

Commissioners Must Act.

State Forestry Commissioners Rothrock has decided to begin proceedings against all county commissioners who refuse to comply with his request to appoint detectives to ferret out and prosecute those guilty of causing the burning of timber lands.

In view of the importance of this question, says Mr. Fleetz in an opinion on this subject to Dr. Rothrock, "and the wisdom the legislature has exercised in passing these various acts to afford a complete system for the detection and punishment of all persons, who in any way set fire to the timber lands of the state, I again advised you that it is your duty to proceed vigorously in all cases that the destruction of the forests by fires may be effectually stopped."

Protecting the Birds.

The passage by the American Milliner's Association of a resolution to the effect that no member of the association should use the plumage of song birds in the trimming of hats and bonnets is a gratifying evidence of the energy with which the Audubon societies of the country have carried on their commendable crusade against bird murder.

So long as the milliners did not join in the movement there was little hope for bird protection. The heart of lovely woman may have been rent in theory at the piteous tales of bird destruction, but in practice it rejoiced at a "love of a bonnet" decorated, in accordance with Fashion's cruel decrees, with the brilliant feathers of song birds.

Inspired by the decision of that organization the morning lark of these beautiful June days should carol the rejoicings of the feathered tribe from the highest point of the unfathomable blue, and give out the rings that predatory man has given up an iota of his bloodthirstiness. Noy let the crusaders devise ways and means of getting rid of that other vicious enemy of the song bird—the English sparrow.

Hon. Joe's Summer Suit.

The summer suit of Representative Sibley, of Pennsylvania, is the dreamiest of dreams. It is of flannel, the color of Alderney cream, is as sweet and lovely as a June day, and as cool-looking as an iceberg at sea.

But talking about clothes, Wolcott, of Colorado, has introduced a new style in the Senate. He has his vests and ties made of the same material as his shirts. The effect is novel in the extreme.

A Life and Death Fight.

Mr. W. A. Hines of Manchester, Ia., writing of his almost miraculous escape from death, says: "Exposure after measles induced serious lung trouble, which ended in Consumption. I had frequent hemorrhages and coughed night and day. All my doctors said I must soon die. Then I began to use Dr. King's New Discovery which wholly cured me. Hundreds have used it on my advice and all say it never fails to cure Throat, Chest and Lung troubles." Regular size 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at W. S. Dickson's Drug Store.

LIVING IN THE STONE AGE.

A New Eskimo Tribe Has Just Been Found.

ALL DEAD TO THE WORLD

They Live Just as They Did When They Emigrated From, Nobody Knows Where—They Speak an Unknown Dialect—Remarkable People.

On a big island in Hudson's Bay a hitherto unknown tribe of Eskimo has been found.

Whalers discovered them, and the authorities at the Museum of Natural History in New York, hearing the news, sent Captain C. Cromer to investigate them.

Until the last few months these people had never seen a white man. The island which they inhabit is called Southampton Island, and is almost as large as the State of Maine. It is at the northwestern end of Hudson's Bay. For centuries this tribe has had the slightest communication with other Eskimo. When discovered they were still living in the stone age, and knew no metals until they were introduced within a year by visiting whalers, and to-day they live just as they did when they first emigrated—from no one knows where. Their residence probably antedates the discovery of America by Columbus.

They speak a dialect different from that of any other known tribe. Their huts are built of the skulls and jaws of whales, covered over with skins of animals. Snow huts are the fashion among other Eskimo.

In the middle of their primitive dwelling stands the stone lamp (raised a little from the ground) which lights the home, heats it, cooks the food, serves for melting snow, drying clothes and the perfecting of some of their weapons and implements.

Among the Greenland Eskimo this lamp is hollowed out of soapstone, but on Southampton Island the lamp is made of a flat piece of limestone, around the edge of which narrow pieces of limestone are glued. Their pots are made of the same material, one slab serving as the bottom and four others for the ends and sides of the queerest square pot ever made. The glue is made of deer's blood, grouse and fish roe. One glance at the inside of one of these pots lined with this piteous mass is enough to take away a white man's appetite for a week.

Into the limestone lamp, which is an oval, a foot or so wide and about two inches deep, is put oil from whale blubber. The wick is a piece of moss. The pot is placed over the lamp on a support, on which hangs a piece of blubber which melts from the heat and feeds the lamp continually.

The dress of these people also differs in design from that of other Eskimo. The women's clothing is made of the skin of the reindeer.

The members of this tribe live together by fishing and hunting, the whale being the chief article of diet. The bone harpoons they use are tipped with chipped flints, as well as their arrows and spears. The ingenuity with which they utilize the whalebone is most surprising. Cups and buckets are made of it by bending it round and sewing on the bottoms. Whalebone serves them for weapons and implements of utility. They even press it into service for making toboggan-like sleds. Some of their sledges are of walrus tusks as runners and with deer's antlers as crosspieces. On so large an island as theirs there is an abundance of game, such as the



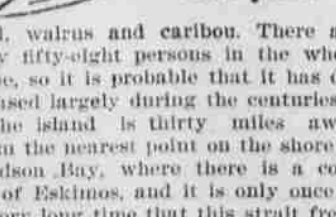
DOG WHIP FOR SLEDGING.



BONE HATCHET WITH IRON BLADE.



WHALE BONE SPOON.



IVORY PICK.

seal, walrus and caribou. There are only fifty-eight persons in the whole tribe, so it is probable that it has decreased largely during the centuries.

The island is thirty miles away from the nearest point on the shore of Hudson Bay, where there is a colony of Eskimos, and it is only once in a very long time that this strait freezes over. The tribe cherishes a tradition that about seventy-five years ago this happened, and two hunters from the mainland visited them, though the visitors were as much astonished as their hosts to know that there were other men on earth. Each tribe believed that they were the only people in existence. Strangers never visited them again, nor did they make any attempt to return the call. In the large amount of valuable material which Captain Cromer has brought back with him are many curious implements and weapons.

A girl should be brought up so as to be able to make her own living, whether or not she's going to inherit a fortune. But a woman's place is in the home, though some women do better in business than men. A girl ought to be careful about the man she marries, too, especially if she has money. She oughtn't to marry until she's old enough to know what she's doing, anyway.—Hooty Green, in the June Ladies' Home Journal.

DUNHAM GREER.

Dunham Greer looked out through the big windows of the hotel reading room. Night was coming on, a thousand lights twinkled in the store fronts, the forms of the passers were growing blurred and indistinct. Dunham yawned. He was at a loss to kill time. He had just finished his dinner and the evening was before him. There were great houses up town where he would be cordially welcome, but Dunham had no desire to make like something new, some novelty in the form of entertainment. There were the theatres. But no true New Yorker ever goes to the theatres away from home. He remembered being in Cleveland the preceding summer, and how he had enjoyed himself at a picnic to which he was self-invited. He laughed at the remembrance, and picked up the evening paper again.

And then his glancing eye caught this item: "The ladies of the Barclay Avenue Free church will give a progressive encore party this evening at the home of Mrs. James Lemmers, No. 62 Serop court, for the benefit of the Sunday school library fund. Friends of the church are invited to be present, and are assured of a good time. Take the Rockport car from the Square at 7:25."

Dunham stared at the notice, then he pulled out his watch. It was 7:10. He tossed the paper aside and stepped to the big mirror in the lobby. A quick glance assured him his appearance was quite satisfactory, and then he stepped out and hurried to the Square. He had just time to catch the Rockport car and a ride of half an hour brought him to Serop court, a short street of very new houses, amid which he had little trouble in locating No. 62. "I never went to a church entertainment," he said with a smile, "where change was mentioned, and I'm too old to begin."

A tall young man in a long Prince Albert, a pale young man with thick black hair, looked around at Dunham and gave him a pleasant smile and nod. Dunham nodded back, and then went up the stairs. "Dear me," murmured a voice over his shoulder, "but that was stupid." "I must have caught my heel on the upper step. New shoes, you know. It was awfully good of you to be in the way. I might have progressed down every step to the bottom. It's Mr. Blossom, isn't it?"

Dunham looked around. A pretty girl with glowing cheeks, a pretty girl in a pretty light dress, was looking down on him from an upper step.

"No," he said. "It isn't Mr. Blossom; it's Mr. Greer, and Mr. Greer is very glad that he could be of some assistance to you during the recent rash." "Oh," said the pretty girl. "I thought it was the minister's friend from the west. I am May Fleming. You know Mr. Charles, don't you?" Dunham shook his head.

"The fact is," he said, "I'm almost an entire stranger." He put in the "almost" because he felt that he had some slight acquaintance with a young lady by the name of Fleming.

"I will introduce you," she said, and drawing him to the tall young man, presented him in due form and then slipped away. Dunham's heart warmed to the young minister at once. He looked so earnest, so kindly, so good.

"I do not remember to have seen you among us before," he said. "No," said Dunham. "It's the first time I've been in this part of the city. I'm an eastern man, a New Yorker." Some free masonry of instinct prompted him to add, "Harvard '96."

"Princeton '91," cried the minister, and then they shook hands again. "Your name," said the young speaker as he beamed down on Dunham, "is quite a familiar one. At least it would be esteemed so by most readers of the daily press."

"Yes," said Dunham, shortly. And he frowned. He was about to add something when his attention was drawn away by the pretty girl whom he met on the stairway. She held a silver in her hand and from it he drew a card. It bore the name "Jack."

Dunham showed it to the minister. "I fancy," laughed the latter, "that you are expected to look up a 'Jill.'" So Dunham passed about the somewhat crowded rooms, an lolo when he found his "Jill" it was the heroine of the staircase again.

"And 'Jill came tumbling after," he merrily quoted as he thrust his card before her. And presently they found themselves at one of the little tables, scattered about the room, and when a bell rang the playing commenced. Dunham had never played in just this fashion before but he quickly caught the fashion of it and entered into the spirit of the business as if he had found the one occupation that pleased him most.

At just 10 o'clock the playing stopped and the score cards were all gathered up by the active small boy, and then Dunham understood that this meant prizes. He fancied he had discovered why the playing was carried on in such a grave and quiet manner. There were light refreshments served by the young women and Dunham found them good. He strove to interest the people at the table with him and soon had them in a jolly mood. He told funny stories and hummed the latest popular song for the young woman who sang and did a clever trick with the cards for the young man who wondered how professionals could become so expert in handling the magic pasteboards. When the refreshments were cleared away everybody was expected to join in social converse, and Dunham sought his new friend, the minister.

"You seem to be having a merry time," said the latter. "That is what I endeavor to do wherever I go," said Dunham with a smile; "and it has required no effort whatever on the present occasion. This is all a delightful novelty to me." "You have a happy disposition," said the young minister. "Not always," said Dunham. "I do a great many things that are distasteful to me. I am not cut out for a financier, nor even for an ordinary business man. At the same time, don't set me down as an idle dreamer. I

look after my father's business interests in a way that I have reason to believe meets with his entire approval. Oh, I can make myself do whatever occasion requires to be done. How is it with you?"

"This is the work I love and am fitted for," said the minister gravely. "My people are very dear to me, and I feel that I am doing them good. I have become so attached to these labors and to these people that my sole ambition now is to grow old among them."

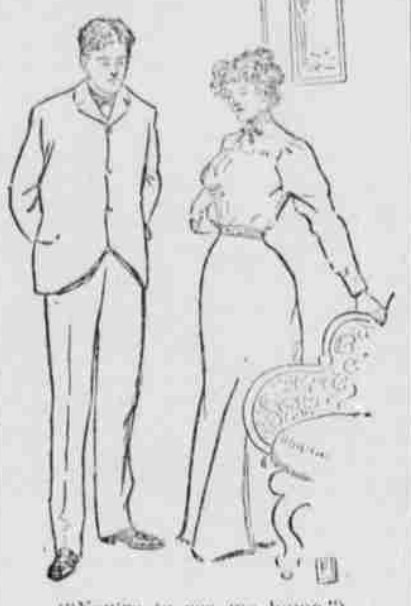
"You shame me," said Dunham, touched by the other's simple earnestness, and he grasped his hand and drew him into an embrace. "I was a little vexed a month ago at your allusion to the tobity name of Greer, but I am now fully satisfied about it, but it has never seemed right that they should be so named, and my father simply because he is a man of wealth. I know him to be a clean, honorable citizen, and the best father in the world."

"Your father?" said the young minister, with a start. "Yes, but kindly keep the relationship a secret," murmured Dunham. "Stand in front of me a moment, please." He drew a little wad of bills from his vest pocket and thrust it into the minister's hand. "Put that in your church treasury with my father's compliments," he said, "and the next time you read of his selfish greed don't believe it."

Before the minister could reply a clear voice rang out: "The ladies' prize is won by Miss Mary McAlpin, and the gentlemen's prize by Mr. Dunham Greer."

The gentleman's prize proved to be a small mirror, much gilded and filigreed, over which Miss May Fleming went into raptures as she congratulated him on his remarkable good fortune. And then everybody was going and Dunham just had time to give the young minister's hand a firm grip, when Miss Fleming hurried him up stairs.

"You're to see me home, you know," she said.



"(You're to see me home.)" It wasn't a long walk, but in the course of it Dunham presented the merry maid with his prize, although that he never could get it safely to New York.

When they reached the gate of the Fleming home they paused. "Did a little bird tell me right that you are soon to be married?" Dunham asked at a venture. "Yes," she answered frankly, "in June, if all goes well, George is a civil engineer, and is in Mexico now, but he's to get a place in the engineer's department of the Lake Shore, and be stationed here."

"Will you come to New York on your wedding journey?" "Yes," she laughed, "we have planned to stop there two or three days—three if we can afford it."

"Then," said Dunham, "I want you to be my guests. I fancy I can show you some things about the city—which you otherwise would not see. It will be a pleasure for me, I assure you. Here is my card. Write and let me know when to meet you."

"You are very, very kind, Mr. Greer," said the girl gratefully. "I begin to think there is something quite wonderful about you. We never saw you before to-night, and yet everybody is delighted with you. It is just as if you were a fairy prince. There's your card. No, I won't forget. Good night and good bye."

As Dunham stepped to the dresser to turn off the gas in his hotel room an hour later, he looked at his reflection in the glass and smiled and said: "Well, my boy, you're out a handsome prize and some money, but you've passed a decidedly pleasant and useful evening. Good night and pleasant dreams."—Exchange.

Statistics show that man bears false witness 100 times to a woman's 17; man for forgery and counterfeit coinage was convicted 100 times to a woman's 11; in France women are summoned before the tribunals four times less than men. Taking the whole of Europe, women are five times less guilty than men.

Records of the Postoffice Department show that the amount of mail matter of all classes in the United States, in 1899, weighed 1,565,666,208 pounds. This was enough to fill 30,142 cars with freight. This record was the largest in the history of the country, and was due to the remarkable prosperity and unprecedented business activity now existing.

The Empire Steel and Iron Company on Saturday closed their Bellefonte furnace permanently. This firm was organized in 1890, and operated the Valentine furnace. It is thought another firm is negotiating for the purchase of this lease, and that the plant will be started under new management.

The Curfew ordinance has been adopted in Huntington. The whistle on the electric light plant gives a signal just after twilight for all children to be at their homes.



If you are going to buy a Buggy or Wagon this 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 Blue Ribbon.

We not only talk good work, but sell GOOD WORK.

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Men's buckle and tie Crocodore's that others will ask \$1.50, our price \$1.15. Men's Fine Shoes, plain or capped toe, face or Congress, worth \$1.60, our price is \$1.25. Men's Fine Tan Colored Shoes, lace only, worth \$1.60, our price \$1.25. Ladies' Spring Style Shoes, patent leather tip or top of the same, worth \$1.40, our price \$1.12.

Ladies' up-to-date fine Dongola Shoes, beautiful and soft, silk lined top, worth \$2.00, our price \$1.50. Ladies' First Grade, "Box Call," our price \$1.75, this is the best shoe in the county for the money. Old Ladies' Shoes, soft flexible soles, never sold for the same money, our price \$1.24. Solid "Goat" Shoes \$1.28. Children's shoes from 20 cents up.

Men's fine Patent Leather shoes, A. Grade, only \$2.75. When you want shoes don't fail to see ours. No trouble to show them.

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In every part of the County faithful reporters are located that gather the daily happenings.

Then there is the State and National, News, War News, a Department for the Farmer and Mechanic, Latest Fashions for the Ladies. The latest New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia Markets. The Sunday School Lesson, Helps for Christian Endeavorers, and a Good Sermon for everybody.

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Sample copies of the NEWS sent to any of your friends on request.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY

TIME TABLE—Nov. 19, 1899. Leave no. 1 no. 2 no. 3 no. 4 no. 5 no. 6 no. 7 no. 8 no. 9 no. 10. Includes stations like Winchester, Martinsburg, Hagerstown, etc.

Additional local trains will leave Harrisburg daily, except Sunday, at 5:50 a. m., 7:00 a. m., 12:40 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 6:30 p. m., and from Mechanicsburg at 6:14 a. m., 7:30 a. m., 8:12 a. m., 1:05 p. m., 2:20 p. m., and 8:50 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:35 p. m., 8:51 p. m., stopping at Second street, Harrisburg, to let off passengers.

Additional local trains will leave Harrisburg daily, except Sunday for Carlisle and intermediate stations at 9:35 a. m., 2:00 p. m., 5:15 p. m., 6:35 p. m., and 11:30 p. m., also between Mechanicsburg, Dillsburg and intermediate stations at 1:00 a. m. and 3:27 p. m.

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