TON COUNTY NEWS.

VOLCANOES.

of a Young Lady Who Has Lived Long In Hawaii,

of the happlest days of my we spent on a table land looked mon by the three great mounof Hawall, Mauna Los, Mauna and Hundalal, In height 13,050, and 8,275 feet. I wonder if there ther place in the world more chi than those great ranch lands more gets a view of rose-col-Ket, somber and ghostly Loa, is lower crags of Hualalai. Per-Mauna Lon, from the Volcano et the brink of the crater of s, is better. One does not real-Kdauet that one is on the side una Loa, is 4,000 feet above sea for the summit is miles away, semingly, miles up in the clouds, the hostelry Mauna Loa looks and ghostly; unless touched by light of the sun, when it be-

a mountain of fire. news tells us it is now a vermountain of fire; that a noise at the Volcano House, twenty away, announced a terrific exa had occurred, and that the of the fountains of fire can be be forty miles around. We wait r news with much interest and anxiety; three great lava streams ing in different directions, down its of that huge mountain, suren work havoe to some of the smilmury that lies on its sides, as cover the ruined land that he old flows. When one thluks ine growth of young coffee of the wide ranch lands, where wild cattle and sheep; of the and tropic forests jungled with dua and pandanus trees; when hinks of friends that live on ceffee and ranch lands, one there was a cable to bring

news from old Mokunweoweo, mult crator of Manna Loa. the olden time whenever an erupack place it was the custom to ohelo berries, which grow est quantities near the volcano, w them into the crater as an m to Pele Hogs and other propre often thrown into the ms of lava. It is rumored that monarchs tried this latter of appeasing the wrath of ad, strange coincidence, the her one of such ceremony the fow ceased to advance. A nami, with wide-distended eyes is a hushed voice, told me of recent appearings; how the old tell of seeing her flying about atry at night, sometimes havbeform of a very ancient woman, mes very young and beautiful. t not decide whether the girl, lvel in a primitive part of Hadeleved the stories or not; the in of to-day, while ashamed mowledge faith in the old superof course, has not wholly defrom the beliefs of his fathers. nder in his "Brief History of lawalian People," tells how one ion was broken down by Kapnot the downger Queen, who out seventy-five years ago. In outh she was intemperate and its, but later in life became an of virtue to her country-wo-Up to her time it had been tabor any woman to ascend the a to the volcano, or to pick is berries, sacred to Pele, dread s of the place. After her conver-Christian bellefs, Kaplolani ed to break the spell of be-Pele, and teach the superstimilives to worship the true God. ade a journey of 150 miles, mosttoot. On approaching the volthe met the priestess of Pele, samed her not to go near the t and predicted her death if she bed the taboos of the goddess. ife you?" demanded Kapiolani. a whom the goddess dwells," he reply. In answer to a pretendof Pele's, Kapiolani quoted ps from the Scriptures, setting the character and power of the iod, until the priestess was siand confessed that Keakua, ity, had left her. Kapiolani and many of eighty persons descenter five hundred feet to the ledge. There, in full view of and and terrific action of the mater, she ate the berries cou d to Pele, and threw stones in burning lake, saying, "Jehoval God. He rules all and 1 of Pele. If I perish by her anger may fear Pele; but if I trust wah and he preserve me when wher taboos, then you must ad serve him alone." This has ed one of the greatest acts of urage ever performed. Miss described the scene in a called "An Hawailan Chief-After Tennyson's death among ers was found a poem in honor me heroine. It was published strated London News and in a late edition of Tennyns. He wrote: Saxon who hurled at

DAILY SUN BATHS,

He Says, Will Enable Him to Live 200 Years-Is Now 113.

Andrew Joseph Thompson, of Santa Rosa, Cal., aged 113 years, arrived here on his way to Weyerhauser, Wis., where he is going to attend the marriage of his great-granddaughter. Irene Tibbils, who lives near that town.

Mr. Thompson has false teeth and his hair is gone, with the exception of a few scattered gray wisps, but he is as active as a kitten and bright-eyed as a lad of 15. His companions are Vardon Thompson, of Santa Rosa, and Elmer Thompson, of the same town. These gentlemen are Mr. Thompson's grandsons. One is 62 years old and the other 59. They say the old man can run a mile in six minutes flat on a sandy road and that he expects to live another hundred years. The aged Cal-ifornian is wealthy, having made a arge fortune in California gold properties in the early days. He is well educated, having been trained as a doctor in Edinburgh, from which city he took his departure for the United

States with several others, now all dead, in 1809. It is not stretching the truth to as-

sert that Mr. Thompson appears about 65 years of age. He stands as straight a pine, has square shoulders, and his face is full and round. There is nothing in the man's walk to suggest his great age, and he tossed off a bottle of Bass ale with great nonchalance. Later he expressed the opinion that it was about breakfast time and one of the dutiful grandsons was dispatched to order a beefsteak.

"None of your giblets, now," the old man shouted after him. "I want a porterhouse cooked rare, with a baked potato and some coffee."

"The fact of the matter is," said Mr. Thompson, as he lit a cigar and puffed it with evident enjoyment, "that I am so old and so healthy because I have discovered the secret if not of eternal life, at least, of living a couple of hundred years in comparative comfort. In my opinion the dread of death is what causes death in innumerable cases. Of course I do not mean that organic discase can be overcome by the means I have adopted, but I do think that all the deaths that occur from what we characterize as 'general collapse' could be averted. My plan is simple enough. In the first place, I refuse to be worried about anything. I never did worry. It must, of course, be taken into consideration that I have really nothing in particular to worry about, and that there has been nothing to cause me to worry for the last 60 years or more. Since I ceased active business about 60 years ago 1 have never let a day pass when the sun shone without baring my body to its rays for one or two hours.

"On my place in California I have an inclosed space where 1 am free to go naked without being seen by any human eye. The sun sinks into my bones and gives them new life. My skin is as brown as an Indian's all over. It has been that way ever since I began this practice of sun bathing. For cold weather I have a glass house at the top of my residence, comfortably fixed up, and there I take my bath through the windows when compelled so to do. "There is no crankiness in my meth-

od" concluded the aged traveler. "It is simply giving the Lord's own medicine a chance to do its work, and I can assure you that one hour of bright sunlight pouring down on a bare human body is more beneficial to the health of that body than a whole dispensary full of drugs."--Chlcago Reeord

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee, Your tired knee, that has so much to hear

A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.

Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch

Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight-do not prize this blessing over-

much: You almost are too tired to pray to: night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago I did not see it as I do to-day-We are so dull and thankless and too

To catch the sunshine till it slips nway,

And now it seems surpassing strange to me That, while I wore the badge of

motherhood, dld not kiss more oft and tenderly The little child that brought me only

nood. And if some night, when you sit down

to rest. You miss the elbow from your tired

knee, This restless, curling head from off

prenst. This lisping tongue that clatters constantly;

If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped.

And ne'er would nestle in your palm again; If the white feet into their grave had tripped,

I could not blame you for your heartache then!

wonder so that mothers ever fret At little children clinging to their gown.

Or that the footprints, when the days are wet. Are ever black enough to make them

frown. could kiss a rosy, restless foot, If I

And hear a patter in my home once more. If I could mend a broken cart to-day, To-morrow make a kite to reach the

sky-There is no woman in God's world

could say She was more blissfully content than

But ah! the dainty pillow next my own Is never rumpled by a shining head; My singing birdling from its nest has The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

News. THE MISSIONARY BLOCK.

-Mrs. May Riley Smith, in Baltimore

"O, mamma," exclaimed Ruth Fenton as she came bounding into the house upon a crisp autumn day, "we have thought of just the nicest way of helping you big people fit up that box to send out West."

"I'm all attention." And Mrs. Fentou smilled encouragingly into the rosy face before her.

"Well," and, dropping upon a stool at her mother's feet, Ruth continued "you see, in the first place, we're going to make a quilt, and, as grandpa would say, it's to be 'a very fine quilt. and a curlous quilt."

"Indeed," laughed Uncle Jack, much amused at his niece's enthusiasm.

"Yes, sir; for there are to be some very fine blocks and some curlous blocks, because in the middle of each one and upon the fours sides are to be plain white patches, and on each one

of these a name is to be written; and every one whose autograph appears upon our quilt is to pay ten cents for the honor." "Whew!" cried her brother Bob.

"You are too kind. I must beg to be excused. "Don't flatter yourself, sir," returned his sister, merrily. "Do you sup-pose I would send a poor, hard-work-

him the book and pench which she carried, Ruth waited with a pleased smile while he, resting the book against a tree, rather laboriously wrote his name.

"There," he said at last, "I guess they can read it; but I reekon the misonary won't lie awake nights thinking about it if he can't quite make it out."

"Now let me see," he added medltatively: "there's something else for me to do." And Ruth's eyes danced merrily at the lines of perplexity upon his forchead.

"Oh, yes," he added; and, slowly drawing from his pocket a fat wallet, he took from it two silver pieces, saying, "Here is ten cents for the name and a dollar for your visit." "Really?" ejaculated Ruth.

"Yes, really," he returned, much amused at her evident astonishment. She could hardly wait for the bright bunch of autumn flowers which he then gathered for her; and, when she had thanked him warmly, and promised to come again, it was with no lagging feet that she made her way homeward.

Many hands make light work; and was not long before the quilt was finished, and sent with the box full of other good things to the far Western home

About a week later Ruth was one day surprised to receive a letter addressed in an unfamiliar hand, and bearing the post-mark of the little Western town. Hastily opening it, she read aloud as follows:

Dear Miss Fenton-How much 1 wish to thank you for your share in the pleasant surprise which has come to us, and which will add so much our comfort and happiness during the coming winter! I have already addressed a letter to your society, and I am writing you now especially in behalf of others whom I would gladly benefit. Upon the block of the autograph quili, which bore your name and address was the name of one Raymond Page. Can you find out if he came to this country when about ifteen years old, leaving behind him in England an only sister, Hannah?

The latter married, and, coming to America, finally drifted to this western own, where her husband died about two years ago, leaving her and an invalid daughter with scarcely anything to live upon. She was very much excited to-day upon catching sight of the name upon your quilt, as she had for many years lost sight of her brother and feated that he was dead. Will you please write me promptly that Mrs. Bell's anxlety may be relieved soon as possible?

My husband and children join me in loving thanks and earnest wishes that God will bless you richly in your efforts to help others. Very cordially y.011P8.

"O mother, isn't it just like a story! What will Mr. Page say." And donning her wraps as quickly as possible Ruth was soon on her way to the cottage

quarter of an hour later, when, opening his door, he discovered Ruth upon

Almost breathless from rapid walking and excitement she gasped: "O. Mr. Page, dld you ever have a sister Hannah?

replaced the half quizzical expression upon his face.

that she knew.

mured at last, brushing the back of his hand across his eyes, "I must go



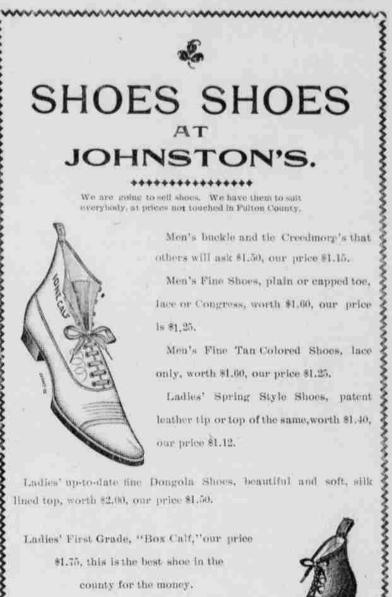
summer, be sure it is a Blue Ribbon. Style and price start them, and quality keep them going. The fellow who wastes his energies trying to drag a high priced wagon, loaded down with high priced reputation, will have to take your dust when you pass him with a

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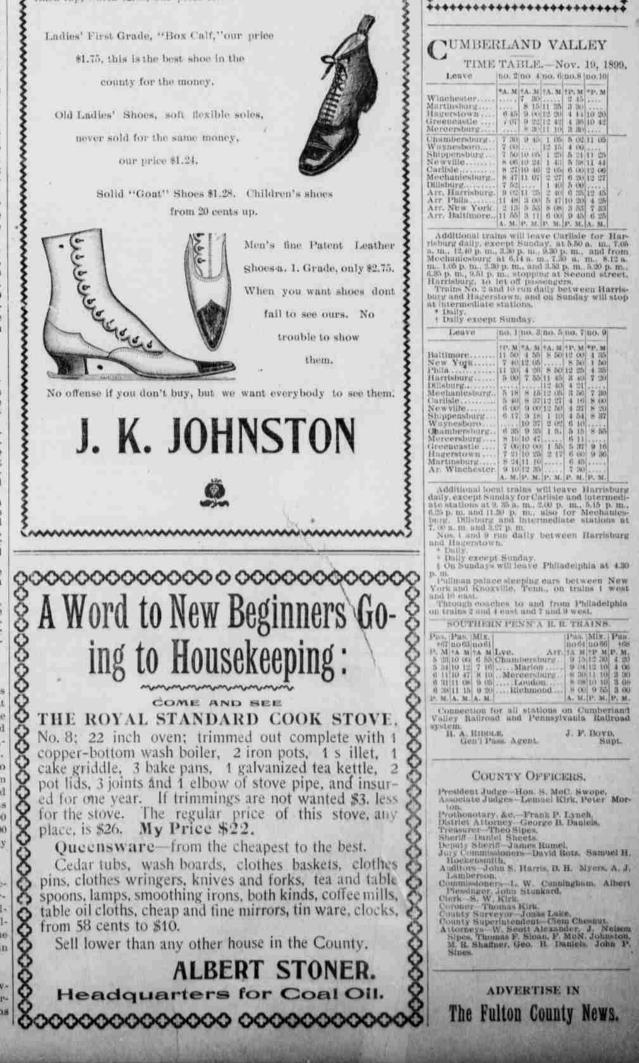
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Annie Tremaine.

"Sakes alive?" exclaimed its owner a

the steps.

An eager, questioning look quickly

"Yes, yes?" he returned. And as quickly as possible Ruth told him all

"Poor Hannah! poor girl?" he mur-

s weapon in olden England! and greater, and greatest of

oine Kapiolani, mountain, and flung the

d the goddess, and freed the of Hawall. rine Pope in St. Louis BOCTAL.

retion After Investigation. were speaking of the new wogirl proposed to you," she said, ddn't dare refuse her.' girl had the nerve and the den to make a proposal," he "I wouldn't dare marry her." of the circumstances she de-

wait for him to speak first. so Evening Post. " at McFerrin's sawmill, ten

West of Covington, Kentucky, ed Thursday, killing five men ompletely wrecking the plant. a james A McFerrin was among led.

session of the state supreme begt week will be one of the st on record. On the list of is one immediately and he important tax case and mercantile tax cases, and

BOTTLE OF POISON.

Lord Kitchener Always Carried It to Cheat His Enemies.

There is a pretty general impression that the work undertaken by the spy is invariably disgraceful work, and that the professional military secret service agent is a more or less degraded creature-degraded, that is, for the time being, by the very nature of the mission he undertakes. Of course, nothing could be further from the truth. There are spies and spies. The paid renegade, who for mere pay, undertakes to pry into and betray the secrets of his friends, stands entirely uphe on an entirely different footing from the officer, who, taking his life in his hands, ventures into the enemy's camp in order gratuitously to obtain information which may turn out to be

of infinite value to his own intelligence department. Lord Kitchener was a spy of this latter sort, and it was his cleverness energy and resourcefulness in this capacity which first attracted to him the notice of his superiors. Alone and unarmed he plunged into the revolted Soudan in the autumn of 1882 and succeeded in penetrating, disguised as a peddler of hurra cakes, as far as Omdurman itself. Here he saw a fellow spy stripped naked, flogged till the flesh hung in ribbons from his body, and then crucified face downward in the blazing sun. Ever afterward, in his wanderings among the wild desert tribes, Kitchener carried with him a tiny phial of eyanide of potassium. As he tersely put it: "I did not fear death-but such a death!"

More Than 6,000 Years Old.

their sun god, among these, one for the rising sun when it set in the west. The very biggest idol they ever made was to represent this sun god. It is eyebrows. sphinx, or when it was made but, in cy." all likelihood, it was already there in

the country .- St. Nicholas.

call extended him a few weeks ago.

Dr. Hogg said that he believed the call is looked upon with divine favor, and in a short time he and the church will be working together as pastor have hardly take up more than and people. The charge pays \$2000, as the names are all to be written and grants a vacation of six weeks.

ing missionary any of your handwriting to ruin his eyes upon?

"There wouldn't be any room for you anyway; for, of course, my own name must go in the middle, and then there will be papa's, mamma's and Uncle Will's for three more places, and I'm going to ask my old gentleman to write in the last one."

"My, what a privilege he'll think it is to part with ten cents for the sake of having his name go down to posterity in that shape! I don't believe he ever gave away a penny in his life!" "I am sure it was very kind of him to offer me the flowers," returned Ruth, warmly; "and I shall tell him that he need not give me his name if does not wish to."

"I think your idea a very good one," here interposed Mrs. Fenton. "It seems as though he must sometimes be very lonely, even if he does prefer to live alone.

Devoting herself to her sewing. Ruth soon completed her block; and the following morning, after the others had writen their names upon it, she started out briskly in the direction of Raymond Page's cottage, which was situated upon the outskirts of the town

Her heart beat somewhat faster as, drawing near, she discovered the one she sought in his front yard, busily engaged in covering an tying some of his rosebushes for the winter.

He did not seem to see her at first, and it gave her a great start when he suddenly faced around and said. "I'm sorry I haven't my roses for you to-day, Miss; but perhaps we can find something that you will think worth carrying away."

"O, sir," stammered Ruth, with n heightening color, "1-1 should like the flowers very much; but I came to

The Egyptians had many names for ask another kind favor to-day." "A-ah! that's good, that's good," he repeated, his bright eyes looking out questioningly from under his bushy "But, you see, I dldn't what we call the "Great Sphinx of know that I had anything but flowers Gizeh." No one knows who made this that a little maid like you would fan-

Ruth thought of what Bob had said; the desert more than 6,000 years ago, but, producing her patchwork, and when the first king of Egypt whom plunging boldly into the subjetc, she we know anything about ruled over had soon made the matter clear to her attentive auditor.

"Humph?" he grunted, as she finally Rev. W. C. Hogg, who has been the concluded her explanation. "What energetic pastor of the Presbyterian made you think I'd help?" Despite his church, Waynesboro, the past year, scher face, there was a twinkle in his conducted services, Sunday last, in eyes which helped Ruth to sey: "Why the Third Presbyterian church, Chest- sir, it seemed to please you to give me er, Pa., during which he announced the roses. So I thought you might be that he had concluded to accept the glad to do something for someone else.

"Wise little woman." he responed; and now the twinkle broadened into a smile. "We'll go into the house and see if we can find a pen."

"A pencil will do just as well, sir, ever with indelible ink." And, handing

after her right away. O. Miss, you don't know how it seems to find that there is some one in the world really belonging to me!"

That night he started for the far West, and in two weeks was at home again, having brought with him the long lost sister and his niece.

The latter interested Ruth exceedingly. She was so patient and sweet, despite her lameness and the pain which often caused her such distress. The cottage became one of Ruth's pleasantest visiting places, as she enthusiastically said, "I don't believe there is another such happy family in town."-Every Other Sunday.

In Rag Time Attire.

"For heaven's sake, tell that new servant of yours to get a new dress before she comes here to-morrow. She is positively too slovenly to come into the dining-room."

This "heavy" was dealt out by a su-burbanite to his wife the other morning. She informed the negress of the desire of the master of the house, but that gentleman had no idea his in-structions would be so well carried

When the breakfast was brought in the following morning what was his surprise to behold the negress togged out in a magnificent evening dress with sparklers in her hair and other adornments on her bare arms and neck

"What's all this," he cried. "Have you fired that other girl, and got an

Egyptian princess in her place?" "No, boss," said the nigger girl, speaking for herself. "I'se de same but I jess put on muh ragnigger. time clo'es, as you wuz so partic'ler muh pussonal 'pearance."-Memphis Scimitar.

The Waynesboro Record predicts

that the coming peach crop in that vicinity will be a large one. "The fact," it states "is assured beyond a doubt. There are not less than 142,-200 trees which will bear about August. The average yield of each will be two bushels, which will be shipped from Waynesboro and nearby points and which will bring in the local markets about \$1 per bushel, or about \$280,000 for the entire crop." Of the 142,000 peach trees 20,700 are in the Quincy township distret.

By a decision of the court, at Toledo, Ohio, the Arbuckles are given permission to inspect the books of Woolson spice company, which is controlled by the Havemeyer interest. The Arbuckles own sixty shares of stock in the spice company.

The man who cracks his fingers sevoral times while nailing down the carpet, knows what it is to take pains with his work.