

**THE MODERN STORE.**  
**NEW GOODS AND NEW PRICES.**  
**GRAND SHOWING IN MILLINERY DEPARTMENT**  
 We are now showing our new fall stock of dress goods, silks, trimmings, waists, flannelettes, blankets, comforts, etc. Most complete stock of underwear and hosiery for women, children and men.  
 Ladies' Home Journal Patterns for October here, best patterns made. 10c and 15c each. Get a monthly Style Book free. Large Quarterly Style Book 15c each.  
**THE FINEST MILLINERY EVER SHOWN.**  
 Our millinery opening last week was a great success. Special showing in this department this week, handsomest assortment of hats we ever had. We can surely please you.

**EISLER-MARDORF COMPANY,**  
 FURNITURE OF QUALITY,  
 Successors to Brown & Co. 136 N. Main Cor. Main and Mifflin St.

SOUTH MAIN STREET  
 POSTOFFICE BOX 221  
 OPPOSITE HOTEL ARLINGTON, BUTLER, PA.

**BUTLER Business College**

New Positions and Changes Reported Since Sept. 1st.

J. H. Alexander, bookkeeper, wholesale grocery company, Pittsburg; H. G. Freehling, bookkeeper, Press Steel Car Co., McKees Rocks, Pa.; Wm. Foster, stenographer, American Bridge Co., Pittsburg; Lowry Waters, bookkeeper, White Furniture Co., Allegheny; Luitia Rine, stenographer, W. S. Arnold & Co., Real Estate, Pittsburg; Bertha Murland, bookkeeper, Blair County Hospital, Hollidaysburg, Pa.; Jean Graham, stenographer, with Geo. Walker & Sons, Butler; Sadie McCollough, stenographer, Butler Street Passenger Railway Co.; Butler; Carrie Gerner, stenographer, Butler Wood Fibre Plant Co., Butler; Yonnie people, if PAYS to attend a school that gets RESULTS. May enter ANY time. Best dates, Monday, the first of each month, Jan. 3d and first Monday in April. Catalog free. Correspondence solicited.

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

**CAMPBELL'S GOOD FURNITURE.**

The largest and most complete stock of Furniture, Carpet, Wall Paper, Lace Curtains, Dinner Sets, Ranges, Stoves, and in fact every thing in the line of House Furnishings that this store has ever shown will be on display this month.

White the stock of fine furniture will be large, the popular priced lines will be more complete than ever.

The price of each piece is marked in plain figures, and we invite you to come in and look around.

**Alfred A. Campbell**

**Bit "Nippy" Isn't It?**

These cool nights and chilly mornings make you think of putting camphor balls in your summer oxfords and getting your feet into warmer covering.

A powerful lobby, well supplied with money and arguments, was on hand to save the job for the state. The opponents of the railroad scheme sat down with Abe Hewson and tried to make him understand. They found him dense, but realized that the best bet was to concede. They contented themselves by telling him that it was his duty to vote against the bill. It was clear enough to Abe that day, but not so clear the next. The lobby had got after him.

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**B. C. Huselton,**  
 Opp. Hotel Lowry. 102 N. Main Street.

**Fall and Winter Millinery.**  
 Everything in the line of Millinery can be found, the right thing at the right time at the right price at

**ROCKENSTEIN'S**  
 Phone 656. 148 S. Main St.

**Try The CITIZEN FOR JOB WORK**

**BE SURE YOU COME, Don't Miss it. It Will Pay You.**

**SCHAUL & LEVY**  
 187 South Main Street. Butler, Pa.

**TO KNOW**  
 that you are getting full value and at a reasonable price must bring satisfaction to the heart of every woman.

That is why our customers always return, once gained never lost seems to be the rule of this store.

Then again another demand we make upon our salesmen is courtesy, no sharp, curt replies or unwillingness to display goods will be tolerated in this store.

Now just think of the value of such pieces of furniture as these, and the ridiculously low prices. Asked for them at the store that saves you money.

**Patterson Bros.**  
 FURNITURE OF QUALITY,  
 Successors to Brown & Co. 136 N. Main Cor. Main and Mifflin St.

**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 for fall.

**Men's Shoes**—Showing all the latest styles in Men's fine shoes. All leathers, \$2.00 to \$6.00. Complete stock of Boys', Youths' and Little Gents' Fine Shoes.

**Bargains in School Shoes**—High-cut copper toe shoes for boys, and good waterproof school shoes for girls.

Large stock of Women's Heavy Shoes in Kangaroo-calf and oil-grain for country wear.

**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 Felts and Rubber Goods.

An immense business enables us to name the very lowest prices for reliable footwear. When in need of any thing in our line give us a call.

**JOHN BICKEL**  
 128 S. Main St., BUTLER, PA.

**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 no one to blame but themselves for not correct in style and to demand of the seller to guarantee everything. Come to us and there will be nothing lacking. We have just received a large stock of FALL and WINTER suitings in the latest styles, shades and colors.

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

**Good Enough Fall Styles**

is not good enough these days. Ready-to-wear clothes have got to be better than that. They must bear the severest tests. They must retain their shape and must be perfect in style, fit and workmanship.

now in, and they are perfect. We want your business, that is why we are the early bird. Anything in style and pattern your heart may desire. Hamburger, Clothcraft and Horseshoe Clothes ready for you at

**Douthett & Graham.**  
 INCORPORATED.

**DON'T FAIL TO ATTEND**

**The 30 Day Clearance Sale of Clothing, Underwear, Shirts, Hats, Trunks, etc.,**  
 Which is now Going on at  
**Schaul & Levy,**  
 137 South Main St., Butler.

Prices have never been so low as they are at this General Clearance Sale of all goods in the store.

**BE SURE YOU COME, Don't Miss it. It Will Pay You.**

**SCHAUL & LEVY**  
 187 South Main Street. Butler, Pa.

**When the Votes Tied**  
 By CLAUDE PAURARES  
 Copyright, 1906, by W. R. Caldwell

It was an off year in politics—that is, it was a bad year for the politicians. The elections had taken the bit in their teeth and run away, and the dried nominees had failed to become candidates. It was because of this that Abe Hewson had been elected to the leading for campaign expenses in his district. When his friends and neighbors had talked of nominating him he had replied:

"Shoddy! Why, I ain't got no eddication!"

"Don't you reckon you need any to be a honest man?"

"The best gab the better. Been too much talk already."

"But them eddicated critters will git me all tangled up at night."

"Nobody can't tangle up a square man."

Abe Hewson was nominated and elected. He didn't have to pay out a shilling for campaign expenses, and he didn't make any promises. They knew him throughout his district as an honest man. They said of him as they said of a January coonskin—that was "prime."

His wife was not puffed up with pride over his nomination. She had little to say during the campaign. It was only when he came home and told her that he was elected that she motioned him to sit down and then said:

"Abe Hewson, nobody could tell you that wasn't an honest man when I married you."

"I was tryin' to walk straight, Tilda."

"For ten years you was buyin' and sellin' news. Abe, did you ever lie and cheat in that business?"

"Drat me, but I was so squar' that I couldn't make a livin' at it."

"For six or seven years you have been buyin' and sellin' news and wood-chuck skins. Have you been a liar and a cheat?"

"No, Tilda. I could have lied once and made \$3 on a Yankin, but I shet my teeth hard agin it."

"You kin borrow a dollar of most any man, can't you?"

"Reckon so."

"An' a man has got your word he depends on it?"

"Pears that way."

"An' all this is why you've been elected?"

"It's cause you're a good name; it's cause you're a square man. Abe, we uns is pore folks. We ain't eddicated. Planners and silks and broadcloths are not for sich as us. We squared you over the years ago, and we'll stay squatted till the end. I ain't makin' the least complaint over it. I don't believe I'd care to be rich and have grand things. I'm satisfied to go right along just like this, but don't flink us down, Abe—don't."

"What d'ye mean, Tilda?" he asked.

"I ain't much of a reader, but I can make out 'uff in our weekly paper to know that heaps of men are willin' to part with their money for a good name in the world. Don't part with yours, you are goin' 'war' you'll be tempted, but shet your teeth agin it. I'm holdin' my head high and feelin' just as good as any one on the green sward, not because we've got money, Abe, but because you are a square man. If you should lose that name you'd lose me. I'm holdin' you as tight as a wife can, but I'm speakin' mighty straight when I tell you that if so much as a whisper should come back here that you had any one on the green sward, I'd walk off and starve to die in the woods rather than live on with you."

"An' I wouldn't be blamin' you, Tilda," quietly replied Abe as he went out to walk toward the door.

Abe Hewson went down to the capital of the state in fear and trembling. He was marked down by certain members and lobbyists as a good thing, but they gave him time to shake himself down into his place. There were axes to grind on every hand, but it was the cool men who had the largest. They wanted a check for a hundred dollars to certain undeveloped mines. It wasn't a line to build up the country and accommodate the people, but to bring coal out to market. They wanted to get the state lands to recoup themselves.

A powerful lobby, well supplied with money and arguments, was on hand to save the job for the state. The opponents of the railroad scheme sat down with Abe Hewson and tried to make him understand. They found him dense, but realized that the best bet was to concede. They contented themselves by telling him that it was his duty to vote against the bill. It was clear enough to Abe that day, but not so clear the next. The lobby had got after him.

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and the members against the bill they had soon been reduced to a state of uncertainty. The time in the history of the legislature an ignorant but honest "coonskin" member held the balance of power with the most important bill of two decades in the balance.

Quietly enough, the lobbyists had not resorted to direct bribery in Abe's case. They might argue and cajole and throw hints of rewards, but they felt afraid to go further. Both sides felt that he was trying to figure things out for himself and then cast his vote as conscience dictated.

The day finally came when the bill was to be put on its final passage. It would be a tie vote every one was assured. Abe Hewson was in his seat, pale, nervous and hesitating between two opinions. He was no nearer a decision in his own mind than a week before. Some preliminary business was being transacted when a messenger called him out. Just outside the doors he found his wife. She had on her poke bonnet and heavy coat and called to him to get ready for the sport of a crowd for the last ten minutes. It was thirty-six miles over the rough mountain road to the log cabin that she had walked all night. She had never seen such crowds, never beheld such buildings, never looked so many men in the face.

"Gawd, Tilda, but you yer!" exclaimed Abe as he laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Yes, Abe."

"But what for? What dun bring you?"

"That railroad bill, Abe. I've been readin' it right along, and I've dun present the bill to the house."

"And—"

"Prayin' to Gawd, Abe—prayin' that he might dun gimme light to see my way clear and make you see yours. The light come yesterday, Gawd, and I dun wants you to vote agin that railroad and still be an honest man. I've walked all night to get here and tell you that I was skeered by the darkness, and I'm skeered by the people. They are laughin' at me now. I'd never have come, Abe—I'd never have come in this livin' world if I had had 'em dun with me."

"Half an hour later the bill was put on its passage, and one of the messages going over the wires to people in the city was:

"Railroad bill knocked into a cocked hat. Abe Hewson's wife did it."

**THE IRISH POTATOS**

Fairies still play a prominent part in the life and belief of the Irish people. It is lucky to slip milk, a servant assured her mistress when she once asked her to take care of the milk. "You will be pleased with 't' sup yer' lavin' them," she added. It was the same servant, says a writer in the Standard Magazine, who told that the good folk were very delat in their habits and would not touch anything that was soiled or dirty.

"Let me see," she continued. "Me own little nephew in the County Tipperary, a lovely young boy of three went out to the fields one day and was all in 't' milk. He called in a woman who had 't' name of 'bein' wise, an' she told me sister 't' fairies was takin' 't' child. I do' asked me sister."

"Sister him wild dirt," said 't' woman. "For whatever's anyway dirty 't' fairies will be pleased with 't' sup yer' lavin' them," she added. It was the same servant, says a writer in the Standard Magazine, who told that the good folk were very delat in their habits and would not touch anything that was soiled or dirty.

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**MAKING A CUP OF TEA**  
 THE WAY TO GET THE THEINE AND AVOID THE TANNIN.

**Dark Liquid Does Not Mean Excellence, and the Darker the Liquid is the More Evil Are Its Effects. Chinese Tea is Said to Be the Best.**

Perhaps I may be allowed to make some comments on a subject that is of interest to all homes—namely, a cup of tea and the making of it. The first proposition is that the dark color of tea does not mean excellence, the second that the darker the liquid is the more evil are its effects and the third that the best tea is Chinese. These are the opinions of an importer. It is a worth noting, I think, that they are also the scientific opinions and, further, that this is a case where doctors agree. What must properly be described as the pharmacology of tea is simple and well understood, and as it concerns every one it may be briefly discussed here.

For practical purposes tea consists of two things, the first being tannic acid, also known as tannin, and the second being theine, also known as caffeine. Let us consider each of these. The tannin or tannic acid, occurs in the tea leaf, as in so many other plants. It is less readily soluble than the theine and is much less readily absorbed from the Chinese leaf than from the Indian, the latter, together with the Cingalese, containing much more of this substance.

Tannic acid has attractions for the palate except in the case of people who like a little bitterness, and it has no action on the nervous system, none of it being absorbed by the body. Its action upon the tissues with which it comes into immediate contact is wholly deleterious. I do not say that it is necessarily serious, but that action there is to be wholly had. Notably does it interfere with the digestibility of foodstuffs. Plainly, therefore, a chief concern in the production of the best beverage from tea should be reduction of the tannic acid to a minimum. This is to be accomplished, first, by using the leaf which contains least of it, and, secondly, by sharply limiting the length of the infusion. It has been clearly proved that practically all the theine that can be obtained from the leaf is obtained in the first three minutes, whereas the amount of tannin increases markedly even between the

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**The Girl and the Davenport**  
 By FANNIE HEASLIP LEA  
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In the twilight of a secondhand shop on Royal street Van Holden saw her first. She came toward him down an aisle of shadow between old mahogany sideboards and dusty armchairs and laid her gray-gloved hand upon one end of a quaint davenport on whose other end rested the hand of Van Holden.

"This davenport," she said to the shopkeeper, "is the one you reserved for me, is it not?"

"Pardon me," said Van Holden firmly—the davenport was genuine mahogany and of a good shape—"I have just bought it."

The shopkeeper, a little creole with visible eyes and a fierce mustache, looked from one to the other.

"Miss one," he murmured politely, "it is your good davenport?"

"You promised yesterday afternoon," she said with icy dignity, "to reserve it for me. I must have it. I wish it upholstered in the green rep you showed me, and I want it by Thursday morning."

"Pardon me"—Van Holden began again.

She ignored his existence and drew a card from her case of make-up.

"Here is my address," she said, scribbling something here and there, and will give you a check on delivery of the davenport. Eighty dollars I think you said?"

Van Holden's sense of humor, assisted by the pleasing picture of pale hair and gray eyes in a cool pale face against a background of cobwebbed walls, began to rise.

"I was to have had it for fifty," he suggested plaintively.

"I will give you eighty for it," she said to the shopkeeper. And her face was noticeably less stern.

"It is a very good davenport," said the shopkeeper, twisting his fierce mustache. "I pay him dollar for it, but I take eighty. Yes, I take eighty."

"Oh, you do?" said Van Holden sarcastically. "What about the fifty I'm giving you? I suppose you take that too? Now, see here, my man." He smoothed out the check between his fingers.

"If you have paid for it," said the lady icily, "I shall of course not take it. I had not understood it."

"Pray do not consider me in the matter," said Van Holden, with equal promptness. "I shall not take it now."

He thrust the check into his vest pocket as the shopkeeper's dirty fingers closed clawlike over the lady's card.

"Photograph in green rep? Vanish! I lose \$20, yes—but you take it—I keep my word."

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**LOSS IN POTATO CROP.**

As the country becomes older parasitic diseases and insects multiply. While in the great potato lands of the west the plant grows luxuriantly and may be but little injured by blight or insects, in some other sections these often cause the loss of one-half of what the land would produce without them, and farmers have become so used to this loss that they do not see the damage and count this half crop a full crop. The accompanying cut (after Coburn) shows an entire healthy potato plant. When one recalls in comparison with this the plants so often seen, blighted by fungus diseases, the great lessening of the crop is made more apparent. Late blight is the last enemy of the season to be reckoned with.

One of the most serious results of the late blight is the decay of the tubers following an attack of this disease. The rotting begins before the potatoes are dug and may continue after they are stored. The early blight is not associated with rotting of the potatoes.

From observations made at the Ohio experiment station it would seem that the early blight, if spraying, hoeing and digging are practiced, may be prevented. The damage from the late than from the early blight.

The station reports that in 1905 on plots that had already been sprayed

**THE ROMANCE OF LISBON.**

Of Lisbon itself and beautiful Cintra it is scarce necessary to write. Montague Shore in his book, "The Pleasant Story of Portugal," says: "I believe there is only one other European capital that can compare with Lisbon in point of situation and splendor of appearance, and that that is Porto." The resemblance seems to have struck other travelers besides myself. Certainly when the morning mists are clinging to the shores, partly screening the towers and the towers and the towers, Lisbon does seem like an enchanted city. What could one say more of it?

**DUDES OF OTHER TIMES.**

**Dress of a Dandy of the Early Nineteenth Century.**

A cure for the confirmed rafter against modern dress might be a course of inspection through a file of old fashion magazines or the perusal of such accounts as are given by the author of "Sketches of Lynn." The description is that of a suit worn in the first part of the nineteenth century. The boots were an important article of dress. The toes were made as broad as the ball of the foot, with the corners well rounded, giving the shoe the resemblance to the snout of a shovel and required strong straps. They were very snug and gaped along the top. In order to get into a fashionable pair the heel of the stockings was soaked and some pulverized soap sprinkled into the boot. The length of time it took to get one on depended on the strength of the owner and the strap.

The stylish overcoat displayed five capes, one above the other. The trousers were expected to fit as tight as the skin. Just how they were put on is a mystery. The coat was especially snug under the sleeves, and the velvet collar scraped up the back of the head. The camel overcoat after a little wear, became as stiff as birch bark.

The thing worn about the neck was called a stock. This name was appropriate in its suggestion of an instrument of punishment. The stock article of three to six inches high, and was made stiff. A man was forced to look straight ahead. Only by careful management could he see a little on either side. He was expected to wear his eyes and ears two little points of collar stuck up like toothpicks.

Ruffled bosoms and wristbands finishing the costume, with the addition of a tall silk hat. When included in this manner, with a dash of attar of roses on his handkerchief, the man of the period was considered irresistible.

**Food Value of Cheese.**

It is found that one pound of cheese is equal in food value to more than two pounds of meat. It is very rich in proteins and fat. Considering the fact that it is low in price when compared with meat and ought to do good service to the poor man in replacing occasionally the regular diet of meat. In America cheese is looked upon more as a side dish and luxury than in some parts of Europe. The Swiss peasant depends on it as a staple food only to bread, while the use of it in England and Germany is extensive.

**ENTIRE HEALTHY POTATO PLANT.**

twice with Bordeaux and arsenate of lead later sprays were made with Bordeaux on Aug. 5, 18 and 26. The vines were given a thorough spraying each time and the foliage from the Chinese four pounds of blue vitriol and four pounds of quicklime to fifty gallons of water.

Soon after the spraying of Aug. 5 had been made the vines on the unsprayed area blighted very badly. The difference between the sprayed and the unsprayed vines became more marked each day until the 1st of September when the unsprayed vines were dead and the sprayed vines were blighting very little.

At digging time the average gain of the sprayed over the unsprayed portion was 36 per cent, or \$0 bushels per acre. The Geneva (N. Y.) station has been conducting co-operative experiments with farmers in different parts of that state and has reported that "in fourteen farmers' business experiments, including 180 acres, the average gain due to spraying was 62 1/2 bushels per acre, the average total cost for each spraying 93 cents per acre and the average net profit, based on the market price potatoes at digging time, \$2420 per acre."

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"Photograph in green rep? Vanish! I lose \$20, yes—but you take it—I keep my word."

"No," said the lady. "I shall not take it." She slipped it back in her pocket.

"The davenport," she said to the shopkeeper, "is the one you reserved for me, is it not?"

"Pardon me," said Van Holden firmly—the davenport was genuine mahogany and of a good shape—"I have just bought it."

**THE GIRL AND THE DAVENPORT**  
 By FANNIE HEASLIP LEA  
 Copyright, 1906, by E. C. Parcells

Van Holden's sense of humor, assisted by the pleasing picture of pale hair and gray eyes in a cool pale face against a background of cobwebbed walls, began to rise.

"I was to have had it for fifty," he suggested plaintively.

"I will give you eighty for it," she said to the shopkeeper. And her face was noticeably less stern.

"It is a very good davenport," said the shopkeeper, twisting his fierce mustache. "I pay him dollar for it, but I take eighty. Yes, I take eighty."

"Oh, you do?" said Van Holden sarcastically. "What about the fifty I'm giving you? I suppose you take that too? Now, see here, my man." He smoothed out the check between his fingers.

"If you have paid for it," said the lady icily, "I shall of course not take it. I had not understood it."

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