

Christmas is Coming

OUR Christmas Sale Commences FRIDAY, DEC. 1 1893.

Buy your presents now while stock is complete, and, if you desire, we will deliver the day before Christmas.

We are showing a large assortment of Beautiful and Useful Presents. No trouble to find something to suit you if you COME AT ONCE.

- Nothing nicer than one of our Banquet Lamps, Brass Lamps, Piano Lamps, Onyx Stands, Oak Stands, Mahogany Stands, Gold Chairs, Pictures, Easels, Screens, Music Cabinets, Book Cases, Writing Desks, Blacking Cases, Couches, Rugs, Rocking Chairs in Endless Variety.

In Fine Decorated Pottery

WE HAVE Doulton, Royal Worcester, Teplitz and Many Other Fine Makes.

IN TABLE WARE

WE HAVE China Dinner Sets, Porcelain Dinner Sets, Plain White China Dinner Sets, Fancy Dishes of all Kinds.

TOILET SETS

CAMPBELL & TEMPLETON, 242 S. Main Street, Butler, Penna.

BICKEL'S SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

We are pleased to inform those who appreciate clothes that are comfortable and fit correctly, that our selection of Fall patterns are here. They are handsome and moderate priced. See them.

- Call and examine these goods whether you wish to buy or not. Ladies fine Douglas shoes regular price \$3.50 now \$2.75 at 1 25. Calf shoes \$1 to 1.50. Oil grain shoes \$1 to 1.50. Misses fine spring heel shoes 90 cts to \$1.25. Heel shoes at 50 cents. School shoes 75 cts to \$1. Mens Hand made box toe boots \$2. Plain toe boots \$2.50. Mens fine calf boots at \$2. Boys fine calf shoes at \$1.25. And many other bargains.

Our line of HOLIDAY GOODS is more complete than ever before, consisting of many new and pretty styles in SLIPPERS. Now what is more appropriate for a fine present than a beautiful pair of SLIPPERS, and by visiting our store you will have the best assortment to select from and at prices lower than any other store in the county. Be sure to call and examine our goods before selecting a XMAS PRESENT.

RUBBER GOODS

- Boston, Woonsocket, Goodyear, Glove, Bay State and Snag Proof Boots at Bickel's. Mens first quality rubber boots \$2.25. Boys 1.50. Mens knee boots \$2.50. Mens Storm King boots \$2.75. Fireman rubber boots (extra high) \$3. Youths rubber boots \$1.25. Oldies 1.00. Womens rubber boots 1.00. Ladies fine specialty rubbers 40 cents. croquette 35 cents. Misses rubbers 25 cents. Mens specialty rubbers 50 to 65 cents. Mens buckles Arctic \$1.10. Mens Alaskan 75 cents. Womens buckle Arctic 75 cents. Mens heat felt boots \$2. We have 100 pair mens high boots (rubber boots) all No 10 and 11, regular price \$1.50 which will be sold at \$2 per pair during this sale.

When in need of footwear give me a call.

JOHN BICKEL

126 SOUTH MAIN STREET, BUTLER, PENN'A.

Job Work of all kind done at the "Citizen Office."

THE KIND THAT CURES



A Victory Over Disease. Terrible Pain in Head and Stomach. My Face was one Mass of Eruptions. Walked the Floor Night After Night. DANAN'S SARSAPARILLA.

C. & D. ALWAYS

Take into consideration that money saved is as good as money earned. The best way to save money is to buy good goods at the right price. The only reason that our trade is increasing constantly is the fact that we handle only goods of first quality and sell them at very low prices.

We confidently say that in justice to them less all purchasers should inspect our goods. Visit us.

242 S. Main Street, Butler, Pa.



THE RIVER OF LOVE

ME Master signed the Bisters. Holding the love-gate fast. And there slipped the bar and they rolled on to the river's sweet. Which the angels sang to see.

Oh, I suppose you do, for there has never been any concealment of it. All his friends and all my friends know it. "You tell me the truth, I don't know why I hate him. It has been a mystery to me nearly all my life. But I remember that about the first lunch I thought I ever had was the idea that he had been born merely to annoy me.

THE RIVER OF WRATH

In a northeastern portion of Georgia there is a community where, it is said, a man's honor is worth more than his gold. Of course this is not true unless a possibly might have been the case.

"That's so? How different from you. Your strength seems to be in your tongue." They halted, faced each other and looked at each other. "Billings," said Podley, "I don't see how you have lived in hatred of each other long enough to come to some sort of sensible agreement. I know what you feel, but I don't see how you can live in hatred of each other long enough to come to some sort of settlement?"

"That's true," Podley agreed. "And, to show you the interest I take in the matter, I would much rather that you would be the one to die."

"That is natural, and is therefore commendable," said Billings. "At any rate, I would much rather that you would be the one to die."

"I'll be here," said Billings. "At twelve o'clock the next day they met in the room."

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ST. NICK IN TROUBLE

The Queen Experience of Santa Claus at the Boonville Baptist church for the Sunday school scholars, and elaborate preparations had been made for the event. There had been Christmas trees at the church since time out of mind, but there had never been a Santa Claus and old and young alike were all agog over the expected treat.

DOWN CAME SANTA CLAUS

Twenty feet high. The whole affair was made of boards covered with canvas and painted to resemble bricks. At last the auspicious evening came and the church was crowded to the doors with eager Boonvillians of every age, denomination and hue.

Months passed and still Podley made no demand. Once at a picnic Billings stood laughing with a party of friends. Podley approached and taking out a vial said, "I will give you a good gift."

"Yes, do you want me now?" "I can't surrender my great victory so suddenly. I must play with you awhile longer. I didn't know that I was so full of fun." He laughed.

"I thought you were dead," said Billings, "for this week not have happened." He waved his hand toward the house. His wife was standing in the door. She could not hear him.

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A CHRISTMAS STORY

It is probable that a human ear had never heard so full of sweet melody as the freighted with possible good as that sung by the angels on the first Christmas Eve. Who can sing sweeter than angels? And what sentiment surpasses that of "Glory to God" and "Peace on Earth" if mortals could perfectly weave these sentiments into character, each life would be a poem of sweeter music than that sung by these angels.

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In Dixie's Land

In these concluding chapters of my narrative every detail must be omitted. The stress and suspense of the situation at which we have now arrived is somewhat as the real scenes of thirty years ago affected me, and I must go rapidly forward to the close.

It may therefore be said that the skill and management of Le Ferré, with the friendly aid of the house servants, put in successful operation the initiative of the plan of escape that had been devised. A little after midnight Coralie and I were in a carriage that had been brought by a roundabout plantation road some distance above the house.

Le Ferré took the reins, and drove rapidly toward the plantation. He had judged rightly as to what the occupation of Conrad Bostock and his boon companions was likely to be on this night. A good account of their roystering, and of the manner in which Coralie's flight was discovered, was afterward furnished to me by one of the negro women who listened in a trellis at the parlor door, anxious for some hint as to what was to become of herself and "the people" of the plantation. The negroes had heard the rumor that the "new maussa" intended to sell all, and let the plantation to some other party, and they were endeavoring to secure early information of his real designs.

The new proprietor had discovered the repository of the wine, and a dozen dusty bottles had been brought up. When sufficient of their contents had been drunk to make the party merry cards were produced, and gambling commenced. There seemed to be plenty of money among them, and the game went on with varying success till midnight, when Conrad was largely the winner.

The bottle had circulated freely, and the depraved men were ready for anything that would yield new excitement. "A thousand dollars against that girl!" Gardette shouted.

"Done!" said Bostock. The cards were dealt, and the others stood close to the table to watch the game. Gardette lost.

"Another chance!" he demanded. "Yes," said the winner. "This time I'll play for a thousand dollars." "The girl is mine!" he shouted, exultingly.

"Well play again," Conrad clamored. "No, no, I'm content. You're won enough, to-night, to stop."

"You'll play again, the girl against two thousand dollars, or you'll fight!" the other insisted. Both were inflamed with wine, and the excitement of gaming, which is greater than that of wine. Cards were drawn, and one or both would have fallen; but at this moment their companions intervened and persuaded Gardette, for the sake of peace, to consent to one more game.

It was played with the same stakes. Gardette lost. With an oath, he swallowed another glass, and said: "This is a good deal like a farce, Con. Here we've been playing for the girl for the last hour, and it was game turn, you'll keep her. But suppose I'd won at the end?"

"Then you'd take her." "Maybe you couldn't deliver her." "Why not?" "I don't know; I'm only talking. But I happened to think, while the game was going on, and it was doubtful who'd be her master, what a silly lot we were to be playing for something that none of us might ever set eyes on again."

"Now, Gardette, what the devil do you mean?" "Only a suspicion; that's all. Here you set yourself up with your friends and enjoy yourself half the night, leaving that long-headed overseer and that hot-blooded young man with his kick up all kinds of devilry with your people. You're a nice man to run a plantation, and you've even asked where they've gone, or whether they've gone at all or not. There's been time and chance enough for them to run all your niggers to the swamps."

"They wouldn't dare. They could never hide 'em, and, with a sneer. Conrad Bostock, irritated but not apprehensive, started for the door and then returned. "Less tried to get away, but he sprang after her and seized her by the arm. "What are you doing here, you wench?" he demanded, shaking her by the shoulder. "Nothing, maussa. "Tell me the overseer, and that young fellow?" The woman hesitated. "Aha!" said Gardette. "Tell me, you black scoundrel—or I'll cut your heart out!" "They done gone to Don'ton," screamed the frightened woman. "How long ago?" "Who went with them?" "No maussa. "Tell you wench—or I'll cut your throat!" One of the men handed him a knife. The woman cried and begged. "Tell me the truth, then, or you die!" "Missy Coral went wiv 'em. Do you want to do 'em?" "With an oath the infuriated master flung the woman off, and rushed for the stables, followed by his companions. Everything on wheels was hopelessly disabled. "Who did this?" he thundered, to the trembling negro in charge. "Maussa Le Ferré, sah. I begged for 'em, but he done would do 'em the miles?" "He done turn 'em all outen de case." "Go catch them—quick!" "I'll try, maussa—but de night dark, an' it takes long time to find 'em."