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When you can find out where to buy the best Bed-room suit in the market for And gain her de

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you want NEW FURNITURE to replace some of the old

We are headquarters for first-class Remember we have no mark down sales; our prices are always as low as is consistent with good goods.

A full line of QUILTS in addition to white must the church. other bedding.

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Washing Machines; the Standard Rotary Shuttle Sewing Machine, 2500 stiches per minute: the No. stiches per minute; the No. 7 American sewing machine. cutlery, hanging lamps;

reaper and steel frame binder, Warren ready mixed paint, warrented; screen doors and windows, refrigerators and lawn

No better place in the city to trade. Come and see my large store room full of goods, 1362 feet

WHERE A CHILD CAN BUY AS CHEAP AS A MAN

RINGS.

STUDS,

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SCARF PINS.

GENTS GOLD,

LADIES GOLD,

GENTS SILVER

LADIES CHATLAIN,

Gold Pins, Far-rings,

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Watches

Jewelry

Silverware

found in a first class store { Knives, Forks, Speens-Triple Plate.

BROS. 1847 E. GRIEB,

A beautiful set of dishes, 114 pieces, we all have stumbed over it is



him kindly and said they would if their rough dress might be excused, for they had no holiday clothes with them; and



THE WEDDING PROCESSION.

also Singer and Empress; agricultural implements and I ansing farm wagons; New Sunshine & Howard ranges, Stoves, table and pocket cuttery, hanging lamps. manufacturer of tinware, tin roofing and spouting a specialty; the Johnston mowers, arrien ready mixed paint, was, refrigerators and lawn

always took their guns to church with them on Sundays, and at any time when there was a raceting there or a wedding; for, look you, there was never any telling when the redskins

would be upon a place.

They were always ready to kill and to make prisoners. They revenged on those who would gladly have been at peace with all the cruel treatment they had had from wicked pale faces; and once revenge fills the heart of a savage it goes with him to his grave. Yes, it goes down to his children, and rankles in the heart of his great-grandchildren. There is no forgiveness in a heathen

But Hope Settlement had been spared so far. We had been very quiet and harmless, it is true, but that was no reason. We were out of the way of the worst tribes, and not in plain sight of the paths they mostly took; and we were not in terror, only prudent in keeping ourselves ready for defense; and once home the guns were all stacked outside the door and we had our feast. Simple enough, but we were healthy and happy and not used to Rings Chains, Bracelets, Etc, Tea sets, castors, butter dishes and everything that can be (Tea sets, castors, butter dishes Heaven after it; and then the dance

we had a contra-dance, and I led it with the res," he said. "I knew a white man crowd outside the door came a cry that froze the blood in my viens:

"The Indians! The Indians are upfroze the blood in my viens:

"The Indians! The Indians are upfoot."

and, oh, the scene that followed! But I will not try to describe it; I could not do it even now without losing my "You would not know him if you saw him," he answered.

"Has he so altered? Have they dis-

senses for the time, as I did then. I see the painted faces of the flends; I see my mother's eyes and feel her gray hair dropping from her comb over my

fered as I did to know what I felt then. As for others to whom such grief has

waned? How many dark nights through

climbed the hill with the rest, I said to myself: "Ah! if they only came here.

the church. So was the old man who kept it tidy, and a wagon full of men, passing by us to clear a place farther on, had stopped to see the wedding.

The church of the church is the church of the ch Before we went in my father invited them ail to come over and share the supper and the dance, and they thanked him kindly and said they would if their rough dress might be excused, for they rough dress might be excused, for they and the believe with them; and the second of the seco was their mother, not as much altered so we went into the church; and then as they. There was the good parson himself, with the great scar across his cheek that he had worn since the day he married me. Outside were the graves of the men murdered on my

whom they found dead in her dead hus-Jand's arms.

It was only what I thought of every Sunday, after all, and the parson began his service, and the words were said that made those twain one, and we had gathered about the bride, when suddenly the shadow of an Indian in his blanket fell upon the wall behind the low pulpit, and every head turned.

An Indian stood there, his blanket drawn across his face, but about him

he wore the tokens of peace and friendly intention, and he made a kind-ly gesture with his hand and knelt as ough in prayer, covering his face yet are with his blanket. nore with his blanket.

But redskins are treacherous. The

men ran to the door, but saw nothing to alarm them. The bride's color had all gone. As for me, I expected every

hand, encircled the kneeling Indian. He arose then, and his eyes looked into

es with me; and I come in love, not "You do not speak like an Indian," said my father.
"I have lived with white men; I have learned their speech," replied the Indian. "Have no fear. I swear there

is no treachery."
"He speaks the truth," said my He held out his hand. The Indian grasped it.
Yet he was an Indian, and we had no reason to do aught but hate his kind.

And now we were on our homeward
way, and I lingered a little to shed a
tear, and suddenly I saw the Indian at

my side. His eyes only were visible under his blanket. "You wear black clothes, squaw," he said. "Why do you not wear white and blue and pink like the others?" "Because seven years ago the Indians killed my husband, and I am a widow,"

"But you are pretty!" the man said. ou his wife." ou his wife."
"These are things not to be talked
of," I said. "Ah, how do I know but
you are one of his murderers!"
He shook his head.
"Did was to the Ladian who killed "Did you see the Indian who killed

him?" he asked.

I answered him rudely and fiercely. "No-but you are all alike. They bore him away to torture by fire and poisoned arrows. Oh, my Ralph! my Ralph! Kill me, also, if you like, but do not talk to me! I loathe you al!!" But the Indian did not move.
"Indians do not always kill prison-

with Ralph. I stood there smiling, joyous, full of hope, without a fear in my mind, when suddenly from the them for years. His name was like

i clung to Ralph. The world grew black before me. Then all was hurry and bustle. The young women, white with terror, gathered their children together; old women cried to God to help us; men flew to their weapons; and the terror was a superficient with the superficient was a superficient with the superficient was a superficient was a superficient with the superficient was a superficient was

AS TO DUCKS.



BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER, 18, 1891.

figured him? Ah, but I should know

he cried; and I lay in his arms.

It was Ralph—my Ralph, and I know how the blessed spirits feel when they meet their lost and loved in Heaven.

Oh! how could I live through suc ned to feel! How good was God

How I loved Him and all my fellow

in the town that has taken the place of Kyle Dallas, in N. Y. Ledger.

ftly, but he was too stupid for any e.—Detroit Free Press.

Her View Was Rea have been something of a philosophe "What is an old sea do

Two Things at Once Small Boy-Sis says you have the advantage over her. You can eat and talk at the same time. Young Man-How's that?

You talk through your nose Crowpson-People in New York waste water terribly
Col. Gore (of Louisville)—Yes, Pm told they drink a good deal of it, -Mun-

She-Why did a young man like him marry that elderly woman? He—To get even with her daughter for being a sister to him.—Kate Field's Washington



-Pall Mail Budget

Haggard Citizen-That's a rare violin you've been playing every night at your house for the last month, is it Next Door Neighbor-Yes. Been in

the family over a hundred years.
"Such a violin would be hard to replace, wouldn't it?" "Couldn't be replaced. If I should use it I'd never get another."

(With assumed carelessness) "What vill you sell it for?"

"Five thousand dollars."
(With feverish eagerness) "Bring the infernal thing out! I'll take it."—Chi-Got His Vacation.

Mr. Bullion-By the way, Mr. Bookkeep, you asked for a va—
Mr. Bookkeep—Oh, Mr. Bullion, I did
not think really you would allow me a
vacation during this busy season. Mr. Bullion-cation Well, you may take off two-Mr. Bookkeep - Thank you, Mr.

Mr. Bullion-Weeks, and then stay away altogether.—Jewelers' Circular. A Safe Place. Little Louise (at Long Branch)-Mabel, why don't your mamma wear diamond earrings like my mamma's?

Mabel—She left 'em home, and papa hid 'em where the robbers can't get leaving off the "B.," and I thought—ahem—you, perhaps, could help me to get rid of it.

—Boston Beacon.

"Why I heard him tell mamma that he had put them up in the spout, and he guessed they would stay there."—Texas A Hint. Time, Two A. M.

She—Let us rehearse a scene from Romeo and Juliet. He-With all my heart.
She-But you must let me act the part He-All right. Proceed.

He departed.—Harper's Bazar

ities, and the mill soon be

ed to the first settler, Mr. King

the old man was the happy father of seven bouncing daughters, and the vil-

Finally a happy thought struck the

old man. Every one of his seven daughters was red-headed. He decided to CROSSING THE FORTH BRIDGE.

An Old Lady's Fear About the Understowed right and left upon her fellow passengers, showed that she was unac customed to traveling; yet she mus

was told that it was close at hand.
"Well," said she, rather solemnly, "I
don't know whether we shall get over

alive or not, but if we don't it sha'n't be my fault."

Then she settled into the corner of the seat with a determined air and a puckered-up mouth, which were only less droll than the general air of responsibility which brooded over her. During the passage of the bridge she did not

speak a word, but seemed to be holding her breath. "There," said a gentleman in a neighboring seat, "we are over it safe."

The old woman heaved an explosive

sigh. "Well," she said, "if we had gone to the bottom I should have died with a clear conscience, for it wouldn't have been my weight that did it. I bore 'up so that I really made the train lighter than it would have been without me."

An Inebriated Cow. Some time ago, says a Los Angele paper, one of our countrymen who lives at Pasadena was astonished to see one of his best cows lying apparently dying in front of the barn. The animal

lay there inert, with open eyes, ob-livious of everything. The man called a veterinary surgeon, who could not diagnose the case, and a butcher was sent for to bleed the animal. He was some time in arriving, and when he did come the cow was found eating at a haystack, but with legs a little uncer-tain. An investigation followed, and it was found that the cow had eaten copiously of the refuse at a neighboring winery. This stuff, composed of grape skins and stems, had fermented and inuced a state of intoxication.

Three Kinds of Stars. There are three well-defined classes of stars, judged by the quality of light they yield. In the first class are the clear white and bluish-white stars like Sirius and Vega. These are supposed to be the hottest stars, and most luminous in proportion to the extent of their surface. Then there are the golden yellow or pale orange stars, of which Arcturus and Cappella are fine examples. These have begun to cool. Finally, we have the deep orange and red stars, like Aldebaran and Antares. These have advanced still further in the cooling process.

with less area cultivated on the farm and work are the fine from and more attention given to the matter of manuring and cultivating the crops, the whole farm could be made to equal the garden.

POULTRY like fruit of all kinds especially apples, which at this season can nearly always be fed to a good advantage when more or less is going to to be the hottest stars, and most lumin-

the cooling process. A Rare Genius. Jinks-That man does not look very smart, and yet you say he has made a Winks-Smart? He's a genius. He's a great inventor.

"You don't say so? What did he in-

"He invented an apple barrel that won't hold searcely anything at all."-N. Y. Weekly. He Is a Benedict Now. She-I suppose now that you have graduated you are an "A. B.," aren't He-Well, to tell the truth, Miss An-

Hadn't Heard Her. Miss Emersonia Russell (from Bos ton)-I have read that Venus de Milo will be at the Chicago Columbian exposition. Won't that be charming? Miss Calumetia Poreine (from Chicago)—Very lovely! But I have never heard the young woman sing.—Jewel-

Edith-Was it rery ill-natured of me o tell him that Daisy was rather-She—"Look, love, what envious streaks Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east. Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops." Rose-Of course not; it's patent to every one. Why, even the black stockings she wears in bathing are stamped: "Warranted fast!"—Puck.

that is hard and tight, and bristly

are not regular.

Many men contend that the milk veins should be very large. I consider that to be immaterial, but the milk

downward; a long and broad forehead: a large muzzle; a wide mouth, indi-cating large eating powers—the only coarse part of a cow's head that is justifiable. It indicates the power to keep on grinding her food, and indi-

shapely, with a long line of attach ment between the udder and the cow' body. You never find a coarse cow' good milker. I like a cow to have al the angles possible, but the bone

never could do so without getting care

drained it in this way:
I run an 8-inch tile from the mouth
up to the box (illustrated) in center of the field, or lowest place, making calthe held, or lowest place, mixing cal-culations on having plenty of fall from there. The box is 4 feet square, with 4x4-inch posts in the inside at the cor-ners, upon which the planks are nailed. The bottom was bricked over, bricks



A shows the tile entering the box, and B is the 8-inch tile or outlet. C is the the brick bottom. I use 4-inch tile in craining. Put the box in during dry weather. Take 2-inch plank and mark size of tile in the lower one, and make holes to fit the tile. Make the boxing as deep as necessary. You can run the branches in any direction. I have nearly 400 rods entering one box. Get all the fall you can in the tile. If you want to farm over the box cover it with 3-inch plank and then earth. This is what I did. I put a support in the midwhat I did. I put a support in the mid-dle, as there is great weight in a foot or two of earth, especially when satu-rated.—L. T. Ritter, in Ohio Farmer.

Cultivation of Gardens A garden will produce large crops in preportion to the space allotted to that purpose. A garden is really but a miniature farm, and demonstrates the possibilities of the farm. Manure is used freely, and careful cultivation given when the garden is relied upon and with less area cultivated on the farm and more attention given to the matter.

especially apples, which at this season can nearly always be fed to a good ad-vantage when more or less is going to waste.—St. Louis Republic.

A Correct Editor—We printed a likeness of you in the Daily Kazoo this morning. Did you see it? Victim—I did not. 1 saw a portrait of myself, though.—Munsey's Weekly. The Amiable Younger Sister.

Young Sappy-Do you think Miss Amy

Effic—I'm sure I hope so, for really I find you an awfully hard man to entertain.—Munsey's Weekly. He Himself Has Said It Mr. Bloobumper — There's nothing egotistical about Goslin. Miss Dollie (sarcastically)-No?

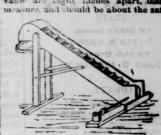
Mr. B-I heard him say yest he hated a fool.—Jury. Curbing Her Expec Bishop Gullem-So you think Heaven is like Boston, do you?

Mrs. B. (from the Hub)—Oh, of course not exactly; I don't expect too

Worthy of Imitation Miss Trill-I love to hear the birds sing.

Jack Mallet (warmly)—So do I. They
never attempt a piece beyond their
abilty.—Puck.

A Scriptural Instance Jack-Well, after all, there never was Tom-How about Adam?-Munsey's Weekly.





metal, nearly touching the slats as the pass the roller, serves as a pocket catch any grain that might accidents y fall back.

To use this elevator, a grain spout is attached to the mill, as shown in Fig. 2. Strips of wood or metal are ened upon the incline, bringing grain together and discharging through a short spout, narrow enough to enter the lower end of the elevator shaft. An inch board across the end of the elevator, fitting closely between

the mill far enough to permit doing so. If not, the blacksmith can make a crank like that shown in Fig. 1. You can then attach a ten-inch pulley, as in the engraving, with several through the crank into the block

tus is complete.

Some may think such a machine will run hard, but it does not if properly constructed and kept well oiled, and trial will convince any farmer that it is just what he ought to have.—S. P. Shull, in Rural New Yorker.

POULTRY PICKINGS SCALD the feed at night and let stand intil morning.

IT is not a good plan to allow the hens to lay in their roosting place.

STORE up a supply of dry, clean strew for making nests during the winter.

WHEN convenient change the material in the nests weekly. PUMPRINS boiled and mixed with bran make a good poultry food. OLD barrels or hogsheads are convenient for storing the poultry drop

pings.

Having the nests darkened and using china nest eggs will, in a measure, pre-WELL-MATURED fowls combs and wattles make the to winter over.

Is properly managed the hens that are moulting now can be made to lay nearly or quite all winter. Is pullets are depended upon to lay the eggs for spring hatching keep a two-year-old cock to mate with them.

A Handsome Dower.

Astonished Clergyman (officiating at christening)—Please repeat the name of this infant again, and say it slow.

Parent — Mary - Barbara - Elizabeth Parley - Akenside - Johanna - Berdunn Williams - Finley - Young - Thompson Pickle. Clergyman (writing it down at parent's dictation)—May I ask why you give the child such a remarkable name!

Parent-It's all we ever expect to be Murder Will Out. Murder Will Out.

Miss Highup—I don't believe the De Styles have been out of the city at all.

Miss Tiptop—Their house was locked up and they are covered with tan.

Miss Highup—Locking up the front of a house is easy enough, and tan can be got on the roof. They haven't been away and I know it.

"How?"

"How?"
"With all the tan and sunburn and freckles, they haven't a mosquito bite among them."—Good News.

Stiencing Hubby.

Young Father (in the future)—Great

snakes! Can't you do something to quiet that baby? It's eternal squalling just drives me wild.

Young Mother (calmly to servant)—Marie, bring in my husband's mother, phonograph and put in the cylindrian marked "At Ten Months." I want to hear how his voice sounds was young.—N. Y. Weekly.