

ADVERTISING RATES.

Per square of 1 line 3 times.....	\$1.50
Per square each subsequent insertion.....	.50
All advertisements inserted for less than three months charged by the square.	
3 mos. 1 yr.	
One-fourth column.....	\$10.00
One-half column.....	\$20.00
One column.....	\$40.00
Nothing inserted for less than \$1.	
Professional Cards one year \$5.	

Old Sayings.

- As poor as a church mouse,
- As thin as a rail,
- As fat as a porpoise,
- As rough as a gale,
- As brave as a lion,
- As sly as a cat,
- As bright as a sixpence,
- As weak as a rat.
- As proud as a peacock,
- As sly as a fox,
- As mad as a March hare,
- As fair as a lily,
- As empty as an air,
- As rich as Croesus,
- As cross as a bear.
- As pure as an angel,
- As neat as a pin,
- As smart as a steel trap,
- As ugly as a sin,
- As dead as a doornail,
- As white as a sheet,
- As flat as a pancake,
- As red as a beet.
- As round as an apple,
- As black as your hat,
- As brown as a berry,
- As blind as a bat,
- As mean as a miser,
- As full as a tick,
- As plump as a partridge,
- As sharp as a stick.
- As clean as a penny,
- As dark as a pall,
- As hard as a grindstone,
- As bitter as gall,
- As fine as a fiddle,
- As clear as a bell,
- As dry as a herring,
- As deep as a well.
- As light as a feather,
- As hard as a rock,
- As stiff as a poker,
- As calm as a clock,
- As green as a gosling,
- As brisk as a bee,
- And now let me stop,
- Lest you weary of me.

Women's Breathing.

As a matter of fact, not one woman in a hundred breathes normally, says the Home-Advocate. The respiration of the average woman varies with every change of mental state or physical condition; grief, depression, fatigue, all have their influence in lowering the amount of oxygen that goes into the system, and it is a rare thing for woman to use her lungs unless she has had the special and definite instruction incident to the vocal training of singer or elocutionist.

A little knowledge of physiology and a few hints on the subject, however, will enable any woman to comprehend the precise art of filling and emptying the lungs on scientific principles. The main thing is to be sure that the lower lobes of the lungs are well filled with air, and that one breathes from the abdomen. After one has acquired this habit the chief thing is to breathe in as much sunshine as possible and to believe in the efficacy of oxygen as a remedy for nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to.

The following are some excellent rules for improving the respiration and bringing it up to a normal condition: Stand at an open window or recline on a couch with the waist and chest unconfined; hold the chest walls high and inhale slow, long breaths; exhale as slowly, three times only at first. Gradually the number of times may be increased and the time lengthened for the breathing exercises. Fifteen minutes, twice a day at least, should be devoted to this exercise to accomplish the desired results.

To inhale long, deep breaths while slowly raising the arms above the head, and to exhale as slowly while lowering them, is one of the best breathing exercises ever invented. The practice of breathing very deeply while walking in the open air is recommended not only for the general health, but is one of the best cures for obesity, as the increased amount of oxygen greatly augments the consumption of waste material.

McKinley's Farmer There.

A Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Record writes: "Jack Adams, the man who runs the President's farm out in Ohio, has been a guest at the White House since last Saturday. Of all the visitors at the Executive Mansion during the past few days no one has been received with greater courtesy and hospitality than the President's farmer. Mr. Adams came on to attend the inauguration and went up to the White House immediately upon his arrival.

"The President gave him a warm welcome and insisted that he should be his guest at the Executive Mansion during his stay in the city. The President gave him tickets which admitted him to the exercises at the Capitol and to all of the festivities of inauguration day.

"Happiest of the hundreds of the still lingering inauguration visitors who shook hands with the President was a typical old-time darkey from Jackson, Miss. He bore the name of Washington Baltimore. The President was very cordial to the old man and when he came out he was so happy over his reception that he had to stop and tell a group of White House visitors about it.

"He declared with childish enthusiasm that he wouldn't wash his right hand until he got back to Mississippi so that he could show 'dem niggers what hau' de President shuk.'

"This was the second inauguration the old man had attended. He came here four years ago and said the the white folks in Washington treated him so well that he saved up to come again this year. He did not get a chance to shake hands with the President in 1897, but this time he remained until he could do so, and now goes home probably feeling more delighted over his experience at the inauguration than any other one of the thousands who came to attend the ceremonies."

Strikes A Rich Find.

"I was troubled for several years with chronic indigestion and nervous debility," writes F. J. Green, of Lancaster, N. H. "No remedy helped me until I began using Electric Bitters, which did me more good than all the medicines I ever used. They have also kept my wife in excellent health for years. She says Electric Bitters are just splendid for female troubles that they are a grand tonic and invigorator for weak, run down women. No other medicine can take its place in our family." Try them. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed at W. S. Dickson's drug store.

A Walking Fern.

There is a fern which, by its peculiar habit of growth, may almost justly claim to the popular name of the "walking fern." The fronds arch over, and the fine, slender points coming in contact with the soil take root. New growth again proceeds from the latter, which, in its turn, roots also, so that the locale of the plant is continually moving forward and suggesting the idea of walking.

This peculiar fern is quite hardy and succeeds well to a soil of heat, leaf mold and sand, in a shady position which is moist in summer and fairly dry in winter. The fronds are heart shaped, bright green in color, 6 to 12 inches long.—London Globe.

Prof. Ivison, of Lonaconing, Md., suffered terribly from neuralgia of the stomach and indigestion for thirteen years and after the doctors failed to cure him they fed him morphine. A friend advised the use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and after taking a few bottles of it he says, "It has cured me entirely. I can't say too much for Kodol Dyspepsia Cure." It digests what you eat. Trout's drug store.

The left hand is the right hand to wear an engagement ring on.

Wigwag—"Did you ever see 'Ten Nights a Bar-Room?'" Guzzler—"Ten! Thousands!"

When you are bilious, use those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers to cleanse the liver and bowels. They never gripe. Trout's drug store.

Outlived Her Usefulness.

[The following touching article from the pen of the late Mrs. J. D. Chaplin, has often been printed elsewhere, both in this country and in England. It was clipped from a newspaper by a member of Mr. Amos Saville's family about seventeen years ago; and last week, Mr. Saville handed it to us, requesting that we give it to the readers of the NEWS. Its needful lessons appeal to the young with peculiar force, and we, therefore, give it a place in our columns.—EDITOR.]

Not long since a man in middle life came to our door, asking for "the minister." When informed that he was out of town he seemed disappointed and anxious. On being questioned as to his business he replied, "I have lost my mother; and as this place used to be her home, and as my father lies here, we have come to lay her beside him."

My heart rose in sympathy, and I said, "You have met with a great loss."

"Well, yes," he replied, with hesitancy, "a mother is a great loss in general, but our mother had outlived her usefulness. She was in her second childhood, and her mind had grown as weak as her body, so that she was no comfort to herself and was a burden to everybody. There were seven of us, sons and daughters; and we agreed to keep her among us a year about. But I have had more than my share of her, for she was too feeble to be moved when my time was out and that was more than three months before her death. But then she was a good mother in her day, and toiled very hard to bring us up."

Without looking at the face of the heartless man I directed him to the house of a neighboring pastor, and returned to my nursery. I gazed on the merry little faces which smiled or grew sad in imitation of mine—those little ones to whose ear no word in our language is half so sweet as "mother"—and I wondered if that day could ever come when they would say of us, "She has outlived her usefulness; she is no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody else!" And I hoped that before such a day should dawn I might be taken to my rest. God forbid that I should outlive the love of my children! Rather let me die while my heart is a part of theirs, that my grave may be watered by their tears, and my love linked with their hopes of heaven.

When the bell tolled for the mother's burial, I went to the sanctuary to pay my only token of respect to the aged stranger; for I felt that I could give her memory a tear, even though her own children had none to shed.

"She was a good mother in her day, and toiled hard to bring us all up—she was no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody else." These cruel, heartless words rung in my ears as I saw the coffin borne up the aisle. The bell tolled long and loud, until its iron tongue had chronicled the years of the toll-woman mother. One,—two,—three,—four,—five. How clearly and almost merrily each stroke told of her once peaceful slumber in her mother's bosom, and her seat at nightfall on her weary father's knee. Six,—seven,—eight,—nine,—ten,—rang out the tale of her sports upon the green sward, in the meadow, and beside the brook. Eleven,—twelve,—thirteen,—fourteen,—spoke gravely of school days and little household joys and cares. Sixteen,—seventeen,—eighteen,—sounded out the enraptured visions of maidenhood and the dream of early love. Nineteen—brought before us the happy bride. Twenty—spoke of the young mother, whose heart was full to the bursting with the new strong love which God had awakened in her bosom. And then, stroke after stroke, told of her early womanhood, of the loves, and cares, and hopes, and fears, and toils through which she passed during these long years, till fifty rang out harsh and loud. From that to sixty each stroke told of the warm hearted mother and grandmother, living over again her own joys and sorrows in those of her children and children's children.

Every family of all the group wanted grandmother, then, and the only strife was who should secure the prize. But hark, the bell tolls on! Seventy—seventy-one—two—three—four. She begins to grow feeble requires some care, is not always perfectly patient or satisfied; she goes from one child's house to another, so that no place seems like home. She murmurs, in plaintive tones, that, after all her toil and weariness, it is hard she cannot be allowed a home to die in; that she must be sent, rather than invited, from house to house. Eighty—eighty-one—two—three—four.—Ah! she is a second child now; "she has outlived her usefulness, she has now ceased to be a comfort to herself or anybody"—that is, she has ceased to be profitable to her earth-craving and money-grasping children.

Now sounds out, reverberating through our lovely forest, and echoing back from our "hill of the dead," eighty-nine! There she now lies in her coffin, cold and still; she makes no trouble now, demands no love, no soft words, no tender little offices. A look of patient endurance—we fancied also, an expression of grief for unrequited love—sat on her marble features. Her children were there, clad in weeds of woe, and in irony we remember the strong man's words, "She was a good mother in her day."

When the bell ceased tolling, the strange minister rose in the pulpit. His form was very erect, and his voice strong, but his hair was silvery white. He read several passages of Scripture expressive of God's compassion for feeble man, and especially of his tenderness when gray hairs are on him and his strength faileth. He then made some touching remarks on human frailty, and of dependence on God, urging all present to make their peace with their Master while in health, that they might claim his promise when heart and flesh failed. "Then," he said, "the eternal God shall be thy refuge, and beneath thee shall be the everlasting arms." Leaning over the desk, and gazing intently on the coffin form before him, he then said reverently: "From a little child I have honored the aged; but never, till gray hairs covered my own head, did I know, truly, how much love and sympathy this class have a right to demand of their fellow-creatures. Now I feel it. 'Our mother,' he added, most tenderly, 'who now lies in death before us, was a stranger to me, as are all of these, her descendants. All I know of her is what her son has told me today—that she was brought to this town afar, sixty-nine years ago a happy bride—that here she passed most of her life toiling as only mothers ever have strength to toil, until she had reared a large family of sons and daughters—that she left her home here, clad in weeds of widowhood to dwell among her children—till health and strength left her. God forbid that conscience should accuse any of you of ingratitude or murmuring on account of the care she has been to you of late. When you go back to your homes be careful of your example before your own children; for the fruit of your own doing you will surely reap from them when you yourselves totter on the brink of the grave. I entreat you as a friend, as one who has himself entered the evening of life, that you may never say in the presence of your families nor of heaven, 'Our mother had outlived her usefulness—she was a burden to us.' Never, never!—a mother can never live so long as that! No; when she can no longer labor for her children, nor yet care for herself she can fall like a precious weight on their bosoms, and call forth by her helplessness all the noble, generous feelings of their hearts."

Adieu, then, poor toll-woman mother; there are no more days of pain for thee. Undying vigor and everlasting usefulness are thy inheritance.

"I would cough nearly all night long," writes Mrs. Chas. Applegate, of Alexandria, Ind., "and could hardly get any sleep. I had consumption so bad that if I walked a block I would cough frightfully and spit blood, but when all other medicines failed, three \$1.00 bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery wholly cured me and I gained 58 pounds." It's absolutely guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds, La Grippe, Bronchitis and All Throat and Lung Troubles. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at W. S. Dickson's drug store.

Sunflowers.

A new and coming crop suited to corn land is the sunflower. It has recently been demonstrated that the very finest of salad oil can be extracted from the seeds, equal in quality to the best olive oil. This discovery will give a value to this plant before unknown. The Russian farmers grow immense quantities of the sunflower, using the oil on their many fast days, which prohibit the use of animal fats. The value of the sunflower seed has long been known for use in the poultry yard. Large crops can be grown with little trouble as corn. It is claimed that the woody stalks have no little value as a fertilizer. As farm land becomes of more value attention will be drawn more and more to new and desirable crops.

The claim is made for South Dakota that it has for the third consecutive year produced more wealth per capita than any other state in the union, the total for this year being \$106,500,000. Of this sum \$27,000,000 comes from live stock, \$18,000,000 from corn, \$15,000,000 from wheat, and \$12,000,000 from minerals.

List of Jurors.

The following is a list of jurors drawn by the Jury Commissioners February 16, 1901, to serve at the March term 1901, of the county of Fulton, Pa., beginning on the third Monday of March.

- GRAND JURORS.
- AYR.
- N. W. Hohman, David Fulton, William Cutchall, Johnston Conrad.
- BELFAST.
- E. N. Akers.
- BETHEL.
- Lincoln Slayman, Samuel Cornell, Edward Palmer, Joseph Powell.
- DUBLIN.
- Henry Fraker, John Mumma, E. D. Welsh.
- LICKING CREEK.
- Milton Decker.
- McCONNELLSBURG.
- Christmas Shimer, Samuel Kelley, Abram Runyan.
- TAYLOR.
- James R. Davis, W. R. Fields, THOMPSON.
- Charles Bishop, Albert Gordon.
- TOD.
- Henry Barmont, Thomas Marshall.
- UNION.
- George Sigel.
- WELLS.
- Jno. M. Schenck.
- PETIT JURORS.
- AYR.
- Samuel Mellott, U. G. Humbert, Robert Gordon, James Youse, Samuel W. Bender, Abram Fox.
- BELFAST.
- D. B. Snyder, H. H. Deshong.
- BETHEL.
- James Mc. Barnhart, Thomas McCullough, Moses Hess.
- BRUSH CREEK.
- Denton Hoopengardner, William Diehl, William H. Decker, David Garland, Wilson Williams.
- DUBLIN.
- Isaiah Bradnick, F. C. Bare, John Keebaugh, W. M. Comerer, Jacob Sheffield, John Baldwin.
- LICKING CREEK.
- Jeff Wible, William Vallance, D. D. Deshong.
- McCONNELLSBURG.
- David Gress, Charles Trittle, M. M. Bender.
- TAYLOR.
- John Cutchall, S. C. Gracey, Geo. M. Laidig, John Winegardner, Robert Bratten.
- THOMPSON.
- Emanuel Keefer.
- TOD.
- Samuel Rotz, Sr.
- UNION.
- Howard Deneen.
- WELLS.
- Harvey Wishart, Edward Horton.

Quaint and Curious.

"An open door will tempt a saint." This rather unusual proverb was engraved on a key ring, the property of a man found drowned in the Lee, in England. The colors of a kingfisher become dull after death. No one who has seen only the stuffed bird can form any idea of the brilliance of its plumage when alive.

Professor Lewis of Berlin has found among 300 laborers who constantly handle copper, eight men whose hair had in consequence obtained a greenish tinge, which no washing would remove. The phenomena has been known, he says, 250 years, but it takes several years to produce it.

Night Was Her Terror.

More animals are lost to the stage through fear than viciousness. The show people dread a timid lion or leopard, not only because in its panic it is likely to injure the trainer, but because it is unreliable, and may take fright

and spoil a performance at any moment from the slightest cause. A monster conger eel, measuring eight feet, eight inches in length, two feet four inches in girth, and weighing 148 pounds, has been caught on the beach at Snettishman, near Huntstanton, was attracted to it by some seagulls hovering over shallow water where the eel was captured after a long struggle.

J. K. Johnston's.

This Store will Offer Many Bargains During March.

The mild weather of the past few days reminds us that we have entered upon the first spring month, and but little time will elapse before the warm days of Summer will be upon us.

Much of our winter stock that remains unsold, must, when spring comes, be packed away, or sold at a very low price.

For want of room, we prefer that you shall take them away. Quick sales and small profits is our motto.

Odds and ends from our heavy shoe sales this winter at prices that will surprise you.

Felts, Arctics, Rubbers at lowest prices.

Blankets, Wool Underwear, Mittens and Wool Gloves at a great reduction.

A large lot of splendid Suits for men and boys, very reasonable and at great bargains.

The lingering cough following gripple calls for Oné Minute Cough Cure. For all throat and lung troubles this is the only harmless remedy that gives immediate results. Prevents Consumption. Trout's drug store.

A little Tioga girl says she does not believe the geography is right because Heaven isn't on the map.

The fellow who always says just what he thinks is the one who's always in trouble.

SGROFULA AND ITS AWFUL HORRORS CURED BY Johnston's Sarsaparilla

A MOST WONDERFUL CURE. A Grand Old Lady Gives Her Experience.

Mrs. Thankful Orilla Hurd lives in the beautiful village of Brighton, Livingston Co., Mich. This venerable and highly respected lady was born in the year 1812, the year of the great war, in Hebron, Washington Co., New York. She came to Michigan in 1840, the year of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." All her faculties are excellently preserved, and possessing a very retentive memory, her mind is full of interesting reminiscences of her early life, of the early days of the State of Michigan and the interesting and remarkable people she has met, and the stirring events of which she was a witness. But nothing in her varied and manifold recollections are more marvellous and worthy of attention than are her experiences in the use of JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA. Mrs. Hurd inherited a tendency and proclivity to scrofula, that terribly destructive blood taint which has cursed and is cursing the lives of thousands and marking thousands more as victims of the death angel. Transmitted from generation to generation, it is found in nearly every family in one form or another. It may make its appearance in dreadful running sores, in unsightly swellings in the neck or throat, or in eruptions of varied forms. Attacking the mucous membrane, it may be known as catarrh in the head, or developing in the lungs it may be, and often is, the prime cause of consumption.

Speaking of her case, Mrs. Hurd says: "I was troubled for many years with a bad skin disease. My arms and limbs would break out in a mass of sores, discharging yellow matter. My neck began to swell and became very unsightly in appearance. My body was covered with scrofulous eruptions. My eyes were also greatly inflamed and weakened, and they pained me very much. My blood was in a very bad condition and my head ached severely at frequent intervals, and I had no appetite. I had sores also in my ears. I was in a miserable condition. I had tried every remedy that had been recommended, and doctor after doctor had failed. One of the best physicians in the state told me I must die of scrofulous consumption, as internal abscesses were beginning to form. I at length was told of Dr. Johnston, of Detroit, and his famous Sarsaparilla. I tried a bottle, more as an experiment than anything else, as I had no faith in it, and greatly to my agreeable surprise, I began to grow better. You can be sure I kept on taking it. I took a great many bottles. But I steadily improved until I became entirely well. All the sores healed up, all the bad symptoms disappeared. I gained perfect health, and I have never been troubled with scrofula since. Of course an old lady of 83 years is not a young woman, but I have had remarkably good health since then, and I firmly believe that JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA is the greatest blood purifier and the best medicine in the wide world, both for scrofula and as a spring medicine." This remarkably interesting old lady did not look to be more than sixty, and she repeated several times, "I believe my life was saved by JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA."