



## Sleep on a Cool Bed.

Nothing looks so cool as a metal bed, enameled or brass—nothing so cool.

Now is the time to put aside the old wooden affair and install one of these artistic metal beds that allow of free air ventilation and have no crevices where dust and dirt can lodge.

The woven wire spring mattresses are the next thing to sleeping on air. The metal beds are just the thing for the hot summer nights—and the mortal foe of sleeplessness.

White Enameled Beds from \$3.50 to \$15.  
Brass Beds, from \$35.00 to \$50.00.

While you're looking at the beds see the other Furniture we have for the Bedroom—artistic Cheffoniers, with or without mirror—pretty Tables—light Rockers—everything to make the sleeping chamber a really restful and attractive room.

## BROWN & CO.

No. 136 North Main St., Butler.

## Trousers.

See display of Trousers this week. Are you hard to fit? Are you hard to please in patterns? Do you wear a stout, slim or regular? Do you want a nice peg top trouser? Do you want to save money? Do you want the best Trousers at the lowest price? Do you want the trouser that is made right in every way—style, pattern, fit, sewing, cut, wear? and at the right price? if so consider the above questions and find the right place.

## Douthett & Graham.

INCORPORATED.

## Mrs. J. E. ZIMMERMAN

50 beautiful fall size White Crochete Quilts on sale this week at \$1.38, former price \$2.00; don't fail to secure one of these bargains. GLOVES, HOSIERY, UNDERWEAR, NECKWEAR, BELTS. Beautiful elegance and comfort combined with modest prices. Mark the selections in our well-assorted stocks of above mentioned articles. C-B La Sporta Corsets, R. & G., Royal Worcester and Warner's Corsets 30c, 50c, \$1 up to \$4.

SHIRT WAIST SUITS Dainty and feminine, stylish and durable, are these beautiful shirt waist suits, made of silk, linen, lawn, pongee and mohair, all colors, also black and white. Price range, \$1.25, \$2.25, \$3.98, \$4.95, and up to \$55.

WHITE SHIRT WAISTS More elaborate and dressy than ever. Price range, 80c, 90c, \$1.45 up to \$3. You will find our waists all perfect-fitting, perfectly made; a size 36 will fit a 36 figure, and all sizes accurate up to 44.

STYLISH WASH GOODS 36-inch Shrink Cotton, recommended for shirt waist suits, 13c and 15c. 45-inch Cotton, recommended for shirt waist suits, 18c. Indian Linen, 6c, 8c, 10c, 12c, to 25c, a saving of 10 per cent. Persian Lawn, 15c, 20c, 25c up to 50c. French Linen, 10c and 15c. Sheer and 45 inches wide.

Fine French Organdies, white grounds, beautiful coloring, 10c to 50c. White linen for shirt waist suits, 36 in. wide at 25c, value 40c. White Linen for shirt waist suits, 36 inches, 45c, value 60c. Dimities, for shirt waists and Mousselines, Solitaires, 10c to 25c.

HABUTI, OR WASH SILKS 18-inch White Habuti Silk 35c, value 50c. 27-inch White Habuti Silk 35c, value 50c. 36-inch White Habuti Silk 45c, value 65c.

A handsome collection of fancy foulards and plain tafetas silks priced at 25c, 30c, 45c, 60c to 90c. Our plain tafetas silks in all the fashionable shades, including evening colors at 50c, equals any silks shown elsewhere at 75c.

MILLINERY Midsummer Hats, all the latest styles and newest ideas, are shown in our Millinery Parlors and at money saving prices. No need of looking all over town for what you want in millinery. Our assortment is larger, and more varied than we've ever shown. Note these very low prices. Stylish Trimmed Hats 98c up to \$1.00. Stylish Untrimmed Hats 50c up to \$1.00. Beautiful Ribbons 10c, 15c and 50c, three to six in bunch. Beautiful Ribbons 10c, 15c, 25c, 50c up to 90c a yd.

## Mrs. J. E. Zimmerman.

Butler, Pa.

GERMS CAUSE DISEASE—DISEASE CAUSES DEATH.

## CREOLOL

Is the Cheapest and BEST GERM KILLER and Purifier.

The Most Potent Germicide, Disinfectant and Insecticide Known to Science.

Ask Your Druggist or Address "ADISCO" 1021 Bessemer Building, PITTSBURG, PA.

## THE MODERN STORE—Surprising Summer Specials. Hot Weather Necessities.

This sweltering hot weather will make you appreciate the following special offers: Pretty Flowered Swisses and Batistes, 12 1/2 and 15c a yd. White Dotted Swisses, specials 15c and 20c a yd. Plain and Fancy White P. K's, 15c, 18c and 25c a yd. Shrink Muslin and Imitation Linen, 12 1/2 and 15c a yd. Manufacturers sample line Parasols 84¢ of regular prices. Call for a 12 page Fashion Book Free.

Greatest Cut in Millinery Yet. All Street Hats 50 per cent off. Your money counts double now.

EISLER-MARDORF COMPANY, 221 SOUTH MAIN STREET, BUTLER, PA. Samples sent on request.

## Bickel's Footwear.

A Grand Display of Fine Footwear in All the Latest Spring Styles.

We are showing many pretty styles in Ladies' Fine Shoes and Oxfords at prices sure to interest you.

Big bargains in Misses' and Children's Shoes.

Large stock of Men's and Boys' Fine Shoes and Oxfords in many styles.

Repairing promptly done.

## JOHN BICKEL

128 S. Main St., BUTLER, PA.

## MEN

Wont 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 it. They have their clothes made 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.

## Acme Washers

Do More Work, Better Work, With Less Work Than any other Washer on the market.

J. G. & W. CAMPBELL, BUTLER, PA.

## The Best Ever Offered.

From the Cloth Maker to the Wearer Men's Suits at a Saving of \$5. and even more.

Lot 3393 Black Dressy Suit (Tibet Cloth) Sale Price \$7.50 worth 14.00

Lot 3391 Fancy Worsted (very neat) Sale Price \$7.50 worth 12.00

Lot 3380 Black Clay for dress wear (all wool worsted) Sale Price \$7.00 worth 12.00

Lot 3435 Fancy Scotch mixed (all wool) Sale Price \$6.00 worth 10.00

Lot 3363 Scotch Tweed (all wool) Sale Price \$5.50 worth 9.00

Lot 3444 Black Cheviot (all wool) Sale Price \$5.00 worth \$8.50

Bring this advertisement with you and come to this store, and we will convince you of saving at least \$5 on every suit.

## PHILIP SCHAUL,

SUCCESSOR TO SCHAU & NAST, 197 South Main Street, Butler, Pa.

## Subscribe for the CITIZEN

## The Witch of Cragenstone

By ANITA CLAY MUNOZ.

Copyright, 1905, by Anita Clay Munoz. Author of "In Love and Truth"

CHAPTER XVII. About this time Hetty Taunston, having finished her evening task of washing the supper dishes and putting the kitchen in order, sat idly on a little bench beside the doorway of her home.

Reaching over, she plucked a handful, then, after bending an ear in the direction her mother had taken to visit a neighbor to assure herself that she was not returning, arranged the blossom coquettishly in the prim little knot of hair, saying softly: "When I hear her coming I'll throw them out. Happen she'll not stay long now darkness hath fallen."

Sounds of approaching footsteps crunched the earth heavily fell on her ears, causing the girl to put her hand to her head guiltily. Then as a merry tinkling broke out with an appearance of relief, leaving the roses untouched.

"Pah! 'Tis Simon!" she exclaimed. "I might ha' known the sound of his clumsy footstep. Love knows I ha' heard them often enough. The callant's forever a-passing!"

Presently Kemper reached the garden gate, passed and returned to the gloom, saw the glimmer of a white kerchief.

"Hetty, is't thou?" he said as he came toward her.

"Yes, Simon, who else did dreary me, pining all alone?" she said, rising with an affected sigh. "Wilt enter? The air is chill."

Stepping into the kitchen, she lighted a candle that stood in readiness on a small table, and setting two chairs near the doorway, motioned to her visitor, who stood hesitatingly at the threshold, to be seated and took the other one herself.

"Those pink roses become thee, Hetty," Simon ventured to remark, regarding the young woman admiringly. "I have just received a large stock of Spring and Summer suitings in the latest styles, shades and colors."

Under the warmth of his glance Hetty flushed slightly. "Mother would be angry at a side remark like that," she said. "For a time a silence fell between them, both looking out of doors at the peaceful night."

Then Simon observed: "At home now when I sit before the door alone o' nights I look at my bushes hanging full of rose blossoms and think how a woman about the house could make good use of them to beautify herself. As 'tis with a sentimental sigh and a nervous wriggle, 'they wither and die away, the petals blown hither and thither by the wind.'"

Under the glimmer of the candle his round face wore a pensive expression.

Hetty tossed her head as if she did not understand the meaning of his words, exclaiming with distinguished ferocity: "There's Sarah Ann Duganle, Simon. She maketh her boasts on her lere for flowers. Hange 'thou couldst get her woe thy blossom."

Kemper shook his head. "I'm truv, my mind dwelt not on good Sarah," he said, sighing again. "Nay, Hetty, 'tis I warrant thee that the spirit that doth disturb my peace—a little black eel maid as pretty and as graceful as—"

Hetty, who had been listening to his words with an alert, suspicious look on her face, grew quite fidgety as she saw him mentally casting about for a suitable comparison.

"Nay, 'tis I warrant thee that the spirit that doth disturb my peace—a little black eel maid as pretty and as graceful as—"

At her words the enthusiasm on Kemper's countenance faded away. "I was but thinking on my little young heifer, Hetty, so lost the run o' my words," he concluded lamely.

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for the burning sun, but above the horizon not a speck of white could the eye discover.

Josiah Taunston, his homespun shirt of linen thrown open at the neck and his broad brimmed hat pulled down over his eyes, came through the woods with quick strides, his feet crunching down the dry twigs with a crackling sound as he walked. A young robin, having injured its wing in falling out of the nest, fluttered and chirped in his path, and the man, half frantic, called sharp, shrill instructions from a tree near by. With an imprecation Josiah kicked the maimed bird out of his path, killing it, and strode on without even a backward look. Nor did he appear to see the mother bird, who in her pain and anguish swooped up and down wildly in all directions, or to hear her shrieks of agonizing sorrow.

Matters of importance having taken up his time, it was late in the day, almost at the hour of noon, when Taunston, somewhat tired, reached the spring brook that ran by the door of old Adam Browdie, the goldsmith. Removing his hat and wiping the beads of perspiration from his forehead, he came to the bank and, making a receptacle of the hollow of his hand, proceeded to quench his thirst. The goldsmith, having observed him from the window, hastened toward him with a pewter mug.

"Good mornin, Master Taunston. Happen thou'rt not get enough in thy hand," he said. "Hot days make dry throats."

"I had a tankard of ale at the tavern, but that papist of a Frenchman, who doth intrude himself here a-dancing after my cousin, Margaret Mayland, with an eye, I trow, to the possession of her estate, lounged about the rooms with such an air of insolent effrontery, walked past me once or twice so close that he fairly trod upon my toes, acting, sooth to say, as if he desired me to take open offense at his bad manners, clanked his sword and appeared so anxious for it to admire his suit of gauzy finery that I was almost vomited with disgust, and man, I could scarce get breath until I had put a distance between us."

The goldsmith, evidently busy, had resumed his seat on his bench and was followed closely by Taunston, who now took the subject of his favorite grievance was not inclined to go on in this way until he had unbosomed himself to his neighbor; so, taking a lounging position in the doorway, he prepared to go on with the recital of his wrongs when suddenly he made a sharp exclamation, his glance having fallen on a finely wrought chain of gold from which was hanging a small cross that was being forged together by the skillful hands of the goldsmith.

Adam raised his eyes to his visitor's face in surprise. "Happen thou'rt not aught for another journey, as I said?" he asked sternly. "Nay," he answered, "but anguish for thee, Adam, that thou in this ignorance hadst been induced to handle a devil's magic such as thou holdst in thy hands."

"The goldsmith, having completed his task, held up the chain in bewilderment. "This? Why, 'tis the property of thy beautiful cousin, Mistress Mayland," he answered, "who left it with me more than a fortnight since; but mine arm being stiff with a sprain I received the day it came, I had never a chance before to mend it."

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plunged his forehead heavily, then stood still, uncertain whether to advance or retreat. Margaret, seeing his confusion, beckoned him to approach.

"What is this errand, good lad?" "Tis thy trinket, Mistress Margaret, that my gran'ther, Adam Browdie, the goldsmith, hadt mended for thee, an' with your leave, mistress—timidly giving her the parcel—the didt instruct me to say exactly what hadt mended it before hadt it not been for the inconvenience of a sprain."

La Fabienne, who had unfasted the workman's critically.

"Tis finely wrought and jointed together skilfully, Margaret," he said. "Here, lad," showing Christopher a gold piece; "here's a crown for thy gran'ther's trouble."

The boy, much pleased, caught the gold piece, doffed his cap and walked away. Just then a flash of lightning streaked the sky, but he did not heed it, thickly covered with black clouds, followed by a low rumbling sound of thunder, causing the boy to pause and look about him doubtfully.

Margaret, who had called to him to remain; to go back and wait in the kitchen with the maids until the storm was over, but Christopher shook his head and, muttering that the goldsmith would be angry if he delayed, ran down to the turnstile, sprang over it, and hurriedly deciding that the path through the forest would be the quickest way home, plunged straight into the thicket, and sought the shelter of the trees when a patterring sound was heard, and the rain beat down in great drops. Then the wind rose in a wild fury, the tall trees bent and swayed, tending with its rough strength, and the grass and vines were swept down even with the earth.