

Published Weekly. \$1.00 per Annum in Advance.

ADVERTISING RATES. Per square of 8 lines 3 times... \$1.50

There's No Pocket in a Shroud. You must leave your many millions.

Whether pauper, prince or peasant, Whether rich or poor, or proud— Remember that there isn't Any pocket in a shroud.

You'll have all the world of glory, With a record long and loud, And a place in song and story, But no pocket in your shroud.

So be lavish of your riches, Neither vain nor cold nor proud, And you'll gain the golden riches In a clime without a cloud.

Talk to Farm Boys. There is a desire on the part of many boys raised on the farm to seek employment in the city.

There seems to be a sort of fascination in city life, because of the greater advantages in the way of amusements and education.

The farmer boy's idea of city life is that it is one of extreme enjoyment and perfect contentment, and by comparison he thinks his own a life of drudgery.

When he looks at and envies the well dressed city boy, he does not see the temptations and evil influences that surround him, nor think of the effect of impure air and sedentary habits upon the body.

He is governed only by appearances. The country boy is as free as air. He comes under the most wholesome influences and is not subjected daily to those awful temptations which lead to corruption and degradation.

Those evil influences which work their way so quietly and yet so surely into one's life. He is in a position to develop a sound body and a sound mind, and the conditions under which he is brought up gives him stability and determination.

He is accustomed to hard work, is permitted to share some of the care and responsibility connected with earning a livelihood, and when thrown on his own resources is able to meet the stern realities of life face to face, without timidity and without fear of shouldering any burden which may be placed upon him.

He may not have the polish that mental training gives, but he is familiar with the practical affairs of life. One may become familiar with the sciences, may have a technical knowledge of the classics, and yet have to rely on his talents for a livelihood.

The one who becomes acquainted with the fundamental principles of the ruling forces of the world is building on a substantial foundation. Upon the recognized principles of right and wrong hangs the success or failure of every enterprise.

The country boy is in a position to acquire practical knowledge at small expense, which will be more useful to him than any amount of ornamental learning. As far as superiority is concerned, it may be in evidence in a farmer as well as any one.

It is brought about, not by the occupation, but by the organization of the faculties, the absolute adherence to the universally recognized principles of right. If it falls to your lot to be countrybred, be proud of the fact and improve your opportunities, which will bring you to the height of ambition.—E. D. Houghland, in Prairie Farmer.

If you have ever seen a child in the agony of croup you can realize how grateful mothers are for One Minute Cough Cure which gives relief as soon as it is administered. It quickly cures coughs, colds and all throat and lung troubles. Trout's Drug Store.

Slow living and high thinking will make better men than high living and slow thinking.

THEY TOOK CHANCES.

ALL WERE WILLING TO RISK THE CIRCUS POSTERS AGAIN.

Pap Perkins, the Jericho Postmaster, Tells the Arguments That Were Used, the Points That Were Made and How the Decision Came.

(Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.)

It was Moses Harper who began it. Some one told him that a circus advertisement wagon was slowly but surely approaching the town of Jericho, and he let it be known that he would show up at the postoffice in the evening and have something to say to interest the hull United States.

Nobody could guess whether Moses had found a new way of getting a hired man up at 4 o'clock in the morning or was going to experiment on grown broomsticks, and the crowd was holdin' its breath when he showed up. Moses didn't lose no valuable time tryin' to find out whether Porto Rico belonged to the United States or to a tobacco trust, but put on his spectacles and said:

"Citizens of Jericho—The tocsin has sounded, and we are here tonight to counsel together in the cause of morality. Last year, as most of you know,

"It shall be done. I'm offerin' the followin' resolution to be voted on: 'Resolved, That circus pictures on a barn may or may not affect the moral standard of a community, but we are willin' to chance it this year.' All in favor or ag'n will manifest it in the usual way."

The resolution was carried with a whoop, and the crowd piled over itself to get outdoors and look around for Jonas Teachout and beg for deadhead tickets, and Moses Harper wasn't one of the last.

M. QUAD.

HIRED GIRL'S PROGRESS.

Fable Showing Wisdom of Silence Concerning Some Things. Once upon a time there came into the city from the country a girl.

The girl wandered from her happy home to secure employment among the wealthy families of the city, and when she made known the fact that she was willing to work many persons sought her and implored her to engage with them in domestic pursuits.

The girl was overwhelmed with offers, but finally made a selection and settled in a family that valued her services very highly. The girl was happy until one day her employer met a neighbor, a very dear friend, and told her of her good fortune in finding the country girl.

And this neighbor met another very dear friend and told her of her other friend's good luck, and thus did it become generally known that there was a good "hired girl" in the neighborhood.

And from that time on the mistress and the girl were unhappy until one day the very dear friend gave the girl \$1.50 more a week than she was earning in her first place, and in this manner did the girl become happy again, while her mistress and the very dear friend ceased to be on speaking terms.

And then the girl became unhappy again until the other very dear friend engaged her at an advance of \$1, and the other dear friend and the first dear friend ceased to talk over the back fence. And then the good girl wore fine dresses and fine hats, and one day a dashing young man led her to the altar, and now the three friends and the poor country girl are all very happy.

Moral—Don't talk good about your hired girl.—Detroit Free Press.

A Dachshund Tragedy.

"Stimlar's collar button rolled under the bureau." "Yes." "And he 'sicked' his dachshund after it."

"Go on." "The bureau is heavy and stands close to the floor." "Proceed."

"The dachshund is the thinnest dachshund that ever breathed, and he could just squeeze under the bureau."

"Well, the dachshund reached the collar button and got it down his throat. It stuck half way down and thickened the dog so that he couldn't pull himself past the lump. So Stimlar had to call in the janitor of the flat, and they lifted the bureau off the dog."

"What about the button?" "Stimlar said he'd let the dog keep the button. He might need it."

"Need it?" "Yes, in case somebody collared him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Long Lightning Conductor.

Bavaria boasts that it has the longest lightning conductor in the world. It rises some yards above the top of the meteorological station on the Zugspitze, the highest point in the German empire, and runs down the side of the mountain to the bottom of the Hohenlental, where there is running water all the year round. The length of the rod is five and a half kilometers, nearly three miles and a half.

A philosopher says that every failure is a step toward success. This explains why some men become richer every time they fail.—Chicago News.

It is unfortunate that every one's memory is best in retaining things it would be more genteel to forget.—Athenlon Globe.

Not the Conventional Woman.

"But I don't know you, madam," the bank cashier said to the woman who had presented a check.

But this woman, instead of saying haughtily, "I do not wish your acquaintance, sir," merely replied, with an engaging smile:

"Oh, yes, you do, I think. I'm the 'reheaded old virago' next door to you whose 'scoundrelly little boys' are always reaching through the fence and picking your flowers. When you started down town this morning, your wife said: 'Now, Henry, if you want a dinner fit to eat this evening, you'll have to leave me a little money. I can't run this house on the city water and 10 cents a day'—"

"Here's your money, madam," said the cashier, pushing it toward her and coughing loudly.—Chicago Tribune.

I'm sorry, said Meandering Mike, but I can't take that job you offer me in the factory. Why not? Whenever I get a cold I'm slightly deaf. I mightn't hear the whistles blow at quitting time.

Lish Diffings on this matter.

"It's purty late," says Lish. "How purty late?" "Why, Jonas has rented his barn ag'in and got 21 deadhead tickets, and here's one he give me. How's that for a p'int?"

The meetin' stood appalled for a minit, and then Deacon Spooner looks around and says: "Jonas has got 20 tickets left, and that means he has 10 more to give away outside his family. Follow countrymen, do you take it that this meetin' has pledged here-it?"

"No, no, no!" shouted the crowd. "Is it the opinion of this meetin' that Jonas Teachout ought to be wrassled with?"

"No, no, no!" "Then I'm appealin' directly to Moses Harper. Moses, will you withdraw them remarks about the blight of destruction, the allurin colors of vice and innocence weepin' under a black-berry bush?"

"I might," says Moses after a little reflection, "but I want to be let down easy."

"It shall be done. I'm offerin' the followin' resolution to be voted on: 'Resolved, That circus pictures on a barn may or may not affect the moral standard of a community, but we are willin' to chance it this year.' All in favor or ag'n will manifest it in the usual way."

The resolution was carried with a whoop, and the crowd piled over itself to get outdoors and look around for Jonas Teachout and beg for deadhead tickets, and Moses Harper wasn't one of the last.

HIRED GIRL'S PROGRESS.

Fable Showing Wisdom of Silence Concerning Some Things. Once upon a time there came into the city from the country a girl.

The girl wandered from her happy home to secure employment among the wealthy families of the city, and when she made known the fact that she was willing to work many persons sought her and implored her to engage with them in domestic pursuits.

The girl was overwhelmed with offers, but finally made a selection and settled in a family that valued her services very highly. The girl was happy until one day her employer met a neighbor, a very dear friend, and told her of her good fortune in finding the country girl.

And this neighbor met another very dear friend and told her of her other friend's good luck, and thus did it become generally known that there was a good "hired girl" in the neighborhood.

And from that time on the mistress and the girl were unhappy until one day the very dear friend gave the girl \$1.50 more a week than she was earning in her first place, and in this manner did the girl become happy again, while her mistress and the very dear friend ceased to be on speaking terms.

And then the girl became unhappy again until the other very dear friend engaged her at an advance of \$1, and the other dear friend and the first dear friend ceased to talk over the back fence. And then the good girl wore fine dresses and fine hats, and one day a dashing young man led her to the altar, and now the three friends and the poor country girl are all very happy.

Moral—Don't talk good about your hired girl.—Detroit Free Press.

A Dachshund Tragedy.

"Stimlar's collar button rolled under the bureau." "Yes." "And he 'sicked' his dachshund after it."

"Go on." "The bureau is heavy and stands close to the floor." "Proceed."

"The dachshund is the thinnest dachshund that ever breathed, and he could just squeeze under the bureau."

"Well, the dachshund reached the collar button and got it down his throat. It stuck half way down and thickened the dog so that he couldn't pull himself past the lump. So Stimlar had to call in the janitor of the flat, and they lifted the bureau off the dog."

"What about the button?" "Stimlar said he'd let the dog keep the button. He might need it."

"Need it?" "Yes, in case somebody collared him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Long Lightning Conductor.

Bavaria boasts that it has the longest lightning conductor in the world. It rises some yards above the top of the meteorological station on the Zugspitze, the highest point in the German empire, and runs down the side of the mountain to the bottom of the Hohenlental, where there is running water all the year round. The length of the rod is five and a half kilometers, nearly three miles and a half.

A philosopher says that every failure is a step toward success. This explains why some men become richer every time they fail.—Chicago News.

It is unfortunate that every one's memory is best in retaining things it would be more genteel to forget.—Athenlon Globe.

Not the Conventional Woman.

"But I don't know you, madam," the bank cashier said to the woman who had presented a check.

But this woman, instead of saying haughtily, "I do not wish your acquaintance, sir," merely replied, with an engaging smile:

"Oh, yes, you do, I think. I'm the 'reheaded old virago' next door to you whose 'scoundrelly little boys' are always reaching through the fence and picking your flowers. When you started down town this morning, your wife said: 'Now, Henry, if you want a dinner fit to eat this evening, you'll have to leave me a little money. I can't run this house on the city water and 10 cents a day'—"

"Here's your money, madam," said the cashier, pushing it toward her and coughing loudly.—Chicago Tribune.

I'm sorry, said Meandering Mike, but I can't take that job you offer me in the factory. Why not? Whenever I get a cold I'm slightly deaf. I mightn't hear the whistles blow at quitting time.

J. K. JOHNSTON.

Overcoats

for MEN as low as \$3.25; with capes for BOYS, only \$1.95. Men's Overcoats in light grays and fine blacks.

Men's STORM OVERCOATS with big collars. We still have some MEN'S SUITS at \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.75, &c.

Underwear.

Men's Underwear—extra heavy, fleece-lined. Women's Underwear, fleece-lined, and Union Suits. Children's Underwear, in Single, and Union Suits.

Overshoes.

Men's Overshoes in fine Buckle-Arctic, Alaska, Cloth lined and self-acting Sandals.

Blankets.

10-4 Gray Blankets, heavy weight—65 cents. All wool blankets in gray, red and white. HORSE BLANKETS from 75 cents up. LAP ROBES from \$1.25 to \$5.00. Men's and Boys' heavy winter Caps, and a thousand and one other articles at very low prices.

J. K. JOHNSTON.

Anxious to Please.

A Woodward avenue man, who looks after large business interests, hired a new coachman recently. He came highly recommended and was confidently depended upon to meet all the requirements of his position.

He has snug quarters in the second story of the barn building, and this is connected with the sleeping apartment of his employer by a private telephone line.

"Tom," said the man of the house the other evening, "what's the time by your watch?" "It's 7:30 sir."

"Right to the minute," he agreed, as he snapped his gold repeater. "Now, I must leave on the early train in the morning, and I want you to call me at 4. It's very important, understand. Can I depend on you, Tom?"

"Yes, sir. All I have to do is to set my mind on it. I can awaken at any time. Four o'clock it will be, sir."

About 1:30 the man of the house was startled from a sound and invigorating sleep by the telephone bell whirring away like a buzz-saw moving through a knot. In his alarm, he feared all kinds of trouble, and hurried to the phone.

"Hello, Tom," he shouted; "what's the matter? Barn afire?" "No sir; I use—"

"Burglars?" "O, no; I—"

"Anything wrong with the horses?" "No sir. I wanted to ask whether to call you by sun or railroad time."—Detroit Free Press.

Six Frightful Failures.

Six terrible failures of six different doctors nearly sent Wm. H. Mullen, of Lockland, O., to an early grave. All said he had a fatal lung trouble and that he must soon die. But he was urged to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. After taking five bottles he was entirely cured. It is positively guaranteed to cure all diseases of Throat, Chest and Lungs, including Coughs, Colds, LaGrippe, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, Croup, and Whooping Cough. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at W. S. Dickson's drug store.

Ladies' Capes

In Cloth, Plush, Fur and Golf. Ladies' Jackets—Fur lined—prices never so low. Our Large Store Room proved to be too small, and we have been compelled to fit up an adjoining room for Ladies Wraps.

Ladies' and Children's Underwear, Fascinators, Toques and Ladies' Fur Collarettes, Scarfs and Muffs. Ask to see THESE GOODS.

We want to call your attention to our

Line of Shoes.

NONE BETTER in Fulton county.

Ladies' Every Day shoes at \$1.00. Ladies' Every Day shoes, leather lined, \$1.25. Ladies' Every Day shoes, full stayed back, solid throughout (Warranted) \$1.50. Ladies' Kidgo shoes Kid lined, impervious water, \$1.75.

Children's School Shoes from 88 to 98 cents. Men's Shoes in Kidgo, Russian Calf, Seal (high top), Calf, Patent Leather and Enameled. Boots from \$1.50 to \$2.75. Men's and Boys' Felt Boots from \$1.68 to \$2.50. Elegant line of Ladies' Dress Goods

from 13c to fine Henriettas. A full line of French Flannels 50 inches wide, at 60 cents. Children's Suits, 2 piece and 3 piece suits, with short pants. All sizes. A beautiful line of ladies' and children's Handkerchiefs from 2c to \$1.00 each in cotton, fancy borders, Japanese silk and linen.

Amaranth.

Nov. 19th.—Rev. T. Davis Richards, of Mountain Lake Park spent Monday night and Tuesday at his old home in the Valley.

Joseph L. Spade, of Roaring Springs, who spent a few days visiting relatives in this place at Warfordsburg, returned home Friday.

Miss Mary T. McKibbin and sister Nora spent Sunday as the guests of Lydia Mills; also John Mellott was the guest of Carl and Orra Mills.

Miss Ella R. McKibbin, of Warfordsburg, spent Tuesday night with Mrs. George Mills, being on her way to Roaring Springs to spend some time with her aunt, Mrs. J. L. Spade.

Hon. John T. Richards and Miss Amy Hixson attended the wedding of Will Rank and Myrtle Stouffer at Warfordsburg.

Peter Mellott and wife spent Sunday with Mrs. Jacob Spade.

Mrs. Sarah Carson and George visited her daughter, Mrs. Daniel Straightiff at Robinsonville Friday.

J. W. Rice, wife, and daughter Ora, were at Everett Monday.

Herbert L. McKibbin, our champion bicycle rider, made a trip Hancock Friday.

Dr. Job Mellott, of Sipes Mills passed through this place Saturday.

WOMAN'S TROUBLES AND FEMALE DISEASES CURED BY Johnston's Sarsaparilla

QUART BOTTLES. Painful and Suppressed Menstruation, irregularity, Leucorrhoea, Whites, Sterility, Ulceration of the Uterus, Shortness of Life, in matron or maid, all find relief, health, beauty and care in JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA. It is a purgative for all pain or headache at the top or back of the head, distending pain in the left side, a distending condition of digestion, palpitation of the heart, cold hands and feet, nervousness and irritation, sleeplessness, muscular weakness, bearing-down pains, backache, legache, irregular action of the heart, shortness of breath, abnormal discharges, with extreme painful menstruation, scalding of the swelling of feet, soreness of the breast, neuralgia, uterine displacement, catarrh, and all those symptoms and troubles which make the average woman's life so miserable.

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

Many people worry because they believe they have heart disease. The chances are that their hearts are all right but their stomachs are unable to digest food. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and prevents the formation of gas which makes the stomach press against the heart. It will cure every form of indigestion. Trout's Drug Store.

This place is situated 16 miles east of Cumberland near the Baltimore pike. The country is sparsely settled owing to the fact that most of this territory is yet virgin forest. The land is generally in the hands of lumbermen. Henry H. Fry, of Reading, owns 2,600 acres; the Bilmire Brothers, of the Mirting Bros., of Cumberland 5,000 acres, and just here and there a small farm cleared.

Times are brisk here, as a great many men are employed getting out this lumber. Wages pretty fair. An ordinary laborer in the woods gets \$1.20 a day. A. E. Garland is sawing for H. H. Fry by the hundred. He has contracted for the sawing of the entire job estimated at over two million feet.

Most of the people here are generous and kind hearted—worse to themselves than to anybody else.

Mr. Fry, is selling this land just as fast as he gets the timber off.

There is some of the finest kind of farm land here—yellow slate. Mr. George I. Boor of Union township has purchased a nice tract and moved here.

Mr. Shannon Carpenter, of Hyndman, Bedford county, has bought 1,000 acres. He intends to clear it and go into the stock business.

The land sells at \$2 an acre. Game has been very plentiful this season—especially, squirrels and wild turkeys. Mrs. Garland and her daughter have had the pleasure of cooking and serving 23 wild turkeys up to this time, and squirrels too numerous to mention.

Squire Job L. Garland and Sanner Ray made us a short visit last week.

