majority, who were not content with all spiritual demands and carrying everything along. What could the brave missionaries do but make the very best use of the situation, and give the effect of rum as a beverage had strong attraction for the white man, it made an absolute slave of the Indian, who never hesitated for a moment to undertake any task, no matter how hard, bear any privation, or suffer the most terrible, or brave any danger, although it was his life in the end, when everything else failed, rum always came to the rescue of a threatened French post.  
We need not wonder, then, when we are told that Father Bert made no sign of distress or disapproval upon being informed of the arrival of a boat loaded with rum, brandy or gin. It was Rene de Ronville who brought the news, the same Rene already mentioned as having given the priest a plate of squirrels. He was sitting on the dock when Father Bert's boat came when the old man reached it after his visit at the Roussillon home and held in his hand a letter which he appeared proud to deliver.  
"A battant and seven men with a cargo of liquor came during the rain," he said, rising and taking off his cap, which, under the rain, was a skin, had a tall jaunty dangle from its crown tip, "and here is a letter for you, Father. The battant is from New Orleans. Eight men started with it, but one went ashore to hunt and was killed by an Indian."  
Father Bert took the letter without apparent interest and said:  
"Thank you, my son, sit down again;

CHAPTER V.  
THE RIVER HOUSE.  
"Here is a letter for you, Father." Rene was occupied with their trading, trapping and missionary work, were late finding out that was existed between England and her colonies. Nor did it really matter much with them, one way or another. They felt secure in their lonely situation, and contented themselves with their simple, domestic implements, blankets and intoxicating liquors to the Indians, whom they held bound to them with a power never possessed by any other white dwellers in the wilderness. Father Bert was probably subordinate to the Indians, who were the dominant power of Vincennes, and it can scarcely be doubted that he left Father Bert on the Washab while he went to live and labor for a time at Kaskaskia, beyond the plains of Illinois.  
It is a curious fact that religion and the power of rum and brandy worked together in the hands of the French in giving the French peas almost absolute influence over the wild and savage men by whom they were always surrounded. It is a fact that soldiers tried to control it, but soldiers of fortune and reckless traders were in the majority, who were not content with all spiritual demands and carrying everything along. What could the brave missionaries do but make the very best use of the situation, and give the effect of rum as a beverage had strong attraction for the white man, it made an absolute slave of the Indian, who never hesitated for a moment to undertake any task, no matter how hard, bear any privation, or suffer the most terrible, or brave any danger, although it was his life in the end, when everything else failed, rum always came to the rescue of a threatened French post.  
We need not wonder, then, when we are told that Father Bert made no sign of distress or disapproval upon being informed of the arrival of a boat loaded with rum, brandy or gin. It was Rene de Ronville who brought the news, the same Rene already mentioned as having given the priest a plate of squirrels. He was sitting on the dock when Father Bert's boat came when the old man reached it after his visit at the Roussillon home and held in his hand a letter which he appeared proud to deliver.  
"A battant and seven men with a cargo of liquor came during the rain," he said, rising and taking off his cap, which, under the rain, was a skin, had a tall jaunty dangle from its crown tip, "and here is a letter for you, Father. The battant is from New Orleans. Eight men started with it, but one went ashore to hunt and was killed by an Indian."  
Father Bert took the letter without apparent interest and said:  
"Thank you, my son, sit down again;

**LITTLE WONDER WORKERS.**  
Latest Facts About Bacteria, the Microbes of the Farm.  
Bacteria are little or not at all utilized by higher vegetation in available shape and so contribute to soil fertility in another way. This is called nitrification, and the bacteria are nitrifying agents. It has been found that in this respect there are two groups of soil workers. One set of species oxidize ammonia or its salts to nitrites and another set further change these nitrites to nitrates. A very curious thing is that the bacteria are able to exert their activities in the presence of soluble organic matter—the very condition most favorable for most other micro organisms. Even ammonia in a free state is an antiseptic to the nitrate formers.  
Nitrification can go on in a compact soil, but nitrification requires air. It seems that the stimulating effect ofillage is very considerably due to this nitrifying activity—that is, we cultivate soil in part to favor these peculiar biological workers. Again, these latter cannot work in an acid medium. Sometimes the application of lime to certain soils proves to be greatly advantageous, not perhaps because lime is too little of this substance for plant food, but because it corrects the acidity and permits, among other things, the nitrifying bacteria to work. Doubtless in the same way, and it also favors these bacteria, after the organic compounds are partially destroyed by assisting in aeration. We see, too, how the drainage may indirectly improve the productive capacity of the soil by securing better penetration of air into the soil.  
Possibly in the full development of agricultural science we shall find more direct methods in securing the voluntary services of their highest efficiency of these minute farmers of the farm.

**EYTH BROS.**  
Our Big Line of Spring Wall Papers are all in, and are the finest ever shown in Butler. Prices Are Low. Big Lot of Room Mouldings and Window Blinds.

**SPRING CLOTHING.**  
We are now showing our new styles in Clothing. They are certainly beautiful. The famous "Hamburger & Sons" clothing for spring far exceeds anything we have ever shown. They all have added shoulders, firm fronts, and hand worked button holes, and are fully equal to the very best custom made suit. See our window display of new goods. Do not buy old styles in.

CHAPTER VI.  
THE RIVER HOUSE.  
"Here is a letter for you, Father." Rene was occupied with their trading, trapping and missionary work, were late finding out that was existed between England and her colonies. Nor did it really matter much with them, one way or another. They felt secure in their lonely situation, and contented themselves with their simple, domestic implements, blankets and intoxicating liquors to the Indians, whom they held bound to them with a power never possessed by any other white dwellers in the wilderness. Father Bert was probably subordinate to the Indians, who were the dominant power of Vincennes, and it can scarcely be doubted that he left Father Bert on the Washab while he went to live and labor for a time at Kaskaskia, beyond the plains of Illinois.  
It is a curious fact that religion and the power of rum and brandy worked together in the hands of the French in giving the French peas almost absolute influence over the wild and savage men by whom they were always surrounded. It is a fact that soldiers tried to control it, but soldiers of fortune and reckless traders were in the majority, who were not content with all spiritual demands and carrying everything along. What could the brave missionaries do but make the very best use of the situation, and give the effect of rum as a beverage had strong attraction for the white man, it made an absolute slave of the Indian, who never hesitated for a moment to undertake any task, no matter how hard, bear any privation, or suffer the most terrible, or brave any danger, although it was his life in the end, when everything else failed, rum always came to the rescue of a threatened French post.  
We need not wonder, then, when we are told that Father Bert made no sign of distress or disapproval upon being informed of the arrival of a boat loaded with rum, brandy or gin. It was Rene de Ronville who brought the news, the same Rene already mentioned as having given the priest a plate of squirrels. He was sitting on the dock when Father Bert's boat came when the old man reached it after his visit at the Roussillon home and held in his hand a letter which he appeared proud to deliver.  
"A battant and seven men with a cargo of liquor came during the rain," he said, rising and taking off his cap, which, under the rain, was a skin, had a tall jaunty dangle from its crown tip, "and here is a letter for you, Father. The battant is from New Orleans. Eight men started with it, but one went ashore to hunt and was killed by an Indian."  
Father Bert took the letter without apparent interest and said:  
"Thank you, my son, sit down again;

CHAPTER VII.  
THE RIVER HOUSE.  
"Here is a letter for you, Father." Rene was occupied with their trading, trapping and missionary work, were late finding out that was existed between England and her colonies. Nor did it really matter much with them, one way or another. They felt secure in their lonely situation, and contented themselves with their simple, domestic implements, blankets and intoxicating liquors to the Indians, whom they held bound to them with a power never possessed by any other white dwellers in the wilderness. Father Bert was probably subordinate to the Indians, who were the dominant power of Vincennes, and it can scarcely be doubted that he left Father Bert on the Washab while he went to live and labor for a time at Kaskaskia, beyond the plains of Illinois.  
It is a curious fact that religion and the power of rum and brandy worked together in the hands of the French in giving the French peas almost absolute influence over the wild and savage men by whom they were always surrounded. It is a fact that soldiers tried to control it, but soldiers of fortune and reckless traders were in the majority, who were not content with all spiritual demands and carrying everything along. What could the brave missionaries do but make the very best use of the situation, and give the effect of rum as a beverage had strong attraction for the white man, it made an absolute slave of the Indian, who never hesitated for a moment to undertake any task, no matter how hard, bear any privation, or suffer the most terrible, or brave any danger, although it was his life in the end, when everything else failed, rum always came to the rescue of a threatened French post.  
We need not wonder, then, when we are told that Father Bert made no sign of distress or disapproval upon being informed of the arrival of a boat loaded with rum, brandy or gin. It was Rene de Ronville who brought the news, the same Rene already mentioned as having given the priest a plate of squirrels. He was sitting on the dock when Father Bert's boat came when the old man reached it after his visit at the Roussillon home and held in his hand a letter which he appeared proud to deliver.  
"A battant and seven men with a cargo of liquor came during the rain," he said, rising and taking off his cap, which, under the rain, was a skin, had a tall jaunty dangle from its crown tip, "and here is a letter for you, Father. The battant is from New Orleans. Eight men started with it, but one went ashore to hunt and was killed by an Indian."  
Father Bert took the letter without apparent interest and said:  
"Thank you, my son, sit down again;

**Reading and Thinking.**  
The things one merely reads about never stick. Those on which one thinks become permanent acquisitions. He who reads but who is not afraid of thinking and who does not dread "that cursed hour in the dark" is at a distinct advantage on every ground. He passes the time without being bored, and he strengthens his mind. To say this may no doubt sound slightly priggish, but it is none the less true. The man who can enjoy and make use of his own thoughts has a heritage which can never be alienated. Even blindness for him loses some of its terrors.—London Spectator.

**Hats, Caps, Shirts and Neckwear**  
when you can step into our store and get the 1934 goods for the same price. We have a few odds and ends on sale at a great bargain.

**R. L. KIRKPATRICK,**  
Jeweler and Graduate Optician  
Next Door to Court House, Butler, Pa.

**L. C. WICK.**  
LUMBER.

**C. F. T. Pape,**  
JEWELER.  
121 E. Jefferson Street.

**Reading and Thinking.**  
The things one merely reads about never stick. Those on which one thinks become permanent acquisitions. He who reads but who is not afraid of thinking and who does not dread "that cursed hour in the dark" is at a distinct advantage on every ground. He passes the time without being bored, and he strengthens his mind. To say this may no doubt sound slightly priggish, but it is none the less true. The man who can enjoy and make use of his own thoughts has a heritage which can never be alienated. Even blindness for him loses some of its terrors.—London Spectator.

**Muselton's**  
We wish to announce ourselves at Home particularly to the Young Men and Ladies this week.  
All the nobby dressers will turn in at this store for inspection of their NEW SPRING FOOTWEAR—which is clear up to the mark—just over their former efforts if that is possible.  
**YOU WILL FIND**  
all the old favorite leathers. Some new leathers—early favorites.  
For any price you wish to pay. All the style a shoe can carry. Ease!  
We make a specialty of Men's heavy shoes. Just what you want for your early plowing. Give us a trial.

**Starkey**  
Leading Photographer,  
Old Postoffice Building,  
Butler, Pa.

**M. A. BERKIMER,**  
Funeral Director,  
245 S. MAIN ST., BUTLER, PA.

**HUGH L. CONNELLY,**  
Wholesale Dealer in Fine Whiskies  
For Medicinal Purposes,  
Bell Phone 278  
People's Phone 578.  
316 East Jefferson Street  
BUTLER, PA.

**Reading and Thinking.**  
The things one merely reads about never stick. Those on which one thinks become permanent acquisitions. He who reads but who is not afraid of thinking and who does not dread "that cursed hour in the dark" is at a distinct advantage on every ground. He passes the time without being bored, and he strengthens his mind. To say this may no doubt sound slightly priggish, but it is none the less true. The man who can enjoy and make use of his own thoughts has a heritage which can never be alienated. Even blindness for him loses some of its terrors.—London Spectator.

**COOPER & CO.,**  
FINE TAILORS.  
Are now occupying their old location at corner of the Diamond.  
Suits from \$15 to \$30.

**W. S. & E. WICK,**  
DEALERS IN  
Rough and Waxed Lumber of all kinds. Sash and Shingles. Oil Well Pipes & Specialties.  
Office and Yard  
E. Cunningham and Monroe streets  
near West Park Hotel,  
BUTLER, PA.

**HUGH L. CONNELLY,**  
Wholesale Dealer in Fine Whiskies  
For Medicinal Purposes,  
Bell Phone 278  
People's Phone 578.  
316 East Jefferson Street  
BUTLER, PA.

**HUGH L. CONNELLY,**  
Wholesale Dealer in Fine Whiskies  
For Medicinal Purposes,  
Bell Phone 278  
People's Phone 578.  
316 East Jefferson Street  
BUTLER, PA.

**Reading and Thinking.**  
The things one merely reads about never stick. Those on which one thinks become permanent acquisitions. He who reads but who is not afraid of thinking and who does not dread "that cursed hour in the dark" is at a distinct advantage on every ground. He passes the time without being bored, and he strengthens his mind. To say this may no doubt sound slightly priggish, but it is none the less true. The man who can enjoy and make use of his own thoughts has a heritage which can never be alienated. Even blindness for him loses some of its terrors.—London Spectator.