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THE SOLDIER'S GRIT.

I had been out in the field with the American troops in the Philippines and as many of the wounded were being taken into the station I followed. On entering a great big brawny fellow attracted my attention. He was propped up against the wall and a pipe in his mouth, smoking like a chimney.

"Well, my man," I said, "where did they get you?"

"In the leg, mum."

"Does it hurt much?" I asked, as I gave him some malted milk.

"Indeed it does, mum; but its worth all the pain in the world to see such a nice lady as yourself out here." He had never murmured, although his leg was broken in two places.

Such grit and such unselfishness. I tell you, our boys are made of grit. Never one murmur, no matter how great the pain. Under all conditions they were always thoughtful for others who might need the malted milk or broth more than they did. Time and time again, when I would give them something to drink, they would drink half and say to give the rest to a fellow sufferer. Not one drop more would they touch until assured there was plenty. Sometimes I just couldn't stand it any longer; that tears would come. It was too pitiful to see them lying there suffering, and yet never forgetful of others who might be worse.

There were so many instances where grit—grit in every sense of the word—was shown. One fellow who had had a hand-to-hand fight with two Filipinos came in terribly cut. Knives had been used, and a great gash was cut in his cheek and the fingers of each hand laid open to the bone where the knife had been jerked out of his hand. Do you know that man stood there, puffing away at a cigar, and never flinched once while the doctors took seven stitches in his cheek. He smoked continuously, taking the cigar out of his mouth with his drawn-up hand. It was only when they began to work on his fingers, where the nerve-centers were, that he said anything, and he jerked his hands away, saying: "Good God, leave them alone!"

"But hadn't you better quit smoking?" I asked him.

"No, lady; I couldn't stand the pain if I did."

Another time a little Dutchman came in holding up a bleeding, shattered hand.

"Hello, fellows; how you vas? Dey got you, too?" he called out cheerily, and he never moved nor murmured the whole time the surgeon worked on his hand.—A Nurse's Story in San Francisco Call.

HIS PA WAS RIGHT.

All the seats in the car were taken. He stood up near the middle and read a paper, paying no heed to what was going on around him. He was the only passenger for whom there was no place to sit. He started to turn the pages of his paper. Suddenly the motorman saw an obstruction on the track ahead and reversed the current.

After the passenger who had been standing succeeded in getting upon his feet again, an old man who seemed to know him said:

"Well, John, your pa was right."

John looked dazed, and the old man continued:

"He always said you was a goin' to the front in a hurry some day if you only kept your health."—Chicago Times Herald.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE KENTUCKY CASE.

From Public Ledger.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post, in narrating the events leading up to the present political troubles in Kentucky, says that the best monument that could be erected for Mr. Goebel would be "a charitable silence." The correspondent recalls that he went to the Kentucky State Convention last year with only 167 delegates out of the total of 1092. The other delegates were supporting Stone and Harding, and the latter needed only forty votes to secure success on the first ballot. The Post correspondent says that it was Stone's desire to round out his political career by a term in the office of Governor, Goebel entered into an arrangement with Stone by which the latter was to have his desire, the Governorship, and Goebel was to be given the succession to Deboe's seat as Senator. To carry out the bargain nearly 300 delegates were thrown out, and many of them on contests begun after the Convention had met. "After this packing had been done, Goebel sold out his partner and had himself nominated for Governor." The Goebel election law, under which the present confusion in Kentucky politics was made possible, was necessary to complete Goebel's ends; but Taylor's strength at the polls was miscalculated, and even the convenient machinery to overrun majorities found in the Goebel law was not worked quite hard enough to obliterate Taylor's majority. While his real majority is estimated at 30,000, the Democratic returning board gave him 2400. The law, however, accomplished its perfect work in the Legislature, which by the law was constituted the final bulwark of Goebelism. The Investigating Committee of the Legislature is selected by lot, and ten of the eleven names drawn were Democratic, though on joint ballot the Democratic strength was about 60 per cent. of the total. The charge was made, the Post correspondent recalls, that the Democratic names were placed on one side of the box from which the Contest Committee were drawn, and the Republican names on the other side.

Little has been said as to the charge that the Committee on the Governorship was unfairly drawn, but it is a matter of great gravity, and, if made out by convincing proof, it would show an important side light upon the case. The withdrawal of Governor Taylor would probably end all the incidental contentions. If the courts could be appealed to successfully to open the contest on the allegation of fraud, which vitiate everything it touches, the method of drawing lots for the Legislative Contest Committee might be investigated, and the truth made known. At any rate, full opportunity should be given by the Legislature for the vindication of the Democrats respecting this allegation.

The Post's representative refers to another matter which should not be overlooked as one of the operating causes of the Kentucky complication. The correspondent notes that in Louisville the Federal office-holders took an active part in the Republican Conventions of eleven of the twelve wards that elected Taylor delegates to the State Convention. The Collector of Internal Revenue was active in practical politics with his storekeepers and gangsters:

"Had these men been appointed by the merit system and not on the strength of their partisan and factional loyalty, it is probable that Mr. Taylor would not have been nominated for Governor; but the most popular candidate, John W. Yerkes, would have headed the ticket. Had this come about, there is good ground for believing that the Republicans would have carried Kentucky last year by 50,000 majority, and no Goebel, or machinery of Goebelism, would have ventured to try to break through such a verdict. The Civil Service Commission found the evidence against Collector Sapp on charges of political coercion and assessment so serious that it tried last summer to have him removed; but some influence succeeded in holding him in his place against every force that makes for decent politics." There seems to have been too

much easy-going politics all around in the last State campaign, and the serious dilemma in which it plunged the State, with Goebel as the arch manipulator and marplot, and his party as the beneficiary of the stolen goods, ought to correct the political atmosphere and have a disciplinary influence upon Kentucky politicians of every hue. The Governorship is of infinitely less importance than the observance of respectable political practices. Disreputable, smart, tricky and lawless politics do not pay in the long run.

FEDERAL PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

Senator Hoar of Massachusetts has introduced a bill into the Senate of the United States, which, if it become a law, will prohibit the importation into the United States of birds, feathers or parts of birds for ornamental purposes, but birds for food and for museums, zoological gardens or scientific collections, are permitted to be imported, as well as living birds, whose feathers can be removed, or feathers taken from living birds, without injury to the same. The second section of the bill provides that there shall be no transportation of birds, feathers or parts of birds to be used or sold except as mentioned in the first section of the act from any State or Territory of the United States. The bill in many respects is a good one. The destruction of birds solely in order to procure their feathers for ornamental purposes has become so great that if it continues many years longer at the rate at which it is now going on, many of the species will soon become extinct. There are some weak features in the bill, as, for instance, the non-importation into the country of feathers, wings, etc., for ornamental purposes, even when they are obtained from game birds, which are killed each year by the million for food. When birds are killed for food, there is certainly no objection to utilizing the feathers, and there should be no reason why they cannot be legally sold.

HOW WE USE UP THE FORESTS.

A cord of spruce wood is equal to 615 feet board measure, and this quantity of raw material will make half a ton of sulphite pulp. Newspaper stock is made up of two per cent. of sulphite pulp and 80 per cent. of ground wood pulp. The best known spruce land, virgin growth, possesses a stand of about 7,000 feet to the acre. Twenty-two acres of the best spruce land will therefore contain 154,000 feet of timber. An average gang of loggers will cut this in about eight days. This entire quantity of wood turned in at any one of the large mills will be converted in a single day into about 250 tons of such pulp as goes to make up newspaper stock. This pulp will make about an equal weight of paper, which will supply a single large metropolitan newspaper just two days.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

It is best to go slow when betting on fast horses.

Action and reaction are not equal to the stock market.

A man may mean well, but you are never quite certain of it.

Some people pass their good resolutions on their first reading.

The lay of the hen is more valuable than the song of the lark.

Happy is the bride the sun shines on—if she isn't afraid of freckles.

Many a man would have a better wife if he wasn't such a poor husband.

The man who takes the cake thinks it is no more than his just dessert.

Some one will be sure to take your advice if you have it engraved on the handle of a ten-dollar umbrella.

You can learn more about a man in ten minutes after it is too late than you could in ten years before.

There is nothing like poverty to give one a practical knowledge of the scarcity of the milk of human kindness.

The greatness of an egotist is all in his I.

Ancient Pagan Customs Observed in Our Eastern Possessions.

American missionaries who expect to carry on evangelical work in the Philippine Islands will find no dearth of native pagan religions and religious customs to combat. In the various large islands comprising the archipelago many odd rites are practiced and many strange gods believed in.

During the past quarter of a century the investigations made by indefatigable travelers and Spanish priests who have dwelt among the natives have brought to light some curious and interesting facts concerning the religions of the different tribes. The pagan natives believe in a remarkable medley of gods and occult influences, investing the productions of the earth as well as the celestial bodies with sacred and mighty powers, either good or malign. It is important also to note that, while their religious ceremonies are crude and often puerile, there has been found in their vague and jumbled pantheistic system a remarkable resemblance in several instances to the ancient religions of Egypt and India.

Some of the least savage tribes hold very pronounced beliefs concerning the progenitor of the human race. The Aelam of the Illocos tribe is known as Augngalo, a giant, who created the world by order of a supreme being, a belief similar to that prevalent in Ceylon, where it is declared, there is on the summit of the Mount of Adam a gigantic footprint, left by Adam when he sprang from the heavens upon the earth.

The belief in after life is very general. Among the Northern Illocos the souls or shades of the defunct are known as Anioas, who remain upon the earth in sadness and darkness, frequenting the places where their bodies were accustomed to be in life. Sometimes they assume their corporeal forms and appear to their friends or relatives. The Illocos hold that each mortal has three different souls—the Karkarnia (the soul of the living), the Alalia (that of the dead) and the Anioas (that of the living and dead).

The Apo is a title of reverence given to the demons Buker and Kaibaanes (genii or spirits, good and bad), who dwell in the trunks of high trees and in the interior of great rocks. The name Baturaia—which is held to be of Sanskrit origin—is given to a number of Filipino gods. The chief god of the ancient Tagals was known as Badhala or Bathalamey-Kapal, who was believed to be personified by the bird Tig-mamanukin. The same designation is given by the Tagals to comets or certain other celestial phenomena, which they believe to presage great events. In the religion of the natives of the island of Mindanao there is a god Badia, only son of another great deity, Mansilatan, who preserves and defends mankind from fraud and treachery of the demons Pudangnon and Malimbung. It is held that the word Batura or Badia is simply a variation and abbreviation of Batura-gura, the title sometimes given to Siva, who, with Brahma and Vishnu, constitute the trinity of the Hindu religion.

A curious instance of sorcery known as Bongat is still in vogue among the natives on the island of Mindanao. It is brought into play when a robbery has been committed and the thief is unknown. In two hollowed cane stalks a mysterious powder is preserved. A bit of this powder from one cane is blown into a hen's egg, through a small hole in the shell, and the egg is then laid upon the fire. The result is astonishing and satisfactory. Immediately the unhappy burglar, no matter where he may be or how remote he is from the scene of his depredations, is seized with terrific and incessant pains throughout his body, and he promptly and obediently makes known his whereabouts and guilt by exclaiming in anguish: "I am the thief!" If the robbed party is inexorable and wishes the rascal to die, he simply smashes the powdered egg, and the guilty man's existence is at once ended. But if he doesn't meet this dreadful doom he has a chance of escaping from his pains. He must obtain some of the powder from the second cane, none of which was blown into the egg, and scatter it upon water, in which he must bathe. Having accomplished all this he is at once relieved from his bodily tortures.

SOUTH AFRICAN NATIVES.

To most Englishmen South Africa is one of the great divisions of England's colonial empire. This is misleading, because it assumes that South Africa bears a family resemblance to Canada and Australasia, which is not correct. She has all the main features of a British colony with the vast native population of a tropical province. South Africa is not a white man's country with a black fringe; it is, like India, a black man's country, with a white ruling caste. In Cape Colony the Kafirs are in the proportion of three to one of the European population; in Natal twelve to one; in the republics two to one; in all the other territories of South Africa under British rule hundreds to one. It must be remembered, too, that the natives are steadily increasing; they are not dying out like the Maori of New Zealand, the Indian of British North America, or the blacks of Australia. Forty years ago Natal was a wilderness; today it has a colored population of 700,000 strong.

Even more disquieting than their number is their warlike character. So recently as the seventies the military organization of the Zulus was so thorough as to render them the terror of their neighbors. The Basutos, the Metabele, the Bechuannas, and the Swazis have all fought either with the British or with the Boers during the past fourteen years. With the war now in progress between the two white races in South Africa there looms up the danger of a native rising, whose horrors can hardly be realized, even by old and experienced colonists.

On the west of the Transvaal are the Bechuannas who, in the war of 1880-1, were allies of the British and therefore suffered at the hands of the Boers, even to the loss of some of their most valuable territory, which was subsequently, under British pressure, restored to them. On the east are the Swazis, who have also had trouble with the Boers, and over whom the Boers exercise a sort of feudal jurisdiction, their territory, however, not having been annexed. The Orange Free State has a hereditary foe in the Basutos, who have fought the burghers at intervals for two generations. At present Basutoland is administered by an English resident. The Basutos, it is estimated, could put an army of 60,000 into the field; the Swazis, an army of 15,000, and the Bechuannas one of 20,000.

Then there is the Kafir, who is, first of all a fighting man. The lust of war is in his blood, and it is only a few years since he was able to gratify it. Moreover, he is a savage; civilization has put on him only a veneer. Hence, when he sees the two white races at issue, he may imagine that now is his opportunity to come by his own. Only that native races are rarely moved by the same spirit at a particular moment, and that the forces of law and order are stronger in some territories than in others, a general war would be one of the possibilities of the present situation.

Wives of Two Lutheran Missionaries Die in Africa.

News has reached here of the death of Mrs. Will M. Beck and Mrs. J. D. Simon, at Muhleberg mission, near Monrovia, Liberia. The former died at 6 a. m. on December 26, and the latter at 3.30 a. m. on December 29, 1899.

The Lutherans of the West Pennsylvania Synod, and especially those interested in missionary work, will recall the interest felt in the departure of Rev. Will M. Beck and his bride, and Rev. and Mrs. J. D. Simon, as missionaries to Africa.

A farewell meeting was held in Baltimore on November 2, 1899, and the missionaries sailed from Philadelphia on Saturday, November 5, 1899. On December 4 they arrived at Monrovia, and a letter from Mr. Beck spoke of the delightful voyage. They expected to start up the river on the 8th and could have been at the mission in less than two weeks. Mrs. Simon's maiden name was Miss Leanna M. Turkie, and she left a three-year-old son in this country. Mrs. Beck, formerly Miss Emma M. Stein, of Princeton, Ill., was married to Mr. Beck on August 23, 1899.

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MICE AS FOOD IN CHINA.

The first thing which strikes the traveler in China, upon his entrance into any of the many cities of the celestial empire, is the strings of dried mice which hang from the roofs of the houses suspended by their tails, just as sausages are hung from butcher shops in France. The Chinese hunt these mice with a long sharp pointed knife, which they plunge into the animal's throats. Then the mice are suspended by the tails until the blood has dripped out, when they are skinned, drawn and smoked. Another favorite dish with the Chinese is dogs' feet. The feet of black dogs are considered more of a delicacy than those of any other color, and white dogs are rejected as being tasteless. Dogs' fat prepared in a special manner, is looked upon as a repast fit for a king.—N. Y. Herald.

EACH ONE HAD HIS HOBBY.

W. F. Cody had in one of his companies a Western "Broncho Bill." A certain missionary had joined the aggregation to look after the morals of Indians, relates the Baltimore Herald. Thinking that Broncho Bill would bear a little looking after also, the good man secured a seat by his side at the dinner table and remarked pleasantly, "This is Mr. Broncho Bill, is it not?"

"Yaas."

"Where were you born?"

"Near Kit Bullard's mill, on Big Plgeon."

"Religious parents, I suppose?"

"Yaas."

"What is your denomination?"

"My what?"

"Your denomination?"

"O-ah-yaas. Colt's 44."

Exasperated Old Gentleman (to lady in front of him)—Excuse me, madam, but my seat has cost me ten shillings and I want to see. Your hat—The Lady—My hat has cost me ten guineas, sir, and I want to be seen.

It is when a married couple's love grows cold that the house gets too warm for comfort.

GROWTH OF BUSINESS

As an instance of the growth of business in Altona, people are taking a simplified form of the Reamer Hoke shipping reporter the real money order department of the Altona postoffice. For the month of December, 1899, the postoffice reported a growth of \$24,342.33. This is a record for the month of December, 1899, and is a record for the month of December, 1899.

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SMOKING SPOOLS

Whatever difference there may be in the ability of smoking is none as to its effect upon boys. It is of the heart and the lungs who are being trained by their trainers. The argument of the most forcibly to smoking will stand. It has been proved that smokers are short less than their non-smokers. Particularly injurious active principle said by chemists prussic acid, the poison known absorb even a very ty of it without ill