ILTON COUNTY NEWS. who despised gardening could hoe and

THE HORRORS PARTY.

He's got out regular printed invitahouted Lidn. ed! Huh?' said Bob, contemp-

"Jack Dillon did 'em." what if he did?' retorted They're nice, Can't Jack

h yes, Sort o', Could, maybe, if ad enough letters. The only thing long on is x's. He's particularrt on e's. He's got only three. they're gone and he comes to a where the spelling book says use s has to put in an 'x.' To prove just look at the invitation. Read

Shaw took the sheet of folded from Lida's outstretched hand soked at the invitation that was ag such excitement among the members of her family. The a was printed very neatly in ary type and read as follows:

Miss Callie Wells requits your prisines at this Party of Horrors

to by given at her home Saturday aftxrnoon, June 3, 1899.

2 to 5, re," said Lida and Bob in con-"what do you think of that?" sn't it fine?" added Lida. m't it tough?" said Bob. said his mother, with a reag gesture, "how often have t a not to apply the word 'tough' slangy magner. I'm sur- it in this invitation in the least,

the exception of the x's nence certainly does spols of the card a little, It is very deed. But 1º don't understand party of horrors,' It says. What world is a party of horrors? I heard of one."

her dates mixed." has Bob. She meant to invite tike a peep at the chamber of

She meant nothing of the kind," reed Lida, stiffly, "Don't you pay attention to him, mamma. He's ecause he is a boy and can't be d, that's all. Callie know perwell what she was doing. She that everybody who has to do s around the house and yard and school has some one thing that articularly hates to do. When we is to the party of horrors we are to and tell why we hate it and try dout some way to make it easy. "ish I was going." said Bob. "It dn't take me long to make up my what I'd take."

we all know," Inughed Lida, ngs. Everybody knows you hem and would rather take a ig than to make them."

no, Lida, you're mistaken corrected Bob, "Kindlings are ie but they're better than a ". That's why I make 'em." lie's party is certainly a novelid Mrs. Shaw, referring to the ica again, "What are you going

weed to their heart's content. Notwithstanding the disagreeably character of these miscellaneous tasks the little beenive rang with the laughs. and jests of the workers. The hilarity reached a climax when, the horrors having been performed, the girls were

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2 45 P. M.

luvited to sit down to the daimy uncheon prepared for them. "This little party," explained Mrs. Wells, when all were seated and grace had been said, "was gotten up not so much that you might relieve yourselves by airing your grievances, but that we might devise some plan of lightening yourburdens, At each girl's plate there is an envelope containing written recipe which I hope will cure the distasteful features of the

work she most dislikes. These reclipes have been placed since you came, and each I think applies to the individual case in question. I prefer that you do not open them until you get

"What's yours, Lid? Look quick and see," said Bob, when Lida, still holding the pan of clean shining dishes in her lap, began to relate some of the amusing incidents of the party of hor-

Lida opened the envelope and read: "To make dishwashing easy, soften the water with the soap of patience, rub with the cloth of good temper, and dry with the towel of cheorfulness, if you have no one to talk to pleasantly while you work keep your mind on cheerful things, and your labor will be lightened until it will cease to be a labor and become a pleasure.

"Humph," said Bob, "Inat's good, I wonder what she'd give me?" "Oh, I know," said Lida, quickly,

"Senson your wood in the warm air of affection for mother, sharpen your ax on the grindstone of perseverance, and your kindlings will split like Dresden

china. "Well," said Bob, "that party of horrors has been a success, after all, if it can make you talk like that."-Chleago Record.

A Bright Boy's Work.

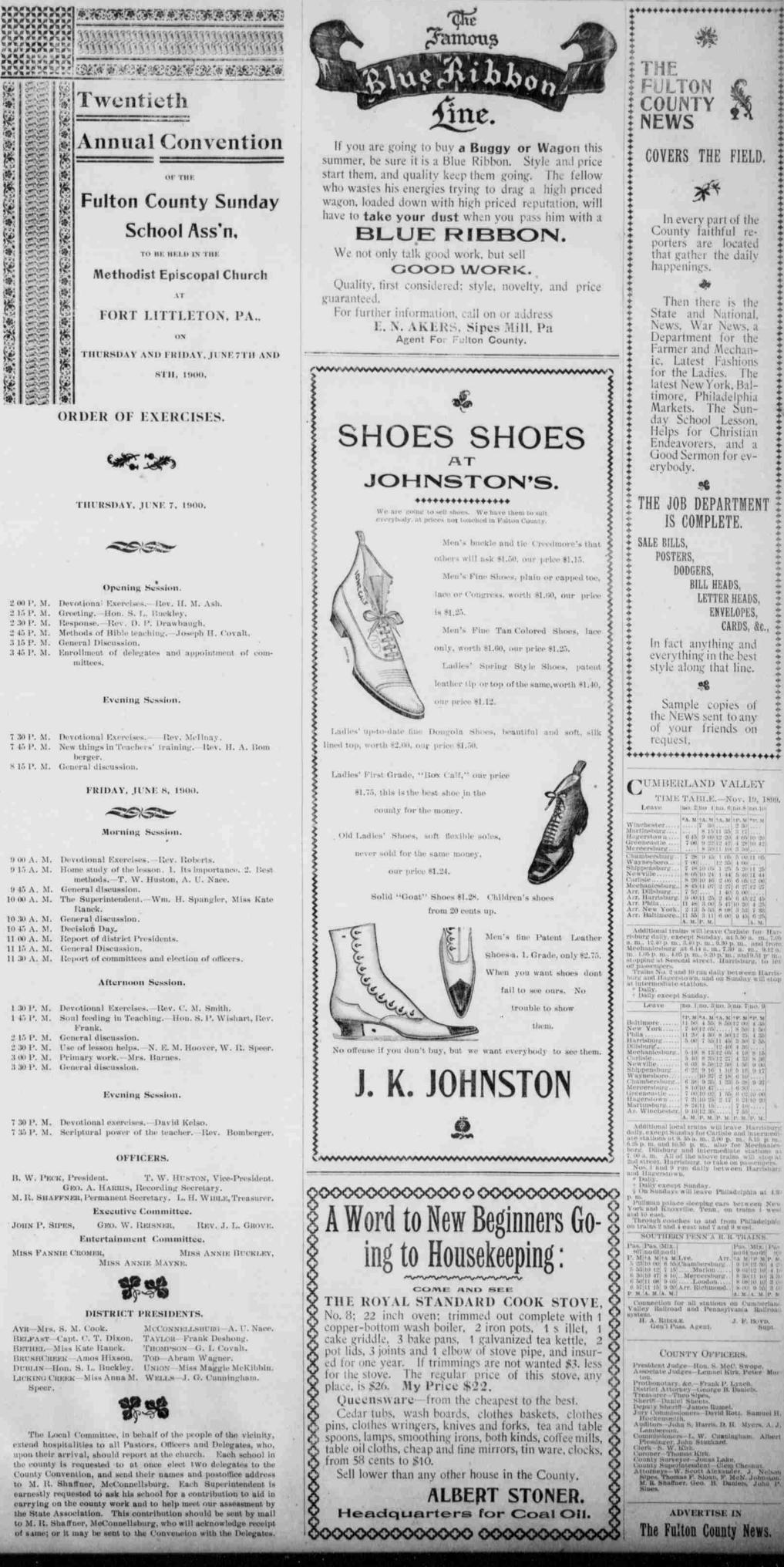
Wallace Evans, of Philadelphia, a slender thirteen-year-old lad in knlekerbockers, owns the largest pheasantry in the West, selling 800 eggs in a season, and hatching nearly as many birds.

Such an enterprise conducted by a boy is generally a makeshift, but the Evans pheasantry is perfect in construction, having about 775 by 200 feet under wire, with the latest improved hatcher and houses. It is divided into a network of special yards, every gate closing and locking automatically, so there is no danger of the birds escaping.

The flock of gold pheasants is a gor geous sight, with their brilliant yellow heads, capes of orange and blue. lined with vivid green, scarlet bodies, burnished wings and long, graceful tails, dotted with black. They are a fad among fanciers, and their price is increasing, as they now bring \$30 a pair.

The beautifully plumaged hen lays 30 eggs in a season, which are worth \$10 a dozen. Wallace has a large number of English pheasants, furnishing a fine contrast to the golden beauties. They hay from 50 to 75 eggs, which are readily sold for \$5.00 a setting.

His convey of quails make a hunter's heart leap as they fly to cover with a whir of wings and warning cries. The old birds were imported from Tennessee, where thousands of luckless birds follow a trail of the grain leading straight into a wire-inclosed corral, and are there shipped to breeders. In the center of each yard is a neat ly stacked pile of brush and straw. which affords a native retreat for all the birds. The English pheasants are very hardy, and frolic in the snow and ice like children, but the golden hover in their houses in bitter cold weather. Taken as a whole, the pheasantry reflects unbounded credit on its boyish proprietor, who, in addition to having the sole care of it, is finishing the eight-grade course in the public school.



ake as your particular grievance?" dishpan full of dirty dishes and h rag," said Lida, promptly. "I of think there is anything on earth 80 mean as washing dishes." "You say that only because you've for split kindling," put in Bob. "It mly by comparison that we know ether anything is good or bad." Ton may compare dishwashing in anything you plense," said Lida, sly, "and I'm quite sure it will out of the contest the most disable thing in the lot-in my ion. Everybody doesn't think so, wh Dalsy Allen is going to take, apron to patch, Belle Homan a of her album quilt, Angle Robina pan of potatoes to peel, Sylvio a broom, Annie Dolan a garden Jessie Little an armload of wood, and Hattie Kain a flatiron. cost many of the girls are going t beir arithmetics and grammars, ome of them are going to take music lessons."

"Kindlings are not nice.")

oh, what a con-glom-eration," Boh, "I never wanted to b but I would like to have on that day so I could get in and ow you all look. You'll be a circus."

men shaw was much given to exh, but he was right in preing that Mrs. Wells' dining room chen would be the scene of a assembly on Saturday afterthere were some thirty girls a good many of the girls to found with this particular aver-

and she had prepared two long the accommodation of the brigade. Plenty of hot water " soft towels were provided and they set to work on the al lask in the midst of a general There were low chairs near lows for those who disliked The piano and an old organ the disposal of the girls who a grudge against music. Just begarden fence were a number for and vegetable beds where all

The Cats Were Chums.

When Pete got lost Dick mourned as never a cat mourned before; now Dick is lost and Pete is inconsolable-and yet the two chums are only cats. Both are beautiful. Dick has tiercer yellow stripes than the Tammany tiger: Pete is dark gray, with stripes. Both are Angoras. A year ago Pete turned up missing, Dick wouldn't take a drop of milk, but moped around the house till one day Pete was found again, very thin and minus his mag-

nificent whiskers. Well, one day Dick disappeared. The last seen of him he was climbing out of the window on the stone sill, That night the cat was missed. Pete no ticed it first and told his story by plaintive walls and scratching at his mistress's gown.

All night long he waited by the windów, but no chum cat came back. The next day he waited, whining and refusing food. Yesterday he was on the sill, waiting still. A saucer of milk, cajolery, sharp words-not one would bring Peter off the sill, and there t.e sat last night walting patiently for

his chum. And yet people say dumb beasts have no south

Killed at a Sawmill.

Harvey Love, while at work in a sawmill at Blair's Mills, met with a fatal accident. The mill is propelled by water power. The young man commenced to saw lath in the morning and Lida was there early with was alone. The bolt from which he ban full of dirty plates, cups was sawing caught the circular saw ars, milk pitcher and knives and was hurled end ways striking him Mrs. Wells had evidently on the head a little to the left side. From the amount of work done the accident is supposed to have happened about 8 o'clock in the morning, and as no one came around that way until 5 o'clock in the evening, his

misfortune was not discovered until then. The stick or bolt which hit him was a piece of hickory poplar four feet long with six inches of face and over an inch thick! Harvey lived till next day until noon though he did not speak or open his eyes. He was 28 years old and was industrious and well thought of in the comunity.

9 00 A. M. Devotional Exercises. -- Rev. Roberts.

- 9.15 A. M. Home study of the lesson. 1, Its importance, 2, Best
- 945 A. M. General discussion.

mittees.

berger.

- 10 00 A. M. The Superintendent .- Wm. H. Spangler, Miss Kate Ranek.
- 10 30 A. M. General discussion.
- 10 45 A. M. Decision Day,
- 11 00 A. M. Report of district Presidents.
- 11 15 A. M. General Discussion.
- 11 30 A. M. Report of committees and election of officers.

Afternoon Session.

- 1 30 P. M. Devotional Exercises.-Rev. C. M. Smith.
- 1 45 P. M. Soul feeding in Teaching.-Hon. S. P. Wishart, Rev.
- Frank.
- 2 15 P. M. General discussion.
- 3 00 P. M. Primary work .- Mrs. Barnes. 3 30 P. M. General discussion.

7 30 P. M. Devotional exercises .- David Kelso.

7.35 P. M. Scriptural power of the teacher.--Rev. Bomberger.

B. W. PECK, President. GEO. A. HARRIS, Recording Secretary.

JOHN P. SIPES, GEO. W. REISNER, REV. J. L. GROVE.

MISS FANNIE CROMER,

DISTRICT PRESIDENTS.

Avr-Mrs. S. M. Cook. BELFAST-Capt. C. T. Dixon. BETHEL-Miss Kate Ranck. BRUSHCREEK-Amos Hixson. Top-Abram Wagner. DUBLIN-Hon, S. L. Buckley. UNION-Miss Maggle McKibbin. LICKING CHEEK-Miss Anna M. WELLS-J. G. Cunningham. Speer.

The Local Committee, in behalf of the people of the vicinity, extend hospitalities to all Pastors, Officers and Delegates, who, upon their arrival, should report at the church. Each school in the county is requested to at once elect two delegates to the County Convention, and send their names and postoffice address to M. R. Shaffner, McConnellsburg. Each Superintendent is earnestly requested to ask his school for a contribution to aid in carrying on the county work and to help meet our asseasment by the State Association. This contribution should be sent by mail to M. R. Shaffner, McConnellsburg, who will acknowledge receipt of same; or it may be sent to the Convencion with the Delegates.