

FULTON COUNTY NEWS.

Published Every Thursday.

B. W. PECK, Editor.

McCONNELLSBURG, PA.

THURSDAY, Feb. 14, 1901.

Published Weekly. \$1.00 per Annum in Advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Per square of 10 lines 3 times.....	\$1.50	\$3.00	\$4.50
Per square each subsequent insertion.....	.50	1.00	1.50
All advertisements inserted for less than three months charged by the square.			
1 mo. 3 mos. 1 yr.			
One-fourth column.....	\$15.00	\$30.00	\$45.00
One-half column.....	25.00	50.00	75.00
One column.....	40.00	80.00	120.00

Nothing inserted for less than \$1. Professional Cards one year \$5.

Franklin County Towns Worked by Swindlers.

There are 40 Waynesboro people wondering whether they will ever get a cent's return from the investment of \$15 made by each of them. They are inclined to believe the money is gone beyond recovery.

A couple men from Baltimore canvassed the town and got this many to agree to pay \$1.25 weekly for 20 weeks, at the end of which time they were each to receive a half-carat diamond, or the company would buy them back for \$40. The proposition was similar to the insurance business, except in the latter the policy holder dies, while in the former the policy dies.

About \$1,000 had been collected and only on one contract was there a default in payment. When the time came to deliver, the diamonds did not come.

It was then learned collection could not be made, as the company was without assets.

It was represented the charter was deficient, that a new one would be gotten, that the company would be reorganized, and that upon additional payments the diamonds would sparkle. Waynesboro people refused to pay any more money.

The Baltimore company also worked Chambersburg people to the tune of about \$1,500 on a slightly different scheme. Instead of maturing at the end of 20 weeks, the certificates were returned naming 104 weeks as the period of maturity.

Sheriff Pensinger and others were large contract holders in the company and it was at their instance that legal proceedings were instituted and Charles E. Nichole was arrested at York, Pa., charged with conspiring to defraud. He called the organization the Fidelity Mutual Company of Baltimore.

An Inflated Horse.

The following story is from Franklin county: Clarence Renfrew, Fayetteville, started from Waynesboro for home in a sleigh and when near New Franklin the horse fell in a snowbank, upset the occupant, and ran away. The team was caught about four miles away. The horse's leg was cut, and on the way home the wound opened and shut with every movement of the leg, pumping in air when open and forcing the air through the body when closed. It was not long until the belt around the blanket became too small and had to be loosened. The horse was swollen to enormous proportions except in its legs below the knees. Its head was a foot and a half wide and its chest could have been evenly measured by a yard stick. Dr. John P. Stover was summoned in haste and diagnosed the case as one of exceeding rarity. Only one similar instance had come under his observation, he said. The unusual appearance of the horse was due to the penetration of air between the horse's hide and the flesh, an entrance being found in the cut in its leg. The hide was swelled in some places four inches from the horse's body and a man's fingers thrust against it would indent it as if it were a rubber ball.

Recent experiments show that all classes of foods may be completely digested by a preparation called Kodol Dyspepsia Cure, which absolutely digests what you eat. As it is the only combination of all the natural digestants ever devised the demand for it has become enormous. It has never failed to cure the very worst cases of indigestion and it always gives instant relief. Trout's drug store.

Reminiscences of Hancock.

In 1823 there were no churches in Hancock and an old log school-house, where James Cover now lives, and in which David Neil then taught the youth of the town and vicinage for thirty years, was used by all denominations as a place of worship.

Mason and Dixon's line is only one and a half miles from the town, and west of the town was the old Brent estate, which was held by the Brent family for more than a century. On the place is a prominent knoll, upon the summit of which, during the earliest period of settlement, the inhabitants erected a stone block-house, which in times of border peril, afforded them a refuge against the Indians.

In 1828, May 23 there was a meeting held at the house of Walter Blackwell in Hancock, Thomas C. Brent, presiding, at which Wm. Price and George Baltzell, who were pledged to vote for John Quincy Adams for President and Wm. Rush for Vice-President of the United States, were indorsed for Presidential Electors.

In 1846 three strangers visited Hancock, and during the night succeeding their advent, robbed all the stores in the town, securing from six to eight thousand dollars. About three years later three thousand dollars of the proceeds were recovered under the following singular circumstances. The thieves were in the act of loaning a sum of money to a purchaser of land near Harrisburg, Pa., when the magistrate who was executing the mortgages, identified three one thousand dollar bills of the Williamsport, Md., Bank, which were among other funds advertised as having been stolen from Robert Watson, of Hancock, at the time of the robbery. The result was the arrest of the thieves and their conviction and sentence to the penitentiary by the Frederick county Court.

Early in 1854 George Harvey, an old resident of Hancock district died. He was a native of Prince George's County but about 1870 removed to Hancock district, where he resided to the day of his death. He had no family and lived alone, isolating himself from society. He was a man of frugal habits and left an estate valued at ten or twelve thousand dollars to relatives in Washington City. He was frequently asked during his life time what deposit he made of his money, to which his uniform reply was that he deposited it in the bank; but after his death his administrator could not find any deposit to his credit in any bank. About a month after his death, as it was known that he had money, the premises were carefully searched, and the sum of seventeen hundred and ninety-one dollars and two cents was found stowed away in a powder keg in one of the cellars. The money was all in silver coin, put up in small amounts and wrapped in paper. This was the bank and these the deposits to which he alluded.

The first newspaper in Hancock was the Weekly Gazette, published in August, 1854, by F. A. Williams, son of James Williams, of Hagerstown. In 1858 E. and C. H. Day began the publication of The Journal.

On the 25th of July, 1862, Lieutenant George Shearer, of General Bradley Johnson's First Maryland Confederate Regiment, was captured at Hancock, together with a fine horse and equipments. He was taken to Hagerstown and committed to jail. It was alleged that he had been in Washington and Frederick counties for three weeks, recruiting for his regiment with poor success and was about to return to West Virginia when arrested.

A powerful engine cannot be run with a weak boiler, and we can't keep up the strain of an active life with a weak stomach; neither can we stop the human machine to make repairs. If the stomach cannot digest enough food to keep the body strong, such a preparation as Kodol Dyspepsia Cure should be used. It digests what you eat and it simply can't help but do you good. Trout's drug store.

His Life's Work.

Before a study table, laden with books of reference, sat a man busily engaged in writing. Between 35 and 40, he looked even more, for his hair was already tinged with gray, and his forehead heavily lined. It was a powerful face, the features large, the jaw prominent and the eyes somewhat sunk—the face of a thinker. The room, too, was in keeping with the appearance of the man. Lined with shelves on which massive looking books were tightly packed, even the chairs and part of the floor space covered with portfolios of manuscript, it was the abode of a man of learning—the den of a brain worker.

A shaft of light from the window fell on the man bent over his task. He wrote quickly now, and again pausing to consult a note book, then hastening on again. There was no cessation, no wandering for a single instant of his thoughts.

Presently there was a tap at the door, and a man servant entered.

"Sir Roland Huth, sir," he announced.

The man at the desk gave a start as the servant's words fell on his ears. The current of his thoughts were broken. Before he had time to lay down his pen a smart looking, well-dressed little man of about forty bustled into the room.

"I know I'm interrupting—dreadful nuisance, and all kind of thing, Geoffrey," he said briskly, "but frankly—I don't care if I am."

A slight smile crossed Geoffrey Murray's face as he took his friend's hand.

"You certainly have the knack of disturbing me in my most precious moments," he replied. "What is it now?" he asked, as Sir Roland settled himself in a chair.

"I want to know what you mean by sending a refusal to my invitation for to-morrow?" said the little man carefully polishing his eyeglass.

Geoffrey Murray made a little impatient gesture.

"My dear Huth, you know I never go anywhere now." He glanced at the paper-littered desk. "Can't spare the time. But Nora is going—at least I understood that she was," he added vaguely. He turned and fingered his papers, as if impatient to go on with the work again.

But Sir Roland fixed his eyeglass and started at Murray thoughtfully.

"I've known you for a great many years, Geoffrey," he began "twenty-five, is it, or thirty?"

Murray swung around.

"You're my oldest friend—of course you are. But"—he paused inquiringly.

"Well, I merely want to say you're a fool," replied Sir Roland calmly, "and rather a bad fool, too," he added rising from his seat.

"You marry a girl some fifteen years your junior. She was your ward, and it saved trouble to become her husband rather than look after her. Now, what do you suppose is her feeling toward you?"

"My dear Huth, she loves me," began Murray.

"Did love you?" corrected Sir Roland.

Murray gave a start.

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"Simply that you are doing the best to stamp out every bit of affection Nora ever had for you. Remember, she is a girl—a bright, pretty girl, and that she wants love. And what do you give her? You shut yourself up here, spend every moment grinding away at your monumental book, do and think of nothing else."

A flush of enthusiasm lighted up Murray's face.

"It's my life's work!" he cried.

"Your life's work!" replied Sir Roland, contemptuously. "What is it? A book read by a few with minds similar to your own. You should never have married a sweet young girl if this was to have been the one object of your existence. To make her radiant with happiness, to give her love, to gain her's in return, that is your real life's work."

"She has her own interests—her art!"

"Her art!" cried Sir Roland. "She took it up simply because

you neglected her. She worked at it feverishly—simply because you took not a shred of interest in her life. She has put her whole being into a picture simply because it makes her forget—stiles the pain at her heart."

Murray pulled himself together to speak, but Sir Roland was excited and silenced him with a gesture.

"But it can't last. Even the passion for her art won't suffice. A girl like Nora must have love. It is natural—it is right. And if you won't give it to her, some one else will. And I'll be hanged if you don't deserve it!" finished Sir Roland, hotly, as he picked up his hat and gloves and moved to the door.

Murray sat motionless at his desk for some minutes after his friend's departure. He wanted to continue his work, but he could not concentrate his thoughts, Sir Roland's words were ringing in his ears. He flung down the pen and strode restlessly up and down the room. Was there anything in what Huth had said. He set himself to think the whole thing out.

He went back to the time when they were first married. He remembered he used to set aside hours to spend with her. He considered them his recreation, and the sound of her happy laugh, the ring of her voice, was pure joy to him. And he laughed, too, in those days. Then as time went on and the great work was started, these hours grew less and less. He had no recreation. He abandoned himself, body and soul, to his task. He only met her at meals—hardly spoke then, his mind completely wrapped up in the work he had left for a few minutes. Gradually they had drifted apart. She took up art, worked feverishly at it, but he, her husband, had taken not the slightest interest in it—never spoke of it, had not even seen a single picture she had painted.

All these things he realized for the first time. He flung open the door of his room and crossed the passage that led to her studio. The house was built in two wings a great hall and staircase separating them. As he opened the studio door and crossed the threshold, Murray felt he was entering a strange region. It was the first time he had been there. At the further end of the room he saw a large picture; it was already framed. He crossed quickly to it and stood gazing at it mutely. Even he, the man of science, could tell that it was a wonderful piece of work—destined perhaps to achieve fame. He realized that she had thrown her whole being into it—that meant as much to her as his book to him. Yet he had hardly known its existence.

Huth was right! He saw it all. He had neglected her—neglected her cruelly. He strode hurriedly out of the room, down into the street. He felt he wanted to be in the cool air, wanted to think. She had loved him. He felt sure of this. Did she now? Or had he killed every spark of affection.

"If you don't give her love, some one else will." The words rang through his head. The very thought cut him to the quick. A sudden intense craving to see her eyes light up again with the old joyous smile, to feel her arms twine around his neck, took possession of him. His love, which had been asleep suddenly awakened and sprang into a fierce passion. Could he win back her love—or was it too late? And with this maddening thought he trudged for miles until at length, weary and footsore, he turned and made once more for his home.

It was dusk, and the London streets were already twinkling with their thousand lights. In a cab that was rolling swiftly along on the wooden pavement sat a woman—a young and pretty woman, hardly more than a girl. In one hand she held a letter tightly. She smoothed it out and looked at it again.

"To-morrow I must have your answer. Remember your love is all I have to live for!" she read in a low, trembling tone.

She lent back, and sat staring ahead of her with dazed expression on her young face. Then her eyes filled with tears, and she gave a little sob.

"Oh, Geoffrey!" she murmured piteously, "why couldn't you have given me just a little love!"

Suddenly there was a loud

shout in the street, then a quick rattle, and a fire engine dashed by. It turned down the first street to the right, which led to the quiet square in which the Murrays lived.

The cab followed and the girl gave a gasp as a blaze of light broke before her eyes. A house was on fire the other side of the square, a house standing by itself—the girl uttered a little cry—their house! She paid the driver and got out of the cab. The square was full of people. She pushed her way through them round to the other side, where the fire engines stood, their horses panting and foaming at the mouth. The door of the house was open, and she could see the flames leaping up the staircase. As yet the fire seemed to be only in the centre of the house.

In the little circle, kept free by the police, she could see her husband's tall figure. A fireman—apparently the superintendent, was pointing to the house and talking to him. She tried to get through, but a policeman stopped her.

"He is my husband—it is our house!" she panted. And he let her through.

She crept up to within two or three paces of him.

"By devoting all our energies to one thing we can save it!" the superintendent was saying. "The other will have to go. Have you any choice as to which one?"

Murray's face was pale and drawn. In the right wing was everything that had been dear to him—the great Work, the thing that had claimed him, body and soul. In the left wing—a studio and a picture. Three hours ago he would not have hesitated a single moment. A mere picture in the balance against such a work as his!

Behind stood the wife. Her eyes were riveted on Murray's lips. There was a cold feeling at her heart—the picture, which was almost of her own blood, to perish like this. Yet she had no hope—he took no interest in her or her work—hardly knew that she was an artist.

The woodwork of the stairs hissed and crackled, and the flames licked the balcony that divided the two wings.

"Which?" said the superintendent sharply.

The words that had been haunting him throughout his walk were whirling through Murray's head. Could he win back her love? He straightened himself with a sudden jerk.

"Save—save the left wing!" he cried hoarsely.

An hour later Murray and his wife were standing on the ground floor of the left wing. The right was a mass of smoking, charred bricks, on which even now the firemen were pouring streams of water.

"What made you make such a sacrifice—your life's work?" she said, in a low tone. He led her into a room. His face was pale, but there was a new softness there—a look that made her heart beat quickly.

Sir Roland's words came back to him.

"My life's work!" he cried. "It shall be to make you happy again—to win back and keep your love." He held out his arms. "Oh, my darling, I have been selfish, cruel! I gave up everything to my work, even that which should have been yours. But it is all over now. Can you forgive me? It's not too late!"

He looked pleadingly at her. He saw her bright eyes glisten, her lips part in wonderment. But it was the wonderment of a new and sudden joy; the knowledge that she had been saved from an act she would have regretted all her life—that, after all, he loved her. He took a step forward, and she crept into his arms.

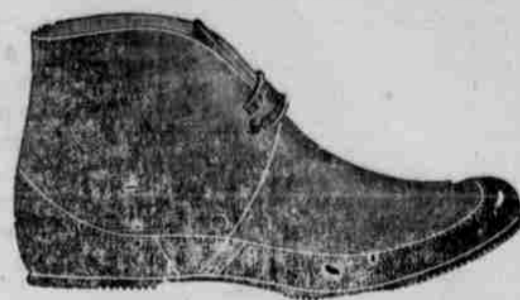
"Oh, Geoff, Geoff," she cried, in pure happiness. "I thought your love for me was dead! I thought I had lost you—that even my love for you was killed. Thank God, we've found out the truth—in time!"

He pressed her almost fiercely to him.

"Aye, thank God," he said, fervently.—Mainly About People.

It is a very common thing for subscribers to the News in other places, when writing to renew their subscription, to say: "We cannot get along without it; it is like a weekly letter from home,"

J. K. Johnston's Mid Winter Sale. Special Bargains in OVERSHOES.



Men's Buckle Arctics \$1.00
Women's Buckle Arctics 80c.
Felt Boots \$1.75.

A few Ladies' Capes and a few Men's and Boy's Overcoats will be

Closed Out Quick

to make room for new stock. Men's and Boy's Heavy Caps.

We still have a few of those cheap Blankets and Bed Comforters—will not carry them over.

Underwear, Gloves and Mittens.

P. S. Ask to see the cheapest double-bit axe in town.

Marriage in Hindoostan.

Marriages in Hindoostan are very simple and are usually arranged by the parents of the principals. When an alliance is agreed upon the bride and groom are brought together and perhaps see each other for the first time. The bride playfully skips beside him. The priest ties a corner of the bride's veil to the groom's shawl and this simple proceeding makes them man and wife.

Stood Death Off.

E. B. Munday, a lawyer of Henrietta, Tex., once fooled a gravedigger. He says: "My brother was very low with malarial fever and jaundice. I persuaded him to try Electric Bitters, and he was soon much better, but continued their use until he was wholly cured. I am sure Electric Bitters saved his life." This remedy expels malaria, kills disease germs and purifies the blood; aids digestion, regulates liver, kidneys and bowels, cures constipation, dyspepsia, nervous diseases, kidney troubles, female complaints; gives perfect health. Only 50c at W. S. Dickson's drug store.

No cigarettes are to be sold hereafter in Tennessee. The State Legislature has passed the anti-cigarette bill and the Governor has approved it.

Andrew Carnegie has given \$800 to the Scotland Soldiers' Orphans' Industrial School for instruments for its band.

A Night of Terror.

"A awful anxiety was felt for the widow of the brave General Burnham of Machias, Me., when the doctors said she would die from Pneumonia before morning," writes Mrs. S. H. Lincoln, who attended her that fearful night, but she begged for Dr. King's New Discovery, which had more than once saved her life, and cured her of Consumption. After taking, she slept all night. Further use entirely cured her." This marvellous medicine is guaranteed to cure all Throat, Chest and Lung Diseases. Only 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at W. S. Dickson's drug store.

Like bad dollars, all counterfeiters of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve are worthless. The original quickly cures piles, sores and all skin diseases. Trout's drug store.

The figure 9 came into the calendar January 1899, and will stay with us 111 year from that date or until December, 1999. No other figure ever had such a long conservative run and only 9 itself has once before been in a race which lasted a century in which it continuously figured.

SALT RHEUM CURED BY Johnston's Sarsaparilla

QUART BOTTLES.

JUST SEEN IN TIME.

Slight Skin Eruptions are a Warning of Something More Serious to Come. The Only Safe Way is to Head the Warning. Johnston's Sarsaparilla is the Most Powerful Blood Purifier Known.

Nature, in her efforts to correct mistakes, which mistakes have come from careless living, or it may be from ancestors, shoots out pimples, blotches and other imperfections on the skin, as a warning that more serious troubles (perhaps tumors, cancers, erysipelas or pulmonary diseases) are certain to follow if you neglect to heed the warning and correct the mistakes.

Many a lingering, painful disease and many an early death has been avoided simply because these notes of warning have been heeded and the blood kept pure by a right use of JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA. Miss Abbie J. Bando, of Marshall, Mich., writes: "I was cured of a bad humor after suffering with it for five years. The doctors and my friends said it was salt rheum. It came out on my head, neck and ears, and then on my whole body. I was perfectly raw with it. What I suffered during those five years, is no use telling. Nobody would believe me if I did. I tried every medicine that was advertised to cure it. I spent money enough to buy a house. I heard JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA highly praised. I tried a bottle of it. I began to improve right away, and when I had finished the third bottle I was completely cured. I have never had a touch of it since. I never got any thing to do me the least good till I tried JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA. I would heartily advise all who are suffering from humors or skin disease of any kind to try it at once. I had also a good deal of stomach trouble, and was run down and miserable, but JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA made me all right."

The blood is your life and if you keep it pure and strong you can positively resist disease or face contagion fearlessly. JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA never fails. It is for sale by all druggists, in full quart bottles at only one dollar each. MICHIGAN DRUG COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

For Sale at Trout's Drug Store.