

GREATEST OF PRISONS.

Age It Held Thousands of Convicts.

At the southwest corner of the continent of Australia nestles the little town of Fremantle, and half a mile back of it, surrounded by sand dunes and mallee scrub, is a famous convict prison—the largest penal institution in the world. And yet comparatively few people, even in Australia, know of its existence. Western Australia, the division in which Fremantle lies, was the last crown colony of the Australian group, and it was only twenty-five years ago that a steady stream of convict ships used to touch its shores.

At Botany Bay, near Sydney, on the east coast, was Britain's principal convict settlement for nearly half a century, but the rapid growth of the South Wales and the force of the opinion turned the place with a history from a living hell to one of the most beautiful little suburban cities on the continent. It was not until the town of Fremantle began to fill up rapidly, necessitating the erection of a stone jail capable of holding within its walls 28,000 convicts—most of them being probably the most hardened criminals of the colony. The building of this prison, which is known as a crown job, like most British public works of that kind, was completed on honor. In the last few years of its life, the seven-foot granite walls will be able to show signs of decay.

From Australia continued to come, and after bearing for many years the stigma of "convict settlement" was at last freed from the stigma as her sister colony had been before, the home government announcing that it would send no more of the classes to the continent of Australia. The day that this proclamation reached Western Australia the people began a week of joyful demonstrations and fetes in celebration of the occasion. And from that day, too, began to let the very existence of the place back to the Fremantle side of their memory.

On the other side of the prison, one to every five convicts, were drawn away from the ranks of war veterans. Old heroes of the Crimea and Indian mutiny, many of them with breasts covered with clasps and medals, went down the road to the side by side with the men they had just released. With the passing of the hand of time began to lay down on all alike. In 1885 there were about seventy veterans and four convicts left, and of these all were white-headed and tottering. Most of them hobbled slowly about the enormous quadrangles, peering about the gardens that latterly had been permitted to keep, and meditated together, and the veterans and faded military uniforms, pinned on their chests, with their old flags carried about, would march proudly but slowly through the principal street of the little town to the beach and back again "home." Cut off by years of absence from the old world and held close to their prison life in the new colony, they had become ignorant of everything but their old memories, the village paper, and the convicts were past all thought of time and age had dried up their criminal propensities, and they were as harmless as little children, in fact unlike little children in many ways. There were very few of them who had not some black history of degradation as a prelude to their present life, but on the peaceful, almost innocently of that almost forgotten years in pure and simple. Doll houses made from remaining woven baskets, and mallee roots for sale to visitors and things with their flower beds up all their time. Once, when the Duke of Edinburgh visited Western Australia, the guards went out in a body to the Fremantle wharf to greet the only penal institution in the world where prisoners may wander out, bask in the sun in front of the big frowning entrance and sit down with their backs propped up against the outside of the walls. It was the old man's home—without the fighting and discord that usually exist in these institutions.

A Thing of Beauty. "Did you get a good look at the face of the like?" "Fine eyes, fine complexion, love teeth?" "A new-born babe's."—Life.

Who Wonder He's Popular. "What makes Benedict so popular among other men, I wonder?" "He came right out, the other day, and acknowledged that his little better says anything worth recording."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Not plentiful among many aristocrats. The late Duke of Devonshire was frequently at his wife's end of the table. With the death of his wife her estate allowance of \$100,000 a year ceased.

A busy lifetime a bee will collect more than a teaspoonful of honey.

Boston Transcript tells of a woman who was so averse to answering questions of the census enumerator that she moved from one district into another in order to dodge him. The work has been completed in the district in which she established her home, and thus she outwitted the census official though at equal disadvantage to herself.

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY.

Why should you dread the morrow, And thus despoil to-day? For when you borrow trouble You always have to pay. It is a good old maxim, Which should be often preached— Don't cross the bridge before you Until the bridge is reached. You might be spared much sighing If you would keep in mind The thought that good and evil Are always here combined. There must be something wanting, And, though you roll in wealth, You may miss from your easel The precious jewel—health.

And though you're strong and sturdy, You may have an empty purse (And earth has many trials, Which I consider worse); But, whether joy or sorrow, Fill up your mortal span, 'Twill make your pathway brighter To smile whenever you can.

CALAMITY MURRAY.

One bright Summer morning John Murray kissed his wife and newly born babe, and with a light heart hurried away to his work, singing merrily to the lark. The sun came over the hills and made the dewdrops on the flowers sparkle like so many diamonds; birds sang in every tree, and the skies seemed bluer and brighter than ever before, but how many days of sorrow have dawned as bright?

A storm came up after noon, and a cyclone swept over the hills, leaving a trail of death and desolation. John Murray came home—no, not home. His home had stood in the path of the cyclone. The humble cabin was now a pile of broken timbers.

Strong arms and willing hands cleared away the logs, and beneath them they found the mangled body of the young wife, dead.

Like the giant oak of the forest, rent by the storm, is the grief of a strong man when all that is near and dear is taken from him in one moment, without warning. By the mangled body of his dead wife John Murray cried aloud in his anguish. Friends and neighbors came by and bye, and took him away, and when his first terrible grief was over they brought his child. Clasped to its mother's breast, they had found it unharmed. Maternal love grows stronger when face to face with death, and, dying, the woman had saved the child.

John Murray turned from the child with a shudder; for the little white face the eyes of his wife looked up into his.

"What shall we call him, John?" asked the kind neighbors who had cared for the child, one day when it was several months old.

The mangled form of the dead wife, the ruined home, rose before the father, and he answered: "Call him Calamity."

So Calamity Murray was named. Before the child was a year old John Murray sickened and died, of a broken heart, his neighbors said, and Calamity grew up like the wild flowers on his native hills. The rough mountaineers had tender hearts, and the child never suffered for food or clothing, but no one ever spoke a kind word to him, and early in life he realized somehow that he was an outcast. He grew to manhood, ignorant and rough as the poorest of the people around him, and with the feeling that he had no friend in the world. Why did he not go away? Because to him the world was hemmed in by the blue hills around his native valley.

Calamity found work with the moonshiners, and he soon became an expert at making the "mountain dew," as the liquor was called. But somehow the moonshiners distrusted him, and his every movement was watched. Once he was entrusted with a wagon load of the illicit whiskey and sent over the mountain into Willis Valley to dispose of it. Before he had sold a single gallon the wagon was captured by revenue officers, who started to Huntsville with Calamity, after disposing of the team and the load. Somehow Calamity managed to escape from the officers, and made his way back to the still in the mountain. His story was not believed, and he was openly accused of being a spy and a traitor. Four well-armed and desperate moonshiners bound Calamity with ropes, leaving only his legs free, and started with him to Willis Valley to learn if there was any truth in his story. They found the story of the capture true, and released Calamity after cursing him for his stupidity and carelessness.

WAS THE CENTER OF THE GROUP, AND HE TOLD THEM THE CAUSE OF THE ALARM.

A dozen revenue officers, all heavily armed, had left Huntsville two days before for a raid on the mountain. They had destroyed the still of Rubie Burrell at the foot of the mountain and fired several shots at Rubie, who came near being captured. The officers were then encamped in the pass leading over Mt. Bear Creek Valley. Down in this valley seven stills were in full blast, and the men had received no warning.

"You 'uns knows it's like this," concluded Larkin. "Them fellers out there'n Bear Creek can't hear the horn, an' thar ain't but one way o' getting to 'em or head o' them infernal revenoos."

"How is that, Ned?" was asked by a dozen.

"That's for one o' wee'uns to get through that pass, go right through them revenoos' camp an' get the fellers warnin' afore day! It's mifty tie-lick, gwine through that camp, boys, but some un's got ter take their chances 'less'n wee'uns go squar' back on them Bear Creek fellers."

"I'll go."

It was Calamity Murray who spoke, and he was the only volunteer for the perilous trip.

"You 'uns thinks I've been telling the revenoos, an' I want er chance to show yer that I ain't never gwine back on them what's struck ter me," and before any one could say a word Calamity was off on the dangerous journey. The moonshiners looked at one another in silence until the old man who had once saved Calamity's life spoke up and said:

"Boys, I allus knowed that boy Calamity's heart were in the right place!"

Calamity reached the narrow path where the officers had camped for the night without accident or delay. The officers, wrapped in blankets, were sleeping around a small fire, and with his blowing horn in one hand and rifle in the other Calamity started to crawl through the pass, which was so narrow that he would be compelled to go within ten feet of the sleeping men. Not a twig broke as he crept slowly forward, and in ten minutes he had passed the sleeping forms around the camp fire.

Fifty yards beyond the sleeping officers the pass began to widen, and there Calamity rose to his feet and started rapidly forward. One false step, a dead limb cracked loudly under the feet of the moonshiner and he started to run. Too late; a dozen rifle shots rang out on the still night air, and Calamity sank to the ground with a dozen bullets in his body.

The officers hurriedly deployed into an irregular line and advanced cautiously toward the prostrate form, fearing that others were waiting in ambush. Just as the officers gathered around the fallen man he struggled to his feet. A dozen guns were raised, but were quickly lowered, for the officers saw that the man was wounded only to death.

Calamity caught at a tree to steady himself, and before the officers divined his intention he placed his horn to his lips, and, with one terrible, dying struggle, blew three long, loud blasts. The horn dropped from the blood-stained hand and Calamity sank to the ground, dead.

Over hills and ravines, piercing the still night air, went the sound of the three shrill blasts of Calamity Murray's horn. The moonshiners around the camp fire on Pine Bluff heard it, and knew that their friends had been warned in time. Down in Bear Creek Valley the moonshiners heard the warning, and they prepared to meet the coming foe.

Next day a strong band of armed moonshiners entered the pass. The officers had returned in hot haste to Huntsville, knowing full well the meaning of three blasts of the moonshiner's horn.

RHEUMATISM and CATARRH CURED

Johnston's Sarsaparilla QUART BOTTLES. IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

A Whole Family Cured. Mrs. C. H. Kingsbury, who keeps a millinery and fancy goods store at St. Louis, Gratiot Co., Mich., and who is well known throughout the country, says:

"I was badly troubled with rheumatism, catarrh and neuralgia. I had liver complaint and was very bilious. I was in a bad condition; every day I began to fear that I should never be a well woman; that I should have to settle down into a chronic invalid, and live in the shadow of death. I had JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA recommended to me. I TOOK FOUR BOTTLES AND IT CURED ME, and cured my family both. I am very glad that I heard of it. I would cheerfully recommend it to every one. I have taken many other kinds of medicine, I prefer JOHNSTON'S to all of them."

MICHIGAN DRUG CO., Detroit, Mich. For Sale at Trout's Drug Store.

How a Tornado Starts.

"One of the most interesting facts concerning tornadoes is the record of how one began. The account was sent to the Weather Bureau by one of its observers. The following is an abstract:

"By A. H. Gale, Voluntary Observer at Bassett, Neb.

"Dated July 28, 1899.

"Mr. A. Brown 5 1/2 miles northwest of Johnston, saw the tornado form. He was at work in his barnyard and noticed it coming across his field as a light summer whirlwind, such as is noticed on any still, hot day. Air at this time was calm. Mr. Brown says he was harnessing a horse, and as the light whirl passed him it gently lifted the stray edges of the roof of his cow shed, but had not enough strength to lift his hat, and passed on. At this point it was devoid of any color, and was mainly noticed by the whirl it made among the grass, straw and chaff on the ground; he watched its onward movement indifferently, and soon saw it gathered a color which made it noticeable. He then paid close attention to it, and noticed it becoming black, angry, and gyrating vigorously, chips, straws and dirt fell into it, and were absorbed by it, and a smoky veil began to envelop the whirling columns as it mounted upward. At the same time a funnel began to lower itself from a turbulent low hanging cloud of an area of about forty acres; the column and funnel soon connected, and with this union the 'thing' took on a terrifying aspect; up to this time he had no feeling of apprehension. When the whirl passed him he said he was aware of its passage only by its action on the ground. No color. A black cloud above, in commotion, followed the whirl on the ground, which latter was eight or ten feet in diameter.

"This cloud was alone, separate, and clear from a higher strata of storm clouds above. When passing his line of view, he estimated the speed at 10 miles per hour, line of path east by south. I will say here that the entire path from start to end was 18 to 19 miles, and in that distance it made a southing from a due east course of 2 1/2 miles, and ranged from 1 to 3 rods in width. Two and one-half miles from Mr. Brown's point it crossed a large cornfield, and here it received much coloring matter. That the affair was at this time in comfortable order was demonstrated by the shock it gave the first house it struck as it left the cornfield, Mr. John Strohm's. Mr. Strohm and his family saw it as it rose along the slant of the cornfield to his house on its edge, and dove for the cellar. The destruction at this place was complete; house of heavy logs, windmill and tower and stable, in all seven buildings, completely leveled to the ground, fences upset, broken down. Fence wire woven and interwoven with broken lumber, straw, debris of all sorts, plastered with mud. Every fence post standing in the track formed a dam around which was massed debris of everything imaginable the whole durbed with mud; it was a picture of desolation and ruin—dismal in the extreme."

Theodore Waters in Anslee's.

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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. Quality, first considered; style, novelty, and price guaranteed. For further information, call on or address E. N. AKERS, Sipes Mill, Pa. Agent For Fulton County.

SHIRTS!

Men's and boys' working shirts, 25c, 39c, and 50c. Men's and boy's fine shirts, in percales, with loose collars and cuffs—attached and detached—at 50 and 75c. Men's silk front, and striped white piquets, 50c.

Shirt Waists. A nice article—loose collars and cuffs—reduced from 50c. to 30c.

Boys 2-Piece Suits, in black and in summer colors.

Boys 3-Piece Suits with short pants; also some with long pants.

MEN'S HOT-WEATHER COATS. Both in light colors, and Brilliant Skeleton Coat, with Patch pockets.

Also a lot of new Linen Dusters. Just In.

A large lot of Men's and Boys' Summer Pants—regular price 75c; our price, 50c.

Latest Silk Gingham and Zephyrs for Ladies' Shirt Waists. Just the thing for Summer Wear.

J. K. JOHNSTON

The Hot Weather is Now Here.

Come and see the Wickless Blue Flame Oil Stoves. A Stove that costs less than one-half to run it. Saves Time. No Dirt. No Ashes. No Grease. Saves Trouble. No Dust. No Odor. No Smoke.

Burns the same oil used in lamps. Perfectly safe. By the use of this stove you have a nice, cool kitchen all the time.

Also, other cheap Oil Stoves on hand at prices within the reach of every family. I have on hand the largest assortment of Poultry Wire and Fly Wire of all sizes, at bottom prices. Fruit Jars, Jelly Glasses, Crocks, Preserving Kettles and all kinds of Fruit Canning Goods.

ALBERT STONER.

THE FULTON COUNTY NEWS

Covers the Field.

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.

THE JOB DEPARTMENT IS COMPLETE.

SALE BILLS, POSTERS, DODGERS, BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS, ENVELOPES, CARDS, &c.

In fact anything and everything in the best style along that line.

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

CUMBERLAND VALLEY TIME TABLE.—Nov. 19, 1899.

Table with columns: Leave, No. 2, No. 4, No. 6, No. 8, No. 10. Rows include Winchester, Martinsburg, Hagerstown, Greensboro, Mercersburg, Chambersburg, Waynesboro, Shippensburg, Newville, Carlisle, Mechanicsburg, Dillsburg, Arr. Harrisburg, Arr. Philadelphia, Arr. New York, Arr. Baltimore.

Additional trains will leave Carlisle for Harrisburg daily, except Sunday, at 5:00 a. m., 7:05 a. m., 12:40 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 6:30 p. m., and from Mechanicsburg at 6:14 a. m., 7:50 a. m., 8:12 a. m., 1:05 p. m., 2:30 p. m., and 3:53 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 9:51 p. m., stopping at Second street, Harrisburg, to let off passengers.

Trains No. 2 and 10 run daily between Harrisburg and Hagerstown, and on Sunday will stop at intermediate stations.

Table with columns: Leave, No. 1, No. 3, No. 5, No. 7, No. 9. Rows include Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Dillsburg, Carlisle, Mechanicsburg, Shippensburg, Newville, Waynesboro, Chambersburg, Arr. Harrisburg, Arr. Philadelphia, Arr. New York, Arr. Winchester.

Additional local trains will leave Harrisburg daily, except Sunday for Carlisle and intermediate stations at 9:30 a. m., 2:00 p. m., 5:15 p. m., 6:25 p. m., and 11:30 p. m., also for Mechanicsburg, Dillsburg and intermediate stations at 7:00 a. m. and 3:37 p. m.

Notes: 1. Daily. 2. Daily except Sunday. 3. On Sundays will leave Philadelphia at 4:30 p. m. Pullman palace sleeping cars between New York and Knoxville, Tenn., on trains 1 west and 10 east. Through coaches to and from Philadelphia on trains 2 and 4 east and 7 and 9 west.

SOUTHERN PENN. A. R. TRAINS. Come and see the Wickless Blue Flame Oil Stoves. Albert Stoner.

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