THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXXXII.

NOTE MAIN STREET A. D. MORES: | BELL L. D. MORES: | FROPLES

The Greatest of Them All

THE MODERN STORE-

Big January Winter Clearance and Muslin and Linen Sale. An Immense Stock to Go at a Sacrifice. Eleven Days of Biggest Bargains. From Tuesday morning, Jan 10th to Saturday night, Jan 21 Come Every Day and Don't Miss the Sale.

nloading silks, dress fabrics, waistings, and fleeced-backed goods able linens, napkins, towelings and towels at 80c on the dollar. Italines and draperies sold for a mere song. at Basement Bargains ever offered. In ce cartains, portieres, table and conch covers at 75c on the dollar. and reductions in muslins, sheetings, sheets, pillow cases, bed spreads. dies' and children's underwear and hosiery at closing prices. a's and bys' wear on bargain counter. ms, akirts, waists and dressing sacques at 66c and 75c on the dollar. alking skirts and shirt waists at quarter off.

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All Felt Boots and Overs, Warm Lined Shoes and all

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221

GREAT BARGAIN

OPPOSITE HOTEL ARLINGTON.

BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1905.

No. 2

REJECTED SUITORS.

when we visit the sick or unfor

in darkness, shade to the

solitary lives and the monotony of the dull and sad. We wall up some exist

ences, as it were, in dungeons, and

reflect to others, who never have either rest or pleasure and to whom the least relaxation, the slightest respite, is a priceless good. And this minimum of comfort could be so easily found for

comfort could be so easily found for them if only we thought of it. But the broom, you know, is made for sweep-ing, and it seems as though it could not be fatigued. Let us rid ourselves of this criminal blindness which pre-

vents us from seeing the exhaust of those who are always in the brea

wide place for brotherliness. How much better would one understand an-other if he knew how to put himself

heartily in that other's place, and how

much more pleasure there would be in

life!

shade. We increase the isolation

because the grass grows rot

ought not to be.

we should leave our smiles at the door compose our face and manner to dole fulness and talk of anything heart AMOUS LOVERS WHO HAVE BEEN VICTIMS OF CUPID'S PRANKS.

> ron's Cruel Experience With Chaworth-Shelley's Affairs of the Heart-The Girl Who Was Much Too Good to Marry Abe Lincoln

deserted prison house we speak low in deserved prison house we speak low in approaching it, as though it were a tomb. Who suspects the work of in-fernal cruelty which is thus accom-plished every day in the world! This It may be of some consolation rejected lover to remember that many of the greatest men in history have suffered equal pangs and survived the same ordeal to find married happiness

When you find men or women whose lives are lost in hard tasks or in the Even Byron, that most beautiful and painful office of seeking out human wretchedness and binding up wounds, remember that they are beings made sifted of men, had more than his share of refusals, and one of them at least was accompanied by words which left a sting to his last day. He was only wants; that there are hours when they need pleasure and diversion. You will not turn them saids from their mission by making them laugh occasionally, a Harrow schoolboy of sixteen when he fell madly in love with Miss Cha-worth of Annesley, a young heiress of worth of Annesley, a young beiress of some beauty, who was two years older than himself.

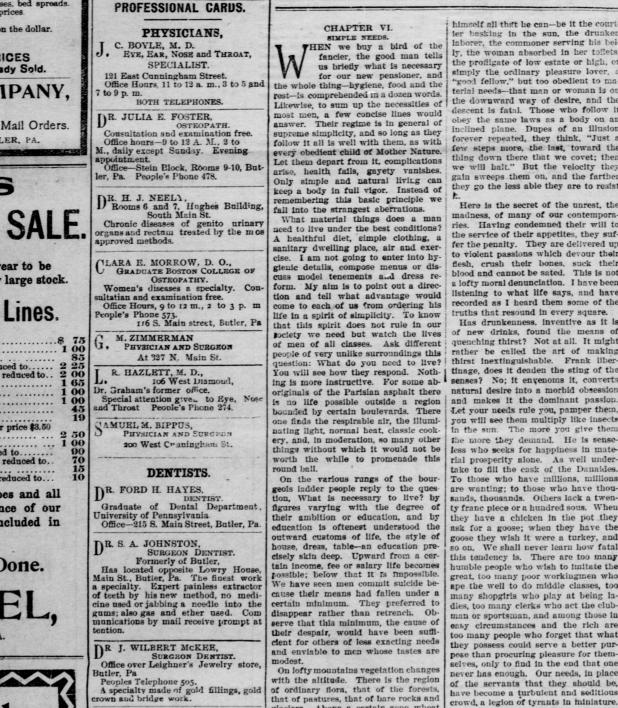
by making them laugh occasionally, these people who see so many tears and griefs. On the contrary, you will give them strength to go on the better with their work. And when people whom you know are in trial, do not draw a sanitary cor-don round them, as though they had the plague, that you cross only with precautions which recall to them their sad lot. On the contrary, after show-ing all your sympathy, all your respect, for their grief, comfort them, help them to take up life again, carry them a breath from the out of doors-some But Miss Chaworth treat boy's shy advances with laughter and contempt, and, although he was "suf-fering the tortures of the lost" for her sake, refused to take him seriously. But the crowning blow came when, in an adjacent room, he overheard Miss an adjacent room, he overheard Miss Chaworth say to her maid, "Do you think I could care anything for that lame boy?" "This cruel speech," he afterward said, "was like a shot through my heart. Although it was late and pitch dark, I darted out of the house and never stopped running until I reached Newstead." Shelley, too, almost as handsome and as gifted as Byron, knew from more than one experience the "pangs of re-jection." After he had been expelled from Oxford and went to London with meadows. It is contagious; it stirs your heart. In spite of yourself you thing, in short, to remind them that are ready to cry: "Bravo, my children! their mistortune does not sout them off from the world. And so extend your sympathy to those whose work quite absorbs them; who are, so to put it, tied down. The world is full of men and women sac-

from Oxford and went to London with his fellow culprit, Hogg, to live, he fell violently in love with his landlady's violently in love with his landlady's daughter, who bore the unromantic name of Eliza Jenkins. But Eliza, even though he threatened to commit suicide in his despair, refused to have anything to do with him, and when a few months later, having thought bet-ter of the suicidal threat, he sought to console himself by paying court to Miss Harriet Grove, a pretty cousin, she was so alarmed at his heterodoxies that she sent him very decidedly about that she sent him very decidedly about

of those who are always in the breach. Relieve the sentinels perishing at their posts; give Sisyphus an hour to breathe; take for a moment the place of the mother, a slave to the cares of her house and her children; sacrifice an hour of our sleep for some one worn by long vigils with the sick. Young girl, tired sometimes perhaps of your walk with your coverness take the his business. When Sheridan, following the exam-When Sheridan, following the exam-ple of many other amorous young men, fell over head and ears in love with Miss Linley, the beautiful singer, "she only laughed at his ardor and made faces at him behind his back," and yet he used that subtle and eloquent tongue of his to such purpose that he actually ran away with her to a French nunnery and married her after fighting several duels with his rivals and her persecutors. walk with your governess, take the cook's apron and give her the key to the fields. You will at once make others happy and be happy yourself. We go unconcernedly along beside our brothers who are bent under burdens

we might take upon ourselves for a minute. And this short respite would suffice to soothe aches, revive the fiame of joy in many a heart and open up a When Burke, the great politician and orator, was a student at Trinity col-lege, Dublin, he is said to have had more than one love disappointment. His first infatuation was for the daughter of a small publican, "whose dark eyes fired the blood of the young Irishman," but after coquetting with him for a time she jilted him in the most heartless fashion. His success,

1 mar 1 mg 1



CATARRH

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with the altitude. There is the region of ordinary flora, that of the forests, that of pastures, that of bare rocks and glaciers. Above a certain zone wheat is no longer found, but the vine still 1271 South Main street, (ov Metzer's prospers. The oak ceases in the low regions; the pine flourishes at consid-erable heights. Human life, with its needs, reminds one of these phenomena

The Simple Life By CHARLES WAGNER Translated From the French by Mary Louise Hendee Copyright, 1901, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

er basking in the sun, the dru laborer, the commoner serving his be ly, the woman absorbed in her tollets the profligate of low estate or high, simply the ordinary pleasure lover, "good fellow," but too obedient to m terial needs-that man or woman is o the downward way of desire, and the descent is fatal. Those who follow it obey the same laws as a body on an inclined plane. Dupes of an illusion forever repeated, they think, "Just a we will halt." But the velocity they

madness, of many of our contemporaries. Having condemned their will to the service of their appetites, they suffer the penalty. They are delivered up to violent passions which devour their flesh, crush their bones, suck their blood and cannot be sated. This is not a lofty moral denunciation. I have been listening to what life says, and have recorded as I heard them some of the truths that resound in every square. pociety we need but watch the lives of men of all classes. Ask different people of very unlike surroundings this question: What do you need to lives question: What do you need to live? You will see how they respond. Noth-ing is more instructive. For some ab-originals of the Parisian asphalt there is no life possible outside a restor is no life possible outside a region and makes it the dominant passion bounded by certain boulevards. There one finds the respirable air, the illumi-you will see them multiply like insects you will see them multiply like insects in the sun. The more you give them ery, and, in moderation, so many other | the more they demand. He is sensethings without which it would not be less who seeks for happiness in mate-

On the various ranges of the bour- To those who have millions, millions are wanting; to those who have thou sands, thousands. Others lack a twen figures varying with the degree of ty franc piece or a hundred sous. When their ambition or education, and by they have a chicken in the pot they they have a chicken in the pot they education is oftenest understood the outward customs of life, the style of goose they wish it were a turkey, and dodse, dress, table-an education pre-clsely skin deep. Upward from a cer-tain income, fee or salary life becomes possible; below that it is impossible. We have seen men computer in the second seco great, too many poor workingmen who ape the well to do middle classes, too We have seen men commit survey and fallen under a many shopgirls who play at being la-certain minimum. They preferred to dies, too many clerks who act the clubman or sportsman, and among those in easy circumstances and the rich are too many people who forget that what they possess could serve a better purpose than procuring pleasure for them selves, only to find in the end that one never has enough. Our needs, in place of the servants that they should be, have become a turbulent and seditious crowd, a legion of tyrants in miniature. A man enslaved to his needs may bes

himself all that he can-be it the cour few steps more, the last, toward the thing down there that we covet; then gain sweeps them on, and the farther they go the less able they are to resist

Here is the secret of the unrest, the

be compared to a bear with a ring in its nose, that is led about and made to dance at will. The likeness is not flattering, but you will grant that it is It is in the train of their own

have not frequented the wings, they On the other hand, if we hold to simreplace them by measureless good, i they do not see the wings, i That temperance and sobriety are the best guardians of health is an old at That temperance and sobriety are the best guardians of health is an old sto-pleasure unalloyed. I think I see the ry. They spare him who observes them many a misery that saddens existence. In that box, cast a disdainful glance many a misery that saddens existence. They insure him health, love of action, over the smiling crowd. Poor stupid creatures, ignorant and gross mental poise. Whether it be a ques-tion of food, dress or dwelling, simplic-And yet they are the true livers, ity of taste is also a source of indewhile he is an artificial product, a manpendence and safety. The more sim nikin, incapable of experiencing this fine and salutary intoxication of an

dispossess you; a change of position, even considerable, does not put you to confusion. Having simple needs. you find it less painful to accustom yourself to the hazards of fortune. remain a man, though you lose your office or your income, because the foundation on which your life rests is not your table, your cellar, your horses, goods and chattels or your mone; In adversity you will not act like a nursling deprived of its bottle and rattle. Stronger, better armed for the Bruggie, presenting, like those with shaven heads, less advantage to the hands of your enemy, you will also be of more profit to your neighbor. For you will not rouse his jealousy, his base desires or his censure by your luxury, your prodigality or the spec a sycophant's life, and, less absorbed in your own comfort, you will find the means of working for that of

CHAPTER VIL

) you find life amusing in these days? For my part, on the whole, it seems rather depressing, and I fear that my opinion is not altogether personal. As I observe the lives of my contempo-raries and listen to their talk I find myself unhappily confirmed in the opinion that they do not get much pleasure out of things. And certainly it is not from lack of trying. But it must be acknowledged that their suecess is meager. Where can the fault

We meet only an embarrassment of choice when we start to unstring the chaplet of our carking cares. Suppose we set out in pursuit of pleasure. There is too much pepper in our soup to make it palatable. Our arms are filled with a multitude of embarra ments, any one of which would be enough to spoil our temper. From morning till night, wherever we go, the people we meet are hurried, won ried, preoccupied. Some have split ter it accomplishes a work as profit-able for humanity as he who builds their good blood in the miserable con flicts of petty politics; others are dis-heartened by the meanness and jealbridges, plerces tunnels or cultivates the ground. So to order one's life as to keep, amid toils and suffering, the ousy they have encountered in the world of literature or art. Commercial faculty of happiness and be able to propagate it in a sort of salutary concompetition troubles the sleep of not a few. The crowded curricula of study and the exigencies of their opentagion among one's fellow men is to do a work of fraternity in the noblest ing careers spoil life for young men sense. To give a trifling pleasure, The working classes suffer the conse smooth an anxious brow, bring a little light into dark paths-what a truly quences of a ceaseless struggle. It is becoming disagreeable to govern be-cause authority is diminishing; to divine office in the midst of this poor humanity! But it is only in great sim-plicity of heart that one succeeds in filling it.

becoming disagreeable to govern be-cause authority is diminishing; to teach, because respect is vanishing. Wherever one turns there is matter for discontent. And yet history shows us certain epochs of upheaval which were as lacking in idylik tranquillity as is our own, but which the gravest events did not prevent from being gay. It even seems as if the seriousness of at fairs, the uncertainty of the morrow, the violence of social convulsions, sometimes became a new source of vitality. It is not a rare thing to hear soldiers singing between two battles, would amount to this: "You suffer, my

ply you live the more secure is your fu-ture. You are less at the mercy of surprises and reverses. An illness or a period of idleness does not suffice to hour of frank pleasure. Unhappily, ingenuousness is disap-pearing even in the rural districts. We

see the people of our cities and those of the country in their turn breaking with the good traditions. The mind, warped by alcohol, by the passion for gambling and by unhealthy literature, contracts little by little perverted tastes. Artificial life makes irruption into communities once climate to hole into communities once simple in their pleasures, and it is like phyllexera to the vine. The robust tree of rustic joy finds its sap drained, its leaves turning yellow. Compare a fete champetre of the good old style with the village festi vals, so called, of today. In the one case, in the honored setting of antique costumes, genuine countrymen sing the folk songs, dance rustic dances, re-gale themselves with native drinks and seem entirely in their element. They take their pleasure as the blacksmith forges, as the cascade tumbles over

the rocks, as the colts frisk in the

are ready to cry: "Bravo, my children! That is fine!" You want to join in. SIMPLE PLEASURES. In the other case you see villagers dis-guised as city folk, countrywomen made hideous by the modiste, and, as

the chief ornament of the festival, a lot of degenerates who bawl the songs of music halls, and sometimes in the place of honor a group of tenth rate barn stormers, imported for the occa-sion, to civilize these rustics and give them a taste of refined pleasures. For drinks, liquors mixed with brandy or absinth — in the whole thing neither originality nor picturesqueness. Li-cense, indeed, and clownishness, but Some accuse politics or business others social problems or militarism not that abandon which ingenuous joy brings in its train. This question of pleasure is capital. Staid people generally neglect it as a frivolity; utilitarians, as a costly su-perfluity. Those whom we designate as pleasure seekers forage in this dell-cate domain like wild boars in a garden. No one seems to doubt the im-mense human interest attached to joy. It is a sacred flame that must be fed and that throws a splendid radiance over life. He who takes pains to fos-

