

THE MODERN STORE. FOR WINTER BLASTS.

Blankets, Light, Medium and Heavy. A Big Rush for Winter Millinery. Blanket time is here for sure and here is the place to get them right.

EISLER-MARDORF COMPANY, 221 Samples sent on request. OPPOSITE HOTEL ARLINGTON, BUTLER, PA.

Immense Clothing Purchase and Sale

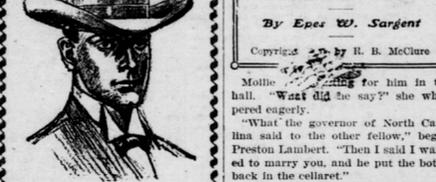
By one of the most remarkable and largest deals ever known to the trade we can offer extraordinary Men's suit values. A prominent Eastern manufacturer, who had been favorably known as the producer of dependable and stylish clothing, found that owing to the backward season, he had entirely too large a stock of Suits on hand.

These suits are in the latest color effects and are absolutely the thing. We are offering these ultra modish suits far below what you would expect to pay. The coats are the very newest sack effects, cut to conform to fashion's ideas and in a way which insures a correct fit.

If the positive saving of \$4 to \$8 in getting a Fall Suit is any object to you—do not miss this sale.

SCHAUL & LEVY, SUCCESSOR TO SCHAUL & NAST, 137 South Main Street, Butler, Pa.

LAMBERT'S LINEAGE



SOFT HAT TIME.

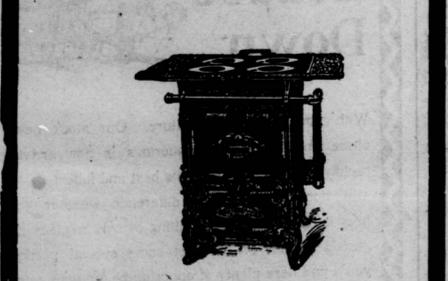
The soft hat is a luxury of luxuries for fall. Soft hats are here in the popular browns, pearls, fawn and black. Alpines and the low crowns that may be worn creased, dented or telescoped.

We are showing the new stiff hats. Have a dozen different styles.

New fall neckwear that is just a little different from the others that you know.

Jno. S. Wick, HATTER AND FURNISHER, 345 S. Main St., (J. Stein Building), Two Doors North of Willard Hotel.

Kelsey, Crown, Boomer FURNACES.



Coal and Slack Heaters, Gas and Coal Ranges and Gas Stoves. 1904 Washers, Sewing Machines, Needles for all makes of Sewing Machines. Sewing Machines repaired. Roofing and Spouting, and House Furnishing Goods.

Henry Biehl, 122 N. Main St. Phone 404.

MEN

Don't buy clothing for the purpose of spending money. They desire to get the best possible results of the money expended.

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

When a Woman Needs Notions

She usually wants them at once. Our notion counter is filled with the little things that go with dress making and repairing. Buttons, tapes, seam bindings, pins, dress shields, hooks and eyes, needles—all the countless articles are here for immediate delivery.

UNDERWEAR.

We've kept our eyes open for chances to obtain the sort of underwear that's going to fit well, feel well and wear well—and yet be sold at prices you'll approve.

L. Stein & Son, 108 N. MAIN STREET, BUTLER, PA.

WHY You can save money by purchasing your piano of W. NEWTON, "The Piano Man."

The expense of running a Music Store is as follows: Rent, per annum \$750.00; Clerks, per annum \$312.00; Lights, Heat and incidentals \$194.00.

MY PATRONS ARE MY REFERENCE. A few of the people I have sold pianos in Butler. Ask them.

- Dr. McCurdy Bricker, Fred Porter, Fraternal Order Eagles, E. W. Bingham, Geo. D. High, W. J. Mann, J. S. Thompson, Joseph Woods, Mrs. Mary L. Stroup, W. C. Curry, F. J. Hancock, Mrs. Emma Hughes, A. W. Hester, Mrs. R. Williams, Mrs. R. G. Bambaugh, Chas. E. Hart.

L. Stein & Son

108 N. MAIN STREET, 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 when in need of anything in the Drug Line and we are sure you will call again.

Purvis' Pharmacy, S. G. PURVIS, PH. G., 213 S. Main St., Butler, Pa.

FALL SUITS

We can save you money on your fall suit and fit you as well as the best and highest-priced city tailors.

C. P. JOHNSTON & SON, CUSTOM TAILORS, PROSPECT, PENNA.

Gibson's Livery (old May & Kennedy stand), First-class horses and rigs. Excellent boarding accommodations.

Holt's Greenhouses, E. M. HOLT & Co. PROP'RS, Salesroom 247 S. Main Street.

Zuver Studio, Has added a full line of amateur Photo Supplies, Cameras, Films, Dry Plates, Developers, Printing out and developing papers.

Anti-Trust Goods, At about one half what you have been paying.

Quality Guaranteed, As good if not better than the Trust goods.

Zuver Studio, 215 S. Main St., Butler.

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

Bickel's Fall Footwear.

Largest Stock and Most Handsome Styles of Fine Footwear we have ever shown.

SOROSIS SHOES. Twenty Fall Styles—Dongola, Patent Kid and Fine Calf Shoes made in the latest up-to-date styles.

Bargains in School Shoes. High-top copper-toe shoes for Boys and good water proof School Shoes for Girls.

Rubber and Felt Goods. Our stock of Rubber and Felt Goods is extremely large and owing to the large orders which we placed we were able to get very close prices and are in a position to offer you the lowest prices for best grades of Felt and Rubber Goods.

JOHN BICKEL, 128 S. 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.

Subscribe for the CITIZEN

OLD TIME MYSTERIES

SOME RIDDLES IN LIFE THAT HAVE NEVER BEEN SOLVED. Lands and Peoples That Are Supposed to Have Disappeared—The Legend of the Lost Atlantis—The Ancient Pygmies of Tennessee.

The public appetite craves nothing so much as a riddle, a secret to guess, but nowadays every man's life is so full of mystery, and we live so much out of doors from the cradle to the grave that very few facts of history can be kept hidden.

"It was my own fault," groaned the old man. "I set up for myself as a scholar, placing in the hands of my children, and upon my own shoulders my selfishness has recoiled."

"He pressed a button and the well trained butler presently entered noiselessly. 'Ask Miss Gordon to come to the library,' you told her. Will you?"

"Not unless you think I ought to," "I must brave it out," said Gordon with a wan smile. "Let it lie a second before ourselves."

"Man is Nature's Enemy." "Man," said Professor Lankester in his Romanes lecture at Oxford, "is nature's rebel." Natural selection having, as supposed, lifted him from so low a material to his present high estate is now believed by many of its advocates to be a failure as regards raising him any higher.

"I have family trees," breathed the girl vehemently. "I wish dad never had heard of doing 'the little more.'"

"Oh, well," said Lambert cheerfully. "We can't chop the infernal tree down. I'll have to study forestry and learn how to grow one."

"Did he say you could marry me if you did?" she asked joyously. "He said that for the sake of the race he wanted his daughter to marry a man as noble born as herself. Her eye of lightning fastened on the man in an English duke, with a pedigree as long as a snake's tail."

"I won't be a duchess," Mollie protested. "I want to be Mrs. Preston Lambert."

"And so you shall," he declared. "I'll have a family tree as tall as a coccinella backed up here on a truck inside of three months."

"It took me three years and a half to get this together," she dissented. "That's all right," laughed Lambert, stooping to kiss her. "I'm a wonder what I get started on."

Mollie followed him to the door and watched him swing down the street. Then she went into the now deserted library and gained some consolation from the elaborate decorative design whereby the Gordon ancestry was traced in a direct line to royal blood.

More than one small fortune had been spent upon the tree, and it was well known that the Gordon family had derived from his father had been nothing to him until this ancestral line had been discovered. He thought of James Gordon's son, Gordon the older had been a "forty-niner" and had left vast stores of mineral wealth to his son and a faint recollection of his grandfather.

Robert Gordon's best friend, an attorney, had been the first to announce his first attention upon becoming the heir to the fortune was given to work on his historical records.

None of them had been successful until Gottfried Schackmeister had picked up the scent, and in due course delivered to his client letters and other documents to prove that the Gordons were a branch on an English line, and had not only taken him more than three years, but also involved traveling far and wide. Gordon, however, had not grumbled either time or money, but was less hating from which before Lambert sought a formal interview with Gordon.

"I have that tree you wanted," he announced lightly as he was ushered into the study. "I have the 'national anthem' composed and played before him by the imperial band next morning. There was night work for everybody concerned in Tehran that night, but I have it ready to go."

"Don't you remember," reminded Lambert, "that you said I could not marry Mollie man whose name has come thundering down the ages to blame my existence upon?"

"I recall saying that it was a duty of mine to marry her," said Lambert. "I had a small fortune which he extracted old volumes, time stained parchments, papyrus and what not."

"I find," he rattled on, "that I am directly descended from the Pharaohs." Gordon rose angrily. "This is an insult," he stormed, "to come here with this absurd collection of forgeries which you presume to tell me are records of my ancestors more than 2,000 years 'nd collected by you within three months. Will you leave or shall I have to call the butler?"

"Hadn't better call Peters," urged Lambert. "I hate to do it, but I want to marry Mollie. Let me marry her and I'll ignore the fact that my family runs farther back than yours."

"Never!" shouted Gordon. "I would see her dead first!" "On your own head be it then," said Lambert. "Here goes for a confession. I made these records myself. I know you come here and have the affront to compare them to my own authenticated documents."

"I am some of those too," said Lambert. "There was something in his manner that bore conviction. Gordon dropped into a chair. 'How?' he gasped feebly. 'Do you remember,' he asked, 'that some years ago I was suspended from college for a cheating scrape?' 'Yes,' whispered Gordon. 'Well, the paper shut down on the funds. I did not want to bother my sister (mother was dead, you know), and I earned some money writing for the papers. 'I could not get a regular job, but I picked up a dollar or two from the Sunday edition. One day they put me on the track of a man who was supposed to have forged a manuscript. He was not the culprit, but he was sorry for me and gave me a good story on how it was done. 'He let me make a fake script myself, and somehow I seemed to be doing this usually clever at it. It isn't a part of my history I'm proud of, but 'No!' replied the man; 'this is merely a bridal path.' Philadelphia Press.

BITS FROM THE OUTDOORS.

The generosity and forbearance of the poor are to me astonishing—Mrs. Craigie. I can conceive of no more degrading profession for a woman than the profession of husband hunting—Jerome K. Jerome.

If only we could emancipate ourselves from the perpetual fear of the opinion of others how splendidly free life would become—Robert Hichens. There is no power without clothes. It is the power that governs the human race. A policeman in plain clothes is one man; in his uniform he is ten—Mark Twain.

No one is ever bored unless he is comfortable. That's the great principle. There isn't time for it. You cannot be bored and something else at the same time—E. Benson.

Very few girls in the present day require books with imagination. I wrote books for them which would have delighted me at their age, but nowadays the majority of girls read boys' books.—Katherine Trahan.

A POOR FILTER.

Why One Central American Town Had Bad Drinking Water. Here is an incident that illustrates the unexpected difficulties which are sometimes met in face in certain regions of Central America: From a certain large lake an important town drew its supply of water. By means of powerful steam driven pumps the water was drawn from the lake through a strong iron pipe, which, after running some eighty or ninety yards into the lake from the shore, ended in an upward turn, a short arm bent at right angles to the pipe and rising to within a few feet of the surface. Suddenly an epidemic visited the town in the midst of the summer. The epidemic was threatening. It was decided to straightway pull up the streets and expose the main pipes and conduits.

The system was laid bare, from the outbreak of the town to the very shores of the lake, but the minutest examination failed to reveal any suspicious feature. Then, almost at their feet, the ground beneath the water was found to be a soft mud. A huge alligator had been drawn toward the mouth of the main by the very strong influx, and, being unable to release itself from the suction, had remained there until it died, and thus, for goodness knows how long, all the water consumed in the town had first filtered through the decomposed carcass of the alligator.

HUMANITY'S HUNGRERS.

What They Are and the Ages at Which They First Appear. Professor Earl Barnes is authority for the following list of "human hungerers" and the ages at which they can first be noticed: Hunger for food and drink—infancy. Hunger for action—infancy. Hunger for knowledge—infancy. Hunger for companionship—six weeks. Hunger for property—two years. Hunger for beauty—two years. Hunger for reasoning—seven years. Hunger for worship—thirteen years. Hunger for righteousness—fifteen years.

The natural desire for food and drink is strongest, said the professor, at birth. After twenty the appetite should, if not mistused, become less and less till at seventy a man or woman ought to require only one small meal a day.

The "hunger" for property is very strong at about fifteen—the "collecting" age, when boys will amass anything. Zooloogy, for instance, is all other "hungerers" fall the "property hunger" still exists, and a man is most likely to be a miser when he is nearest his grave.

The "hunger" for beauty—that is, the real "beauty hunger," which means the admiration of art for art's sake—is the most uncommon of all—London Express.

The Defects of Memory.

With the mass of men it is unquestionable that one fact drives out another, and it is thought that the most learned person carries in his mind more details of knowledge when fifty years old than he carried at twenty. It is only that he carries different things. The great lawyer, for instance, obliged to retain in his memory all the minutiae of the most complex case, with the facility of hopeless defect should one fact drop out of place in the chain of his mental voyage, may very likely have to enter on another case by wholly forgetting the first one. He can no more carry it all with him than he can carry the knowledge by which he perceives gradated summa cum laude from college ten years before—so, in finance, chemistry or the differential calculus—Atlantic.

Drawn In.

Hanson—How did you come to marry the widow Bonceur instead of her daughter? I thought it was the daughter you were after. Janson—Well, so I was, to tell the truth, but when I asked Marie to marry me one day she said, 'Ask mamma,' and when I started to do it I started so with nervousness that mamma said 'Yes' before I had the question out.

The Doctor Prescribes.

Jimson—Doctor, I'm getting too stout for comfort, and I want your advice. Doctor—Nothing reduces flesh like worry. Spend two hours a day thinking of the unpaid bill you owe me.

Still Worse.

He—I know lots of women who haven't any sense of humor. She—Well, what of it? I know lots of men who haven't any sense at all—Detroit Free Press.

Contentment gives a crown where fortune hath denied it—Ford.

A Real English Joke.

Leopards, it is stated, are becoming unpleasantly numerous in the neighborhood of Simla. Two of them recently lay in wait for the mail cart, but fortunately they were spotted—London Punch.