

The Fulton County News.

PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS.

Ends From the Reporter's Note Book.

Jennie Finif has been spending the past ten days at Newton Ham.

Mrs. G. E. Dunlap and two daughters, Lena and Mildred, guests of Mrs. A. H. Gunter, in Hagerstown, over Sabbath.

Shippensburg Chronicle.

Robert Spear's new store building is completed, his old stock of goods has been transferred to it, and much new has been added. The people of that section congratulate themselves having such a nice store in their community.

Tuesday our old friend, Salkeld of Licking Creek, rounded up his eighty-year-old barney, which looks like he will live out his hundred years.

Chambersburg Register: Frederick Gress and wife of Connellysburg, Fulton county, guests of his son Samuel of near Clay Hill on Sunday.

Misses Catharine and Nesbit, of McConnellsb., spent Friday afternoon in the Hill.

Acceptance of a kind offer, Presbyterian congregation, next Sunday evening.

West will preach at Greenhill the morning and in the Reformed church in the evening.

Invitation is extended to those who wish to attend services.

Wednesday morning of last week a telegram received by Rev. Smith of this place, contained the sad intelligence that Mrs. Mary Smith of Nazareth, Northampton county, had died the evening before. Mr. Smith left on Monday stage Wednesday to attend the funeral.

Mrs. Smith had been here until Friday when she went to join her husband, and to spend two weeks at home before returning.

Mr. S. Clevenger and his wife, Miss Maggie, of West Dubois, returned last Friday from a pleasure trip.

On the 8th they had driven over to Chambersburg, and after visiting there, had gone on to the county, where they visited uncle John W. Stevens, a teacher in this county, but a successful merchant at Gettysburg.

They, of course, had a battle here on their way home.

Dinner with their uncle, Hon. and Mrs. Peter Maggigie Unger, daughter of Mrs. W. P. Unger, is remembered by our friends as having been in the family of the late J. Z. Over for a long time.

Her health failing here, the advice of the late Dr. Sloan went to Chambersburg, New Jersey.

Not receiving any benefit from the treatment, she came home a few days, and upon the advice of a friend went to Colorado Springs, Colo. Feeling much better when she reached that place, she remained there a month. A letter received by her family states that she was so well that she needs no further treatment, some benevolent person or persons—she does not know who—have made provisions for a course of 11 weeks' treatment at the sanitarium, and provided her with two Christian attendants.

Miss Maggie is a money of her own; but she has a kind Providence, and has raised up friends that mean to see her just now.

She says, "I am not sick; just feel so tired, and not much cough, and not much fever. Maggie is a good girl, and many friends here hope for speedy restoration to

WHAT TO WRITE.

The following hints and suggestions to our younger local correspondents we trust may be helpful.

Some of the best newspaper writers of the country have begun their careers as newsgatherers for their local paper; and we cannot think of any way in which young people may be benefited to so great an extent in the use of language and the powers of observation and expression, as by a course of work along this line.

The principal fault in young correspondents is to indulge too freely in purely personal items. There is too much of a tendency toward getting off a joke, or perhaps, to even up with some one against whom they have a grudge.

A safe rule to follow is, never to write anything for publication about anyone to which you would not be willing to sign your own name.

Remember that the Fulton County News is read by most people in the entire county, to say nothing of the hundreds of readers in distant sections; and if we are to keep our paper up to a high standard, we must fill it with first class news matter.

If we were not to throw into the waste basket some of the stuff that comes in, we would lose half of our subscribers inside of a month, to say nothing about having to hurt a whole lot of people who would come in to fight the editor.

Under ordinary circumstances, do not say anything about the weather. One week we published in fourteen of our communications that the weather was dry, or as one fellow had it, "the weather was dry," and when our paper came out it was raining and the wet weather continued about a week.

Don't say "our farmers are busy plowing corn" unless you catch them at it in January. In the early summer it is expected that they plow it.

Don't tell that Tommy McGinty spent Saturday evening with his best girl. That interests no one but him and his girl—unless Tommy was with your girl.

Don't say that Mr. and Mrs. Nebachadness H. Peck were at church last Sunday. It may create wrong impressions—one, that it is such an unusual thing for them to go to church as to be worthy of a place in the newspaper; and, another, that they were the only persons at church.

It is not the number of items sent in that makes the best report. Three, two, or even one item of news well written up is better than a dozen barely mentioned.

When you get a scent of a bit of news that is worth reporting, follow it up, ask questions, and do not let go until you have gotten all the information possible.

We trust our correspondents will accept this in the spirit in which it is given. We appreciate the work they are doing, and the News owes much of its success to their help; but there is no reason why we may not all improve.

Accidents.—When, where, to whom; how serious.

Amusements and excursions.—When and where; character of the amusement.

Burglary.—When, where, by whom; what amount stolen; disposition of prisoner. Same with regard to crime of any kind.

Change of business firm.—When; name of parties; where outgoing members are going, etc.

Churches.—Change of pastors; revivals, election of church officers, etc.

Deaths.—Who, when, where; age; if a prominent citizen a brief obituary.

Discoveries.—Of curiosities, antiques, or anything new or valuable.

Distinguished arrivals. At the hotels or elsewhere, or former residents visiting the neighborhood.

Fires.—Whose property, when, where, cause, amount of insur-

ANCE, NAMES OF COMPANIES INSURED IN.

Facts and figures.—Concerning any product raised in the vicinity, amount sold, profits, etc.

Festivals.—Held by whom, for what object, amount realized, etc.

Improvements.—By whom, where and costs if ascertained.

Murders.—Who, when, where, by whom, cause, circumstances.

New-comers.—Their business, where located, where from, etc.

New manufactories, and new business of any kind.—In prospect, where, when, by whom established, kind, etc.

New buildings.—To be built, by whom, for what purpose, cost, etc.

Parties leaving town.—Who, when, where going, business going into.

Sales of real estate.—By whom, to whom, who will occupy, amount paid.

Shows exhibitions and fairs.—Where, when, who gave them, character of entertainment.

Schools.—Facts and figures concerning them, change of teachers, improvements needed, etc.

Secret society.—Election of officers, prosperity and condition of society.

Suggestions of improvements needed.—When, where, by whom, cost, etc.

Surgical operations.—By whom performed, of what character, condition of the patient.

Sickness.—Who sick, cause; health of community.

DR. MCKIBBIN SUFFERS A NERVOUS SHOCK.

Apparent Sudden Loss of Adipose Tissue Causes the Doctor to Inquire Where It is At.

The other night Dr. William L. McKibbin, of Amaranth, and Editor Frank M. Taylor, of the Republican, roomed together. In the morning, the Doctor, who always crosses under the wire with the lark, arose, donned his purple and fine line, also his vest. The apparent shrinkage the Doctor's person underwent during the night was startling. The vest hung about him like the flag to the mast on a breezy day. What disorder had suddenly overtaken him during sleep that caused this sudden falling away? Had some enemy, surreptitiously, been dosing him with Anti-Fat? He reflected, and his reflections were similar to those of the Jew in Hades in cotton vestments. He attempted to "pull down his vest," while he was taking a think, but he found it wasn't necessary as the garment had no disposition to draw up. Just as he was about to send out a general alarm he discovered it was Editor Taylor's vest that he, by mistake, had surrounded himself with, that caused all this mental disquietude. It may be here mentioned that Editor Taylor is built on the Palladian order of architecture. Recent reports from the Doctor indicate: Barometric depression, 30:16; temperature, 64; relative humidity, 56; wind, S. W.; sunshine, 100 per cent. It is needless to say that the Doctor will not interfere with Frank's vested rights hereafter.

THE CAT DIED.

John H. Bush is a Franklin county farmer, says the Valley Spirit. He is a staunch admirer of Admiral Dewey on water, but not in politics. With no thought that Dewey would be brought forward as a presidential candidate, Bush named a kitten that came into his possession after the admiral. Then followed the discussion of Dewey as a presidential candidate. Bush is a Republican and a great admirer of McKinley. Angry that any name should be suggested but that of the Ohioan he changed the name of the cat to Sampson. Last week the cat died. Bush's neighbors say too much name killed the kitten. Reports today were that in spite of the old saw the cat had not "come back."

FROM HARRY MOSSER.

A Former Ayr Township Boy Writes from the Philippines.

Under date of April 24th Mr. Mosser writes to his uncle Harman B. Hege as follows:

"I am well but we have twenty-five on the sick list now, and Co. H has more than that.

The "niggers" won't let us alone. They have some fighting material smuggled on to the island, and about the time the rainy season sets in they will give us —. I wish they would stand up and fight; but they will not do that, so we have to run after them like dogs; and, when it gets too warm for them, they hide their guns, scratch their toes, take off their hats, and pretend they were just in fun.

When a whole Company of our boys go out, they will not be molested, but if twenty or thirty go out, the blackskins will get their guns and make it interesting for us; this they will do until they find we are to be reinforced, and then they will run.

I guess we are in for our full enlistment. I am glad of it, for I want to serve all my time. I think I will re-enlist; many of the boys are going to re-enlist. I will come home, however, before I enlist again.

You asked me about the size of this town and what it is like. Well, it is a fine place. The population is about three thousand. We have a civil government. They elect a President and have a police force. The police do not monkey with the soldiers. They treat us pretty well. There is some talk of our moving, but I don't think it is true.

Well, I guess you are preparing to plant corn now. They do not farm with hoeses here. They have a large animal they use instead of horses. The natives hate us. They nearly killed one of our men some time ago.

Well, I was just up town and got a pine apple; and it was good, too. They are just getting ripe now. You can get all kinds of tropical fruits here.

This is a fine country but very many of our men are getting sick, and many of them will die. The only thing I hate here is the water; and that is very impure. We are not allowed to use it unless it is boiled, and then it makes lots of the soldiers sick.

I suppose you have heard of the death of one of our boys—Ralph Patterson. He died of chronic diarrhoea. When one gets that, he might as well give up. I don't know any that have gotten over it yet. It starts generally from eating fruit. He got it when at Manila, and he was on a march for about two weeks; and, of course, he could not have proper attention while on the march.

Our captain has a very bad cold, and we will not be called on for duty while he is unwell.

Mary Olive Spangler. Last Friday morning, Mrs. Will Hoke of this place, received by telephone the sad news that her sister, Miss Ollie Spangler, was dangerously ill at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Spangler, at Wells Tannery. Mr. and Mrs. Hoke started at once, and reached the Spangler home about 4 o'clock, but found Miss Spangler in an unconscious condition, in which she lingered until the early hours of Saturday morning, when the Savior called her gentle spirit to Himself, there to await the home-gathering of the almost heart-broken friends left behind.

Miss Spangler has been in frail health for some time; but her condition was not such as to cause any apprehension on the part of her family. About two weeks ago she noticed that she was growing weaker, but continued the performance of her usual work about the home. Being a consecrated worker in the Pine Grove M. E. church, she attended Sunday school and played the organ, as was her custom, to the last Sunday of her life.

On Thursday evening of last week, she ate a hearty supper, and seemed just as bright and cheerful as usual. But, alas! How near any of us are to death's door, none but God knows. Omitting further details, it is enough to say that before midnight, she was stricken with paralysis of the heart, became unconscious and remained in this condition twenty-four hours, when death closed her life on earth.

In addition to her parents, there survive her, Laura, (Mrs. Will Hoke,) of McConnellsburg; John, of Steele, North Dakota; Harry, of Wells Tannery, and Bruce, at Pittsburg.

Funeral, Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, her pastor, Rev. W. J. Scheaffer, conducting the services. Interment in the cemetery at the Valley M. E. church.

MARY OLIVE SPANGLER.

How a Fulton County Boy Got to St. Louis. ST. LOUIS. DEAR EDITOR: To while away the time I shall try to jot down some of the happenings of the outside world that never trouble the inhabitants of "Little Fulton."

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Reading of the unrestrained conduct of strikers, we came to the conclusion if we fight capital trusts, we must fight labor trusts, for neither are for the good of the commonality. By Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock about three hundred had volunteered to go. About 4 o'clock, the men began to assemble at Broad Street Station and by 5 o'clock they were all on board a special train provided by the St. Louis Transit Company.

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Fulton County Brawn and Muscle. On Tuesday morning David Rinedollar, George Finif, jr., and Scott Hill left for Shady Grove, Franklin county, to assist Will Rinedollar through harvest. It seems that Will has a big harvest to cut—over 100 acres each of wheat and hay; 40 acres of the wheat being on new ground which will have to be cradled on account of the stumps. In addition to this he will have twenty-eight acres of oats. While Davy and George whet, they will entertain their fellows with big stories about how they used to cradle in Jugtown and Knobsville, respectively; while Scott will, no doubt, be able to tell some interesting and truthful stories about how he laid down the grain in Illinois soon after he went West some years ago.

MRS. BLAIR RODCAY.

Mention was made in these columns last week that Mrs. Blair Rodcay of this place, had run a nail into her foot. Wednesday morning of this week she died. Associating those two facts, the inference would be that the puncture made by the nail was the cause of her death. Her physician, Drs. Dalbey and McKibbin, say that the nail had practically little to do with her death outside of the effect that an over active imagination might have over a weakened nervous system. Mrs. Rodcay has not been well for several months, and during the past few days has been suffering from nervous prostration, and the death was directly due to heart failure. Funeral Friday, at 3 o'clock, p. m.

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DEAR EDITOR: To while away the time I shall try to jot down some of the happenings of the outside world that never trouble the inhabitants of "Little Fulton."

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