

Huselton's

With Spring there comes other things besides March winds

Our spring styles in Shoes for instance, showing the newest shapes and many little niceties that other stores don't have and won't have.

The Tan Oxfords will please you particularly, we are sure.

SISTER! When March winds blow don't let those shabby last winter's shoes be seen peeping out. Jolly up the purse holder in your house and bring a little more money to us—it won't take much to fit you out most sweetly. And give Jack a tip about a new pair for himself.

Huselton's SHOE STORE. Opposite Hotel Lowry.

MEN

Won't buy clothing for the purpose of spending money. They desire to get the best possible results of the money expended. Those who buy custom clothing have a right to demand a fit, to have their clothes correct in style and to demand of the seller to guarantee everything. Come to us and there will be nothing lacking. I have just received a large stock of Spring and Summer suitings in the latest styles, shades and colors.

G. F. KECK, MERCHANT TAILOR, 142 N. Main St., Butler, Pa.



WICK'S Spring Hats for men are here. The best ever shown in Butler.

See our window Jno. S. Wick, HATTER AND FURNISHER, Peoples Phone 615, BUTLER, PA.

Do you require a Tonic? This preparation is famous as a system builder and general tonic. Our preparation differs from all others of the same name, because we use pre-ferred beef, the best sherry wine, and the iron is in such form that it is quickly taken into the system. It is pleasant to take and prompt in action, making rich red blood.

Crystal Pharmacy R. M. LOGAN, Ph. G., 106 N. Main St., Butler, Pa.

Do you buy Medicines? Certainly You Do. Then you want the best for the least money. That is our motto. Come and see us in need of anything in the Drug Line and we are sure you will call again. We carry a full line of Drugs, Chemicals, Toilet Articles, etc.

Purvis' Pharmacy S. G. PURVIS, Ph. G. Both Phones, 313 S. Main St., Butler Pa.

Insurance & Real Estate b. S. McJUNKIN & CO., 117 E. Jefferson St., BUTLER, PA.

A Paint for Every Purpose Yes, we have it, twenty different kind, from a half pint to a five gallon can. Let us quote you the cost of painting your house or barn.

Redick & Grohman 109 North Main St., Butler, Pa.

M. C. WAGNER ARTIST PHOTOGRAPHER 109 South Main St.

The Butler Business College Some of our students who have recently accepted positions: Martha McCue, bookkeeper and stenographer Kitzmanning Times; Nettie Frazier, stenographer for Guaranty Safe Deposits and Trust Co., Butler; Frances M. Blair, stenographer for a Pittsburg firm; M. L. McMillen, position in Youngstown, Ohio; Mand Hooks, bookkeeper, Butler Eagle; F. E. Dickey, position with a New York firm; Edgar Alanc with Iron City Trust Co., Pittsburg.

Young man, young woman, what is there to hinder YOU from doing likewise? Now is the time to enter. Spring and Summer term opens first Monday in April. Catalogue and circulars free.

A. F. REGAL, Principal, Butler, Pa.

Subscribe for the CITIZEN

Drying preparations simply develop dry catarrh; they dry up the secretions, which adhere to the membrane and decompose, causing far more serious trouble than the ordinary form of catarrh. Avoid all drying inhalants, fumes, smokes and acids and use that which cleanses, 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 will sell the full size. Ely Brothers, 50 Warren St., N. Y. The Balm cures without pain, does not irritate or cause sneezing. It spreads 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.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS. PHYSICIANS, J. C. BOYLE, M. D. EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT, SPECIALIST. 121 East Cunningham Street. Office Hours 11 to 12 a. m., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 p. m. BOTH TELEPHONES.

DR. JULIA E. FOSTER. OBSTETRICIAN AND GYNECOLOGIST. Consultation and examination free. Office hours—9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 P. M., daily except Sunday. Evening appointments. Office—Stein Block, Rooms 9-10, Butler, Pa. Peoples Phone 478.

CLARA E. MORROW, D. O. GRADUATE BOSTON COLLEGE OF OBSTETRY. Women's diseases a specialty. Consultation and examination free. Office Hours, 9 to 12 m., 2 to 3 p. m. Peoples Phone 573. 176 N. Main Street, Butler, Pa.

G. M. ZIMMERMAN. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON AT 327 N. Main St. R. HAZLETT, M. D., 106 West Diamond, Dr. Graham's former office. Special attention given to Eye, Nose and Throat. Peoples Phone 325.

SAMUEL M. BIFFUS. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON 200 West Cunningham St. DENTISTS. DR. FORD H. HAYES. Graduate of Dental Department, University of Pennsylvania. Office—215 S. Main Street, Butler, Pa.

DR. S. A. JOHNSON. SURGEON DENTIST. Formerly of Butler. Has located opposite Lowry House, Main St., Butler, Pa. The finest work a specialty. Expert painless extractor of teeth by the use of modern methods, also gas and ether used. Communications by mail receive prompt attention.

DR. J. WILBERT MCKEE. SURGEON DENTIST. Office over Leightner's Jewelry store, Butler, Pa. Peoples Telephone 505. A specialty made of gold fillings, gold crowns and bridge work.

W. J. HINDMAN. DENTIST. 1217 South Main street, (over Metzger's shoe store).

DR. H. A. MCCANDLESS. DENTIST. Office in Butler County National Bank Building, 2nd floor. DR. M. D. KOTTRABA. Successor to Dr. Johnson. DENTIST. Office at No. 114 E. Jefferson St., over G. W. Miller's Grocery.

B. E. HILLIARD. GENERAL SURVEYING. Mines and Land. County Surveyor, R. F. D. 49, West Senary, Pa.

ATTORNEYS. R. P. SCOTT. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office in Butler County National Bank Building. A. T. SCOTT. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office at No. 8, West Diamond St., Butler, Pa.

COULTER & BAKER. ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Office in Butler County National Bank Building. JOHN W. COULTER. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office on Diamond, Butler, Pa. Special attention given to collections and business matters.

J. D. McJUNKIN. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office in Reber building, corner Main and E. Cunningham Sts., Entrance on Main Street.

J. B. BREIDIN. ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office on Main St., near Court House. H. H. GOUCHER. ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Wise building.

E. H. NEGLY. ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in the Negley Building, West Diamond. W. C. FINDLEY. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND PENSION ATTORNEY. Office on South side of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS. C. F. L. McQUISTON. CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR. Office near Court House. L. P. WALKER. NOTARY PUBLIC, BUTLER. Office with Bookner, next door to P. O.

WM. H. MILLER. FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE and REAL ESTATE. OFFICE—Room 508, Butler County National Bank Building.

W. S. & E. WICK. DEALERS IN Rough and Waxed Lumber of all kinds. Doors, Sash and Windows. All "Well-Known" Brands. Office and Yard, Monroe St., near West Penn, BUTLER, PA.

Unto the Third Generation

By CICELY ALLEN

Frances climbed the stairs with dragging steps. Dick caught up with her and supported her elbow with his strong, firm hand. It was good to feel his support, his presence, even though she had grown somewhat accustomed to it, and she turned to him with a grateful smile.

At the head of the first flight of stairs they turned into Mrs. Miller's little sitting room, and Francesca dropped wearily into the low rocker by the window. Dick sat on the window ledge swinging his feet. His hall bedroom was on the floor above. Francesca had the room next to Mrs. Miller's, but since their engagement had been announced the good natured landlady had rather turned her little sitting room over to their use.

"In my days young folks didn't have to do their courting in the park, and I don't think it's right and proper," she had said in explanation to her oldest boarder, a crusty bachelor. And now the two young people sat in the twilight, typifying the two sections of the country, Francesca, gentle, clinging and drooping in the fierce struggle for existence in the great northern city, shrinking from the glare of trains and crowded, clean, clean surface cars at her side and longing for the mellow moonlight and the voice of the night lullaby in her old southern home, Dick, alert, quick, fascinated by the opportunities which had drawn him from a midwest farm. He had brought nervous energy and strong, vigorous blood, and New York loved to sup and live off them both. They had met on the commercial highway and loved. At least Dick was quite sure of it on his side. Tonight—well, Francesca had known well that the British son of an acute gulf was normal and not the result of any more than ordinary bad luck. The prevailing notion of the American with regard to the English, especially with the words: "Cheer up! It may not be true, and if it is true it will be all for the best. And he was it. He was glad of the rest, the day outdoors, the sunshine and pure air.

It was a pretty face the mirror held, a sweet, womanly face, with a happy gleam in the eyes. She turned away with a little sigh and went lightly down the steps into the street. It was a holiday, and school teaching was serious work with conscientious Elsie Wentworth. She was glad of the rest, the day outdoors, the sunshine and pure air.

"Where are you going, Elsie?" It was a man's voice and a man's eyes that gazed into hers, both telling their love for the slender creature in the gray hat. A rich glow came to her pale cheeks. So staid and determined, she felt afraid of him, afraid he would make her love him, make her faithless to poor, honest Dave.

"I'm going to see Mr. Young," she faltered. He laughed. "It's too bad, dear. Go on to the woods, Elsie. I won't insist."

London Globe. One of Tyndall's Heroic Experiments. In 1864 Tyndall performed the experiment of separating light from heat. In the course of the investigations he used a lens to focus the light on one of the most daring experiments that ever a scientific man ventured on. Knowing a layer of iodine placed before the lens would be destroyed by the heat, he determined to place his own eye in the focus of strong invisible rays. He knew that if in doing so the dark rays were absorbed in a high degree by the lens, the eye would be injured, and the humors might congregate, and, on the other hand, if there was no light absorption the rays might strike upon the retina, and be sufficient to destroy it. When he first brought the heat on the parts surrounding the pupil was too intense to be endured. He had to reduce the aperture in the plate of the metal and, placing his eye behind this aperture, he gradually approached the point of convergence of the invisible rays. First the pupil and the retina were placed in the focus without any sensible damage. Immediately afterward a sheet of platinum foil placed in the position which the retina had occupied became red hot.

Fatalism. "Pa, what's a fatalist?" "A what, my boy, is a man who thinks that his fate is to get rich he will become so without trying."

Prove Your Manhood by Braving a Bravely Aired Reverses. After 12,000 of Napoleon's soldiers had been overwhelmed by the advance of 75,000 Austrian troops he addressed them thus: "I should like to see you. You have evinced neither discipline nor valor. You have allowed yourselves to be driven from positions which a hand full of resolute men might have held. You are no longer French soldiers. Chief of staff, cause it to be written on their standards, 'They are no longer of the army of Italy.'"

He is a pretty poor sort of man who loses courage and fears to face the world just because he has made a mistake or a slip somewhere, because his business has failed, because his property has been swept away by some general disaster or because of other trouble impossible for him to avert.

Francesca slipped at her coffee without crying. "Seems as if I just must go myself, but Lizzie, she was set on taking the day off, and she's such a good help I didn't want to crowd her. But I do hate to miss going to the cemetery. Isn't it funny, Mr. Merrill and I coming from the same town? I knew just how he felt this morning when he said he'd go and decorate some graves. We always did it at home, with the G. A. R. at the head of the procession and the children carrying the flowers and wreaths. I didn't know anybody close in the war, as near as I can remember, but it meant a lot to Dick Merrill's folks."

"Isn't he ever told you?" Mr. Miller said in surprise. "Well, maybe he thought the war was a tender subject with you southerners. Why, his grand-father enlisted and took his three boys with him. All four of 'em are buried among the unknown dead somewhere south of the Mason and Dixon line. Mary Ann Merrill—that's Dick's moth-

er—somehow couldn't make things set up in the poor farm. Yes, there were plenty of folks that took to the poor farms after the war. But Dick, he wasn't the kind to stay there. Blood will tell, and he had more of his father's blood than his mother's in him. When I see him, so straight and good looking, so well dressed and carrying himself as if he were a gentleman, I wonder how he got done. I say that blood will tell every time. There's some folks that even having their whole family wiped out by the war went down, and that's the sort Dick's. My law, there's that bell again! Don't you want any more toast? Well, you'd better come down after awhile and we'll have a little luncheon. Now of boarders will be home before dinner time."

But one of the boarders did come in very soon. He had a forlorn box in his hand, and he walked quietly into Mrs. Miller's sitting room, where Francesca, looking a bit pale from her headache, but very sweet and gentle, was sitting. He laid the box on the table at her feet. "What's that?" "It's a box of books for you. I thought you'd like 'em. It's 'The English Face.'"

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ELSIE'S GRAY HAT

By Marvane Kennedy

"The gray hats aren't a very pretty shade this year," said the saleslady. "Brown would look well with your hair. Here's a beauty."

"I'll take this gray one," said Elsie, unheeding. In her own room she put the hat on and studied herself intently in the mirror. Brown would have been more becoming, she decided. She was too pale for gray now.

It had been six years since she had made that promise. It was just as she laid her hat on, "You look like a pink rose in that gray hat, darling," he had said. "I shall expect to see your dear face under just such a hat when I come home." So for six years, summer and winter, she had worn a gray hat, six years in which she had heard from him but twice and that shortly after he left.

But she believed in him, loved, excused him. Aweary sometimes, but never despairing, she remained steadfast. He had gone to Africa; that was so far away and offered so many fine excuses. She feared always for his safety, but never his constancy.

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Francesca slipped at her coffee without crying. "Seems as if I just must go myself, but Lizzie, she was set on taking the day off, and she's such a good help I didn't want to crowd her. But I do hate to miss going to the cemetery. Isn't it funny, Mr. Merrill and I coming from the same town? I knew just how he felt this morning when he said he'd go and decorate some graves. We always did it at home, with the G. A. R. at the head of the procession and the children carrying the flowers and wreaths. I didn't know anybody close in the war, as near as I can remember, but it meant a lot to Dick Merrill's folks."

"Isn't he ever told you?" Mr. Miller said in surprise. "Well, maybe he thought the war was a tender subject with you southerners. Why, his grand-father enlisted and took his three boys with him. All four of 'em are buried among the unknown dead somewhere south of the Mason and Dixon line. Mary Ann Merrill—that's Dick's moth-

er—somehow couldn't make things set up in the poor farm. Yes, there were plenty of folks that took to the poor farms after the war. But Dick, he wasn't the kind to stay there. Blood will tell, and he had more of his father's blood than his mother's in him. When I see him, so straight and good looking, so well dressed and carrying himself as if he were a gentleman, I wonder how he got done. I say that blood will tell every time. There's some folks that even having their whole family wiped out by the war went down, and that's the sort Dick's. My law, there's that bell again! Don't you want any more toast? Well, you'd better come down after awhile and we'll have a little luncheon. Now of boarders will be home before dinner time."

But one of the boarders did come in very soon. He had a forlorn box in his hand, and he walked quietly into Mrs. Miller's sitting room, where Francesca, looking a bit pale from her headache, but very sweet and gentle, was sitting. He laid the box on the table at her feet. "What's that?" "It's a box of books for you. I thought you'd like 'em. It's 'The English Face.'"

It was an American who, meeting an Englishman in a country hotel in the States, opened conversation sympathetically with the words: "Cheer up! It may not be true, and if it is true it will be all for the best. And he was it. He was glad of the rest, the day outdoors, the sunshine and pure air.

It was a pretty face the mirror held, a sweet, womanly face, with a happy gleam in the eyes. She turned away with a little sigh and went lightly down the steps into the street. It was a holiday, and school teaching was serious work with conscientious Elsie Wentworth.

"Where are you going, Elsie?" It was a man's voice and a man's eyes that gazed into hers, both telling their love for the slender creature in the gray hat. A rich glow came to her pale cheeks. So staid and determined, she felt afraid of him, afraid he would make her love him, make her faithless to poor, honest Dave.