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THANKSGIVING.

For us, O Lord, the year has brought its bloom and harvest glory; To us, through changing seasons, taught, Thy truth, in Gospel story, Again our voices join in song, And bring their glad thanksgiving To Thee, to whom all years belong, To Thee, the ever-living.

SCATTERED THOUGHTS.

It is not wisdom to put your trust in man, for he might fall. All are liable to fall—even the best men do fall. Is it possible to cultivate, encourage, and draw out the good that is in man that the evil in him will be restrained, checked, or discarded?

The wicked and thoughtless, regard all present gratifications as the main thing to be acquired. The love of riches, honor, social and fleshly gratifications fill their souls, and the measure of their ambition. You have noticed that when a man has risen to fame—has achieved some great or supposed great victory—how our people praise, honor, and worship him.

THE MERCIES OF THE LORD.

The recurring season never fails to find the same repeated mercies. We thank God this year for the same blessings as claimed our praises on last Thanksgiving day. Again and again it is recounted in that book of the Bible which is all psalms of praise how unfulfilling and repeated is the goodness of God. "The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting." "Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth forever."

Why not order the NEWS sent to some of your distant friends?

CUSTER.

Boy, Cadet, General.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

[A conference at Fort Laramie, Wyoming, June 1866, could not prevail upon the Indian chiefs present to cede a wagon route to Montana. Military posts were immediately established along the line. The chief, Red Cloud, and others began a war which lasted twelve years.

The Sioux Indians having refused to go on the reservation assigned them by treaty, a force of regular troops was sent against them. General George A. Custer led the advance with the Seventh Cavalry. On the 25th of June, 1876, he suddenly came upon the enemy. A desperate conflict ensued. General Custer, his two brothers, his nephew, and every one of his men were killed.—Editor.]

General George A. Custer, whose tragic death marred the record of the centennial year, spent his boyhood days near Cadiz, Ohio, where he is yet remembered, and where upon a recent visit I was an interested listener to many little anecdotes and reminiscences of his early life. Hon. John A. Bingham, one of Ohio's most prominent men, who is now a resident of the town, describes Custer as a beautiful boy, with fair face and a wealth of curly hair—long, bright curls, suggestive at once of both a mother's care and a mother's love.

Despite his more than eighty years, Mr. Bingham retains much of the vigor and brilliancy of his more active life, and in speaking of his youthful protege, General Custer, "My boy, George," his enthusiasm rose to eloquence.

"I loved the boy as I loved my own son," he said. "I had been in Congress but a short time when I received a letter from a boy that captivated me wonderfully. Full forty years have come and gone since the morning the postman handed me that letter, but I remember it word for word—just as clearly as if it had been yesterday. Somewhere—packed securely among my important papers—I have that letter yet, but there is no need of looking for it, as I can repeat it verbatim. Yes, I know it by heart. It is like this," and he repeated:

"DEAR MR. BINGHAM:—I am told that you can send a boy to West Point. I want to go there, and I am told that you don't care whether the boy is a Democrat or a Republican boy. I am a Democrat boy, and I want you to send me there. I want to be a soldier. GEORGE A. CUSTER."

"It was a real boy's letter, written in a boyish hand, but the writing, despite the evident painstaking effort, showed a firmness of purpose, a determination to succeed, seldom apparent in one so young. I was struck with the originality and the blunt honesty of the letter and at once surrendered unconditionally to his demands. I replied, informing him that it would be necessary to secure the consent of his parents. His mother objected, as what mother would not? But the boy was so eager to go that she finally gave her consent, and just as soon as preliminaries could be arranged the boy went to the Academy at West Point, and passing the examination successfully, entered upon his studies.

"The years, full of cares and responsibilities, hurried by, until, just on the eve of my boy's graduation, the war, long threatened, became a terrible reality. Men with some knowledge of the tactics of war were needed to drill the raw recruits rushing from all sections of the North to the country's defense, and all the available material at West Point was put into the field to officer the rapidly-filling companies and regiments being mustered into service. So it happened that my protegee came into the command of men while he was yet a mere boy, with his long yellow curls hanging down to his shoulders. I heard of him time and again during those first turbulent war days, but I did not see him until after the first battle of Bull Run.

"After that terrible massacre he was promoted for bravery. A leader was called upon to stop a retreat and take a company of panic-stricken soldiers across a bridge held by the enemy. Like Napoleon at Lodi, young Custer sprang to the front and led the charge. The bridge was

taken, and the boy officer became a hero. I read of his brave action, and when the troops came thronging back to Washington I made an unsuccessful effort to find him. One day a young officer came into my room without the formality of sending in his card. He was out of breath, and with some embarrassment introduced himself by saying: "Mr. Bingham, I see you do not know me. I am the boy you appointed to West Point. I have fought my first battle and tried hard not to be a coward. Since it was through you that I got the chance of becoming a soldier I think it is my first duty to make my report to you."

"How proud I felt of my brave boy, standing there in his blue uniform, every inch a soldier. My heart went out in love to him then and there, and when he wrung my hand at parting it seemed as though one of my own blood had taken his life in his hand and gone out to do and dare, perchance to die, for the home and fireside of his country. From that time I watched him go up and up to the rank of brigadier general and then to become the youngest major general in the army.

"Never shall I forget the day when he came to me in full uniform, bringing his bride—as pure and beautiful as he was brave and handsome. As I took the young wife's hand in mine she looked up into my face and in a low, sweet voice said: 'I want to thank you, Mr. Bingham, for transforming my husband from a woodchopper into a general of the United States Army.'

"Some months after this introduction, during the battle of the Wilderness, a report was circulated that Custer had been killed. Distressed beyond measure, I rushed into Stanton's office and asked if the sad message was official.

"No!" thundered the war secretary. "No, thank God! It is only part true. He was hemmed in by the enemy on all sides, but he cut his way out with his own sword—covering himself with glory."

"Very much alive, indeed, he was, as after heroic actions fully proved. Up, up, he went—never a cowardly action, never a mean deed marring his war record; no backward steps were taken, no uncertain paths were followed. Courteous to his friends, magnanimous to his foes, just and true and noble in every relation of life, he was the most manly man, the most soldierly soldier, the most heroic hero I ever met. Alas! my brave boy! To think that he came forth untouched from so many hard-contested battles to fall under the scalping knives of those miserable savages on the western frontier.

"Though more than a score of years have passed since that noble life went out by the hand of a treacherous foe, I cannot calmly recall the sickening details of that unparalleled message, which sent a thrill of horror all over the land and brought undying grief to the hearts of many families."

The old man's voice, eloquent in praise of the triumphs of his hero, quivered with suppressed emotion as he ended the story of the heroic Custer—boy, cadet, general, and at last struck down by savages.

"Some queer letters find their way to an editor's desk. And here is one of them, which is warm with life and feeling and means business."

Mr. Editor—I sent you three weeks ago some Sunday a sketch of poetry which was written by my wife on her birthday. I told you to print it on Sunday and send the bill to me; but nary a sketch of it or bill has I seen. You have placed me in a damagin' predicament by not printing in 'cordin to instructions, for my wife thinks I either didn't mail it or got full and lost it. Will you please drop me a line and set me right about it? I know I mailed it to you in the postoffice but I ain't got no witnesses. If you will set me right in the matter, I will write a piece for you myself.

Walton (to fishmonger)—"Just throw me half a dozen of those trout." Fishmonger—"Throw them?" Walton—"Yes; then I can go home and tell my wife I caught 'em. I may be a poor fisherman but I'm no liar."

MT. UNION'S NEW GRANISTER WORKS.

The building of the new granister works at Mt. Union is progressing rapidly. From the Times we learn that the side track leading from the P. R. R. main line about two hundred yards west of the freight office, and extending almost to the breast of Faust Bros.' dam, has been completed, and they are now receiving from four to six carloads of material per day, such as red brick, fire brick, lumber, machinery, etc. The foundation walls for the large drying house, 140x200, are now completed, and the carpenters are at work framing the building.

The brick boiler house, size 40x60, will in a few days be ready for the roof, and which has already placed in it three Erie City boilers, of one hundred horsepower each. A large steel crusher has also been erected which has a capacity of crushing 500 tons of rock per day of ten hours. The foundation for the grinding house, size 40x90, is also completed, in which there will be four large grinding pans erected with a capacity of grinding the crushed rock in such quantities as to make 480,000 silica brick per day. In this building there will also be located a stationary engine of 225 horse-power weighing 32,000 pounds, built by A. B. Farquhar & Co., of York, Pa.

There are now twelve large ovens for burning the brick fairly under way, six of which will be completed within the next week, and ground will be broken for four more within the next few days, making sixteen in all, with a daily capacity of turning out 64,000 burned brick per day. The ovens are being erected in line parallel with the side tracks so as to load the brick from the kilns into cars.

Grading the incline from the works up the mountain side to the quarries is almost completed, and the track will be laid shortly. A large drum will be placed on the summit of the mountain to draw up the empty cars and let down the loaded ones.

There are now one hundred and fifty men employed on the works, and the work is being pushed rapidly, with a view of putting the plant in operation by January 1, 1900. The citizens of Mount Union will imagine when the smoke from the consumption of 100 tons of coal per day ascends from these seven or eight huge smoke stacks that they are living in the smoky city.

DEATH OF HOBART.

The death of Vice-President Hobart last week recalls the following bit of history in reference to the deaths that have occurred among the executive heads of the nation. Since the organization of the government in 1789, four Presidents have died, viz.: William H. Harrison, in 1841; Zachary Taylor, 1850; Abraham Lincoln in 1865, and James A. Garfield, in 1881, the last two by assassination. Death made no vacancy in the Presidency until 1841, more than half a century after the first inauguration, but George Clinton, Vice-President under Jefferson and Madison, died in 1812. William R. King, elected with Franklin Pierce in 1852, qualified as Vice President in Cuba, where he spent the winter of 1863 as an invalid and where he died before he reached the Vice President's chair. Henry Wilson, elected with Grant in 1872, died in 1875, and Thomas A. Hendricks, elected with Cleveland in 1884, died in 1885.

The position of Vice President is not filled when vacated by death or resignation, but the Senate chooses a President pro tem, who does not now succeed to the Presidency in the event of the death of the President. The position is now filled by Senator Frye, of Maine.

A healthy mind in a healthy body is a recognized truism. If appetite goes for any thing, Wilson College girls are certain of mental destruction. From an exchange we learn that if the cook wants to give the girls eggs for breakfast, she doesn't think of frying less than thirty-six dozen; if chicken for dinner, it takes seventy and large ones at that; and then, when they have turkey, if there are not forty roasted there is danger that some girl must do without a piece.

A WINDOW SMASHER.

An eccentric or malicious individual by the name of Joseph May, says the Shippenburg Chronicle, smashed three fine plate glass windows in Carlisle on Friday last. The first was Hartzell's confectionery on West High street, and he deliberately threw a pair of pliers through the window. He next attempted to break the glass in the show window at Choate's photograph gallery but failed, but had better luck at the Farmer's Bank, where he broke one pane, about 2x3 feet. Conlyn's jewelry store is next door and here he broke a fine French plate window. He then ran but was soon caught by an officer, who had some difficulty in arresting him. May lay down flat on his back and declared that he was dying. He was hustled off to jail and when in his cell turned on the water and lay down in it until it was about two inches deep on the floor.

May was given a hearing in the evening and it required the united efforts of Sheriff Harris and Deputy Kenyon to drag him from his cell to the office. When he was being taken back to his cell he pulled the door shut suddenly after he and Deputy Kenyon had passed through, evidently with the intention of overpowering Mr. Kenyon, but Sheriff Harris jerked the door open in a flash and collared the belligerent. He gave them considerable further trouble before he was finally landed in his cell, where he will remain until February term of court.

May seems to have a mania for smashing windows and this is not his first offence. He has served time both in the jail and in the insane department of the country home.

A MEMORIAL BRIDGE.

Preliminary Surveys have been made at Washington for a memorial bridge across the Potomac river stretching from Washington to Arlington.

According to the survey made in 1897 the bridge will start from the south end of Observatory Hill, near the foot of New York avenue. It will cross Water street and Potomac Park and strike the Potomac river at a point directly opposite Arlington. It will span Annotan Island and Little river and touch the Virginia shore on the Georgetown and Alexandria road, about two hundred yards north of the Sheridan gate of the National Cemetery.

The original estimates approximated a million or two million dollars. It would not be surprising if the amount finally decided upon should triple or quadruple the original \$2,000,000 estimate.

The structure is to be "A Memorial to American Patriotism." In its scope and purpose it will include the valiant men of every section of our common country. It will represent no North, no South, no East and no West, and no particular war from 1776 to 1899, but it will perpetuate forever the heroic deeds of all men known as Americans throughout the world.

Room For Him Too.

A bland and patronizing New Yorker was passing through a raw and new hamlet in the west, which its proud founders had dubbed B— City and were sure would soon become a thriving hive of human beings. Addressing a lank and lazy youth who was lounging at the door of one of the rude shanties that passed for a "shoe emporium," the New Yorker inquired sarcastically: "Who is that important looking gentleman with the red flannel shirt?"

"That's Sam Peters," was the proud reply. "He's just opened the new post office."

"And the tall person with no collar?"

"He's Long Mike. Just opened a grocery store."

"And the plump individual with the bald head?"

"Handy Jim. Owns the new saloon."

"Indeed?" said the New Yorker. "Your city seems to be pretty well started. I should suppose there was nothing left for a stranger like myself to open."

PARLOR RUGS AT GREATHEAD'S. An all wool Rug, 6 feet x 9 feet, weighing 2 to the square yard. Will lay flat on the floor tacking. Can furnish them any size from 6x9 feet to feet. Also a good line of CARPETS at Prices. Our assortment of General Merchandise will be kept up to the high standard in quality goods as usual. J. W. GREATHEAD, Established 1792. Continued

JOHN A. IRWIN Will Tell The Fulton County Public All About His MAMMOTH 20th ANNUAL Holiday Stock NEXT WEEK.

Fulton County Farmers' Institute To be held under the auspices of the Fulton County Agricultural Society, and State Board of Agriculture, In the Presbyterian Church, Warfordsburg, Pa., Dec. 7 and 8, 1899. Program. Evening Session. Call to Order at 7 o'clock. 1. Music. 2. Talk on Natural History—Gabriel Heister, Harrisburg. 3. Music. 4. Recitation—Miss Lena Downes. 5. How to Keep Some of the Bright Boys on the Farm—Gabriel Heister. Morning Session. Call to Order at 9 o'clock. 1. Music. 2. Devotional Exercises—Rev. E. R. Simons. 3. Address of Welcome—W. B. Ranck. 4. Response—Hon. D. H. Patterson. 5. The Barnyard—J. A. Fries, State College. 6. Farming and Some of its Hindrances—Dr. Remond. 7. Question Box. Afternoon Session. Call to Order at 1:30 o'clock. 1. Music. 2. Saving and Increasing the Fertility of the Farm—Lighty, East Berlin, Pa. 3. The Kind of Stock that will Pay the Farmer—Warfield. 4. Relation of Lime and Marl to Agriculture—J. A. Fries. 5. Poultry Raising on the Farm—R. M. Kendall. 6. Question Box. Evening Session. Call to Order at 7 o'clock. 1. Music. 2. Essay—Miss Estella Logue. 3. Recitation—Miss Bertie Kirk. 4. Culture and Feeding of the Corn Crop—L. W. Lighty. 5. Country Homes—Gabriel Heister.

Although these Institutes are designed and conducted for the education and advantage of farmers, yet all who are interested are invited to attend and show their appreciation by taking part in the exercises. A Question Box will be kept on the Secretary's desk and all are invited to place therein such questions as they may wish to have discussed. For further information address, W. C. PATTERSON, McConnellsburg, Pa., Chairman of the Board of Institute Managers for Fulton County. COMMITTEE.

The way some husbands talk to their wives is positively awful, and the way some wives talk to their husbands is awfully positive. Charlie, the son of Kreps, Mercersburg, who, kricked by a horse two weeks ago, has been compelled to undergo a second operation in a Baltimore hospital in the operating room the second time for two dead bone being removed from his foot and all the other scraped. The surgeon is the bravest patient ever to that she does to Christmas.