

OUR NEW Carpet Department

Wil Soon Contain a Complete Assortment of Carpets, Curtains, Oil Cloths, &c.

First and Second Shipments have arrived and balance will follow soon as the Manufacturers can make the GOODS

We have selected the best styles and colorings to be found in the market. Not a single old style will be found in our stock.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, QUEENSWEAR, HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS

CAMPBELL & TEMPLETON

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ALL HANDS AGREE THAT AL. RUFF

Carries the Finest and Best of Footwear for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

AL. RUFF, 114 S. MAIN STREET.

PURE DRUGS AT LOW PRICES

If you are sick and need medicine you want the BEST. This you can always depend upon getting from us.

Our store is also headquarters for PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, Kalsomine, Alabastine &c.

J. C. REDICK, Main Street to Hotel Lewis BUTLER, PA.

Hotels and Depots, Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, Shingles and Lath Always in Stock.

W. S. Gregg is now running a line of carriages between the hotels and depots of the town.

Good Livery in Connection

THE KIND THAT CURES



Scrofula and Salt Rheum Of 25 Years Standing.

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA

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THE HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR

On May 4, 1864, the army of the Potomac commenced a forward movement, and from the 5th to the 7th, inclusive, occurred the bloody battles of the Wilderness.

Hardly a shot had been fired during the first two days of advance, but on Thursday, May 5, some very heavy fighting took place, resulting in no decisive advantage to either side.

Very early on the morning of the 6th the enemy attempted to turn the right flank of the federal army.

These were the days when millions fought and countless thousands fell, and from north, east and west the loyal citizens of our dearthless republic were rallying to the support of the old flag.

Forty-eight hours after existing, our country was again united in a common front, and finally found themselves members of the same company in an infantry regiment forming part of the Potomac division of the army of the Potomac.

Here they put in two weeks of the most heroic duty, preliminary drill, and then the fighting was over, and the boys in blue were preparing supper, but just at nightfall the confederates brought out the other side of the night, surprising and routing Seymour's and Shaler's brigades.

One evening, when exhausted by fatigue, his complaints became so vexatious that he had to be carried to his tent, and at last exclaimed: "Why, Fred, how long do you suppose our glorious union would exist if all the brave men now in arms for the cause were fighting only for pay?"

Young Leslie turned very serious, as he replied: "And is that all you see in it, Fred? Do you think I'm doing it for the money? I like to see a man who is fighting and dying for the old flag while a plod along in ignominy enjoying the fruits of their heroic sacrifices. It is my privilege and duty to fight for my country, too, and I'm going to do it. I was eighteen years old last week, and now my mother—God bless her—seeing how I felt about it, is willing to let me go."

"And break her own heart, I suppose," rejoined Fred. "Why, man alive! Your mother's a widow, and you're her only son. They can't draft you."

"A battle! Why, of course, dozens of them; perhaps hundreds. Great will we let up till he takes Richmond. Never fear, my sister, it's enough for me to know that we are going to get on our feet again, and that we are going to get on our feet again, and that we are going to get on our feet again."

"As they lay, side by side, under their unshaken blankets, the young man had just said to one of the party: "I think Leslie has surely been taken prisoner."

"He's not dead, but he's in a bad way. I noticed a dark clump of ragged scruboak a few yards to one side, and stepped over to search it for a moment. He was lying on his back, his head on the ground, and his hands clasped over his eyes. He was breathing hard, and his face was as white as paper."

"Fred, I'm not sure of that," he replied. "I'll go and see for myself. He's not dead, but he's in a bad way. I noticed a dark clump of ragged scruboak a few yards to one side, and stepped over to search it for a moment. He was lying on his back, his head on the ground, and his hands clasped over his eyes. He was breathing hard, and his face was as white as paper."

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IN HOME-MADE LINEN.

Just Such Clothes as They Were Married In Sixty Years Ago.

A year ago last spring, says a Saratoga (Pa.) correspondent of the New York Sun, Mrs. Henry B. Shellard, of Gibson township, Susquehanna county, said to her husband: "Henry, we ought never to have flax this year."

The aged farmer hadn't raised a crop of flax in thirty-five years, so he asked: "What for, Elizabeth?" "Well, you know, Henry," replied the good old wife, "if we live till a year from June we'll have been married sixty years, and I thought it would be nice to give a party then and receive our guests in the same kind of linen clothing we wore when we stood up to be married down in Connecticut in 1838. We've got all of the old flax tools stored away, and if you'll raise some flax, a nice home-made suit for each of us."

Farmer Shellard was eighty-six and his wife eighty-five at the time. Both were rugged and healthy, and when the old farmer had thought the matter over for a moment he exclaimed: "By George, Elizabeth, I'll do it."

A few days afterward the old farmer procured a piece of rich, mellow flax of the barn and sowed a patch of flax. The aged couple watched its growth every day, and when it was ready for cutting they cut it with their own hands, and when it was ready for spinning they spun it with their own hands.

On a beautiful morning in March Farmer Shellard made another dash and stood it up along the south side of the barn. The wind was in the north and in a day or so the flax was as dry as a bone. Then the old farmer brought it in, swung it, and turned it over to his aged wife, who immediately tied up her head, shut herself in the kitchen and hatched the flax till all the tow was separated from it. The next day she got the old spinning-wheel from the garret, oiled it up, and began to make it buzz musically. Farmer Shellard came in smiling and happy while his wife was spinning.

"I'd rather hear that wheel than a piano, Elizabeth," he said. "It is like old times."

"So it does, Henry. But I can't make the wheel so fast as I used to. I used to spin a pound of flax in a day, and now it takes me two days to spin a pound. But I'll spin it all the same, and when it's done I'll give you a nice home-made suit for each of us."

In a few days the old lady had spun all the flax and reeled it into skeins. The next thing she did was to boil the skeins in a weak lye of wood ashes to bleach the yarn, and when that was done Farmer Shellard rinsed the skeins in the brook till all the lye was washed out. Then he began to weave the yarn in the old loom, and by June 1 she had woven it all into cloth.

Within three weeks the old lady cut and made a nice suit for herself and a whole suit for her husband, and June 30 last the aged couple, dressed in their homespun linen garments, celebrated their sixtieth anniversary of their marriage in a company of three-score relatives and friends.

FIVE MILLION BUSHELS.

That is About the Annual Crop of Peanuts in This Country.

The "goober" industry of Norfolk is unique. Here is a little city in Virginia that has become the greatest distributing center of peanuts in the world. A peanut is a pretty small item, but an annual crop of something like 5,000,000 bushels, worth millions of dollars, makes a pretty big item.

The demand for goobers has been increasing steadily for many years, and the supply does not yet fill the growing demand. Few people know the curious ways in which the goobers are raised, and the methods of raising them are very different from those of other crops.

If you grind the nut you get a sweet quality of flour, with which the household makes delicious biscuits. If you squeeze it you obtain a valuable oil, which is used for cooking purposes. The oil also enters largely into the manufacture of the better grades of soap. The kernels are roasted for coffee. The roasted kernels are also used in the manufacture of some grades of chocolate. The conditioner of the nuts is a very important part of the business, and the conditioner is a very important part of the business.

"Who goes there?" "Advance and give the counterpane," "Advance and give the counterpane," "Advance and give the counterpane."

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FEEDING LIVE STOCK.

Experience. There is No Doubt, Says a Correspondent of the New York Sun, that a good deal of the trouble with the live stock of this country is due to the fact that the live stock is not properly fed.

A correspondent wants us to tell him how to feed ground linseed cake, and also wants to know why it is better than corn or oats. This is all reasonable enough, but we are reminded that it is easier to ask questions than to answer them satisfactorily. There are hardly two feeders who follow the same plan. Those who use most of it learned to use it through practice. We know one feeder who fattened a large bunch of steers on ground linseed cake and hay alone and made a great success, to the great surprise of his neighbors.

He is a Southman and claims to be following the method of the region where he came from. Another feeder, who lives in Iowa, buys steers in the spring and fattens them on ground linseed cake, corn and grass, and sells them in the fall. He winters his cattle, and he claims to make more money than we would not recommend either to a beginner.

A good authority claims that in a hundred pounds of corn eight pounds go to make muscle and bone and seventy-five pounds to make fat. In a hundred pounds of flax meal and fifty pounds of flax seed go to make muscle and bone and forty pounds to fat. These are probably, at least approximately, correct. It seems plain, therefore, that if fat alone is wanted, corn is the best food. But if muscle and bone are wanted, then the linseed cake is far ahead. It stands to reason, then, that for young, growing animals the linseed cake is most desirable.

We believe, however, that a mixed ration will give the best results. It is claimed for the cake, however, that even where animals are fed for fattening, a goodly quantity of it can be fed to advantage, owing to its having the effect of keeping the stomach in good condition and causing all food to be more readily assimilated. The fact is, the use of linseed cake in this country is yet in its infancy. No one has reduced it to a set of rules. Those who have used it most seem to be the best.

Some men use a mixture of corn and flax meal in a steep mash for pigs and other feed. It does seem, too, that those who feed most of it prefer it to the standard. It is standard, either by itself or mixed with oats or corn, or both—Prairie Farmer.

USEFUL HAY RACK.

Labor-Saving Invention. Described by an Eastern Farmer.

The cut shows a sketch of a hay rigging implement I invented last season. My neighbors all think it good. I saw it invented it, as it is the first one of the kind I have ever seen. The sketch, I think, will give you a good idea of it. The one just finished is built of 2 1/2-inch hemlock bed sills 16 feet long for the two center ones 16 inches apart; two of the same size 10 feet 8 inches apart from the center ones. The two in front of the same size 8 feet long fill the front bolster; one arm being 2 1/2 inches high, the other 4 inches high; one in front, 1 1/2 inches, 8 feet

long, of hard wood, is mortised to receive the standards, which are 2x6 inches, 16 inches long to the shoulder, bolted between the two bed sills, the same bolts receiving the ladder. The front has a 1x3-inch piece of hard wood at each end of the shorter arm, bolted on the bottom of the same and long ones also, and a 1 1/2-inch piece at the fore end of the longer short bed sills and under the center arm also; one bolt at each end of the shorter arm, and one at the fore end of the longer short bed sills, which tie it strongly. The brackets which hold the boards over the same are 11 and 12 inches high and 18 inches long, and made of good old wagon iron 1 1/2 inch wide. The forward standards I set stand behind the boards lie flat on the arm. This rigging is designed for a western built wagon. The bolsters are 3 feet 3 inches, and there is a clip for a low wheel; the standards and the brackets could be shortened or varied; if deeper bed sills were used, the brackets would be shorter. I built one in Montgomery, in Rural New York.

BOTTLE DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

How One Poultryman Utilized an Old Quart Bottle.

An inexpensive drinking fountain may be made by fastening an ordinary quart bottle to a board, as shown in the illustration, a being the board and B B the clamps which hold the bottle in place. A hook or loop at the top of the board will serve to hang the bottle to the wall of the poultry house. A piece of wire should be attached to the mouth of the bottle to prevent the bottle from resting on the bottom of the drinking pan underneath. Fill the bottle with water, turn it upside down in the pan, and the pressure of the atmosphere will prevent the water from

flowing out of the bottle on as it is lowered by the drinking of the water by the fowls. If preferred, the clamps (B B) may be attached to a post or to the wall, and the bottle removed from the clamps when filled.—Farm and Fireside.

How to Introduce Queens.

The following directions are given for introducing queens. After removing the cover, fasten a board to the queen, and if she is all right proceed to introduce her. First remove the slip of card from the end of the cage containing the queen, so that the queen may see the entrance to the hive. Then place the queen directly over the cluster, wire-cloth down, so the bees can become acquainted with the queen; cover the cage, fasten down the cover, and do not molest the hive under any circumstances for five days, at which time you will likely find her out and laying. If you have a fat covey on your hive, just tack a thin strip of wood across the back of the cage, spread the frames, and hang the cage, fasten down the cover, and the frames. Before introducing, be sure your colony is queenless.

Bees and Birds Court the Society.

Bees and birds court the society of many things, as, for example, the condition of the growth of the fleece, as well as with the vigor of the sheep and the proper care of the lamb. It will pay to dip the flock, although there may be no ticks or scabs to make it imperative.

Lambs That Pay Best.

Lambs that grow fast are the ones that pay, because they reach the market while prices are high. A difference of only a week in getting a lamb to a marketable weight may entail a loss of one dollar on its value. This is the best reason for getting early lambing, and for producing early lambs—the lambs grow rapidly. An early lamb is worth more than a full grown sheep at this season.

In Hard Luck.

Street Urchin—Say, mister, gimme fifteen cents, won't yer? Gentleman—What for? Urchin—I'm hungry, mister. Gimme fifteen cents, won't yer? Gentleman—You're a muddler is sick, an' me fadder is out o' work, an' I got stuck on me papers." "Poor little chap!" "Yes, sir, an' I ain't got no money to go to de 'cater."—Good News.

Proved an Emetic.

Asker—You know young Mushman that was drowned the other day when he fell off the ferryboat? Tackler—Yes. Very well. "He was thrown up on shore by the waves this morning." "I'm sure I don't blame the waves in the least for that."—Yonkers Gazette.

Out of It, Either Way.

Officer O'Hara—Bein' a policeman in New York is har-d work-rick. Mrs. O'Hara—Yis, darlint. Officer O'Hara—If a policeman goes asleep on his late the commissioners will discharge him; an' if he keeps awake the politicians will have him discharged.—Puck.

A Wonderful Discovery.

"Oh, look! Just look," she cried, wildly. "Look there, Minnie!" she cried, wildly. Her exclamation arrested the attention of two men and a woman, who had stopped to see what was the matter. "Oh, look! Just look," she went on, with increased excitement. "Look there, Minnie!" she cried again, pointing her companion's arm and directing to a window. "There's the very same shade of green I saw in the book!" she cried. "And then the crowd gave a sigh of relief and moved disgustedly. —Harry Roman, in Brooklyn Life.